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HARPER'S

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOLUME CI.

JUNE, 1900, TO NOVEMBER, 1900.

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## THE UNCONSCIOUSNESS OF LUCY



# HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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## INSIDE THE BOER LINES

BY E. E. EASTON

### PART II

IT was the unexpected that always happened in the military campaign from the Transvaal border to the Tugela River, including the investment of Ladysmith. Whether viewed from the sanguine ranks of the British army or from the determined atmosphere of the Boer commandoes, this must have been equally true. I had been advised on every hand at Cape Town to rush to Dundee, Natal, and go into the Transvaal with the British troops from that base of supply. A solicitous English official in Cape Town freely expressed his doubts as to my being able to reach that point before her Majesty's troops had already completed a brilliant movement into the territory of the South-African Republic.

Within a little more than a week from the time I had received this advice in the seat of the imperial government in South Africa I was in Dundee, headed southward with the burgher forces, while the British troops were turning at bay among the kopjes and sluits in the vicinity of Ladysmith, 118 miles from the Transvaal border.

That the Boer generals had expected bitter fighting along their own borders at the beginning of the war is a fact. That the British officers in Natal expected to be fighting on Transvaal territory within a few weeks is probably a fact. The Boers were surprised when they found themselves attacking Dundee; they were surprised when they found the English troops in that vicinity at

their mercy after two days' hard fighting; they were surprised when they found these troops had escaped under cover of a dense fog while they were holding Sunday services, leaving their wounded, unburied dead, and vast quantities of ordnance and commissary stores. It was an unexpected event when General Kock with a small commando held the re-enforcements from Ladysmith at bay for a whole day; it was equally a surprise when it was found that only a small part of this commando had been wiped out, and that General White had fallen back upon Ladysmith after failing to re-enforce the troops at Dundee.

The unexpected continued to happen when General White's forces were driven from all the commanding positions about Ladysmith into the pit of that vast natural amphitheatre of which the town is the centre; then it happened again when the old Boer general refused to permit an assault upon the city; and again when he left the city besieged, and with a flying column invaded Natal below the Tugela as far as Escourt, and then returned to Colenso and waited for General Buller to advance to the relief of the besieged garrison.

Viewed from the side of the Boers, it was one continual shifting of scenes, now pathetic, then the grimdest tragedy, and again an unadulterated comedy. Old men with long white beards, boys without a trace of beards, big men and little men, farmers and grocerymen, preachers, doctors, and lawyers, Irishmen and Dutch-



men, Scandinavians, Germans, Americans, and Frenchmen—all kinds and conditions of men, in parties of twos and threes and in commandoes of several hundreds—were rushing to the fight at Dundee, and after it was over some remained to guard the captured supplies, some returned to their business houses, some watched mountain passes and railway bridges, others joined in the pursuit of the British troops, while some looked after the wounded and buried the dead. Then Natal as far south as Ladysmith was cleared of the British soldiers, and within less than three weeks after the opening of the war the erstwhile 23,000 English troops in Natal were accounted for as dead, wounded, prisoners, or helpless, until re-enforcements could arrive from India, Australia, England, and Canada. They were feasting one day, half starving the next; rushing pell-mell to attacks over the level stretches of veld, within a half-hour struggling desperately among precipitous kopjes; one day in chilling fogs, drenching rains, and oozing roads of mud, the next in balmy, clear atmosphere on the plateaus or in the oppressive heat of the flats; again, fighting in the dead of night with the enemy entirely concealed, or outlined in ghostly indistinctness against the deep grayish-blue of the sky, with only the lurid flashes of fire, and the hammering sound of the small-arms, the measured chugging of the Maxims, and the hellish booming and crashing of mountain batteries, to denote the positions and the number of the enemy; then a day when there was not a sound of war, when the older men gathered in crowds in each commando and prayed and sang in the slow, measured, and fervent way of the old Puritans.

One day it all seemed like endless confusion and chaos, and the next everything seemed organized; skirmishes were fierce, battles dragged on desperately, with a tenacity that left the field a witness of fearful havoc. Yet it never seemed like professional warfare. Nearly every man among the Boers rode horseback, but some old men were driving in Cape carts with teams of mules or horses, while hundreds were slowly moving down the valley from Laings Nek in ox-wagons, building up the lines of communication. There was no uniformity save in the expressed desire as to the end they hoped to attain.

The same night upon which was received the reply from the British government to the ultimatum of the South-African Republic, General Joubert's forces, which had concentrated at Zandspruit, broke camp and moved upon Charlestown, two miles over the Transvaal border. The town had been deserted by all the British subjects, and the stores had been looted by Kafirs. Scouts discovered that there were no British troops in the vicinity of Laings Nek, they having fallen back as soon as the Boer commandoes came in sight. The old Boer general immediately ordered the Nek fortified. This was done by placing a formidable piece of ordnance, a huge Creusot cannon, on Pocwan Mountain, across Laings Nek from Majuba Hill, and overlooking the lower lands of Natal. The cannon had been brought from one of the forts about Pretoria. Its shells weighed 105 pounds each. One of the experts from the French mills where these guns had been made was accompanying General Joubert, in order to observe the practical working of the cannon. When the old Boer general ordered the gun placed on Pocwan Mountain, the Frenchman was amazed. It appeared almost inaccessible. He accompanied a squad of Boer artillerymen to determine on a road over which the immense piece of ordnance could be dragged to the summit, and returned with the information that it would be absolutely impossible to accomplish such a feat. General Joubert insisted that his orders must be carried out, since an engagement in that vicinity might be expected any time, and the position he had denoted would be invaluable as a part of a line of defence. The big cannon was dragged to the base of the mountain, and with forty oxen yoked to it the ascent was begun. Finally a series of ledges blocked the path. Chains and ropes were procured, and with over four hundred men tugging at the monstrous piece of steel it was dragged to the summit, at times swinging clear of the overhanging ledges. A blinding rain-storm, which at the altitude of the summit was almost turned into sleety snow, added to the difficulty; but by the middle of the afternoon the cannon was chained to a solid rock foundation, and trained so as to rake the Nek, between the mountain and Majuba Hill, with shrapnel. At the same time the ranges were figured, so

that that one cold muzzle commanded eight railway bridges in the winding valley below, the sluits, kloofs, and passes in the lower ranges of kopjes, and the railway tunnel through the mountain. When detailing this instance to me, a short time afterwards, the Frenchman declared that he did not know of a military feat that excelled this one, and declared that if an attempt had been made by the British to cross that Nek, one piece of artillery would have been equal to thousands of men as a means of defence.

At the same time scouting parties passed into Natal through the Drakensberg Mountains at Bester's Pass. These blew up some of the railway bridges as far south as Waschbank, and had numerous skirmishes with the British scouts. Generals Kock and Erasmus were ordered to advance with their commandoes to Newcastle. The ceremony in crossing into British territory was afterwards described to me by several Americans who witnessed it as a most impressive scene, flavoring of the times of Cromwell's Ironsides. The commandoes, in all nearly 4000 mounted men, had just reached the Buffalo River at Newcastle Drift, which is the frontier border between the South-African Republic and Natal, some of the horses were already in the water, when General Erasmus called a halt. He slowly mounted an ant-heap on the river-bank, and after removing his hat, began to address the burghers in a solemn voice. He is a very tall, broad-shouldered, and muscular man, with black hair and beard that is streaked with white. He referred to the events in the first war for independence, and while reciting the deeds of that war held his long right arm pointing to Majuba Hill, which rose high above them. The burghers

bowed their heads when he urged them to be of good courage, and make their deeds in the future worthy of their own records and those of their ancestors, always placing their trust in the Almighty. Then a psalm was sung. The burghers on the river-bank dismounted and knelt on the ground, and those on their horses in the river bowed their heads, while



BURGHERS GOING TO THE FRONT

Reverend Postma, a minister from Pretoria, and a veteran Boer leader, Hendrik Schoeman, invoked the blessing of the Lord of Battles on the task which lay before the republic. General Erasmus read aloud a short despatch, stating that Mafeking was already surrounded, and that the engagements there had been successful, and the minister returned thanks for these victories to the republic's arms. Then the burghers remounted, and silently followed General Erasmus through the river into British territory.

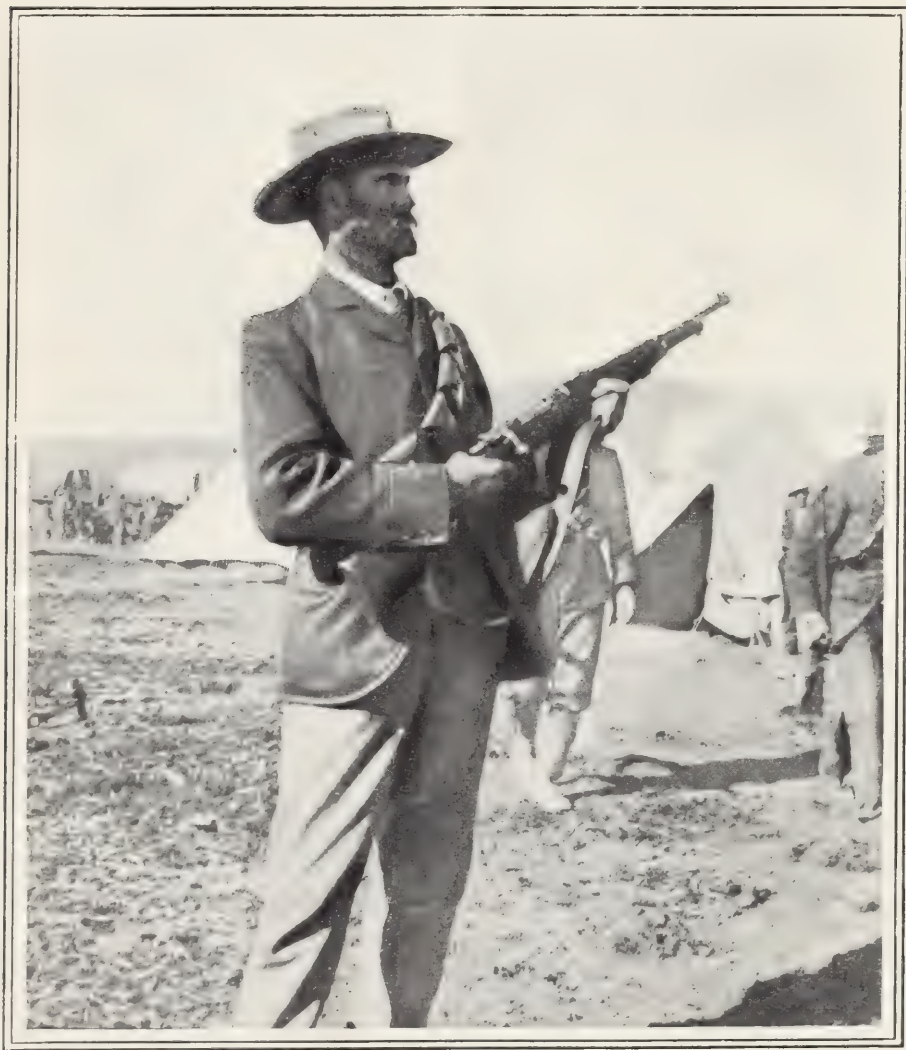
Before reaching Pretoria I fully appreciated the thorny path of a correspondent with the Boer forces. The cable service from South Africa was wholly in the hands of the British military authorities, and even before war was declared the censor in Cape Town had been exercising his blue pencil. When I arrived at Bloemfontein I was informed at the telegraph and cable office that every line of cable messages from the Boer republics



had been stopped the moment peace had been broken. Those sent for the West Coast cable were stopped by the censor at Durban, and those sent by the Eastern Cable Company from Lorenzo Marques were stopped by an English censor at Aden, on the coast of Arabia. In Bloemfontein I made a duplicate copy of a mail despatch, and placing Cape Colony stamps on the envelopes, intrusted one to a courier, and another to a Boer scout who was going into the Colony that night. At Pretoria I received word that the courier had succeeded in posting the letter at a little post-

the only foreign correspondent inside the Boer lines for the first two months of the war, and the only one that accompanied General Joubert's army as far south as the Tugela. When I began planning for the work in Natal, I envied the scores of correspondents with the British forces. An army organized along professional lines has its advantages in more ways than one, even from a correspondent's personal view. Besides knowing which officers possess certain information by virtue of their rank and arm of the service, one knows where the commissariat

is, as a general thing, in the field. And since correspondents find it necessary to eat—at least at remote intervals—there is more or less satisfaction in knowing just what insignia marks the arm of the service that will sell rations to a properly accredited camp-follower, and where this part of an army's make-up is likely to be found in a field campaign. But with the Boers a pukhari of their national colors was the insignia worn by generals and privates alike, when any was worn at all; and as for food-supplies, that was a contingency for which each individual provided largely himself. This was especially true for the



A TYPE OF BOER

office behind the British lines. The scout was captured just after he had crossed the Orange River. Besides the almost insurmountable difficulty of getting news from the Boer line and past the British censors, the prospect of securing the news itself was not the most flattering. They were so gloomy, in fact, that I was

first eight days in commando and on the march. While this system materially increased the mobility of the Boer forces, it increased my own apprehensions as to my personal future. But, on the whole, the future provided somewhat better than I at first anticipated; and more than once, as I looked down



SCENE INSIDE THE BOER LAAGER IN THE EARLY MORNING

into Ladysmith several weeks afterwards, I made a debit in my account with fate that I was not one of the several dozen correspondents who were confined in the sullen arms of that circle of kopjes. Some, who had not concealed their apprehensions as to the risks I was running when I announced my intention at Cape Town of accompanying the Boer forces, were more helpless in Ladysmith under the protection of the British troops than I was with the Boers. Two or three sleep with Tommy Atkins in the red flat near one of the bends in the Klip River, in the shadow of Bulwano Kop.

In selecting my outfit for the field I had purchased a khaki suit. It afterwards proved a good conductor of cold at night in the veld, and as I emerged out of the fog among the kopjes near Glencoe, just after the battle of Dundee, an old Boer came near emptying one of his rifle cartridges into me because I was dressed like a "Rooinek." I promptly exchanged it for a hunting suit obtained

from one of the deserted stores in Dundee.

The morning I prepared to leave Pretoria for the front I took the advice of a number of experienced Afrikanders and set out in search of a Basuto pony. An old Boer accompanied me to a stable, where I had been told I could find some of these animals. He led out one that had many points in common with a Western bronco, but its legs were as trim as those of a deer. It appeared very docile, but needed shoeing, and a Kafir volunteered to take him to a blacksmith shop. He mounted easily, and then disappeared through a hedge and across a well-kept flower-garden of a prominent Pretorian, and when my friendly Boer adviser and I reached the corner, the Kafir was thoroughly entangled in a barb-wire fence, and the pony was firmly wedged on its back in one of the irrigating-sluts that conduct the sparkling mountain water along either side of Pretoria's residence streets. The old Boer



extricated the pony, and after assuring the Kafir that he would recover, he tied up his torn arm with a handkerchief, and led the pony to the blacksmith shop himself. On the way he frequently alluded to the good points in Basuto ponies, and freely expressed his high estimation of an American's horsemanship. He had gone to every exhibition in Pretoria of an American cowboy circus which had gone the rounds of the Transvaal cities; and besides this excellent proof of the native American ability to master a horse, he had seen Colonel J. Y. F. Blake, an ex-American cavalry officer, who was already at the front with the Boers, ride the wildest horses in Pretoria. While the horse was being shod, the affable Boer assisted me in selecting my commissariat supplies for the front. This is the itemized list of ten days' supplies for the field, similar to that taken by most of the burghers: Three pounds of game biltong; five small loaves of hard bread; five cans of corned beef—bearing an American label; a two-pound can of ground coffee; two pounds of hard chocolate; a small can of sugar; a few ounces each of salt and pepper. For my horse I secured three sheaves of oats as feed on the train. In the veld he would thrive on the grass. The biltong had the appearance of gnarled sticks cut from cliff cedars, and the old Boer explained that it was cured in the sun. After the deer has been dressed, the meat is hung up in the shade for a few days, until the outer surface is dried, and afterward is placed in the sun, where every particle of moisture is quickly extracted from it. It will then keep indefinitely, and experience has proven that it is most satisfying and nourishing when one is extremely hungry and exhausted by hard riding. The biltong, hard bread, and chocolate were placed in the saddlebags. A veteran Boer would never think of taking any considerable ride in the veld without carrying thus a few pounds of these articles. The rest of my supplies were placed in a wheat-sack. In addition I had a Kafir blanket, a mackintosh, a big cup in which to boil coffee, and my photographic apparatus. My genial Boer friend arranged this paraphernalia on the saddle, so that there was a surprisingly large proportion of the horse visible; and he was good enough to hold the animal in front of the Government Building while I secured my passports,

and letters of introduction to General Joubert.

I had only about twenty minutes in which to get to the railway station and load my horse before the special train would leave for the Natal border. A small commando from one of the outlying districts was just passing through the station as I bade good-by to a number of acquaintances in front of the Government Building, and it is a pleasure to recall the surprisingly large number of these who had assembled to see me off. In addition to many friends of the old Boer who had selected my horse, there were a number of American business men living in the city.

After the formalities of parting I mounted. The ground suddenly receded, then rose again. The public square disappeared. A platoon of police, wearing white helmets, four abreast and six or eight files deep, appeared in the street ahead of me, and disappeared in some confusion almost on the instant, leaving only a row of plate-glass show-windows to block my path. With splendid foresight the animal altered his mind and his course, and made a sudden détour through a narrow passageway between two stores; and after overturning a bench and a wash-tub, and separating a line of snow-white linen from its fastening, he clambered over several piles of old scrap-iron, and came meekly to a halt in the corner of a high brick wall. I had seen more of Pretoria than I had anticipated, and in a remarkably short space of time. As I headed toward the railway station I was convinced that if any considerable proportion of the Boer army was mounted on Basuto ponies, nothing less than well-directed bullets could stop a charge.

A Boer business man, who was loading his pony when I reached the station, informed me that one of the ordinances of Pretoria, which required all bicycles and carriages to carry lights after dark, also provided a penalty for immoderate driving and riding in the public thoroughfares. He admitted, however, that since a good portion of my ride to the railway station had been through private property, and also since martial law was in effect in the republic, my lack of knowledge of the laws providing for the peace and dignity of the capital would probably pass without official reprimand.

The train, which had special orders to



FIELD-CORNET GLAS, OF THE PRETORIA BURGHERS, IN CAMP, AFTER THE FALL OF DUNDEE

proceed to the front as far as the railway was intact, consisted of a number of trucks loaded with oxen; others with ox-wagons; and a number were filled with horses, while one flat car contained a piece of heavy artillery. In addition were trucks of ammunition, three hospital-coaches containing Red Cross corps, and a number of carriages loaded with burghers. Each man looked after himself. They piled their provisions, saddles, blankets, and rifles in the upper berths of the carriages, and hung their canvas-bag canteens on the sunny side of the car. As the water evaporated from the soaked surface of the heavy canvas the water in the bags cooled. The station was crowded with women and children. The wives replenished the water-bags, and handed in baskets of dainties to be eaten on the train. Some, whose male relatives were already at the front, had letters and bags of provisions which they intrusted to others to take to them. Pretty young

women distributed pipes and bags of tobacco, and little cloth bags containing needles, thread, buttons, and pins, with draw-strings made of ribbons bearing the colors of the republic. One old man, who had been among those who stormed the English garrison on Majuba Hill nearly twenty years before, with his four sons and two grandsons, filled one of the compartments. The hospital nurses, wearing big white sun-bonnets and white aprons over black dresses, tripped among the men, collecting bottles of home-made wine and brandy for the hospital-coaches. As the bell on the depot platform rang for the train to start, a young man rushed from the crowd and was dragged through one of the windows into a compartment by strong hands. He had been talking to some friends who were going away when I first got into the train, and being unable to get his horse shod that morning, intended going to the front on an afternoon train. One of the burghers had



two horses. The young man hunted round in the crowd at the station until he found some one who had a rifle and cartridges but was not prepared to leave, and in his enthusiasm he started for the front wearing a white shirt and collar. Women held their chubby babies up to the car windows for fathers and brothers to kiss good-by, and then the long train started for the south.

The Transvaal flag fluttered from many of the car windows. The women waved their handkerchiefs as the train left the station, and tears sparkled in their eyes as they bravely attempted to smile. There was no cheering on that train. Too many of the men were leaving families and business cares at home, or probably these cares clung to them as they went off—no one knew to what fate, or whither, or for how long.

The train was of such length that after it stopped at the principal stations each man aboard congratulated himself when it was going again and he found himself uninjured. This was especially true at the stations where the track was exactly level. The engines were invariably going at good speed before they had taken up all the slack in the train, with the result that the rear coaches attempted to acquire the speed of the engines without any preliminary acceleration. Saddles, bridles, bags of provisions, blanket-rolls, men, and rifles were mixed up in deplorable confusion in each instance, so that before many hours had passed the pathetic scenes at parting were supplanted with a conservative degree of hilarity. One of the men in my compartment was an auctioneer. He was short, inclined to be fat, and had a ready wit which had made his business extremely profitable. He was dressed in bicycle costume, and besides a rifle carried a beautiful pistol which had been captured from Sir George Colley on Majuba Hill by his father-in-law, the old Boer General Smit. A brief history of the pistol was engraved on the butt. As the train was rounding a long horseshoe curve that afternoon he shot a stray ostrich in the veld. The train stopped at a water-tank, and he secured the immense "drumsticks" and principal plumes from the bird. With these plumes stuck in our sombreros and helmets we presented the appearance of a rural lodge of Knights Templar. In the same compartment was one of the high

officials of the Pietersburg Railway—a native-born Hollander, whose appearance indicated that he had been more accustomed to club life than military campaigning. Next to him was a Holland baron with feminine hands, and a complexion that indicated a daily menu of rich food. Beside him was a young Boer advocate, who carried a sporting Mauser with silver trimmings—he was accounted the most accurate shot in his club. Another was a preacher, one a retired farmer, and another a real-estate agent. Every one made sport of the baron, whose salient characteristics were an absence of combative repartee, an inexhaustible supply of modest smiles, extreme politeness, and a consuming desire to aid in the cause of the republic. He handled his rifle as though it were charged with electricity in spots, and meekly took lessons from the auctioneer as to the proper way to work the magazine and keep it clean from rust.

Each railway bridge was guarded by a squad of Boers, and as we neared the border the number of these guards increased into patrols that rode up and down the railway track. At Zandspruit there were still signs of the original camp, while at Volksrust and Charlestown were big laagers, composed of the wagons belonging to the Boers who had already gone into Natal with the advanced commandoes. There were several hundreds of them, covered with white canvas, with their wheels locked together. They formed hollow squares, in which all the oxen were placed at night. This system had come into vogue during the original Great Trek of the Boers from the vicinity of Cape Town, and formed a splendid means of defence from the hordes of hostile Kafirs.

There was a suspicion that the tunnel at the Nek had been mined with dynamite by the British before leaving it. A thorough investigation had been made, and although no signs of such work were evident, every precaution was taken. The engine made the run through the tunnel and returned. That part of the train not occupied with burghers and their horses was left at Charlestown. When we passed Majuba Hill every man on the train crowded about the windows, gazing at its rugged sides and formidable ledges. Shortly after we emerged from the long tunnel the lower lands of Natal came into view, and the sight was an inspiring





BOERS WHO WERE IN THE FIGHT AT DUNDEE



one. For scores of miles one could see the lower ranges of flat-topped kopjes. The sun was just going down back of Majuba on our right, throwing orange tints over the kopjes as far as the eye could see, to the place where they faded into indistinct miragelike outlines in the blue distance.

Off to the left was Poewan Mountain. With my field-glass I could see the huge gun, wrapped in its canvas, that stood near the brow of the mountain, which on this side dropped in almost a sheer precipice for hundreds of feet to the Buffalo River. The railroad wound in and out among the mountains, until it came to a ledge whence the river and the railway could be seen winding through the valley below us. Peaceful-looking farmhouses could be seen nestling in among the converging valleys. With all brakes set, the train ran slowly down the steep grade along the side of the mountain into a blind switch, then backed down another, switched again, and went forward in a long horseshoe curve, until finally we were running on a level with the river-banks, while the tunnel through which we had come but a short time before was hundreds of feet above us, and the railway back of us looked like a series of Z's laid on the side of the mountain. Every turn in the railway revealed squads of mounted men guarding the track. Some were repairing telegraph wires, and once we passed over a small bridge which had been rebuilt that day. It was rapidly growing dark. The train began to run very slowly. Old Boers could be seen along the embankments carrying lighted lanterns. Presently we came to a sudden stop. Men outside were calling out in loud voices to each other. Instantly all was excitement in the train, and each man was taking care of himself. I followed the example of the others, and pushed my saddle and outfit through the window. The men outside were attempting to answer a hundred questions at once. There were all sorts of rumors about English troopers having been seen at different points. A battle at Dundee was expected at any time. A strong force of British were intrenched there. General Kock, with a commando, was making a flying détour in an effort to get in the rear of the city. General Erasmus had gone forward from Danhauser. General Joubert had probably

left Newcastle for the south. An express-rider from the eastern border of Natal reported that General Lucas Meyer was preparing to leave his camp at Doornberg, cross the Buffalo River at De Jager's Drift, and assail the British from the east. A short distance ahead of the train a force of men was at work repairing a bridge, which had been blown up almost a week before in order to prevent the British advancing with an armored train. In a short time most of the horses were unloaded. Every man was quivering with impatience to be off. In the dark some had put a bridle belonging to a big horse on a pony, and some found their saddle-girths too short. There were about a dozen of us who had not lost or exchanged something in the dark.

An old Natal Boer, familiar with the country in that section, was impatiently waiting to show us the way. Calling to the rest to come on as quickly as possible, the twelve of us followed the lead of this guide, and turned up a narrow defile to our right. The darkness was almost impenetrable, but we were soon galloping in single file along a winding path, sometimes through sluits, and sometimes over small ranges of kopjes. After a half-hour's riding we came to a wagon-road and turned due south. In a short time a furious wind began blowing and the atmosphere grew murky. Newcastle lay ten miles ahead. Seven of us on Basuto ponies decided to attempt to reach the town before the storm broke. The ponies seemed to know exactly what was expected of them. At times the road ran through long stretches of level veld, where the hoof-beats made a muffled, rhythmical sound; and again it passed over rocky hills, where the hoofs clattered and the sparks flew from the shoes.

The wind howled among the kopjes, and shrieked among the tall reeds along the sluits. We passed wagons loaded with ammunition, moving slowly ahead, with from twelve to sixteen oxen patiently straining under the yokes. Then from a range of hills we saw lights below in the valley—that was Newcastle. A flash of lightning illuminated the whole valley in ghastly distinctness, and then big drops of rain began falling. In five minutes the road was running in water, and the collars of our mackintoshes conducted chilling rivulets down our backs. A sluit at the edge of the town was running

in water to the saddle-girths. When we drew up, under a shed near the railway station, our boots were full of water, and we were all uniformed in mud. The horses were steaming. It was decided that since it would be fully an hour before the rest of the party could make their way through the storm, we should find a place to boil coffee and feed our horses. Everything was confusion in the town. In the railway station a type-written sheet was posted containing this order, signed by General Joubert:

Be it known to the inhabitants of the colonies of Natal and Cape Colony that the government and people of the South-African Republic have been forced into war by evil-disposed capitalists and warlike British ministers, and they must now stand up and fight in the true interest of their independence, and for the welfare and interest of the whole of the South-African people, irrespective of place or origin.

It is not the intention of the officers and burghers to molest or injure any individual, or

the private property of those who are friendly disposed towards us and desist from all hostilities against us.

If it should happen—which is not desired—that any inhabitant is harmed by circumstances or any casualties, the officers and the War Office will be prepared to lend a willing ear to all complaints or objections reasonably brought before them.

No person is allowed to commit any culpable act, under penalty of severe punishment.

We fight for our existence as a nation, and we are bound to risk our lives and give our blood. Therefore we hope to carry on the war forced upon us according to civilized and humane laws, and under the guidance of all-seeing God in heaven.

We seek and desire peace.

May it come soon.

(Signed) P. J. JOUBERT,  
Commandant-General, S. A. R.

Wagons and horses were splashing through the muddy streets outside. We found a deserted house, and after we had lighted a lamp a Kafir appeared on the



A BOER HOSPITAL TRAIN



stoop. On such a night I envied him his dress, which consisted simply of a breech-cloth. He wanted to be employed as a camp-servant, so he could see "Piet Joubert skit de Engels." I gave him a shilling, and he piled the saddles on the stoop and secured forage for the horses. The young Boer advocate soon had a fire going in a stove and coffee boiling. All this time the storm was howling furiously and the rain coming down in torrents. While some corned beef was being warmed, the auctioneer made an inspection of the house, and discovering a piano in the parlor, displayed a musical repertoire that extended from American rag-time airs to Italian grand opera. We hung up our mackintoshes before the stove, and after supper left the Kafir to watch the horses and saddles and decided to get some sleep. Despite the auctioneer's musical gyrations, the Dutch baron was so miserable that he said he could not sleep, and readily accepted the responsibility of watching the Kafir through the open door. The rest of us stretched out on the dining-room floor, and I had been watching a chromo of bananas, pineapples, and oranges, which hung near the kitchen door, but a short time before I fell asleep.

I was wakened by the old Boer who had piloted us to the town yelling to the Kafir to "Upzadel." It was just midnight. He explained that the horses had had a good rest, and there was no use waiting any longer for the rest of the party, since they probably had taken shelter among some of the kopjes and would not attempt to reach the town before daylight. It was still forty-three miles to Dundee, and we had best be on the road if we expected to get there in time for the battle. The Dutch baron was asleep on the kitchen floor. After some difficulty he was awakened, but was so stiff that he groaned when he straightened his legs. It was decided that he should remain there as a part of the line of communications. He readily assented; and we left our provisions with him, excepting those which we carried in the saddle-bags. The rain was coming down in torrents, but the old Boer seemed to take little notice of it, and started in the lead at a steady canter.

The ponies seemed tireless, and the men full of determination to be in the coming fight; and on we went for hours, splash-

ing ahead over fairly good roads and bad, fording streams recklessly, saturated and covered with slimy mud; passing wagons that were in the oozing mass to their hubs, men whose horses had given out, and others who were almost asleep, while their fagged animals plodded along in the miserable night. The elements seemed to have marshalled their forces as though determined to prevent this conflict of men; but the splashing of the old Boer's horse ahead and the measured thumping of his rifle-butt against his bandoleer of cartridges continued. On we went, the lightning flashes now revealing Kafir huts, or herds of goats huddled together on the lee side of dreary kopjes or some farm-house, around which the eucalyptus-trees were creaking and moaning as they threshed about in the storm. We passed a commando which was moving slowly ahead with a wagon-train, and then went on through a village. The number of men on the road was increasing. We passed a field-telegraph wagon. The chill and wet made one's fingers ache. The old Boer came to a halt beside a hill. He waited for another flash of lightning and turned into a path a short distance ahead. He said it was several miles shorter than the wagon-road. Then it was that I fully appreciated the Basuto ponies. In and out among the big boulders and cacti the animals picked their way, until we had scaled a high kopje and galloped on across its flat top. Leaving the horses to find their way again, we began slowly to descend. During one of the vivid flashes of lightning we could see below in the valley what appeared like a huge serpent, but really it was a commando. We reached the road and passed a battery of artillery. The artillerymen were buttoned up to their ears in huge mackintoshes. The road was slimy. Cannons sometimes sank to their hubs. Men yelled, and threshed the long teams of mules as they floundered and plunged in the watery mass. Others pulled at the heads of the mules, standing in the mud half to their boot-tops. When the lightning flashed you could see the straining features of men and boys tugging at the wheels of caissons; then all was swallowed up in the darkness, and cracking whips and hoarse shouting were silenced by a deafening crash of thunder—a foretaste, I thought, of what probably await-





A BOER HOSPITAL CORPS IN ELMORE AFTER THE BATTLE OF DUNDEE

ed some of us on there in the darkness into which every one was struggling.

When we rode into Danhauser things were as topsy-turvy about the depot as they had been at Newcastle. We had only ridden twenty-two miles; it seemed like fifty. Rumors of all kinds were rife. There was a report that an armored train bearing a strong British force was headed toward Danhauser from Glencoe. No one knew exactly where any of the Boer generals were. Dundee was still some twenty miles away. But the storm seemed to have exhausted none of its energy, and the old Boer decided it best to remain in Danhauser. The horses were knee-haltered and turned out in a kraal. We climbed through a broken window into one of the waiting-rooms of the station, where several burghers were already sleeping; and after eating some biltong and hard chocolate, which I relished more than any table-d'hôte dinner I

could then remember, we lay down on the hard floor, and ceased to know that there were human miseries in the world.

I was awakened by the old Boer, who handed me a quart cup of hot black coffee. It was broad daylight, and rain had ceased falling, but the atmosphere was still saturated, and dense mists clung to the summits of the kopjes like huge palls. After numerous inquiries we learned from a scout, returning with some information for General Joubert, who was somewhere between Danhauser and Newcastle, that General Erasmus, with a light-horse commando, was on one of the roads off to the east, reconnoitring the country in the vicinity of Dundee. The old Boer, whom we had raised to the rank of general of our party of six, although he had been only a peaceful Natal farmer the day before, decided that we had better strike across the country in a southeasterly direction, and run the chance of coming up with



General Erasmus. The horses did not seem any the worse for the previous night's ride, and while the rain had washed from them all traces of mud, the riders looked deplorable. About the middle of the afternoon it began raining again in torrents. We came up with a party of twenty-five mounted burghers who had been scouting since morning. The range of high kopjes ahead enclosed the valley through which ran the spur of the railroad that joined Dundee to the main line

A reasonably accurate description of the battle in the vicinity of Dundee will probably never be written. It is extremely improbable that there was ever a battle similar to it, or that there will be again. The British soldiers who were in the first day's fight will never imagine how few Boers were present, and no one will ever know how many were there before the second day's fight was over. The facts will always be covered with as much indistinctness as the battle-fields



ONE OF THE ENGLISH TROOPERS WOUNDED AT  
DUNDEE, IN THE BOER HOSPITAL

at Glencoe Junction. They reported that General Lucas Meyer and General Erasmus were advancing on Dundee, and would make an attack in the morning, and they had orders to watch the movements between Dundee and Glencoe. They had already selected a sheltered kloof in one of the kopjes, where they intended spending the night; and since no one knew where the fighting might develop, we decided to join their party and try to get some sleep.

were in a dripping curtain of fog. But it was enough for the English troops to know, before the second day's battle was over, that no matter in what direction they turned, there were cannons or Mausers spitting their deadly missiles into them. The fact that they did not know anything definitely beyond this may have caused the confusion that developed among those thoroughly organized British troops.

On the other hand, the fact that they



were thoroughly unorganized, and gathered together to pray and sing on Sunday for victory and peace instead of fighting for it, prevented the Boers from striking a decisive blow when they had it thoroughly in their power to do so. As a whole, it was a battle in which pure and unadulterated mismanagement of everything was jumbled together, so that when it was over, honors on either side could be called even. Neither side had done what it could have done. In the end, Boer and Briton had done the best he could under the chaotic circumstances. Finding the Boer praying, the British forces rushed pell-mell off towards Ladysmith, under cover of a fog, leaving everything they could behind them. General Penn-Symons was left mortally wounded. Finding the British had fled, the Boers took the town and its valuable supplies, but several thousand British troops had escaped to "fight another day." The Boers had gained the battle-field and that English base of supplies, but time has proved that they lost the opening wedge for a victory at Ladysmith. General Kock, unknown to those about Dundee, had fought all day with his handful of men at Elands-laagte, and lost the battle-field, but it was a victory. It prevented what, just at that time, might have developed into a British victory at Dundee. But it is always an easy matter to explain what might have been done.

Early Friday morning, October 20, our miserable little party in the cold damp kloof where we had spent the night was awakened by the dull muffled booming of heavy artillery several miles east of us. We could not see a hundred yards in any direction on account of the fog. We waited several hours, hoping the watery curtain would dissipate, but the booming off to the left continued, and the murky atmosphere remained dense and dripping about us. None of us knew just where British or Boer lines were. We saddled our horses and proceeded cautiously, several times losing the direction as the dull echoes from the cannons reverberated among the higher chains of kopjes. Twice we found we had made a circle among the monotonous waste of red rocks. Then we came to a ledge, and directly ahead of us, at a distance of two or three miles, almost at the same altitude, the mist was made purple time and again by lurid flashes. In a deep valley below,

screened by the dense fog, other cannons could be heard replying. We could not tell which was Briton and which was Boer. We waited patiently for hours, and the fearful artillery duel continued. It was well into the middle of the afternoon when to the north of the kopje we were on there was a brisk rattle of rifles, and then two or three cannon shots, followed by a short silence and then a cheer. Two or three of the Boers climbed carefully down alongside the kopje. The fog had raised a bit. They came back with a report that a body of English soldiers appeared to have surrendered near a farmhouse. We were just starting in that direction when several troops of English cavalry came across a ploughed field south-east of the kopje from the direction from which the artillery duel could be heard. Every Boer was off his horse and up among the rocks in a twinkling, and in another moment six of those cavalry-horses were relieved of their burdens at a range of twelve hundred yards. There was instant confusion in the cavalry, and they wheeled and disappeared back under the curtain of fog. Then we started back towards the farm-house. It developed that 243 British soldiers and nine officers, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Moller, of the 18th Hussars, had left the camp which was being bombarded off to the east, and in attempting to reach Dundee were lost in the fog, and were wandering about when they ran into an Ermelo commando of Boers, also lost, and wandering about among the kopjes. The British took refuge in a stone cattle-kraal near the Maritz farm-house and opened fire. The burghers replied, and then unlimbered a Krupp gun, which they had been dragging about all day in an attempt to get it into position overlooking the English intrenchments from the north. The third shell fell into the kraal, and the Britons surrendered. Three troopers had been killed and nine wounded by the shrapnel. One burgher had been wounded in the preliminary skirmish. After they had been disarmed, an escort took them to Danbauser, and from there they were forwarded to Pretoria. Late in the afternoon the heavy cannonading off to the east, which had been incessant since five o'clock in the morning, gradually died out.

Burghers, almost exhausted by their long ride, began arriving from the north,



in squads of five and ten, and sometimes fifty. During the night several pieces of artillery were mounted on the ranges north of Dundee, and Saturday morning, with the fog as dense as ever, the artillery duel began again. It was late in the afternoon before anything could be seen of the British camp, but then the fog raised, and the valley below was a scene of endless confusion. Cavalry and regiments of infantry were crowded about the railway station at Dundee. If the Boers had assaulted the town then, there could have been little resistance. But they did not. Night came on with a downpour of rain, and Sunday dawned as murky as the three previous days, but not a shot was fired. Burghers on all sides of the town gathered together for Sunday services. Monday morning there were no able-bodied English troops in Dundee.

General Joubert arrived at the scene in a cart on Sunday afternoon, and after religious services were over, there was a conference, at which each of the generals explained what had been accomplished. General Lucas Meyer, who in time of peace is Chairman of the First Volksraad, the Senate of the republic, had received information on Thursday that a British force numbering several thousand had intrenched itself at Craigside, a few miles east of Dundee. He immediately sent for General Erasmus, of the Pretoria commando, and Commandants Trichardt and Grobler of the Ermelo commandoes, and after a council of war a plan of attack was decided upon. The plan was for each of these officers with a mobile force of picked men to attack the enemy's position in three columns. They left their camp at dusk of Thursday night, General Meyer leading the left wing, consisting of 700 members of the Vryheid commando. General Erasmus with 600 Pretorians took the centre, and Commandants Grobler and Trichardt with 400 Ermelo burghers were to operate on the right wing, while all were to converge at daylight in an attack from three different sides upon the intrenched British position. Each column was accompanied by a battery of eight cannon.

Shortly before daylight on Friday morning General Meyer arrived on a high kopje just east of the British position and planted his eight cannon. His scouts, who had been sent out as soon as he selected his position, returned at daylight with the information that there

were no signs of the other two columns. Owing to the character of the night, and the fact that the route he himself had taken had been the most circuitous of the three, their absence occasioned considerable apprehension. He decided, however, to enter into action. The British outposts had discovered his position, and alarmed the camp. The intrenchments swarmed with what appeared like phantom figures through the mist. General Meyer had scarcely fired his first shot before the British revealed three batteries of six guns each and began a furious cannonade. About the middle of the morning, while the duel was at its height, a squadron of Hussars with a Maxim sallied from the British intrenchments, and moved around into the rear of the Boer position and opened fire. The burghers charged this flanking party, and after a desperate fight at close quarters captured the Maxim, and the Hussars retreated to camp. The British made repeated attempts to assault the position, but were compelled to retire under the withering fire. Late in the afternoon General Meyer had run out of ammunition. When he ceased firing he was surprised to see the British forces retreating in detachments to positions out of cannon range. From some of the English wounded it was learned that General Penn-Symons, their commanding officer, had been mortally wounded. General Meyer's scouts had made futile efforts during the day to discover the whereabouts of the other two commandoes which were to have assisted in the attack. That night it was discovered that General Erasmus and the commandants in charge of the right wing had got lost in the fog Thursday night, and wandered about until Friday noon, when General Erasmus heard the cannonading, and was guided by it to the vicinity of the fight. He finally had his cannon placed on the Platberg, a mountain north of Dundee, but the fog was so dense below him that he was compelled to remain out of the fight. A part of the Ermelo commando had run into a detachment of Hussars, and after a short fight captured them in a cattle-kraal. On Saturday the three columns had their positions, and rained shells through the fog without being able to determine what damage they were doing, until late in the afternoon the fog raised, and the British forces seemed to be in a demoralized condition.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



# ELEANOR\*

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

## CHAPTER XI.

AFTER Manisty had carried off his sister, Eleanor and Lucy sat together in the garden, talking sometimes, but more often silent, till the sun began to drop towards Ostia and the Mediterranean.

"You must come in," said Eleanor, laying her hand on the girl's. "The chill is beginning."

Lucy rose, conscious again of the slight giddiness of fever, and they walked towards the house. Half-way Lucy said, with sudden shy energy:

"I do *wish* I were quite myself! It is I who ought to be helping you through this, and I am just nothing but a worry!"

Eleanor smiled.

"You distract our thoughts," she said. "Nothing could have made this visit of Alice's other than a trial."

She spoke kindly, but with that subtle lack of response to Lucy's sympathy which had seemed to spring first into existence on the day of Nemi. Lucy had never felt at ease with her since then, and her heart, in truth, was a little sore. She only knew that something intangible and dividing had arisen between them, and that she felt herself once more the awkward, ignorant girl beside this delicate and high-bred woman, on whose confidence and friendship she had of course no claim whatever. Already she was conscious of a certain touch of shame when she thought of her new dresses and of Mrs. Burgoyne's share in them. Had she been, after all, the mere troublesome intruder? Her swimming head and languid spirits left her the prey of these misgivings.

Aunt Pattie met them at the head of the long flight of stone stairs which led from the garden to the first floor. Her finger was on her lip.

"Will you come through my room?" she said, under her breath. "Edward and Alice are in the library."

So they made a round—every room almost in the apartment communicating with every other—and thus reached Aunt

Pattie's sitting-room and the salon. Lucy sat shivering beside the wood fire in Aunt Pattie's room, which Miss Manisty had lit as soon as she set eyes upon her, while the two other ladies murmured to each other in the salon.

The rich wild light from the Campagna flooded the room; the day sank rapidly, and a strange hush crept through the apartment. The women working among the olives below had gone home; there were no sounds from the Marinata road, and the crackling of the fire alone broke upon the stillness, except for a sound which emerged steadily as the silence grew. It seemed to be a man's voice reading. Once it was interrupted by a laugh out of all scale—an ugly, miserable laugh—and Lucy shuddered afresh.

Meanwhile Aunt Pattie was whispering to Eleanor:

"He was wonderful—quite wonderful! I did not think he could—"

"He can do anything he pleases. He seems to be reading aloud?"

"He is reading some poems, my dear, that she wrote at Venice. She gave them to him to look at the day she came. I dare say they're quite mad, but he's reading and discussing them as though they were the most important things, and it pleases her—poor, poor Alice! First, you know, he quieted her very much about the money. I listened at the door sometimes, before you came in. She seems quite reconciled to him."

"All the same, I wish this night were over and the doctor here!" said Eleanor; and Miss Manisty, lifting her hands, assented with all the energy her small person could throw into the gesture.

Lucy, in the course of dressing for dinner, decided that to sit through a meal was beyond her powers, and that she would be least in the way if she went to bed. So she sent a message to Miss Manisty, and was soon lying at ease, with the window opposite her bed opened wide to Monte Cavo and the moonlit lake. The window on her left hand, which looked

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on the balcony, she herself had closed and fastened with all possible care. And she had satisfied herself that her key was in her door. As soon as Miss Manisty and Eleanor had paid her their good-night visit, she meant to secure herself.

And presently Aunt Pattie came in to see that she had her soup and had taken her quinine. The little old lady did not talk to Lucy of her niece, nor of the adventure of the afternoon, though she had heard all from Eleanor. Her family pride, as secret as it was intense, could hardly endure this revelation of the family trouble and difficulty to a comparative stranger, much as she liked the stranger. Nevertheless, her compunctions on the subject showed visibly. No cares and attentions could be too much for the girl in her charge, who had suffered annoyance at the hands of a Manisty while her own natural protectors were far away.

"Benson, my dear, will come and look after you last thing," said the old lady, not without a certain stateliness. "You will lock your door, and I hope you will have a very good night."

Half an hour later came Mrs. Burgoyne. Lucy's candle was out. A wick floating on oil gave a faint light in one corner of the room. Across the open window a muslin curtain had been drawn, to keep out bats and moths. But the moonlight streamed through, and lay in patches on the brick floor. And in this uncertain illumination Lucy could just see the dark pits of Eleanor's eyes, the sharp slightness of her form, the dim wreath of hair.

"You may be quite happy," said Eleanor, bending over her and speaking almost in a whisper. "She is much quieter. They have given her a stronger sleeping-draught, and locked all the doors—except the door into Dalgetty's room. And that is safe, for Dalgetty has drawn her bed right across it. If Alice tries to come through, she must wake her, and Dalgetty is quite strong enough to control her. Besides, Manisty would be there in a moment. So you may be quite, quite at ease."

Lucy thanked her.

"And you?" she said, wistfully, feeling for Eleanor's hand.

Eleanor yielded it for an instant, then withdrew it, and herself. "Oh, thank you, I shall sleep excellently. Alice

takes no interest, alas, in me! You are sure there is nothing else we can do for you?" She spoke in a light, guarded voice that seemed to Lucy to come from a person miles away.

"Thank you; I have everything."

"Benson will bring you milk and lemonade. I shall send Marie first thing for news of you. You know she sleeps just beyond you, and you have only to cross the dining-room to find me. Good-night. Sleep well."

As Eleanor closed the door behind her, Lucy was conscious of a peculiar sinking of heart. Mrs. Burgoyne had once made all the advances in their friendship. Lucy thought of two or three kisses that formerly had greeted her cheek, to which she had been too shy and startled to respond. Now it seemed to her difficult to imagine that Mrs. Burgoyne had ever caressed her—had ever shown herself so sweet and gay and friendly as in those first weeks when all Lucy's pleasure at the villa depended upon her. What was wrong? What had she done?

She lay drooping, her hot face pressed upon her hands, pondering the last few weeks, thoughts and images passing through her brain with a rapidity and an occasional incoherence that were the result of her feverish state. How much she had seen and learnt in these flying days! It often seemed to her as though her old self had been put off along with her old clothes. She was carried back to the early time when she had just patiently adapted herself to Mr. Manisty's indifference and neglect, as she might have adapted herself to any other condition of life at the villa. She had made no efforts. It had seemed to her mere good manners to assume that he did not want the trouble of her acquaintance, and be done with it. To her natural American feeling indeed, as the girl of the party, it was strange and disconcerting that her host should not make much of her. But she had soon reconciled herself. After all, what was he to her or she to him?

Then, of a sudden, a whole swarm of incidents and impressions rushed upon memory. The semi-darkness of her room was broken by images, brilliant or tormenting—Mr. Manisty's mocking look in the Piazza of St. Peter's, his unkindness to his cousin, his sweetness to his friend, the aspect, now petulant, even childish, and now gracious and commanding be-



yond any other she had ever known, which he had worn at Nemi. His face upturned beside her as she and her horse climbed the steep path; the extraordinary significance, fulness, warmth of the nature behind it; the gradual unveiling of the man's personality, most human, faulty, self-willed, yet perpetually interesting and challenging, whether to the love or hate of the bystander; these feelings or judgments about her host pulsed through the girl's mind with an energy that she was powerless to arrest. They did not make her happy, but they seemed to quicken and intensify all the acts of thinking and living.

At last, however, she succeeded in recapturing herself, in beating back the thoughts which, like troops over-rash on a doubtful field, appeared to be carrying her into the ambushes and strongholds of an enemy. She was impatient and scornful of them. For, crossing all these memories of things, new or exciting, there was a constant sense of something untoward, something infinitely tragic, accompanying them, developing beside them. In this feverish silence it became a nightmare presence filling the room.

What was the truth about Mr. Manisty and his cousin? Lucy searched her own innocent mind and all its new awakening perceptions in vain. The intimacy of the friendship, as she had first seen it; the tone used by Mr. Manisty that afternoon in speaking of Mrs. Burgoyne; the hundred small signs of a deep distress in her, of a resolute indifference in him—Lucy wandered in darkness as she thought of them, and yet with vague pangs and jarring vibrations of the heart.

Her troubled dream was suddenly broken by a sound. She sprang up trembling. Was it an angry, distant voice? Did it come from the room across the balcony? No! It was the loud talking of a group of men on the road outside. She shook all over, unable to restrain herself. "What would Uncle Ben think of me?" she said to herself in despair. For Uncle Ben loved calm and self-control in women, and had often praised her that she was not flighty and foolish, as he in his bachelor solitude conceived most other young women to be.

She looked down at her bandaged wrist. The wound still ached and burned from the pressure of that wild grip which she had not been able to ward off from it.

Lucy herself had the strength of healthy youth, but she had felt her strength as nothing in Alice Manisty's hands. And the tyranny of those black eyes!—so like her brother's, without the human placable spark—and the horror of those fierce possessing miseries that lived in them!

Perhaps, after all, Uncle Ben would not have thought her so cowardly. As she sat up in bed, her hands round her knees, a pitiful homesickness invaded her. A May scent of roses coming from the wall below the open window recalled to her the spring scents at home—not these strong Italian scents, but thin Northern perfumes of lilac and lavender, of pine needles and fresh grass. It seemed to her that she was on the slope behind Uncle Ben's house, with the scattered farms below, and the maple green in the hollow, and the grassy hill-sides folded one upon another, and the gleam of a lake among them, and on the farthest verge of the kind familiar scene the blue and shrouded heads of mountain-peaks. She dropped her head on her knees, and could hear the lowing of cattle and the clucking of hens; she saw the meeting-house roof among the trees, and groups scattered through the lanes on the way to the prayer-meeting, the older women in their stuff dresses and straw bonnets, the lean bronzed men.

Benson's knock dispelled the mirage. The maid brought lemonade and milk, brushed Lucy's long hair, and made all straight and comfortable.

When her tendance was over she looked at the door and then at Lucy. "Miss Manisty said, miss, I was to see you had your key handy. It's there all right—but it is the door that's wrong. Never saw such flimsy things as the doors in all this place."

And Benson examined the two flaps of the door, filled with that frank contempt for the foreigner's powers and intelligence which makes the English race so beloved of Europe.

"Why, the floor-bolts 'll scarcely hold, neither of them; and the lock's that loose, it's a disgrace! But I shouldn't think the people that own this place had spent a shilling on it since I was born. When you go to lay hold on things, they're just tumbling to bits."

"Oh, never mind, Benson!" said Lucy, shrinking. "I'm sure it 'll be all right. Thank you—and good-night."



She and Benson avoided looking at each other; and the maid was far too highly trained to betray any knowledge she was not asked for. But when she had taken her departure Lucy slipped out of bed, turned the key, and tightened the bolts herself. It was true that their sockets in the brick floor were almost worn away; and the lock-case seemed scarcely to hold upon the rotten wood. The wood-work, indeed, throughout the whole villa was not only old and worm-eaten, but it had been originally of the rudest description, meant for summer uses, and a *villeggiatura* existence in which privacy was of small account. The Malastrini who had reared the villa above the Campagna in the late seventeenth century had no money to waste on the superfluities of doors that fitted and windows that shut; he had spent all he had, and more, on the sprawling *putti* and fruit wreaths of the ceilings, and the arabesques of the walls. And now doors, windows, and shutters alike, shrunk and scorched and blistered by the heat of two hundred summers, were dropping into ruin.

The handling of this rotten lock and its rickety accompaniments suddenly brought back a panic fear on Lucy. What if Alice Manisty and the wind, which was already rising, should burst in upon her together? She looked down upon her night-gown and her bare feet. Well, at least she would not be taken quite unawares! She opened her cupboard and brought from it a white wrapper of a thin woollen stuff, which she put on. She thrust her feet into her slippers, and so stood a moment listening, her long hair dropping about her. Nothing! She lay down, and drew a shawl over her. "I won't—won't—sleep," she said to herself.

And the last sound she was conscious of was the cry of the little downy owl—so near that it seemed to be almost at her window.

"You are unhappy," said a voice beside her.

Lucy started. The self in her seemed to wrestle its way upward from black and troubled depths of sleep. She opened her eyes. Some one was bending over her. She felt an ineffable horror, but not the smallest astonishment. Her dreams had prophesied; and she saw what

she foreknew. In the wavering light she perceived a stooping form, and again she noticed a whiteness of hands and face set in a black frame.

"Yes!" she said, lifting herself on her elbow. "Yes! What do you want?"

"You have been sobbing—in your sleep," said the voice. "I know why you are unhappy. My brother is beginning to love you—you might love him. But there is some one between you—and there always will be. There is no hope for you—unless I show you the way out."

"Miss Manisty!—you oughtn't to be here," said Lucy, raising herself higher in bed and trying to speak with absolute self-command. "Won't you go back to bed—won't you let me take you?"

And she made a movement. Instantly a hand was put out. It seized her arm, first gently, then irresistibly.

"Don't, don't do that," said the voice. "It makes me angry—and—that hurts."

Alice Manisty raised her other hand to her head with a strange piteous gesture. Lucy was struck with the movement of the hand. It was shut over something that it concealed.

"I don't want to make you angry," she said, trying to speak gently and keep down the physical tumult of the heart; "but it is not good for you to be up like this. You are not strong—you ought to have rest."

The grip upon her arm relaxed.

"I don't rest now"—a miserable sigh came out of the darkness. "I sleep sometimes, but I don't rest. And it used all to be so happy once—whether I was awake or asleep. I was extraordinarily happy, all the winter, at Venice. One day Octave and I had a quarrel. He said I was mad; he seemed to be sorry for me; he held my arms and I saw him crying. But it was quite a mistake—I wasn't unhappy then. My brother John was always with me, and he told me the most wonderful things—secrets that no one else knows. Octave could never see him—and it was so strange, I saw him so plain. And my mother and father were there too: there was nothing between me and any dead person. I could see them and speak to them whenever I wished. People speak of separation from those who die. But there is none—they are always there. And when you talk to them, you know that you are immortal



as they are—only you are not like them. You remember this world still—you know you have to go back to it. One night John took me—we seemed to go through the clouds—through little waves of white fire—and I saw a city of light, full of spirits—the most beautiful people, men and women—with their souls showing like flames through their frail bodies. They were quite kind—they smiled and talked to me. But I cried bitterly—because I knew I couldn't stay with them—in their dear strange world—I must come back—back to all I hated—all that strangled and hindered me."

The voice paused a moment. Through Lucy's mind certain incredible words which it had spoken echoed and re-echoed. Consciousness did not master them; but they made a murmur within it through which other sounds hardly penetrated. Yet she struggled with herself—she remembered that only clearness of brain could save her.

She raised herself higher on her pillows that she might bring herself more on a level with her unbidden guest.

"And these ideas gave you pleasure?" she said, almost with calm.

"The intensest happiness," said the low, dragging tones. "Others pity me.—'Poor creature!—she's mad'—I heard them say. And it made me smile. For I had powers they knew nothing of. I could pass from one world to another—one place to another. I could see in a living person the soul of another dead long ago. And everything spoke to me—the movement of leaves on a tree—the eyes of an animal—all kinds of numbers and arrangements that come across one in the day. Other people noticed nothing. To me it was all alive—everything was alive. Sometimes I was so happy, so ecstatic, I could hardly breathe. The people who pitied me seemed to me dull and crawling beings. If they had only known! But now—"

A long breath came from the darkness—a breath of pain. And again the figure raised its hand to its head.

"Now, somehow, it is all different. When John comes, he is cold and unkind—he won't open to me the old sights. He shows me things instead that shake me with misery—that kill me. My brain is darkening, its powers are dying out. That means that I must let this life go—I must pass into another. Some other

soul must give me room. Do you understand?"

Closer came the form. Lucy perceived the white face and the dimly burning eyes, she felt herself suffocating, but she dared make no sudden move, for fear of that closed hand and what it held.

"No, I don't understand," she said, faintly; "but I am sure no good can come to you from another's harm."

"What harm would it be? You are beginning to love, and your love will never make you happy. My brother is like me. He is not mad, but he has a being apart. If you cling to him, he puts you from him; if you love him, he tires. He has never loved but for his own pleasure—to complete his life. What have you that he wants? His mind now is full of you—his senses, his feeling, are touched; but in three weeks he would weary of and despise you. Besides, you know—you know well—that is not all. There is another woman, whose life you must trample on, and you are not made of stuff strong enough for that. No!—there is no hope for you—in this existence—this body. But there is no death—death is only a change from one form of being to another. Give up your life, then, as I will give up mine. We will escape together. I can guide you; I know the way. We shall find endless joy, endless power! I shall be with Octave then, as and when I please; and you with Edward. Come!"

The face bent nearer, and the iron hold closed again stealthily on the girl's wrist. Lucy lay with her own face turned away and her eyes shut. She scarcely breathed. A word of prayer passed through her mind—an image of her white-haired uncle, her second father, left alone and desolate.

Suddenly there was a quick movement beside her. Her heart fluttered wildly. Then she opened her eyes. Alice Manisty had sprung up, had gone to the window, and flung back the muslin curtains. Lucy could see her now quite plainly in the moonlight—the haggard energy of look and movement, the wild dishevelled hair.

"I knew the end was come—this afternoon," said the hurrying voice. "When I came out to you, as I walked along the terrace, the sun went out! I saw it turn black above the Campagna, all in a moment, and I said to myself, 'What will the world do without the sun? How will



it live?' And now, do you see"—she raised her arm, and Lucy saw it for an instant as a black bar against the window, caught the terrible dignity of gesture—"there is not one moon, but many! Look at them! How they hurry through the clouds—one after the other! Do you understand what that means? Perhaps not, for your sight is not like mine. But I know. It means that the earth has left its orbit, that we are wandering—wandering in space, like a dismayed vessel! We are tossed this way and that, sometimes nearer to the stars, and sometimes farther away. That is why they are first smaller and then larger. But the crash must come at last—death for the world, death for us all—"

Her hands fell to her side, the left hand always tightly closed; her head drooped; her voice, which had been till now hoarse and parched as though it came from a throat burnt with fever, took a deep dirgelike note. Noiselessly Lucy raised herself; she measured the distance between herself and the door, between the mad woman and the door. Oh God! was the door locked? Her eyes strained through the darkness. How deep her sleep must have been that she had heard no sound of its yielding! Her hand was ready to throw off the shawl that covered her, when she was startled by a laugh—a laugh vile and cruel—that seemed to come from a new presence—another being. Alice Manisty rapidly came back to her, stood between her bed and the wall, and Lucy felt instinctively that some hideous change had passed.

"Dalgetty thought that all was safe; so did Edward. And indeed the locks were safe—the only doors that hold in all the villa—I tried *yours* in the afternoon while Manisty and the priest were talking! But mine held. So I had to deal with Dalgetty." She stooped, and whispered, "I got it in Venice one day—the chemist near the Rialto. She might have found it, but she never did; she is very stupid. I did her no harm, I think. But if it kills her, death is nothing—nothing—only the gate of life. Come! come! prove it!"

A hand darted and fell, like a snake striking. Lucy just threw herself aside in time; she sprang up, she rushed, she tore at the door, pulling at it with a frantic strength. It yielded with a crash, for the lock was already broken. Should

she turn left or right?—to the room of Mrs. Burgoyne's maid or to Mr. Manisty's library? She chose the right and fled on. She had perhaps ten seconds' start, since the bed had been between her enemy and the door. But if any other door interposed between her and succor, all was over!—for she heard a horrible cry behind her, and knew that she was pursued. On she dashed across the landing at the head of the stairs. Ah! the dining-room door was open! She passed it, and then turned, holding it desperately against her pursuer.

"Mr. Manisty! Help!"

The agonized voice rang through the silent rooms. Suddenly a sound from the library—a chair overturned, a cry, a door flung open. Manisty stood in the light.

He bounded to her side. His strength released hers. The upper part of the door was glass, and that dark gasping form on the other side of it was visible to them both in a pale dawn light from the glass passage.

"Go!" he said. "Go through my room. Find Eleanor!"

She fled. But as she entered the room she tottered; she fell upon the chair that Manisty had just quitted, and with a long shudder that relaxed all her young limbs, her senses left her.

Meanwhile the whole apartment was alarmed. The first to arrive upon the scene was the strong house-maid, who found Alice Manisty stretched upon the floor of the glass passage, and her brother kneeling beside her, his clothes and hands torn in the struggle with her delirious violence. Alfredo appeared immediately afterwards; and then Manisty was conscious of the flash of a hand-lamp, and the soft hurrying step of Eleanor Burgoyne.

She stood in horror at the entrance of the glass passage. Manisty gave his sister into Alfredo's keeping as he rose and went towards her.

"For God's sake," he said, under his breath, "go and see what has happened to Dalgetty!"

He took for granted that Lucy had taken refuge with her, and Eleanor staid to ask no questions, but fled on to Dalgetty's room. As she opened the door the fumes of chloroform assailed her, and there on the bed lay the unfortunate maid, just beginning to moan herself back to consciousness from beneath the

chloroformed handkerchief that had reduced her to impotence.

Her state demanded every care. While Manisty and the house-maid Andreina conveyed Alice Manisty, now in a state of helpless exhaustion, to her room, and secured her there, Alfredo ran for the Marinata doctor. Eleanor and Aunt Pattie forced brandy through the maid's teeth and did what they could to bring back warmth and circulation.

They were still busy with their task when the elderly Italian arrived, who was the communal doctor and chemist of the village. The smell of the room, the sight of the woman, were enough. The man was efficient and discreet, and he threw himself into his work without more questions than were absolutely necessary. In the midst of their efforts Manisty reappeared, panting.

"Ought he not to see Miss Foster too?" he said, anxiously, to Eleanor Burgoyne.

Eleanor looked at him in astonishment.

A smothered exclamation broke from him. He rushed away, back to the library, which he had seen Lucy enter.

The cool clear light was mounting. It penetrated the wooden shutters of the library and mingled with the dying light of the lamp which had served him to read with through the night, beside which, in spite of his utmost efforts, he had fallen asleep at the approach of dawn. There, in the dreamlike illumination, he saw Lucy lying within his deep arm-chair. Her face was turned away from him and hidden against the cushion; her black hair streamed over the white folds of her wrapper; one arm was beneath her, the other hung helplessly over her knee.

He went up to her and called her name in an agony.

She moved slightly, made an effort to rouse herself, and raised her hand. But the hand fell again, and the word half formed upon her lips died away. Nothing could be more piteous, more disarmed. Yet even her disarray and helplessness were lovely; she was noble in her defeat; her very abandonment breathed youth and purity. The man's wildly surging thoughts sank abashed.

But words escaped him—words giving irrevocable shape to feeling—for he saw that she could not hear.

"Lucy! Lucy! dear, beautiful Lucy!"

He hung over her in an ardent silence, his eyes breathing a respect that was the

very soul of passion, his hand not daring to touch even a fold of her dress. Meanwhile the door leading to the little passage-room had opened noiselessly. Eleanor Burgoyne had entered. Manisty was not aware of it. He bent above Lucy in a tender absorption, speaking to her as he might have spoken to a child, calling to her, comforting and rousing her. His deep voice had an enchanter's sweetness, and gradually it wooed her back to life. She did not know what he was saying to her, but she responded. Her lids fluttered; she moved in her chair; a deep sigh lifted her breast.

At that moment the door in Eleanor's hand escaped her and swung to. Manisty started back and looked round him.

"Eleanor!—is that you?"

In the barred and ghostly light Eleanor came slowly forward. She looked first at Lucy, then at Manisty. Their eyes met.

Manisty was the first to move uneasily.

"Look at her, Eleanor! Poor child! Alice must have attacked her in her room. She escaped by a marvel. When I wrestled with Alice, I found this in her hand. One second more, and she would have used it on Miss Foster."

He took from his pocket a small surgical knife, and looked, shuddering, at its sharpness and its curved point.

Eleanor too shuddered. She laid her hand on Lucy's shoulder, while Manisty withdrew into the shadows of the room.

Lucy raised herself by a great effort. Her first half-conscious impulse was to throw herself into the arms of the woman standing by her. Then, as she perceived Eleanor clearly, as her reason came back and her gaze steadied, the impulse died.

"Will you help me?" she said, simply, holding out her hand and tottering to her feet.

A sudden gleam of natural feeling lit up the frozen whiteness of Eleanor's face. She threw her arm round Lucy's waist, guiding her. And so, closely entwined, the two passed from Manisty's sight.

## CHAPTER XII.

THE sun had already deserted the eastern side of the villa when, on the morning following these events, Lucy woke from a fitful sleep to find Benson standing beside her. Benson had slept in her room since the dawn; and, thanks to exhaus-



tion and the natural powers of youth, Lucy came back to consciousness, weak but refreshed, almost free from fever, and in full possession of herself. Nevertheless, as she raised herself in bed to drink the tea that Benson offered her, as she caught a glimpse through the open window of the convent-crowned summit and wooded breast of Monte Cavo, flooded with a broad white sunlight, she had that strange sense of change—of a yesterday irrevocably parted from to-day—that marks the entry into another room of life. The young soul at such times trembles before a power unknown, yet tyrannously felt. All in a moment, without our knowledge or co-operation, something has happened. Life will never be again as it was last week. "How?—or why?" the soul cries. "I knew nothing, willed nothing." And then dimly, through the dark of its own tumult, the veiled Destiny appears.

Benson was not at all anxious that Lucy should throw off the invalid.

"And indeed, miss, if I may say so, you'll be least in the way where you are. They're expecting the doctor from Rome directly."

The maid looked at her curiously. All that the household knew was that Miss Alice Manisty had escaped from her room in the night, after pinioning Dalgetty's arms and throwing a chloroformed handkerchief over her face. Miss Foster, it seemed, had been aroused and alarmed, and Mr. Manisty, coming to the rescue, had overpowered his sister by the help of the stout *cameriera*, Andreina. This was all that was certainly known.

Nor did Lucy show herself communicative. As the maid threw back all the shutters and looped the curtains, the girl watched the summer light conquer the room with a shiver of reminiscence.

"And Mrs. Burgoyne?" she asked, eagerly.

The maid hesitated. "She's up long ago, miss. But she looks that ill it's a pity to see her. She and Mr. Manisty had their coffee together an hour ago, and she's been helping him with the arrangements. I am sure it'll be a blessing when the poor lady's put away. It would soon kill all the rest of you."

"Will she go to-day, Benson?" said Lucy in a low voice.

The maid replied that she believed that was Mr. Manisty's decision, that he had

been ordering a carriage, and that it was supposed two nurses were coming with the doctor. Then she inquired whether she might take good news of Lucy to Miss Manisty and the master.

Lucy hurriedly begged they might be told that she was quite well, and nobody was to take the smallest trouble about her any more. Benson threw a sceptical look at the girl's blanched cheek, shook her head a little, and departed.

A few minutes afterwards there was a light tap at the door, and Eleanor Burgoyne entered.

"You have slept?—you are better," she said, standing at Lucy's bedside.

"I am only ashamed you should give me a thought," the girl protested. "I should be up now but for Benson. She said I should be out of the way."

"Yes," said Eleanor, quietly. "That is so." She hesitated a moment, and then resumed: "If you should hear anything disagreeable, don't be alarmed. There will be a doctor and nurses. But she is quite quiet this morning—quite broken—poor soul! My cousins are going into Rome with her. The home where she will be placed is on Monte Mario. Edward wishes to assure himself that it is all suitable and well managed. And Aunt Pattie will go with him."

Through the girl's mind flashed the thought, "Then *we* shall be alone together all day," and her heart sank. She dared not look into Mrs. Burgoyne's tired eyes. The memory of words spoken to her in the darkness—of that expression she had surprised on Mrs. Burgoyne's face as she woke from her swoon in the library—suddenly renewed the nightmare in which she had been living. Once more she felt herself walking among snares and shadows, with a trembling pulse.

Yet the feeling which rose to sight was nothing more than a stronger form of that remorseful tenderness which had been slowly invading her during many days. She took Eleanor's hand in hers and kissed it shyly.

"Then *I* shall look after *you*," she said, trying to smile. "I'll have my way this time!"

"Wasn't that a carriage?" said Eleanor, hurriedly. She listened a moment. Yes, a carriage had drawn up. She hastened away.

Lucy, left alone, could hear the move-

ment of feet through the glass passage, and the sound of strange voices, representing apparently two men, and neither of them Mr. Manisty.

She took a book from her table and tried not to listen. But she could not distract her mind from the whole scene which she imagined must be going on—the consultation of the doctors, the attitude of the brother.

How had Mr. Manisty dealt with his sister the night before? What weapon was in Alice Manisty's hand? Lucy remembered no more after that moment at the door, when Manisty had rushed to her relief, bidding her go to Mrs. Burgoyne. He himself had not been hurt, or Mrs. Burgoyne would have told her. Ah! he had surely been kind, though strong. Her eyes filled. She thought of the new light in which he had appeared to her during these terrible days with his sister—the curb put on his irritable, exacting temper, his care of Alice, his chivalry towards herself. In another man such conduct would have been a matter of course. In Manisty it touched and captured, because it could not have been reckoned on. She had done him injustice, and, unknowing, he had revenged himself.

The first carriage apparently drove away, and after an interval another replaced it. Nearly an hour passed—then sudden sounds of trampling feet and opening doors broke the silence which had settled over the villa. Voices and steps approached, entered the glass passage. Lucy sprang up. Benson had flung the window looking on the balcony and the passage open, but had fastened across it the outside sun-shutters. Lucy, securely hidden herself, could see freely through the wooden strips of the shutter.

Ah!—sad procession! Manisty came first through the passage, the sides of which were open to the balcony. His sister was on his arm, veiled and in black. She moved feebly, sometimes hesitating and pausing, and Lucy distinguished the wild eyes glancing from side to side. But Manisty bent his fine head to her; his left hand secured hers upon his arm; he spoke to her gently and cheerfully. Behind walked Aunt Pattie, very small and nervously pale, followed by a nurse. Then two men—Lucy recognized one as the Marinata doctor—and another nurse; then Alfredo, with luggage.

They passed rapidly out of her sight. But the front door was immediately below the balcony, and her ear could more or less follow the departure. And there was Mrs. Burgoyne leaning over the balcony. Mr. Manisty spoke to her from below. Lucy fancied she caught her own name, and drew back, indignant with herself for listening.

Then a sound of wheels—the opening of the iron gate—the driving up of another carriage—some shouting between Alfredo and Andreina—and it was all over. The villa was at peace again.

Lucy drew herself to her full height, in a fierce rigidity of self-contempt. What was she still listening for—still hungering for? What seemed to have gone suddenly out of heaven and earth with the cessation of one voice?

She fell on her knees beside her bed. It was natural to her to pray, to throw herself on a sustaining and strengthening power. Such prayer in such a nature is not the specific asking of a definite boon. It is rather a wordless aspiration towards a Will not our own—a passionate longing, in the old phrase, to be "right with God," whatever happens, and through all the storms of personal impulse.

An hour later Lucy entered the salon just as Alfredo, coming up behind her, announced that the mid-day breakfast was ready. Mrs. Burgoyne was sitting near the western window with her sketching things about her. Some western clouds had come up from the sea to veil the scorching heat with which the day had opened. Eleanor had thrown the sun-shutters back, and was finishing and correcting one of the Nemi sketches she had made during the winter.

She rose at sight of Lucy.

"Such a relief to throw one's self into a bit of drawing!" She looked down at her work. "What hobby do you fly to?"

Lucy was only too glad to take the hint, and turn away for a time from the tragedy of the week.

"I mend the house linen, and I tie down the jam," she said, laughing. "You have heard me play—so you know I don't do that well! And I can't draw a hay-stack."

"You play very well," said Eleanor, embarrassed, as they moved towards the dining-room.



"Just well enough to send Uncle Ben to sleep when he's tired! I learnt it for that. Will you play to me afterwards?"

"With pleasure," said Eleanor, a little formally.

How long the luncheon seemed! Eleanor, a white shadow in her black transparent dress, toyed with her food—ate nothing—and complained of the waits between the courses.

Lucy reminded her that there were fifty steps between the kitchen and their apartment. Eleanor did not seem to hear her; she had apparently forgotten her own remark, and was staring absently before her. When she spoke next it was about London and the June season. She had promised to take a young cousin, just "come out," to some balls. Her talk about her plans was careless and languid, but it showed the woman naturally at home in the fashionable world, with connections in half the great families, and access to all doors. The effect of it was to make Lucy shrink into herself. Mrs. Burgoyne had spoken formerly of their meeting in London. She said nothing of it to-day, and Lucy felt that she could never venture to remind her.

From Eleanor's disjointed talk, also, there flowed another subtle impression. Lucy realized what kinship means to the English wealthy and well-born class—what a freemasonry it establishes, what opportunities it confers. The Manistys and Eleanor Burgoyne were part of a great clan with innumerable memories and traditions. They said nothing of them; they merely took them for granted with all that they implied,—the social position, the "consideration," the effect on others.

Now, the smallest touch of English assumption in her new acquaintances would have been enough, six weeks before, to make Lucy Foster open her dark eyes in astonishment or contempt. That is not the way in which women of her type understand life.

But to-day the frank forces of the girl's nature felt themselves harassed and crippled. She sat with downcast eyes, constrainedly listening and sometimes replying. No—it was very true. Mr. Manisty was not of her world. He had relations, friendships, affairs, infinitely remote from hers, none of which could mean anything to her. Whereas his cousin's links with him were the natural, inevitable links of

blood and class. He might be unsatisfactory or uncivil; but she had innumerable ways of recovering him, not to be understood even, by those outside.

When the two women returned to the salon, a kind of moral distance had established itself between them. Lucy was silent, Eleanor restless.

Alfredo brought the coffee. Mrs. Burgoyne looked at her watch as he retired.

"Half past one," she said in a reflective voice. "By now they have made all arrangements."

"They will be back by tea-time?"

"Hardly,—but before dinner. Poor Aunt Pattie! She will be half dead."

"Was she disturbed last night?" asked Lucy in a low voice.

"Just at the end. Mercifully she heard nothing till Alice was safe in her room."

Then Eleanor's eyes dwelt broodingly on Lucy. She had never yet questioned the girl as to her experiences. Now she said, with a certain abruptness,

"I suppose she forced your door?"

"I suppose so. But I was asleep."

"Were you terribly frightened when you found her there?"

As she spoke, Eleanor said to herself that in all probability Lucy knew nothing of Manisty's discovery of the weapon in Alice's hand. While she was helping the girl to bed, Lucy, in her dazed and shivering submission, was true to her natural soberness and reserve. Instead of exaggerating, she had minimized what had happened. Miss Alice Manisty had come to her room, had behaved strangely, and Lucy, running to summon assistance, had roused Mr. Manisty in the library. No doubt she might have managed better, both then and in the afternoon. And so, with a resolute repression of all excited talk, she had turned her pale face from the light and set herself to go to sleep—as the only means of inducing Mrs. Burgoyne also to leave her and rest.

Eleanor's present question, however, set the girl's self-control fluttering, so sharply did it recall the horror of the night. She curbed herself visibly before replying:

"Yes, I was frightened. But I don't think she could have hurt me. I should have been stronger when it came to the point."

"Thank God Edward was there!" cried Eleanor. "Where did he come to you?"

"At the dining-room door. I could

not have held it much longer. Then he told me to go to you. And I tried to. But I only just managed to get to that chair in the library."

"Mr. Manisty found you quite unconscious."

A sudden red dyed Lucy's cheek. "Mr. Manisty! Was he there? I hoped he knew nothing about it. I only saw you."

Eleanor's thought drew certain inferences. But they gave her little comfort. She turned away abruptly, complaining of the heat, and went to the piano.

Lucy sat listening, with a book on her knee. Everything seemed to have grown strangely unreal in this hot silence of the villa—the high room with its painted walls, the marvellous prospect outside, just visible in sections through the half-closed shutters, herself and her companion. Mrs. Burgoyne played snatches of Brahms and Chopin; but her fingers stumbled more than usual. Her attention seemed to wander.

Inevitably the girl's memory went back to the wild things which Alice Manisty had said to her. In vain she rebuked herself. The fancies of a mad woman were best forgotten, so common-sense told her. But over the unrest of her own heart, over the electrical tension and dumb hostility that had somehow arisen between her and Eleanor Burgoyne, common-sense had small power. She could only say to herself, with growing steadiness of purpose, that it would be best for her not to go to Vallombrosa, but to make arrangements as soon as possible to join the Porters' friends at Florence, and go on with them to Switzerland.

To distract herself, she presently drew towards her the open portfolio of Eleanor's sketches, which was lying on the table. Most of them she had seen before, and Mrs. Burgoyne had often bade her turn them over as she pleased.

She looked at them, now listlessly, now with sudden stirs of feeling. Here was the niched wall of the Nemi temple, the arched recesses overgrown with ilex and fig and bramble, in front the strawberry-pickers stooping to their work. Here, an impressionist study of the lake at evening, with the wooded height of Genzano breaking the sunset; here, a sketch from memory of Aristodemo teasing the girls. Below this drawing lay another drawing of figures. Lucy drew it out, and looked at it in bewilderment.

At the foot of it was written, "The Slayer and the Slain." Her thoughts rushed back to her first evening at the villa—to the legend of the priest. The sketch indeed contained two figures—one erect and triumphant, the other crouching on the ground. The prostrate figure was wrapped in a cloak which was drawn over the head and face. The young victor, sword in hand, stood above his conquered enemy.

Or—was it a man?

Lucy looked closer, her cold hand shaking on the paper. The vague classical dress told nothing. But the face—whose was it?—and the long black hair? She raised her eyes towards an old mirror on the wall in front, then dropped them to the drawing again, in a sudden horror of recognition. And the piteous figure on the ground, with the delicate woman's hand? Lucy caught her breath. It was as though the blow at her heart which Manisty had averted the night before had fallen.

Then she became aware that Eleanor had turned round upon her seat at the piano and was watching her.

"I was looking at this strange drawing," she said. Her face had turned a sudden crimson. She pushed the drawing from her and tried to smile.

Eleanor rose and came towards her.

"I thought you would see it," she said. "I wished you to see it."

Her voice was hoarse and shaking. She stood opposite to Lucy, supporting herself by a marble table that stood near.

Lucy's color disappeared; she became as pale as Eleanor.

"Is this meant for me?"

She pointed to the figure of the victorious priest. Eleanor nodded.

"I drew it the night after our Nemi walk," she said, with a fluttering breath. "A vision came to me so—of you—and me."

Lucy started. Then she put her arms on the table and dropped her face into her arms. Her voice became a low and thrilling murmur that just reached Eleanor's ears.

"I wish—oh, how I wish—that I had never come here!"

Eleanor wavered a moment, then she said, with gentleness, even with sweetness:

"You have nothing to blame yourself for. Nor has any one. That picture ac-



cuses no one. It draws the future—which no one can stop or change—but you."

"In the first place," said Lucy, still hiding her eyes and the bitter tears that dimmed them, "what does it mean? Why am I the slayer?—and—and—you the slain? What have I done? How have I deserved such a thing?"

Her voice failed her. Eleanor drew a little nearer.

"It is not you—but fate. You have taken from me—or you are about to take from me—the last thing left to me on this earth! I have had one chance of happiness, and only one, in all my life, till now. My boy is dead—he has been dead eight years. And at last I had found another chance, and after seven weeks, you—you—are dashing it from me!"

Lucy drew back from the table, like one that shrinks from an enemy.

"Mrs. Burgoyne!"

"You don't know it," said Eleanor, calmly. "Oh, I understand that! You are too good—too loyal. That's why I am talking like this. One could only dare it with some one whose heart one knew. Oh, I have had such gusts of feeling towards you—such mean, poor feeling! And then, as I sat playing there, I said to myself: 'I'll tell her! She will find that drawing, and—I'll tell her! She has a great, true nature. She'll understand. Why shouldn't one try to save one's self? It's the natural law. There's only the one life.'"

She covered her eyes with her hand an instant, choking down the sob which interrupted her. Then she moved a little nearer to Lucy.

"You see," she said, appealingly, "you were very sweet and tender to me one day. It's very easy to pretend to mourn with other people—because one thinks one ought—or because it makes one liked. I am always pretending in that way—I can't help it. But you—no: you don't say what you don't feel, and you've the gift to feel. It's so rare—and you'll suffer from it. You'll find other people doing what I'm doing now—throwing themselves upon you—taking advantage—trusting to you. You pitied me because I had lost my boy. But you didn't know—you couldn't guess how bare my life has been always—but for him. And then—this winter"—her voice changed

and broke—"the sun rose again for me. I have been hungry and starving for years, and it seemed as though I—even I!—might still feast and be satisfied.

"It would not have taken much to satisfy me. I am not young, like you—I don't ask much. Just to be his friend, his secretary, his companion—in time—perhaps—his wife—when he began to feel the need of home, and peace—and to realize that no one else was so dear or so familiar to him as I. I understood him—he me—our minds touched. There was no need for 'falling in love.' One had only to go on from day to day—entering into each other's lives—I ministering to him, and he growing accustomed to the atmosphere I could surround him with, and the sympathy I could give him—till the habit had grown so deep into heart and flesh that it could not be wrenched away. His hand would have dropped into mine almost without his willing or knowing it. . . . And I should have made him happy. I could have lessened his faults—stimulated his powers. That was my dream all these later months—and every week it seemed to grow more reasonable, more possible. Then you came—"

She dropped into a chair beside Lucy, resting her delicate hands on the back of it. In the mingled abandonment and energy of her attitude there was the power that belongs to all elemental human emotion, made frankly visible and active. All her plaintive clinging charm had disappeared. It was the fierceness of the dove—the egotism of the weak. Every line and nerve of the fragile form betrayed the exasperation of suffering and a tension of the will, unnatural and irresistible. Lucy bowed to the storm. She lay with her eyes hidden, conscious only of this accusing voice close to her—and of the song of two nightingales without, rivalling each other among the chestnut-trees above the lower road.

Eleanor resumed after a momentary pause—a momentary closing of the tired eyes, as though in search of calm and recollection.

"You came. He took no notice of you. He was rude and careless—he complained that our work would be interrupted. Yet it teased him that you should be here—and that you represented something so different from his thoughts and theories. That is like him. He has no real

tolerance. He wants to fight, to overbear, to crush, directly he feels opposition. Among women especially, he is accustomed to be the centre—to be the master always. And you resisted—silently. That provoked and attracted him. Then came the difficulties with the book—and Mr. Neal's visit. He has the strangest superstitions. It was ill luck, and I was mixed up with it. He began to cool to me—to avoid me. You were here; you didn't remind him of failure. He found relief in talking to you. His ill-humor would all have passed away like a child's sulkiness, but that—Ah, well!—”

She raised her hand with a long, painful sigh, and let it drop.

“Don't imagine I blame any one. You were so fresh and young—it was all so natural. Yet somehow I never really feared—after the first evening I felt quite at ease. I found it natural to like—to love—you. And what could you and he have in common? Then on the Nemi day I dared to reproach him—to appeal to the old times—to show him the depth of my own wound—to make him explain himself. Oh, but all those words are far, far too strong for what I did! Who could ever suppose it to their advantage to make a scene with him—to weary or disgust him? It was only a word—a phrase or two here and there. But he understood, and he gave me my answer. Oh, what humiliations we women can suffer from a sentence, a smile, and show nothing—nothing!”

Her face had begun to burn. She lifted her handkerchief to brush away two slow tears that had forced their way. Lucy's eyes had been drawn to her from their hiding-place. The girl's brow was furrowed, her lips parted; there was a touch of fear—unconscious, yet visible—in her silence.

“It was that day, while you and he were walking about the ruins, that a flash of light came to me. I suppose I had seen it before. I know I had been unhappy long before. But as long as one can hide things from one's self, it seems to make them not true—as though one's own will still controlled them. But that day, after our walk, when we came back and found you on the hill-side!—How was it your fault? Yet I could almost have believed that you had invented the boys and the stone! Certainly he spared me

nothing. He had eyes and ears only for you. After he brought you home, all his thoughts were for you. Nobody else's fatigues and discomforts mattered anything. And it was the same with Alice. His only terrors were for you. When he heard that she was coming, he had no alarms for Aunt Pattie or for me. But you must be shielded; you must be saved from everything repulsive or shocking. He sat up last night to protect you, and even in his sleep he heard you.”

Her voice dropped. Eleanor sat staring before her into the golden shadows of the room, afraid of what she had said, instinctively waiting for its effect on Lucy.

And Lucy crouched no longer. She had drawn herself erect.

“Mrs. Burgoyne, is it kind—is it *bearable*—that you should say these things to me? I have not deserved them! No! no! I have *not*. What right have you? I can't protect myself; I can't escape you; but—”

Her voice shook. There was in it a passion of anger, pain, loneliness, and yet something else—the note of something new-born and transforming.

“What right?” repeated Eleanor, in low tones—tones almost of astonishment. She turned to her companion. “The right of hunger—the right of poverty—the right of one pleading for a last possession!—a last hope!”

Lucy was silenced. The passion of the older woman bore her down, made the protest of her young modesty seem a mere trifling and impertinence. Eleanor had slid to her knees. Her face had grown tremulous and sweet. A strange dignity quivered in the smile that transformed her mouth as she caught the girl's reluctant hands and drew them against her breast.

“Is it forbidden to cry out when grief and loss go beyond a certain point? No! I think not. I couldn't struggle with you, or plot against you, or hate you. Those things are not in my power. I was not made so. But what forbids me to come to you and say: ‘I have suffered terribly. I had a dreary home. I married, ignorantly, a man who made me miserable. But when my boy came, that made up for all. I never grumbled. I never envied other people after that. It seemed to me I had all I deserved—and so much, much more than many! Afterwards,



when I woke up without him that day in Switzerland—there was only one thing that made it endurable. I overheard the Swiss doctor say to my maid—he was a kind old man and very sorry for me—that my own health was so fragile that I shouldn't live long to pine for the child. But oh, what we can bear and not die! I came back to my father, and for eight years I never slept without crying, without the ghost of the boy's head against my breast. Again and again I used to wake up in an ecstasy, feeling it there—feeling the curls across my mouth.'” A deep sob choked her. Lucy, in a madness of pity, struggled to release herself that she might throw her arms round the kneeling figure. But Eleanor's grasp only tightened. She hurried on:

“But last year I began to hope. Everybody thought badly of me; the doctors spoke very strongly; and even papa made no objection when Aunt Pattie asked me to come to Rome. I came to Rome in a strange state, as one looks at things and loves them for the last time before a journey. And then—well, then it all began! new life for me, new health. The only happiness—except for the child—that had ever come my way. I know—oh, I don't deceive myself!—I know it was not the same to Manisty as to me. But I don't ask much. I knew he had given the best of his heart to other women—long ago—long before this. But the old loves were all dead, and I could almost be thankful for them. They had kept him for me, I thought—tamed and exhausted him, so that I—so colorless and weak compared with those others!—might just slip into his heart and find the way open—that he might just take me in, and be glad, for sheer weariness.”

She dropped Lucy's hands, and rising, she locked her own, and began to walk to and fro in the great room, her head thrown back, her senses turned, as it were, inward upon the sights and sounds of memory.

Lucy gazed upon her in bewilderment. Then she too rose and approached Mrs. Burgoyne.

“When shall I go?” she said, simply. “You must help me to arrange it with Miss Manisty. It might be to-morrow—it would be easy to find some excuse.”

Eleanor looked at her with a convulsed face.

“That would help nothing,” she said—“nothing! He would only guess what I had done.”

Lucy was silent a moment. Then she broke out piteously,

“What can I do?”

“What claim have I that you should do anything?” said Eleanor, despairingly. “I don't know what I wanted when I began this scene.”

She moved on, her eyes bent upon the ground, Lucy beside her.

The girl had drawn Mrs. Burgoyne's arm through her own. The tears were on her cheek, but she was thinking, and quite calm.

“I am sure, sure,” she said at last, in a voice that was almost steady, “that all your fears are quite, quite vain. Mr. Manisty feels for me nothing but a little kindness—he could feel nothing else. It will all come back to you; and it was not I that took it away. But whatever you tell me—whatever you ask—I will do.”

With a catching breath, Eleanor turned and threw her arm round the girl's neck.

“Stay,” she breathed—“stay for a few days. Let there be no shock—nothing to challenge him. Then slip away—don't let him know where—and there is one woman in the world who will hold you in her inmost heart, who will pray for you with her secretest, sacredest prayers as long as you live!”

The two fell into each other's embrace. Lucy, with the maternal tenderness that should have been Eleanor's, pressed her lips on the hot brow that lay upon her breast, murmuring words of promise, of consolation, of self-reproach, feeling her whole being passing out to Eleanor's in a great tide of passionate will and pity.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]





**T**HE modern use of aeronautical devices in war is simply a return to the original idea, for the invention of balloons grew out of war conditions and in the hopes of meeting a special emergency. Impressed with the importance of capturing the fortress of Gibraltar, which British valor was defiantly defending against the combined forces of France and Spain, Joseph Montgolfier, in 1782, sought to advance by a novel method the success of this bloody siege, which was unexpectedly turning the scales of war against France and Spain. He said: "I possess a superhuman means of introducing our soldiers into this impregnable fortress. They may enter through the air by a gas produced by the combustion of a little straw. By making a bag large enough, it will be possible to introduce into Gibraltar an entire army, which, borne by the wind, will enter right above the heads of the enemy." The siege of Gibraltar was

raised, however, before Montgolfier had proved the practicability of his plan to navigate the air.

The balloon had scarcely become familiar to scientists before it was actually transformed into an engine of war. The Committee of Safety of the French Revolution appointed a commission to stimulate inventions, and under its auspices, in 1794, Guyton de Morveau undertook to give to Frenchmen the empire of the air by organizing captive hydrogen balloons to assist in the direction of the republican armies in the field. An aeronautic company was organized under the command of Captain Coutelle, and a balloon called *Entreprenant* first ascended as a defensive means at Maubeuge, where it barely escaped destruction by the Austrian fire. Transferred across the country by hand-power, the inflated balloon reached Charoroi, where its appearance had such a moral effect that the place promptly surrendered.

Its utility in military manoeuvres was first demonstrated at the battle of Fleurus, which entailed the fall of Brussels. For ten hours it kept the air, while Adjutant-General Morlot in the basket furnished his commander-in-chief, General Jourdain, with details of every movement made by the enemy. Questions were sent up by means of a cord, and answers wafted down in flag-bedecked packages. In all, five balloons were operated in this war; and at the siege of Mainz the moral effect of this novel instrument of war was such that the Austrians asked for an armistice to examine the wonderful machine. At Liege the use of a balloon turned the fortunes of the day through its observations, which surprised the enemy in the act of sending its baggage and artillery to the rear. An opportune attack, based on this information, resulted in the defeat of the Austrians, who thus lost control of the country between Liege and the Rhine.

Napoleon's startling victories in Italy were made with such marvellous rapidity that no balloon train could in that day keep pace with his movements. Later he carried an illy provided balloon train to Egypt, where his field of operations was neither extensive nor such as to demand aeronauts; and after his return to France the corps fell into disfavor and was disbanded.

While the next striking application of aeronautics to war occurred in the army



of the United States, it serves our purpose best to treat this phase later. The extended experiences of a war covering four years of persistent and phenomenal efforts on the part of three millions of American soldiers should have been fruitful fields for professional military study, but they were for years neglected by European nations. It was not strange, therefore, that ballooning was overlooked until grave emergencies arose. When the Franco-Prussian war broke out in 1870, neither the German nor the French army had war-balloons, but the latter country at once endeavored to improvise, at Montmartre and Montsouris, an aeronautical park of two balloons, which were both valueless. The imprisoned garrison at Metz, however, revived military aeronautics. Some resourceful artillery officers first sent out a balloon with a caged pigeon, which fell within the Prussian lines. The humorous Germans added insult to injury, for after eating the pigeon they sent a flag of truce to inform the French that their messenger had been found excellent. The second balloon despatched had better success, for, falling at Neufchâteau, its despatches passed into friendly hands, and were telegraphed to the subprefect at Tours, and thence to Paris.

When the French capital was unexpectedly besieged, arrangements were made for intercommunication between Paris and the south of France by the shipment of 200 homing pigeons. They were placed in charge of a trusty messenger for shipment on the last train leaving Paris; unfortunately the requisite legal permit to ship the pigeons, although signed, was unstamped. A zealous under-official of the railway would not countenance so serious an irregularity, and despite the earnest protestations of the soldier, the pigeon-baskets were removed from the train. An imperative order for the shipment arrived after the train had left, but official red-tape had wrought irretrievable damage, and Paris was without the carrier-pigeon service upon which it so confidently relied.

Communication with the delegated government at Tours was a necessity of co-operative action. Out of this necessity and the Metz experiments were evolved military aeronautics and the aerial post of besieged Paris. Intercommunication was finally established by the means of a basket of carrier-pigeons in

the balloon *Ville de Florence*. Indiscriminate ballooning soon developed results injurious to the public interests, and the military government, organizing a military service, forbade the departure of any aeronaut without a passport.

It was by war-balloon that M. Gambetta, the future dictator of France, escaped from Paris, and established a strong government in the provinces, his voyage being most adventurous, as he barely escaped falling into the hands of the Prussians. In a short time a system of postal balloons was organized, over seventy balloons having been manufactured for this purpose. These balloons carried out of Paris during the siege more than three millions of letters, and the postal receipts were increased thereby more than \$180,000. The return messages, however, were not by balloon, but by carrier-pigeon, which brought 5000 despatches, photographed on collodion, and weighing only about nine grains each. The Prussians, it is needless to say, used every effort by artillery and musketry fire, and by sharp patrol service, to destroy these balloons or capture such as fell within their lines. Out of seventy-three balloons, only one—the *Daguerre*—was shot down. It fell under musketry fire, and its aeronauts were captured unharmed. Several other balloons came to earth so near German camps that they were necessarily abandoned. One balloon was lost at sea. A sailor named Prince, leaving Paris on a stormy moonless night, evidently perished in the Atlantic Ocean, as Scotch sailors saw, the next day, a globe towards the east which later sank in the ocean. One balloon descended in Norway.

So valuable were the services rendered by the aeronauts during the siege of Paris that the French government struck a special medal, which was conferred on all active members of the corps.

Ballooning was not confined to Paris, but was attempted in the army of the Loire, which was speedily supplied with a park of captive balloons. There were, however, no opportunities for important aeronautic work in this army, which operated, under most disheartening conditions, in the face of a superior force flushed with victory.

In its reorganization after the war of 1870 the French army included aeronautics as one of its military duties or func-



tions, and opened its school at Chalais-Meudon. Captains Renard and Krebs, who were eventually charged with ballooning, realized that their operations could be strikingly successful only by utilizing the latest advances in science. Not only did their plans have in view the perfection of the American captive field-balloon, with its important invention of a movable gas-generator and application of aerial telegraphy, but also contemplated the construction and operation of dirigible balloons. The first field service was in Tonkin, where observations from the captive field-balloon facilitated the capture of Bac-Ninh, and succeeding military operations from March, 1884, to April, 1885.

The experimental aeronautical park at Chalais-Meudon developed rapidly, and was soon in practical operation. It has co-operated in all French autumnal manœuvres from 1880, but it was not until 1888 that its advantages were so obvious as to attract general attention. In the grand manœuvres of that year the balloon train kept pace with the long and difficult marches of the troops, and on the day of battle was put up, within a quarter of a mile of headquarters, in a wind so violent that it could be raised less than a hundred yards above the ground, so that its field of view was less than three miles. Despite these unfavorable conditions, information thus obtained, transmitted by telephone to the ground and thence by courier, reached the commanding general twenty minutes in advance of similar reports received by cavalry orderlies from the outposts.

The most successful application of ballooning to field manœuvres in the French army was by one of its most brilliant and forceful officers—Marquis de Galliffet—the dashing cavalry general who led the heroic charge at Reichshofen, and who, in the present critical condition of his country, emerges from his well-earned retirement to become Minister of War. In



THE YON (FRENCH) FIELD GAS-GENERATOR

1891 there were assembled for the autumnal manœuvres four army corps, consisting of an enormous force of 100,000 men, and divided into two opposing armies, whose tactical operations were viewed as of the highest value. In exercising command of one army, Galliffet, appreciating the immense importance of time, decided to use the balloon basket for his temporary headquarters. Ascending with the chief aeronautical officer to the height of about 1200 feet, Galliffet occupied the basket for two and one-half hours, receiving reports and sending orders by telephone and telegraph both to his staff and to his corps commanders. Following with the greatest clearness the deployment of his troops and every important movement of his enemy over a front of more than seven miles, and at distances varying from two to six miles, Galliffet brilliantly regulated the movements of his own army by this knowledge, and at critical junctures even directed the fire of his artillery.

Apart from dirigible balloons, which are mentioned elsewhere, the greatest advance by the French has been the perfection of Lowe's original idea of a portable gas-generator, to which they have applied the latest advances in the physical sciences. Captain Renard's circulating apparatus forms a part of the various forms of portable generators—Yon's, Lachambre's, and Renard's. Under the circula-





ROYAL BALLOON DETACHMENT AT ALDERSHOT

ting system the development of hydrogen not only proceeds with the utmost regularity, but the gas is also passed through a washer and a dryer, which deliver the pure hydrogen at the rate of three hundred cubic metres an hour, without a trace of either acid or moisture. A field generator of the Lachambre pattern, weighing less than three tons, will produce three hundred and twenty cubic metres in an hour, and the smaller Renard generator three hundred cubic metres.

The utility of war-balloons as an adjunct even to naval operations was fully exemplified by experiments in the French navy at Toulon, July 15, 1888, and, it may be added, was strikingly apparent in the uncertainty for weeks, on the part of our navy, as to the number of Spanish war-ships blockaded at Santiago de Cuba. All French squadrons are now provided with means of aerostation. Naval manœuvres show that the use of a balloon at the height of 1200 feet is especially valuable, both in noting the best points for debarking troops, and also in observing distant ships so as to prevent surprises. A cap-

tive balloon in the harbor of Toulon can, in clear weather, observe the coast of Corsica, and the Mediterranean to include Nice and Marseilles, and noting very distant ships, can sometimes recognize their flag.

Military ballooning was practically neglected by Germany during the war of 1870, although in one instance—at the siege of Strasburg—it proved to be of marked utility. Germany was also slow in following the French view that an aeronautical park is a necessity to a modern army, but later attacked the problem with such practical knowledge and persistent application as guaranteed a satisfactory issue. The question was studied by a military board in 1871, but it was 1884 before a balloon corps was organized, which was largely augmented in 1893. Operations were commenced by establishing a school under Major Bucholz, aided later by other competent officers, such as Parseval and von Siegsfeld, who have perfected a plan of captive ballooning which will compare favorably with any other military system, although their



efforts at dirigible balloons have scarcely been as successful as those of France. In the use of captive balloons the Germans have realized that it is a matter of prime importance that under all conditions of wind, the great enemy of captive balloons, the basket should be kept as stable as possible. With this in view, Parseval and Siegsfeld have invented and perfected the so-called dragon, or kite, balloon, which is unusually stable under high winds. The superiority of the kite balloon was proved in 1897: while the Bavarian army with spherical balloons was prevented by a moderate wind from obtaining any information, the two German corps provided with dragon balloons made each day accurate and valuable reconnoissances. Germany also claims superiority in means and time of inflation. By the Myset and Richter method of producing hydrogen from water, by the reaction of chalk on zinc at a high temperature, a balloon is filled in two hours. The German balloon service is now the best drilled and probably the most effective in the world.

In Great Britain military ballooning may be said to have fairly commenced under Major Elsdale, R.E., in 1879, at Aldershot, and though it has not been as spectacular as the French or German, its operations have practically revolutionized

military ballooning. It has devised a smaller and handier balloon, and has diminished its permeability by the use of gold-beater's skin; and by the use of pure hydrogen gas, compressed up to 1800 pounds to the inch and stored in steel tubes, it has revolutionized the gas-supply. The tubes are transported in specially constructed wagons, so that it is possible to inflate and put up a balloon in half an hour. The remodelled English valves absolutely prevent the outflow of hydrogen, except under great and extraordinary pressure; then an automatic arrangement permits the expanding gas to escape until the pressure becomes normal.

The officers of the British army have been quick to appreciate the great utility of war-balloons in a practically level country, such as the valley of the Nile. This appreciation grew out of an unfortunate experience in the campaign against Arabi, in which, in default of proper foresight on the part of the commanding general, the captive balloons were left in England. After the capture of Alexandria strenuous efforts failed to disclose the strength or disposition of Arabi's forces, which, being only fourteen miles distant, could have been reconnoitred successfully by a captive balloon. Two reconnoissances were made in an ar-



ROYAL BALLOON TRAIN ON FIELD-WORK





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CAPTAIN WARD, R. E., IN BALLOON CAR

mored railway train, which led to an engagement and loss of life without a corresponding gain in information. After nearly two weeks the British forces were ignorant whether Arabi's army was massed at this point or had removed elsewhere.

In Sir Charles Warren's expedition to Bechuanaland an aeronautical park, consisting of several balloons and 30,000 cubic feet of compressed hydrogen, was carried. *viâ* Cape Town, into the very heart of southern Africa, where the balloons were operated for a fortnight with entire satisfaction. In 1885 the British army took into the Soudan three balloons, a gas-generator, and a large quantity of hydrogen gas compressed under twenty atmospheres. Since that time the balloon has formed a part of the English field force, whether its operations have been in Afghanistan, Zululand, or the Sou-

dan, and on one occasion compressed gas was carried in light tubes so as to enable the balloon to be inflated without other transportation than by packing.

The American civil war of 1861-5 called into play all the resourcefulness and ingenuity which have made the material and industrial progress of the United States the marvel of the world. There were evolved or improved in this war repeating fire-arms, monitors, signals, field-telegraphs, balloons, temporary bridges, novel methods of transportation, embarkation, and debarkation, and a hundred other devices, largely time and labor saving, which in their entirety would, from the stand-point of industrial progress alone, have made this conflict the most notable in history.

The introduction of ballooning in the military service of the United States was very largely due to the urgent and persistent recommenda-

tions of one of the leading scientists of this country, Professor Joseph Henry. It will be recalled that in 1859 public attention in the United States was for many months attracted to the startling propositions of enthusiastic and rival aeronauts to cross the Atlantic Ocean by balloon, relying on the prevailing westerly winds as the motor power.

Among these venturesome aeronauts was Mr. T. S. C. Lowe, who promised to make the transatlantic voyage in a mammoth balloon whose buoyancy should exceed a weight of twenty tons. Henry became interested in the project, but with the practicality that was one of his characteristics, advised preliminary and extended voyages in the interior of the country. In accordance with this counsel, Lowe made experimental trips, the last taking place April 20, 1861, in hours of intense excitement attendant on

the outbreak of active hostilities at the commencement of the war. Rising at Cincinnati at 4 A.M., his balloon travelled about 400 miles, and descended at 1 P.M. not far from the coast of South Carolina. In landing he nearly fell a victim to the superstitious ignorance of the slave population, who were at first unwilling to

nent officers of the Topographical Engineers. His tactful presentation of the subject relieved his action from seeming to be intrusive, and his arguments were so lucid that the Secretary of War finally requested Henry to investigate and report on the practicability of inflating, operating, and controlling balloons for mili-



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#### MILITARY BALLOONING—SET-UP BALLOON

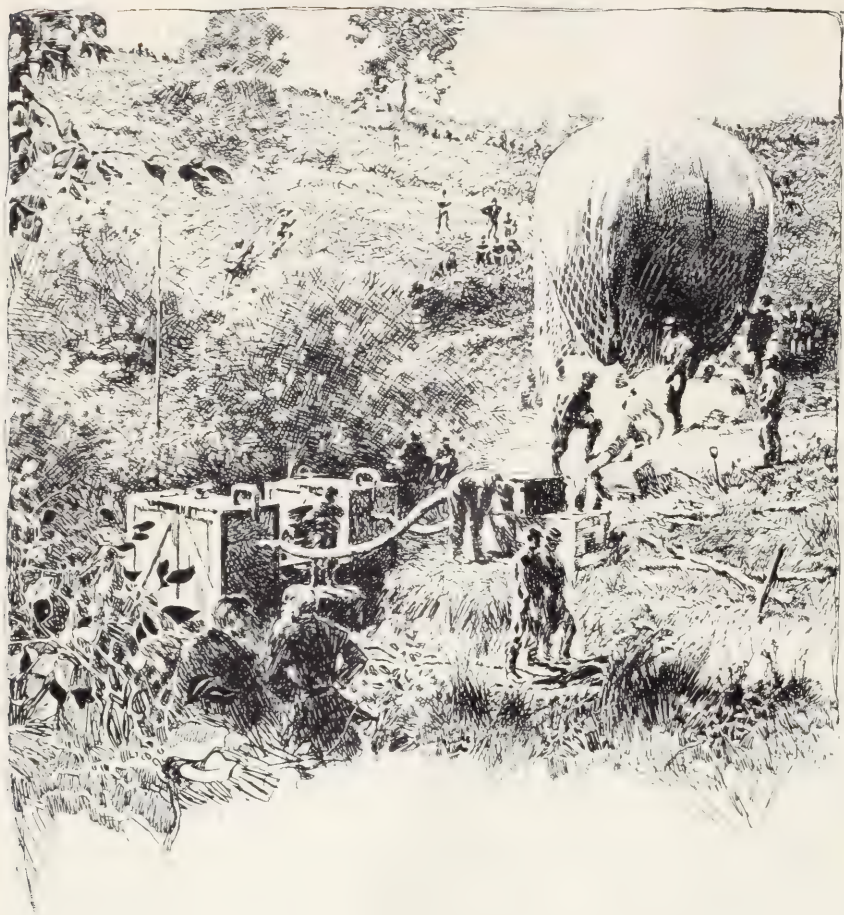
afford any assistance. Later many suspicious whites viewed his balloon and accessories as some Northern trick for the subjugation of the South, a suggestion that would have been fatal in the tremendously excited state of public opinion, but for the interference of gentlemen planters.

Patriotically desiring to render service to his country, Lowe brought his balloon to Washington, and sought the support of Henry, whose receptive mind immediately recognized the military advantages that would accrue from the proper use of war-balloons. Henry brought the matter in person to the attention of President Lincoln, Secretary Cameron, and promi-

tary purposes. Thus officially encouraged, Lowe made many ascents in a captive balloon at Washington; he not only demonstrated the feasibility of military aeronautics, but on June 18, 1861, crowned his success by installing a telegraph office in the basket of the balloon, whence, from a height of one thousand feet, he opened communication with President Lincoln in the White House by "sending you [Lincoln] the first despatch ever telegraphed from an aerial station, and in acknowledging indebtedness to your encouragement for the opportunity of demonstrating the availability of the science of aeronautics in the military service of the country."

Lowe met with the usual experience of





From Brady's War-Photographs, copyright, 1862.

*Inflation of War-Balloon In The Army of  
The Potomac By Field Generator, 1862*

enthusiasts who advocate the adoption of novel methods or devices. He had conducted, at his personal expense, a long series of experiments, which were pronounced to be entirely satisfactory. In addition he had, at the request of the military authorities, ventured his life and property by making ascents near our advanced picket-lines in Virginia, where a clear idea of the operations of the enemy was obtained. He was informed that the balloon would be adopted for military purposes, and was directed to formulate instructions for operating, and submit an estimate of the expense of constructing a balloon suitable for field-work. He was naturally indignant on being informed, a few days later, that his services were not required. It developed that a rival aeronaut offered to construct a balloon for some two hundred dollars less than Lowe's proposition. The cheaper balloon was built, but when an attempt was made to inflate it, the gas passed through the envelope so freely that the project was abandoned. As a result, and after two months of gratuitous service, Lowe was formally

engaged as chief aeronaut of the army, under the direction of the Topographical Engineers.

His first official ascent was on July 24, by a balloon inflated in Washington and transported into Virginia, to be used at the front. The disaster at Manassas had involved the retreat of our army, but Lowe, making his ascent, disproved the alarming rumor of a strong advance by noting the position and movements of the Confederate forces. The voyage was in a free balloon, which passed now over the enemy and then over our own forces. Having no distinguishing flag, Lowe was fired on by Union soldiers, and was forced to descend nearly three miles outside our picket-lines.

The balloonists were not permitted to make their reconnoissances without energetic efforts on the part of the enemy to destroy them. At Yorktown the points at which the balloon rose were diligently observed, and guns carefully trained thereon. As soon as the *Intrepid* appeared above the surrounding forest it was a mark for field-artillery as long as it was within range, and similar attentions were given as it descended.

On one occasion only did the Confederate fire drive the aeronauts to earth. On May 3, 1862, Lowe ascended in front of Yorktown just before sunset, accompanied by General Fitz-John Porter, whose belief and interest in war-balloons contributed to Lowe's success. General McClellan and staff were standing under the balloon, anxious to learn the latest news, for the approaching evacuation of Yorktown was suspected. McClellan's suspicions of the enemy's intentions were well-grounded, but General Magruder, the Confederate commander, did not propose to allow the balloonists to discover his preparations. Scarcely did the balloon show against the sky above the green forest-line before a



terrific fire of siege and field guns opened. Lowe says:

The whole atmosphere was literally filled with bursting shell and shot; one, passing through the cordage that connects the car with the balloon, struck near the place where General McClellan stood. Another, a sixty-four pounder, struck between two soldiers lying in a tent, but without harming them. Fearing that by keeping the balloon up the enemy's shots would do injury to the troops, General Porter ordered the balloon down.

Lowe ascended before daylight the next morning, and as soon as dawn broke discovered that the enemy had evacuated their earth-works: General Heintzelman immediately ascended, verified the fact, and, without waiting to descend from the basket, reported it by telegraph to General McClellan. This experience illustrates that it is as necessary for a military aeronaut to hold his position tenaciously, when occasion requires, as for an advanced guard or a forlorn hope. Five minutes of balloon-work with clear head and a good glass may disclose tactical operations that by suitable and opportune movements may be checked beyond reparation.

On May 24, 1862, General Stoneman ascended with Lowe, and discovered a concealed force of the enemy near New Bridge, and, for the first time in the history of warfare, artillery fire was directed from an aerial station. Under Stone-

man's instructions the batteries fired at objects concealed from them by intervening woods with such efficiency that the enemy were obliged to retreat. In addition to the beneficial effects which arose from the discovery and defeat of the enemy's operations, Stoneman succeeded in his plan, covering effectually the movement of his camp, then on the Chickahominy, to Mechanicsville, so that he might surprise the enemy at that point.

As usual, balloon ascensions attracted



ASCENSION OF WAR-BALLOON "GENERAL MYER" AT FORT RILEY, KANSAS, 1894





FIRST ASCENSION AT FORT LOGAN, COLORADO, OF SERGEANT BALDWIN'S WAR-BALLOON "SANTIAGO"

widespread attention, and officers of all grades, correspondents, and others, were anxious to occupy the basket. Their importunities were pushed to such an extent that on May 22 General McClellan was obliged to issue an order that no person should ascend in the balloon unless specially authorized by him, while newspaper correspondents were rigidly excluded.

Lowe's ascent of May 27 at Mechanicsville, four miles from Richmond, drew the fire of three batteries of the enemy. Some shots passed over and beyond the aeronaut while he was at an elevation of 300 to 400 feet, but the balloon was moved considerably to one side and passed out of range.

The balloon observations of May 29 disclosed to General McClellan the intentions of the enemy to attack Heintzelman, and the reserves moved up to support him were just in time to check this contemplated movement. Had it not been for this concentration the advanced Union forces, which had crossed the Chickahom-

iny, would unquestionably have been driven back on that rapidly rising stream and totally routed. Indeed, it may be safely claimed that the Union army was saved from destruction at the battle of Fair Oaks, May 31 and June 1, 1862, by the frequent and accurate reports of Lowe, which clearly discovered to McClellan the determined intentions of Johnson to overwhelm an army divided by the practically impassable river and swamps. The observations of May 31 were so important that McClellan sent urgent and express orders to Sumner to complete at the earliest possible moment the Grapevine Bridge across the Chickahominy, and as soon as possible to cross it with his corps and support Heintzelman. It will be recalled that this movement was barely accomplished in time. If Sumner had not with his fiery personality inspired his troops to incessant exertions, working in mud up to their knees, there would have been a delay of one or two hours, and a serious disaster would have befallen the Union forces. On this point de Joinville says, "There was some

doubt whether the enemy were making a real attack or whether it was a feint, but this was soon removed by the aeronauts, who saw columns moving in that direction."

The battle of Fair Oaks was followed by frequent alarming reports as to the movements of the enemy, which, if they had not been promptly refuted by observations of the aeronauts, would have harassed our troops, then in a sick and exhausted condition, by a constant calling to arms during the prolonged inaction before Richmond. Observations on June 14 disclosed the tremendous activity of the enemy in strongly fortifying Richmond, which, if properly interpreted, would have convinced McClellan that he must then make his final attack on the enemy or a change of base was inevitable. As Lowe states in his report, later observations showed the enemy's fortifications so strong that their defence was safely intrusted to a small force, while the main army overthrew our right wing, and either



forced back our army or else precipitated its contemplated change of base to the James River. The final action of the enemy in crossing the Chickahominy in large force, with a view of overwhelming our right wing at Mechanicsville, was duly observed and reported to Humphreys.

On June 27, 1862, Lowe found that there was another Richmond in the field, for unexpectedly there arose from the Confederate works in his front a balloon, that occupied itself in reconnoitring our position from a point some 200 feet in the air. It was seen on several other days of the "seven days' campaign." The inception, career, and fate of this pioneer balloon of the Confederate army in military aeronautics have been amusingly set forth by General W. B. Taliaferro, a Southern officer of distinction. In part he says:

The Federals had been using balloons in examining our positions, and we had watched with envious eyes their beautiful observations as they floated high up in the air, well out of the range of our guns. While we were longing for the balloons that poverty of materials denied us, a genius suggested that we send out and gather together all the silk dresses in the Confederacy and make a balloon. It was done, and soon we had a great patch-work ship of many and varied hues, which was ready for use in the seven days' campaign. We had no gas except in Richmond, and it was the custom to inflate the balloon there, tie it securely to an engine, and run it down the York River Railroad to any point at which we desired to send it up. One day it was on a steamer down the James; the tide went out, and left the balloon high and dry on a bar. The Federals gathered it in, and with it the last silk dress in the Confederacy.

The well-planned and desperate attack of the Confederate forces at Gaines Mills on the evening of June 27 would have been overwhelmingly successful but for the information gained by Lowe, who observed the movements, correctly interpreted and promptly reported them.



BALLOON WINDLASS FOR CAPTIVE ASCENTS,  
FORT LOGAN, COLORADO

There was barely time for our reserves to respond to urgent orders and occupy in force Woodbury bridge, Bottom bridge, and other crossings of the Chickahominy, thus preventing the enemy from crossing that stream and falling on our army in its rear.

The retreat or change of base to James River was marked by a temporary discontinuance in ballooning, as there was a lack of transportation facilities for aeronautical work, and balloons were not again used until the army had concentrated at Harrison Landing.

In early August of 1862 the first balloon operations of the navy were conducted by Commodore Wilkes, who, towing a balloon by steamer while it was at an elevation of 1000 feet, was able to carefully examine the country for miles back from James River.

The application of telegraphy to ballooning, first made by Lowe in 1861, was not simply spectacular, for, urging the plan on General McClellan, he obtained some five miles of insulated wire and operated from his balloon a field telegraph-line that served as a model for the balloon telephonic cable of to-day. Photography was also utilized, although in the state of the science at that time its results were not especially valuable.

It is surprising that such a hybrid organization as the balloon corps did such excellent work and held together two years. With no titular military head, it





BALLOON TRAIN AND TUBES FOR LOADING,  
FORT LOGAN, COLORADO

fell under the incidental care of this and that officer of engineers who chanced to serve for the time being with the commanding general of the army. When Humphreys's able supervision was withdrawn, by his assignment to the command of a division, the organization barely survived his departure; and when McClellan and Burnside were relieved from the command of the Army of the Potomac, the work was renewed with delays in each instance. Lowe's official report illustrates the small part played by the commanding general. On sending orders to have the balloon put up, Hooker learned for the first time that the chief aeronaut had gone, and with him all prospects of successful ballooning. The corps was disorganized for the matter of a few dollars per day. Lowe was originally employed at a salary of ten dollars a day, which was in gold. One day the captain temporarily in command informed him that in future his pay would be six dollars per day in currency, equal to less than three in gold. Lowe, the organizer, the inventor, the administrator, and the specialist, naturally declined such conditions; but as active campaigning was then in progress, he loyally remained to tide over the emergency. He then made the last important balloon reconnoissance of the war, in connection with the second attack on Maryes Heights, when these formidable earth-works were

carried by Sedgwick's troops, who made their attack at the point reported by Lowe as the weakest.

The foregoing account has been compiled almost entirely from Mr. Lowe's interesting official report, which, after thirty-six years, is shortly to be published in full by the War Records Office. No one who has carefully read the report can deny that, eliminating some enthusiastic claims, Lowe, by his work

in the civil war, demonstrated the strategic value of war-balloons in extended military operations. To-day they are recognized by all military authorities as absolutely indispensable in forest regions, in prairie countries, or in sieges and street-fighting, where the visual outlook is strictly limited.

The value of ballooning to the Union army is, moreover, set forth by a Confederate general, E. P. Alexander, who says, "Even if the observers never saw anything, they would have been worth all they cost for the annoyances and delays they caused us in trying to keep our movements out of their sight." His narrative indicates that a balloon would have been most valuable at Gettysburg, where Lee particularly cautioned that attacking movements should be made out of sight of the signal-station on Round Top. To an aeronaut the movements of the enemy would have been plainly visible, and the fate of the day for the Union army would not have trembled in the balance while re-enforcements were brought up to repel the magnificent attack on the thin line that held Round Top.

The history of recent aeronautical operations in the United States is kindred to other phases of military progress in the American army. Personal enthusiasm and intense devotion to duty have inspired self-sacrifice and individual effort

under most unfavorable financial conditions and official discouragement. The best army in the world was in embryo, but false economy in certain directions paralyzed its evolution.

The Signal Corps of the army of the United States was neither uninformed nor unmindful that American ingenuity had demonstrated during the civil war the value of aeronautics, but with its annual appropriations as low at one time as three thousand dollars, it was a question how to maintain the most meagre shadow of an organization. The corps found little favor with those who believed that the United States would never again wage war, or, if so, that American ingenuity would instantly improvise every means of offence or defence.

It was not until 1892 that the present Chief Signal Officer thought it possible to form a balloon train and set aside a few hundred dollars annually for a plant, a plan which immediately received the approval of the Secretary of War. The first balloon, the *General Myer*, was exhibited at the Columbian World's Exposition at Chicago in 1893, under the supervision of Captain R. E. Thompson. After its exhibitionary stages the balloon was used for purposes of instruction by Lieutenant J. E. Maxfield, at the very small Signal Corps School at Fort Riley. The English system was quite generally fol-

lowed, the modifications being all in the direction of simplicity and cheapness, owing to absolute lack of funds.

The only occasion on which this balloon was sought as a war accessory was in connection with the troubles in Chicago, which were happily adjusted before it could be put in serviceable condition and brought from Fort Riley. The fact that the war-balloon is simply indispensable for observing and checkmating the operations of marauding and wandering bands within the limits of great cities has not been recognized. It need only be stated to be acknowledged, that in offensive city fighting, such as, for instance, that against the Communists in Paris, there is absolutely no way of observing the movements of the enemy and of their lines of barricades except by means of a balloon. Russian officers have, however, indicated the theoretical value of balloons under similar conditions in sieges.

In 1894 the balloon was transferred to Fort Logan, where Captain W. A. Glassford, Signal Corps, devoted his special attention to creating a train almost without money or material. An aeronaut was enlisted, the quartermaster's department built a balloon-house, and a few hundred dollars were allotted from signal appropriations. Drills and practice-work made a few men familiar with the balloon, and war conditions were simulated as far as



PHOTOGRAPH OF FORT LOGAN, COLORADO, FROM WAR-BALLOON



possible. Messages were sent to and from the basket by telephone, and photographs were taken of the adjacent country. In time the delicate gold-beater's-skin balloon decayed in spots, so that its use was dangerous, but ascensions were continued until a high wind tore it in pieces while in process of inflation.

At this juncture the appropriations of the Signal Corps were decreased several thousand dollars, and it was absolutely impracticable to spare money for a new balloon. The energetic protestations of Captain Glassford against even temporary abandonment of the work led to an arrangement whereby he guaranteed that the single expert balloon sergeant of the corps should construct a balloon if allowed a few hundred dollars for the material—pongee silk. It thus happened that the war-balloon of the Spanish-

fourteen sergeants became officers and the others were scattered here and there, either as the frame-work of the Volunteer Signal Corps or with the armies for the Philippines, Cuba, and Puerto Rico.

The Signal Corps outfit lacked articles deemed absolutely essential for field service—a serviceable balloon, a portable gas-generator, and a field compressor; the latter two had not been necessary in garrison. The steel tubes then held sufficient gas for the inflation of one balloon, a very fortunate fact, as it transpired that nowhere in the United States could tubes be filled with hydrogen gas in an emergency. At the time of the invasion of Cuba the Signal Corps was obliged to plan and construct its own gas-generator and compressor at Tampa, Florida, which could not be done in time for use in the Santiago campaign.

The balloon train and its accessories



RECONNOISSANCE OF WAR-BALLOON "SANTIAGO," JUNE 30, 1898

By courtesy of W. R. Hearst.

American war was strictly a domestic affair, having been cut, sewed, varnished, and put in air by the efforts very largely of Sergeant Ivy Baldwin and his wife.

The declaration of war disorganized the small Signal Corps of fifty men and broke up the balloon detachment, as

were shipped from a dozen different places, extending from Fort Logan, Colorado, in the West, to Connecticut in the East, and were assembled at Tampa, Florida, in such condition as to necessitate the searching by Major Maxfield, Signal Corps, of several hundred cars



before the balloon train was in complete condition. The transportation to and landing of the balloon park in Cuba were made under clearly disadvantageous circumstances. No suitable place was available for the balloon and its important accessories, which, after a tropical voyage, and seven days' detention on the transport, were put on shore in a damaged condition. In addition, the gas-generator was not landed, but only the reserve supply of compressed hydrogen in the steel tubes.

It should be borne in mind that a balloon park is like a battery, or any other military unit which can take no initiative action itself, and awaits orders from the commanding general, either direct or through his subordinate commanders. Under these conditions, which are absolutely essential to military efficiency and success, the commander of the balloon train goes where he is ordered, and can only be held responsible for the carrying out of his orders in the professional manner best calculated to accomplish the desired end.

The Signal Corps balloon detachment at Santiago had never before been brought together as a body, had never handled a balloon, nor even been present at an ascension. It was without supplies or material of any kind except the bare balloon *Santiago*, with its ropes, telephone cable, basket, and compressed hydrogen, and it was equally without camp and garrison equipage, spare material, or means of shelter for themselves or the balloon.

The stretching, preparing, inflating, and other work on the *Santiago*, as well as the ascension, were made for the first time by Major Maxfield and his men, not on drill surrounded by the conveniences of a grand camp, but during war in a foreign country, and in the face of the enemy. The fact that not only the first but every ascension was a professional success bears testimony to the adaptability, resourcefulness, and bravery of the



INFLATION OF "SANTIAGO," GENERAL SHAFTER'S HEADQUARTERS

By courtesy of Colonel Lee, R.A.

American soldier, which were so magnificently exemplified in all the remarkable military operations of the Santiago campaign.

Extreme heat had melted the varnish and stuck the envelope together, portions of the silk were badly rotted, so that there were not only numerous small holes, but also several rents of considerable size. The rents were carefully sewed and covered with adhesive plaster, but Major Maxfield reports, "The *Santiago* was in such condition that, had the ascents to be made in time of peace, it would have been felt unsafe to use it."

Three ascents were made at a safe distance on June 30, 1898, adding to a knowledge of streams and roads in front of our army, and disclosing clearly the mooted presence of Cervera's squadron in Santiago Harbor. On the flattering report and the recommendation of his chief engineer, General Shafter decided to use the balloon in battle next day, and ordered it to be brought to El Poso. New rents in the rotten cloth, caused by that night's wind, caused loss of gas and made the balloon yet more dangerous. Repairs were made at daybreak July 1, and compressed gas added to complete the inflation. Major Maxfield rode in advance to El Poso Hill, the position designated by orders, only to find it vacant and covered by a sharp shrapnel fire, and to



have his horse shot under him. The *Santiago* was then put up about a quarter of a mile in rear of the base of the hill, with Major Maxfield and Lieutenant-Colonel Derby, who represented General Shafter, in the basket, being within easy artillery range of the enemy. From this point the movements of troops at El Caney and on the road in front toward San Juan Hill were clearly visible, and were made known at once to Shafter's chief of staff. Derby then ordered the balloon forward to the advance-line, although Maxfield stated that artillery experiments abroad clearly demonstrated that a balloon could not live in such a position. The orders were immediately obeyed, and the *Santiago* was put promptly in air in front of the troops deploying for the assault on San Juan Hill. The cables became entangled in the trees along the Aguadores River, thus delaying its forward movement, most fortunately, as it proved, for a bend in the shallow river-bed alone saved the balloon detachment from total destruction. Tangled ropes prevented the balloon rising to a higher elevation than 200 or 300 feet, but observations thus made were of great value. The commanding general was immediately informed that the intrenchments on San Juan Hill were strongly held, and the suggestion that Grimes's artillery on El Poso immediately open fire was followed. There was also discovered a trail, hitherto unknown, leading to the left to a ford on the Aguadores. The discovery of this way was communicated to General Kent, who promptly availed himself of the information to relieve the congested condition of the main road by diverting therein part of General Hawkins's command. This action enabled the deployment of our troops over two roads, and by doubling the force may possibly have been the determining factor in the gallant capture of San Juan Hill.

The *Santiago* was directly in front of General Kent's division, and its appearance in the air was the signal for a very heavy and accurate fire of musketry and shrapnel, resulting in such numerous casualties that the men gave the place the sulphurous name of Hell's Corner, or Bloody Ford. The balloon was punctured in thirteen places by small bullets, and probably, as it was drawn near the

ground, by one piece of shrapnel. The fire on the officers was so accurate that half a dozen or more of the reeds forming the basket were struck by Mauser bullets. The balloon was not shot down, and did not immediately lose its buoyancy, but Major Maxfield, realizing that it was disabled, ordered it down, so as to carry it to the rear, repair the holes, and replace the lost gas. The balloon was brought to the ground in an orderly manner, when efforts to disentangle the cables proved difficult, while an examination of the envelope showed further use impracticable.

Musketry fire continued so heavy that leaves from the trees fell in showers, but the river bend afforded such shelter by its protecting banks that only one man, Private Hayward, was wounded. The movement of the troops left the balloon for a time outside of our lines, but Major Maxfield decided that every effort should be made for its preservation. All behaved with great gallantry, especially



German War-Balloon, Kite Pattern

Lieutenant W. S. Volkmar and Corporal Boone, the latter displaying conspicuous coolness and resourcefulness. Through the efforts of the detachment the envelope was folded, placed in the basket, and saved.

The statement that the *Santiago* was shot down by a 7.5 c. m. gun at a distance of 1250 metres is disproved by the official reports. The balloon was undoubtedly disabled by infantry fire, which is not astonishing when it is realized that it was put up only 650 yards from the Spanish infantry trenches on San Juan Hill. This balloon is the first on record in war to be operated on a skirmish-line; but its successful management and valuable observations illustrate the heroic intrepidity of the American soldier while doing his duty in the most difficult of all positions—under heavy fire while acting as a non-combatant.

Pending the perfection of air-ships, the future of military aerostation is involved in the problem of dirigible balloons—that is, free balloons which can go and come at pleasure through mechanical means controlled by the aeronaut. Among those who have applied themselves to this problem the most promising inventors are Bernard, Dupuy de Lome, Giffard, Krebs, Renard, Schwartz, Santos-Dumont, Tissandier, and Woelffert.

Investigations covering many years have been made in the French army by Captains Krebs and Renard. Their experiments have been largely with an elongated balloon, pointed at both ends, which has a double screw, originally revolved by an electric storage battery. Improvements in the kind of motor used have enabled them to obtain by 12 h. p. an average velocity of about fourteen miles per hour. It is believed that this velocity can be somewhat increased. In seven out of ten voyages the balloon was brought back to its starting-point. No other nation has had sufficient faith in its complete success to adopt the Renard type.

The Schwartz aerostat was tested November 3, 1897, at Tempelhof, near Berlin. Made of thin sheets of aluminum, it is a cylindrically shaped balloon about 160 feet long, with three propellers revolved by a 12 h. p. motor on the Daimler system. It reached an altitude of about 600 feet, when it was thrown out of balance by the wind, which was blow-

ing about seventeen miles per hour. The aeronaut promptly opened the valve, threw out ballast, and alighted after three concussions, which destroyed the balloon.

Recurring to the captive balloon, the most promising type is the dragon or kite pattern, which is being tested by the Signal Corps. Its shape and general appearance are shown by the accompanying sketch. Its claimed advantages are that it rises in any wind, while its stability and freedom from motion are unusual in even the highest winds. The balloon consists of a cylindrical body with hemispherical ends, a ballonnet, or air-pouch, and a rudder. The ballonnet, situated in the lowest part of the main body, by means of a trumpet-shaped wind-sail, arranged perpendicularly to the wind, inflates itself with air in case the main balloon loses gas, thus keeping its exterior form fully distended. The rudder, entirely independent of the balloon, and encircling the rear hemispherical end of it, terminates above in a hemisphere and below in a cone. It has its own wind-sail, inflating it with air, and its purpose is to check lateral oscillations, which are violent and dangerous in spherical balloons during high winds.

The balloon outfit of the Signal Corps is typical, since the accessories of military balloons are now practically the same in all armies. Inflation in the field is by pure hydrogen, compressed by two hundred or more atmospheres in steel tubes, and a balloon can be put in the air in fifteen minutes. The steel captive cable carries a "twisted pair," suitable for either telegraphic or telephonic communication, which may be direct from the basket to a station twenty or more miles distant. Field-glasses, maps, cameras, etc., are carried in the basket. Field gas-generators are merely subsidiary, for use when time does not press, or with a compressor for refilling empty tubes when commercial sources are unavailable.

Despite all efforts to find suitable substances for balloons, silk is unexcelled for combined lightness, strength, and durability, and is perhaps best for general use, although surpassed in some respects by gold-beater's skin. Various other substances have been experimented with, and it is possible that, from its cheapness, strength, and durability, cotton treated with rubber will be the ultimate stand-



ard. Durability is most essential, and it is doubtful if the French and English idea is sound of using a material that necessitates gloves and felt shoes for the men manipulating it. Refinement of arms or equipment is all very well for peace times and manœuvres, but serious campaigning and extended field service soon render unserviceable everything that demands extraordinary care. It often occurs that the exhausted soldier can scarcely care for himself, let alone delicate paraphernalia.

The position that a balloon must occupy to insure the complete safety of its staff has been quite accurately determined by experiments. It is evident that there are two factors—elevation and distance. In round numbers it may be said that a balloon is absolutely safe at a distance of four miles and at the height of 2000 feet. With every mile that the balloon is brought nearer to the enemy's batteries it is necessary to materially increase the height of the balloon. English artillerymen fired without effect twelve rounds of shrapnel at a balloon distant about 3000 yards and at a height constantly varying from 1200 to 1500 feet. Under wind conditions favorable to the gun, it required sixteen rounds of shrapnel to hit a balloon distant 3500 yards and at an elevation of 1700 feet. The Germans practised with shrapnel at Cummensdorf on two balloons distant three miles; the first, at an elevation of 300 feet, fell pierced in some twenty-five places after ten shots, but the second balloon, at an elevation of 500 feet, was disabled only after twenty discharges. French experiments at Poitiers prove that neither artillery nor mitrailleuse fire can affect a balloon at a moderate elevation and distant more than 5500 metres (three and one-third miles). Even at distances of one or two miles it requires considerable time and effort to get the range of a balloon, which should be frequently raised and lowered and changed from place to place when within easy range.

The opinion expressed by French and English writers, that even after having been struck repeatedly by shrapnel a balloon will not fall with such rapidity as to endanger the lives of the aeronauts, is partly borne out by the experience of Ma-

jor Maxfield, Signal Corps, at Santiago, where the balloon hit thirteen times by musketry did not immediately descend of itself.

It must not be imagined that ascensions in captive balloons are without other danger. An army balloon on October 13, 1861, broke from its moorings near Washington during a high gale and landed one hundred miles to the eastward on the coast of Delaware. The cordage requires frequent and systematic examination, as it deteriorates rapidly from the action of acids, and even in calm weather there is a possibility of the ropes parting.

On April 10, 1862, such an accident occurred in front of Yorktown to the war-balloon *Intrepid*, occupied by General Fitz John Porter. The rope, injured by acid, parted, and General Porter was in danger of being carried into the enemy's lines. He avoided capture by promptly opening the gas-valves to the full extent, when the hydrogen escaped so rapidly that the balloon came down in the shape of a parachute. A similar accident occurred to a kite balloon last year in Germany.

The invention of smokeless powder gives an additional value to balloons, as frequently there may be no other way of determining the positions and movements of the enemy over an extended battlefield. Late reports from South Africa indicate the important part played by the balloonist in determining the position of concealed batteries and of supporting bodies of troops. Serious as were the checks experienced by the British in the country north of the Tugela River, they would have been much more severe except for balloon reconnoissances.

The destructive potentialities of balloons as a means of distributing and exploding high explosives, especially within the limits of intrenched camps and beleaguered fortresses, have been for years recognized by progressive minds. That present aeronautic devices are sufficiently under control to act effectively as destructive war engines has recently been recognized in the International Peace Conference at The Hague, where a resolution was adopted prohibiting armies, for a period of five years, from using high explosives from balloons.

# JOUETT'S KENTUCKY CHILDREN

BY CHARLES HENRY HART

IN presenting the first study of Matthew Harris Jouett, Kentucky's master-painter,\* I promised a second article, upon Jouett's Kentucky Children; for I know of no American painter, and of few European ones, who have so completely captured the heads and hearts of these little people, and transfixed both permanently to canvas. Jouett possessed to a remarkable degree the faculty to delineate child life successfully, that is, truthfully. This ability is most rare, and requires an artist whose heart is as simple and gentle and pure as the infant he paints. Only by the possession, in some degree, of the endearing qualities the child possesses can an adult get near enough to a child's life to bring forth spontaneously the child's instinct, and without this such delineation of children as we have from the hand of Jouett would be impossible.

Jouett did not paint children as diminutive men and women, or as young bodies with old heads, as most painters have done. Nor are his pictures simply studies of children generically, as is often the case even in otherwise good work, but each one is a portrait with its own separate entity. He put the child mind on the canvas; he worked from the inside out, and gave us the child's individuality,

\* *Harper's Magazine* for May, 1899.

feeling, and naturalness, just as Vandyck has given them in his famous picture, in the Turin Gallery, of the children of Charles the First, where the little Duke



MARY BARRY. DAUGHTER OF JUDGE WILLIAM T. BARRY. U. S. MINISTER TO SPAIN. PAINTED IN 182-

of York, in a blue silk frock and infant cap, with an apple in his hand, is the acme of child portraiture.

How rare this quality is, even among the great old masters, will come to the mind of every one as he or she runs over, in memory, the many paintings of the



Virgin Mary with the infant Christ. The face of the child Christ may be radiant with divinity, but it seldom beams with infantile innocence and trustfulness. Instead it has mature self-reliance. And that is why so many of the paintings of the Mother and Child are unsatisfying, if they are not absolutely disappointing.

Of course it goes without saying that to portray child life truthfully is one of

the intensity of his love for them, which enabled him to understand them and be one with them. '

At the age of twenty-four Jouett married Miss Margaret Henderson Allen, and when the artist died, fifteen years later, he was the father of eight children. Jouett loved his home, and it was a sore trial for him to leave it each winter, as he had to do, to seek his fortune

farther south. When away from his dearly loved ones his thoughts were always with them, and he writes to an old friend, Lawrence Leavy, from on board the Mississippi boat, as he was returning from New Orleans, in April of 1823: "For years I have not known what it was to enjoy this life to the brim's full. When at home I have been perpetually admonished, by my embarrassments, of the necessity of leaving objects I will not say how dear to me. I go from home and locate for months. Then come increasing restless longings for the little home where are garnered up the priceless treasures of my heart. I do not verily believe that there lives under the sun a being whose thoughts burn more upon any subject than mine do upon my wife and children—the combined result.

I am sure, of their



Owned by Estate of Mrs. William Preston, Lexington, Kentucky

MARY WICKLIFFE AT EIGHT

the most difficult accomplishments of high art. Were it not so we should not see so many dismal failures. Simplicity is the key-note of success, and it is the quality most wanting in picture-making—and a good portrait is essentially a picture. A child's temperament, too, is almost a caprice, varying with the changing thought, and therefore it is all but impossible to fix its reflex upon canvas. One secret of Jouett's success in painting children was

worth and my extreme weakness. The Christian turns not eye of faith and hope oftener upon his Maker and Redeemer than I do bend my thoughts upon those little divinities of my soul. They buoy me up under difficulties. They bow me down under prosperity. Sometimes they are for me—sometimes against me. They unite the opposite qualities of patron saint and temptation's devils." A fortnight later he writes to the same friend: "I had

the happiness to find my little establishment in as good condition as I could wish or ever contemplated. My partner cheerful, beautiful, and well, and six little ones with health on every cheek, joy in every eye, and a tale of affection upon every tongue."

Another equation, that must be given its full value in Jouett's make-up to successfully master children, as an artist, was his abundant spirits. He enjoyed to romp and play with them as though he were their own age. His sprightliness shows itself when he writes: "Little Miss Mary is a sweet girl, and bids fair to make one of the prettiest, charmingest little creatures in the world. When she left Kentucky she seemed without form. To what she owes the transformation I cannot understand, unless it be to this most ripening climate. One thing is certain—she is budding now almost perceptibly to the eye. I question whether the bodice of the morning will last until her unlacing at night, so fast is she blooming into form and womanhood." Although written in a playful mood, these words show the faculty of keen observation, noting every little change, which is so essential in the delineation of child life, and particularly perceptible in Jouett's pictures of Mary Wickliffe and of Mary Barry, and of Humphrey Marshall and of the Mitchell children.

But in no work of Jouett are his close observation and facility of expression more conspicuous than in a slight pen-and-ink sketch of his wife and two children—a drawing that any master might be proud to have produced, so imperative is the speaking power of the line. One can almost see the slippery soap the mother-hand is fishing for in the bowl the little daughter holds, to wash the hands the truant boy holds out. The expression, too, of the little girl's back—a whole palette of paint could hardly do more. It seems, indeed, as though the simple line must have reached its limit



Owned by Mrs. F. M. Cecil, Cecilian, Kentucky

HUMPHREY MARSHALL

(BORN JANUARY 13, 1812; DIED MARCH 28, 1872)

on this little bit of yellow paper five inches square.

That Jouett found good subjects in his own household is further shown by a superb picture of the painter's wife holding her first-born child. The subject fixes the date of the painting early in the artist's career, about 1814, when Jouett was twenty-four. And a child's portrait could not be painted more truthfully than this one. The simplicity of the composition, the directness of the execution, the beauty of the pose, the strength of the drawing, the charm of the color, and the dexterity exhibited in the use of pigments, all contribute to make this a great picture. George Payne Jouett, the eldest child of our painter, inherited both the artistic and the fighting qualities of his father. He fell leading his regiment on the Federal side at the battle of Perrysville, Kentucky, October 8, 1862, having also, like his father, read law, and abandoned both law and art (he having shown



decided ability as a modeller) to go forth to serve his country.

In the sympathetic portrait of little Mary Barry (the daughter of Jackson's Postmaster-General, for whom the office was elevated to a cabinet position), painted when she was seven, we see Jouett's power of insight into the child life he paints. She was a great sufferer from hip-disease, and Jouett has caught, in a masterful way, the sweet, sad, yet unusually lovely expression of the poor child's face, which bespeaks a spirit worn and chastened by suffering, and which was yielded up to her Maker soon after Jouett limned her portrait. Her character was reflected in her face—as some lines written on her death puts it, "She came to earth to show us what the angels are."

Particular reference is made in my former article to Jouett's portraits of the Wickliffe children, and promise given of the reproduction of at least one of them at this time. The Wickliffe mansion in Lexington, where three of Jouett's finest works hung three years ago, when I saw them, was for half a century noted for its dignified hospitality and for the many distinguished guests it had entertained. The head of the house was known as "the Duke," from his wealth and aristocratic bearing, and for him Jouett, who was his personal friend, painted eight portraits, including his three daughters, Mary, Margaret, and Sarah. These pictures were painted in 1825, when the subjects were respectively eight, ten, and eighteen years of age. Mary became the wife of John Preston, Margaret married William Preston, minister to Spain under the Buchanan administration, and Sarah was Mrs. Woolley. These portraits are of particular interest as showing Jouett's care in individualizing: each child has the family traits well defined, and yet each child has its separate entity strongly marked. The portrait reproduced of little Mary Wickliffe (Mrs. John Preston), with her fair skin and wealth of auburn hair, white frock tied with a blue sash, and in her hands a pet dove, thrown against a delicate blue background, could easily be mistaken for one of Greuze's best works, so light is its tone and so chaste its effect; while there are an animation and expression in the face that raise it above the general prettiness of Greuze. The background, that rock which all artists dread, is a skilful lay-

ing on of blues in imperceptible gradations, the entire color scheme of the picture being subtle and tender and refined. This panel should find an abiding-place in a public gallery where it could be seen and studied.

Jouett's pencil has handed down more portraits of girls than of boys, owing not so much to the greater vanity of the fair sex as to the greater partiality parents naturally have to perpetuate the beauty of their girls. It can be seen, however, from the portrait of Humphrey Marshall, that sex had no controlling power over Jouett's pencil, and that he was as much at home with the boy child as with the girl child. The little fellow had just been snatched from a bed of fever when Jouett was called in to limn his portrait, and thus we have this interesting early portrait of a son of Kentucky who was destined, later, to be heard much of in the halls of national legislation and from the fields of fratricidal strife. For this boy became the noted General Humphrey Marshall of the Confederacy, in the war between the States, having previously served several terms in Congress.

Katherine Praither was a lovely girl, and grew to be a most attractive woman. She married the Reverend Doctor Edward P. Humphrey, of Louisville, a Presbyterian divine with more than a local reputation, and her dainty portrait, by Jouett, at the age of six, is the treasured possession of her son. It has, as usual, the Jouett quality of severe simplicity, no striving after effects, and is painted with a directness that makes one feel, "If it is as easy as it looks, why do so few paint like it?"

Other portraits of Kentucky children from the hand of Kentucky's master-painter are Louis Marshall, the younger brother of Humphrey, at the age of two, in a little white garment, holding a shell to his ear; Archibald Dunbar when a boy of twelve, in a scarlet jacket, and with a large rock for a background; Frances Paca Dallam, now the venerable widow of Doctor Robert Peter, of Winton, near Lexington, Kentucky, at the age of twelve, with her younger sister, Elizabeth Meredith, painted on one canvas, both dressed in white muslin, the elder's frock being relieved by a scarlet belt, and the younger's by a light blue one. Mrs. Peter also owns a picture by Jouett, of her mother, with a quaint old-fashioned



Owned by Mrs. O. Frazer, Lexington, Kentucky. (Unfinished Sketch)

#### ALEXANDER AND MARTHA MITCHELL

baby in a white dress and cap and pink sack, with a finger in its mouth, sitting on the lap. Jouett painted a similar composition of Mrs. Theodosia Griffith with her daughter Mary, now owned in Natchez, Mississippi.

But perhaps the most noteworthy picture of children by Jouett is his unfinished panel of Martha and Alexander Mitchell. It is rich in sentiment, character, and grace, beautiful in drawing and in color, yet for it there was only one sitting. For this last reason it is technically of great interest, as it is by his unfinished work and careful study-sketches

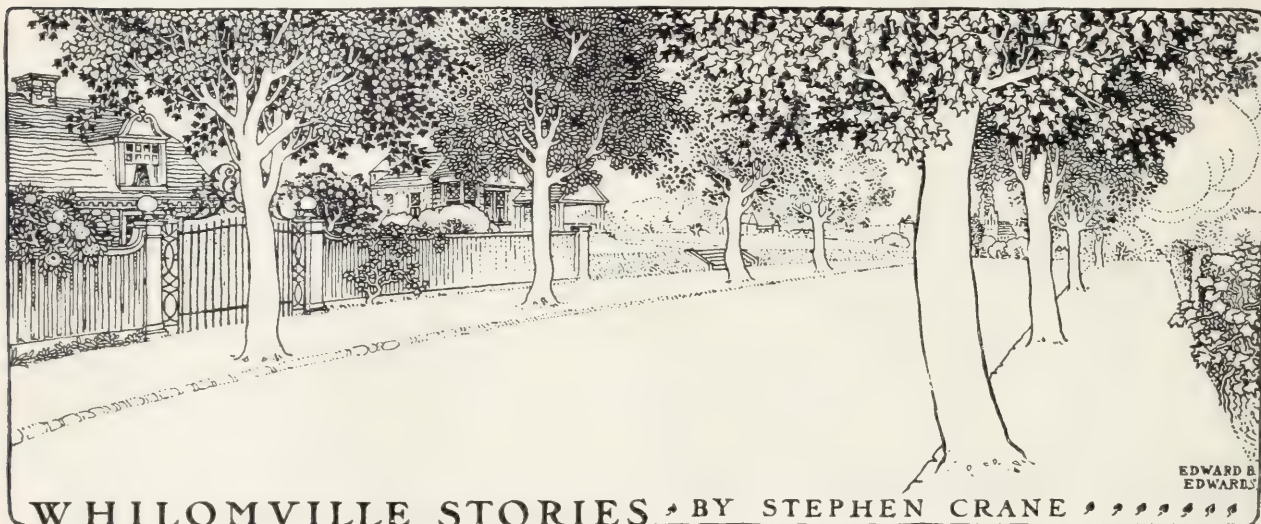
that an artist's instincts and methods can best be studied and understood. They really teach more to those qualified to understand them than finished pictures do, for they show what leads up to the completed work. The modern character of this study-sketch is very remarkable. It recalls the work of Couture, or of his pupil William Hunt, more than of a master who lived before these artists were born. The subjects were niece and nephew of Jouett's wife, and the picture was begun only a short time before the painter's hand was at rest.

That the same man could paint the



John Grimes and the Mary Wickliffe, the Mrs. Irvine and the Mitchell children, appears to border on the marvellous. It seems like Rembrandt and Greuze, Vandyck and Couture, all in one man. And this, remember, too, without what to-day is looked upon as indispensable for the American who wants to paint—foreign influence and instruction. Fortunately Jouett was not able to have foreign influence and instruction, or he might have been spoiled, as so many have been since his time. Doubtless the ready answer to this will be, "But all who can paint are not gifted with the divine spark of genius." True. But without genius how

many good capable men, who have shown creditable work, with American feeling and virility, come back from the study of art abroad bereft of these good qualities, and with their individuality smothered! Nothing takes the place of what they have lost, and they become mere servile imitators of their foreign masters. After a survey of Jouett's work it is impossible not to feel that there must have been in his day, west of the mountains, some good examples of the works of great painters with which he came in contact. If there were not, he was assuredly the most remarkable artistic genius his time produced.



EDWARD B.  
EDWARDS

## WHILOMVILLE STORIES BY STEPHEN CRANE

### XI.—THE FIGHT

#### I.

THE child life of the neighborhood was sometimes moved in its depths at the sight of wagon-loads of furniture arriving in front of some house which, with closed blinds and barred doors, had been for a time a mystery, or even a fear. The boys often expressed this fear by stamping bravely and noisily on the porch of the house, and then suddenly darting away with screams of nervous laughter, as if they expected to be pursued by something uncanny. There was a group who held that the cellar of a vacant house was certainly the abode of robbers, smugglers, assassins, mysterious masked men in council about the dim rays of a candle, and possessing skulls, emblematic bloody daggers, and owls. Then, near the first of April, would come along a wagon-load of furniture, and children would assemble on the walk by

the gate and make serious examination of everything that passed into the house, and taking no thought whatever of masked men.

One day it was announced in the neighborhood that a family was actually moving into the Hannigan house, next door to Dr. Trescott's. Jimmie was one of the first to be informed, and by the time some of his friends came dashing up he was versed in much.

"Any boys?" they demanded, eagerly.

"Yes," answered Jimmie, proudly. "One's a little feller, and one's most as big as me. I saw 'em, I did."

"Where are they?" asked Willie Dalzel, as if under the circumstances he could not take Jimmie's word, but must have the evidence of his senses.

"Oh, they're in there," said Jimmie, carelessly. It was evident he owned these new boys.

Willie Dalzel resented Jimmie's proprietary way.

"Ho!" he cried, scornfully. "Why don't they come out, then? Why don't they come out?"

"How d' I know?" said Jimmie.

"Well," retorted Willie Dalzel, "you seemed to know so thundering much about 'em."

At the moment a boy came strolling down the gravel walk which led from the front door to the gate. He was about the height and age of Jimmie Trescott, but he was thick through the chest and had fat legs. His face was round and rosy and plump, but his hair was curly black, and his brows were naturally darkling, so that he resembled both a pudding and a young bull.

He approached slowly the group of older inhabitants, and they had grown profoundly silent. They looked him over; he looked them over. They might have been savages observing the first white man, or white men observing the first savage. The silence held steady.

As he neared the gate the strange boy wandered off to the left in a definite way, which proved his instinct to make a circular voyage when in doubt. The motionless group stared at him. In time this unsmiling scrutiny worked upon him somewhat, and he leaned against the fence and fastidiously examined one shoe.

In the end Willie Dalzel authoritatively broke the stillness. "What's your name?" said he, gruffly.

"Johnnie Hedge 'tis," answered the new boy. Then came another great silence while Whilomville pondered this intelligence.

Again came the voice of authority—"Where'd you live b'fore?"

"Jersey City."

These two sentences completed the first section of the formal code. The second section concerned itself with the establishment of the new-comer's exact position in the neighborhood.

"I kin lick you," announced Willie Dalzel, and awaited the answer.

The Hedge boy had stared at Willie Dalzel, but he stared at him again. After a pause he said, "I know you kin."

"Well," demanded Willie, "kin *he* lick you?" And he indicated Jimmie Trescott with a sweep which announced plainly that Jimmie was the next in prowess.

Whereupon the new boy looked at Jimmie respectfully but carefully, and at length said, "I dun'no'."

This was the signal for an outburst of shrill screaming, and everybody pushed Jimmie forward. He knew what he had to say, and, as befitted the occasion, he said it fiercely: "Kin you lick me?"

The new boy also understood what he had to say, and, despite his unhappy and lonely state, he said it bravely: "Yes."

"Well," retorted Jimmie, bluntly, "come out and do it, then! Jest come out and do it!" And these words were greeted with cheers. These little rascals yelled that there should be a fight at once. They were in bliss over the prospect. "Go on, Jim! Make 'im come out. He said he could lick you. Aw-aw-aw! He said he could lick you!" There probably never was a fight among this class in Whilomville which was not the result of the goading and guying of two proud lads by a populace of urchins who simply wished to see a show.

Willie Dalzel was very busy. He turned first to the one and then to the other. "You said you could lick him. Well, why don't you come out and do it, then? You said you could lick him, didn't you?"

"Yes," answered the new boy, dogged and dubious.

Willie tried to drag Jimmie by the arm. "Aw, go on, Jimmie! You ain't afraid, are you?"

"No," said Jimmie.

The two victims opened wide eyes at each other. The fence separated them, and so it was impossible for them to immediately engage; but they seemed to understand that they were ultimately to be sacrificed to the ferocious aspirations of the other boys, and each scanned the other to learn something of his spirit. They were not angry at all. They were merely two little gladiators who were being clamorously told to hurt each other. Each displayed hesitation and doubt without displaying fear. They did not exactly understand what were their feelings, and they moodily kicked the ground and made low and sullen answers to Willie Dalzel, who worked like a circus-manager.

"Aw, go on, Jim! What's the matter with you? You ain't afraid, are you? Well, then, say something." This sentiment received more cheering from the





STAMPING BRAVELY AND NOISILY ON THE PORCH

abandoned little wretches who wished to be entertained, and in this cheering there could be heard notes of derision of Jimmie Trescott. The latter had a position to sustain; he was well known; he often bragged of his willingness and ability to thrash other boys; well, then, here was a boy of his size who said that he could not thrash him. What was he going to do about it? The crowd made these arguments very clear, and repeated them again and again.

Finally Jimmie, driven to aggression, walked close to the fence and said to the new boy, "The first time I catch you out of your own yard I'll lam the head off'n you!" This was received with wild plaudits by the Whilomville urchins.

But the new boy stepped back from the fence. He was awed by Jimmie's formidable mien. But he managed to get out a semi-defiant sentence. "Maybe you will, and maybe you won't," said he.

However, his short retreat was taken as a practical victory for Jimmie, and the boys hooted him bitterly. He remained inside the fence, swinging one foot and scowling, while Jimmie was escorted off

down the street amid acclamations. The new boy turned and walked back toward the house, his face gloomy, lined deep with discouragement, as if he felt that the new environment's antagonism and palpable cruelty were sure to prove too much for him.

## II.

The mother of Johnnie Hedge was a widow, and the chief theory of her life was that her boy should be in school on the greatest possible number of days. He himself had no sympathy with this ambition, but she detected the truth of his diseases with an unerring eye, and he was required to be really ill before he could win the right to disregard the first bell, morning and noon. The chicken-pox and the mumps had given him vacations—vacations of misery, wherein he nearly died between pain and nursing. But bad colds in the head did nothing for him, and he was not able to invent a satisfactory hacking cough. His mother was not consistently a tartar. In most things he swayed her to his will. He was allowed to have more jam, pickles, and pie than most boys; she respected his profound

loathing of Sunday-school; on summer evenings he could remain out-of-doors until 8.30; but in this matter of school she was inexorable. This single point in her character was of steel.

The Hedges arrived in Whilomville on a Saturday, and on the following Monday Johnnie wended his way to school with a note to the principal and his Jersey City school-books. He knew perfectly well that he would be told to buy new and different books, but in those days mothers always had an idea that old books would "do," and they invariably sent boys off to a new school with books

to annoyed mothers and asked for ninety cents or sixty cents or eighty-five cents or some number of cents for another outfit. In the garret of every house holding a large family there was a collection of effete school-books, with mother rebellious because James could not inherit his books from Paul, who should properly be Peter's heir, while Peter should be a beneficiary under Henry's will.

But the matter of the books was not the measure of Johnnie Hedge's unhappiness. This whole business of changing schools was a complete torture. Alone he had to go among a new people, a new



"THE FIRST TIME I CATCH YOU I'LL LAM THE HEAD OFF'N YOU!"

which would not meet the selected and unchangeable views of the new administration. The old books never would "do." Then the boys brought them home

tribe, and he apprehended his serious time. There were only two fates for him. One meant victory. One meant a kind of serfdom in which he would subscribe



to every word of some superior boy and support his every word. It was not anything like an English system of fagging, because boys invariably drifted into the figurative service of other boys whom they devotedly admired, and if they were obliged to subscribe to everything, it is true that they would have done so freely in any case. One means to suggest that Johnnie Hedge had to find his place. Willie Dalzel was a type of the little chieftain, and Willie was a master, but he was not a bully in a special physical sense. He did not drag little boys by the ears until they cried, nor make them tearfully fetch and carry for him. They fetched and carried, but it was because of their worship of his prowess and genius. And so all through the strata of boy life were chieftains and subchieftains and assistant subchieftains. There was no question of little Hedge being towed about by the nose; it was, as one has said, that he had to find his place in a new school. And this in itself was a problem which awed his boyish heart. He was a stranger cast away upon the moon. None knew him, understood him, felt for him. He would be surrounded for this initiative time by a horde of jackal creatures who might turn out in the end to be little boys like himself, but this last point his philosophy could not understand in its fulness.

He came to a white meeting-house sort of a place, in the squat tower of which a great bell was clanging impressively. He passed through an iron gate into a playground worn bare as the bed of a mountain brook by the endless runnings and scufflings of little children. There was still a half-hour before the final clangor in the squat tower, but the playground held a number of frolicsome imps. A loitering boy espied Johnnie Hedge, and he howled: "Oh! oh! Here's a new feller! Here's a new feller!" He advanced upon the strange arrival. "What's your name?" he demanded, belligerently, like a particularly offensive custom-house officer.

"Johnnie Hedge," responded the newcomer, shyly.

This name struck the other boy as being very comic. All new names strike boys as being comic. He laughed noisily.

"Oh, fellers, he says his name is Johnnie Hedge! Haw! haw! haw!"

The new boy felt that his name was

the most disgraceful thing which had ever been attached to a human being.

"Johnnie Hedge! Haw! haw! What room you in?" said the other lad.

"I dun'no'," said Johnnie. In the mean time a small flock of interested vultures had gathered about him. The main thing was his absolute strangeness. He even would have welcomed the sight of his tormentors of Saturday; he had seen them before at least. These creatures were only so many incomprehensible problems. He diffidently began to make his way toward the main door of the school, and the other boys followed him. They demanded information.

"Are you through subtraction yet? We study jogerfre—did you, ever? You live here now? You goin' to school here now?"

To many questions he made answer as well as the clamor would permit, and at length he reached the main door and went quaking unto his new kings. As befitted them, the rabble stopped at the door. A teacher strolling along a corridor found a small boy holding in his hand a note. The boy palpably did not know what to do with the note, but the teacher knew, and took it. Thereafter this little boy was in harness.

A splendid lady in gorgeous robes gave him a seat at a double desk, at the end of which sat a hoodlum with grimy finger-nails, who eyed the inauguration with an extreme and personal curiosity. The other desks were gradually occupied by children, who first were told of the new boy, and then turned upon him a speculative and somewhat derisive eye. The school opened; little classes went forward to a position in front of the teacher's platform and tried to explain that they knew something. The new boy was not requisitioned a great deal; he was allowed to lie dormant until he became used to the scenes and until the teacher found, approximately, his mental position. In the mean time he suffered a shower of stares and whispers and giggles, as if he were a man-ape, whereas he was precisely like other children. From time to time he made funny and pathetic little overtures to other boys, but these overtures could not yet be received; he was not known; he was a foreigner. The village school was like a nation. It was tight. Its amiability or friendship must be won in certain ways.

At recess he hovered in the school-room around the weak lights of society and around the teacher, in the hope that somebody might be good to him, but none considered him save as some sort of a specimen. The teacher of course had a secondary interest in the fact that he was an additional one to a class of sixty-three.

At twelve o'clock, when the ordered files of boys and girls marched towards the door, he exhibited—to no eye—the tremblings of a coward in a charge. He exaggerated the lawlessness of the play-ground and the street.

But the reality was hard enough. A shout greeted him:

"Oh, here's the new feller! Here's the new feller!"

Small and utterly obscure boys teased him. He had a hard time of it to get to the gate. There never was any actual hurt, but everything was competent to smite the lad with shame. It was a curious, groundless shame, but nevertheless it was shame. He was a new-comer, and he definitely felt the disgrace of the fact. In the street he was seen and recognized by some lads who had formed part of the group of Saturday. They shouted:

"Oh, Jimmie! Jimmie! Here he is! Here's that new feller!"

Jimmie Trescott was going virtuously toward his luncheon when he heard these cries behind him. He pretended not to hear, and in this deception he was assisted by the fact that he was engaged at the time in a furious argument with a friend over the relative merits of two *Uncle Tom's Cabin* companies. It appeared that one company had only two blood-hounds, while the other had ten. On the other hand, the first company had two Topsy's and two Uncle Toms, while the second had only one Topsy and one Uncle Tom.

But the shouting little boys were hard after him. Finally they were even pulling at his arms.

"Jimmie—"

"What?" he demanded, turning with a snarl. "What d'you want? Leggo my arm!"

"Here he is! Here's the new feller! Here's the new feller! Now!"

"I don't care if he is," said Jimmie, with grand impatience. He tilted his chin. "I don't care if he is."

Then they reviled him. "Thought you was goin' to lick him first time you caught him! Yah! You're a 'fraid-cat!" They



NO TIME FOR ACADEMICS—HE RAN

began to sing: "'Fraid-cat! 'Fraid-cat! 'Fraid-cat!" He expostulated hotly, turning from one to the other, but they would not listen. In the mean time the Hedge boy slunk on his way, looking with deep anxiety upon this attempt to send Jimmie against him. But Jimmie would have none of the plan.

### III.

When the children met again on the play-ground, Jimmie was openly challenged with cowardice. He had made a



big threat in the hearing of comrades, and when invited by them to take advantage of an opportunity, he had refused. They had been fairly sure of their amusement, and they were indignant. Jimmie was finally driven to declare that as soon as school was out for the day, he would thrash the Hedge boy.

When finally the children came rushing out of the iron gate, filled with the delights of freedom, a hundred boys surrounded Jimmie in high spirits, for he had said that he was determined. They waited for the lone lad from Jersey City. When he appeared, Jimmie wasted no time. He walked straight to him and said, "Did you say you kin lick me?"

Johnnie Hedge was cowed, shrinking, affrighted, and the roars of a hundred boys thundered in his ears, but again he knew what he had to say. "Yes," he gasped in anguish.

"Then," said Jimmie, resolutely, "you've got to fight." There was a joyous clamor by the mob. The beleaguered lad looked this way and that way for succor, as Willie Dalzel and other officious youngsters policed an irregular circle in the crowd. He saw Jimmie facing him; there was no help for it; he dropped his books—the old books which would not "do."

Now it was the fashion among tiny Whilomville belligerents to fight much in the manner of little bear-cubs. Two boys would rush upon each other, immediately grapple, and—the best boy having probably succeeded in getting the coveted "under hold"—there would presently be a crash to the earth of the inferior boy, and he would probably be mopped around in the dust, or the mud, or the snow, or whatever the material happened to be, until the engagement was over. Whatever havoc was dealt out to him was ordinarily the result of his wild endeavors to throw off his opponent and arise. Both infants wept during the fight, as a common thing, and if they wept very hard, the fight was a harder fight. The result was never very bloody, but the complete dishevelment of both victor and vanquished was extraordinary. As for the spectacle, it more resembled a collision of boys in a fog than it did the manly art of hammering another human being into speechless inability.

The fight began when Jimmie made a mad, bear-cub rush at the new boy, amid

savage cries of encouragement. Willie Dalzel, for instance, almost howled his head off. Very timid boys on the outskirts of the throng felt their hearts leap to their throats. It was a time when certain natures were impressed that only man is vile.

But it appeared that bear-cub rushing was no part of the instruction received by boys in Jersey City. Boys in Jersey City were apparently schooled curiously. Upon the onslaught of Jimmie, the stranger had gone wild with rage—boylike. Some spark had touched his fighting-blood, and in a moment he was a cornered, desperate, fire-eyed little man. He began to swing his arms, to revolve them so swiftly that one might have considered him a small working model of an extra-fine patented windmill which was caught in a gale. For a moment this defence surprised Jimmie more than it damaged him, but two moments later a small knotty fist caught him squarely in the eye, and with a shriek he went down in defeat. He lay on the ground so stunned that he could not even cry; but if he had been able to cry, he would have cried over his prestige—or something—not over his eye.

There was a dreadful tumult. The boys cast glances of amazement and terror upon the victor, and thronged upon the beaten Jimmie Trescott. It was a moment of excitement so intense that one cannot say what happened. Never before had Whilomville seen such a thing—not the little tots. They were aghast, dumfounded, and they glanced often over their shoulders at the new boy, who stood alone, his clinched fists at his side, his face crimson, his lips still working with the fury of battle.

But there was another surprise for Whilomville. It might have been seen that the little victor was silently debating against an impulse.

But the impulse won, for the lone lad from Jersey City suddenly wheeled, sprang like a demon, and struck another boy.

A curtain should be drawn before this deed. A knowledge of it is really too much for the heart to bear. The other boy was Willie Dalzel. The lone lad from Jersey City had smitten him full sore.

There is little to say of it. It must have been that a feeling worked gradually to the top of the little stranger's wrath that Jimmie Trescott had been a mere

tool, that the front and centre of his persecutors had been Willie Dalzel, and being rendered temporarily lawless by his fighting-blood, he raised his hand and smote for revenge.

Willie Dalzel had been in the middle of a vandal's cry, which screeched out over the voices of everybody. The new boy's fist cut it in half, so to say. And then arose the howl of an amazed and terrorized walrus.

One wishes to draw a second curtain. Without discussion or inquiry or brief retort, Willie Dalzel ran away. He ran like a hare straight for home, this redoubtable chieftain. Following him at a heavy and slow pace ran the impassioned new boy. The scene was long remembered.

Willie Dalzel was no coward; he had been panic-stricken into running away from a new thing. He ran as a man might run from the sudden appearance of a vampire or a ghoul or a gorilla. This was no time for academics—he ran.

Jimmie slowly gathered himself and came to his feet. "Where's Willie?" said he, first of all. The crowd sniggered. "Where's Willie?" said Jimmie again.

"Why, he licked him *too*!" answered a boy suddenly.

"He did?" said Jimmie. He sat weakly down on the roadway. "He did?" After allowing a moment for the fact to sink into him, he looked up at the crowd with his one good eye and his one bunged eye, and smiled cheerfully.

## THE MANTLE OF ELIJAH\*

BY ISRAEL ZANGWILL

### BOOK II

#### CHAPTER VII.

"FIZZY, M. P."

**A**BOUT half past four of a Saturday afternoon, late in the London season, the Right Honorable Thomas Marshmont arrived home, arm in arm with his dapper and brilliant henchman, William Fitzwinter, M.P., otherwise Fizzy. The diminutive expressed felicitously the sparkle of the man and the contempt or affection of his contemporaries. He was in some sort the complement of Marshmont. As the latter had shown that noble birth was no bar to democratic principles, so did Fizzy, son and heir of a middle-class manufacturer, testify to their compatibility with enormous wealth. In appearance the pair made a notable contrast, the burly carelessly dressed Minister with his Jovian forehead and stately port, leaning heavily on his gnarled stick, and the dandified little manufacturer with his air of fashion contradicted only by his cigar. A man of enormous courage, Fizzy was one of the first of his generation to smoke in the streets, and as he now walked in friendship's hook with the Minister, he did not hesitate

to becloud even his companion's reputation.

Fizzy ran the organ of the newest of English parties—the *Morning Mirror*—and although he was too much a man of pleasure to edit it systematically, he was understood to be generally responsible for its libels. At any rate it was only its policy that he ever disclaimed in private. He was the one Radical of importance not in favor of Marshmont's acceptance of office, but the *Morning Mirror* had thundered huzzahs, and to Marshmont's simple-minded expression of surprise Fizzy had replied with a wink, "The People's Tribune can do no wrong."

"But you thought I did do wrong!"

"Our party isn't big enough yet for a split. A man with only one hair can't afford to part it in the middle."

The *Mirror* continued to applaud Marshmont's every word and move, till the Minister grew ashamed to look at it. Once he begged Fizzy to blot out his name from the leaders, or to bespatter it with a little blame. But Fizzy was unrelenting.

"You have to be praised for the good of the party," he said sternly. "You must sacrifice yourself."

\* Begun in May number, 1900.





“YOUR NIECE? ALLIGATOR?”—[See page 74.]

"But are you sure it *is* for the good of the party? You remember the Greek who got tired of hearing Aristides called the Just?"

"In those days there was no opposition paper. If Athens had had the *Chronos*, the man could have found relief by reading quite other epithets for Aristides, that brass-mouthed inciter of Demos to the pillage and murder of the upper classes."

Marshmont smiled faintly. "But," he urged, "because the *Times* goes to one extreme, there is no need for the *Mirror* to go to the other."

"On the contrary, that is the very reason; else the average will be struck wrong. If we put in a truthful estimate of you—that is to say, my private estimate of you—the world would say, Oh, if that's all his friends can say for him, his enemies can't be so very wrong after all."

"But nobody believes what a friend says."

"Yes, they do: quite as much as what an enemy says. Every bold statement sticks. Even that of the people who advertise that their cocoa is the best. Why, the public swallow the *Mirror's* praises of William Fitzwinter M.P., despite that some of them know I am myself the fountain of honor. No, no, my good friend, your very instinct of fairness would make you unfair. The world weighs on a false balance; to be just, therefore, one must make corrections for the defects of the machine. Suppose one of my bagmen in selling that product on whose profits the *Mirror* is established, and which therefore affords us a pertinent illustration—suppose one of my young men should declare it was worth twenty-seven and sixpence the piece instead of thirty shillings? What would be the result? A decline of the price from twenty-seven and sixpence to twenty-five shillings! Bang go my honest profits, the *Mirror* smashes, and the Feudal System is in for another long run. Fatal consequences of one small truth in an unprepared world! No! Language to be used truthfully must be used in its living meaning, not in its dead dictionary meaning; and in a world where 'worth thirty shillings' is understood to mean 'worth twenty-seven and sixpence,' the man who tells the truth is a liar."

"But we who love truth must try to get words back to their face-value."

"Impossible: neither praise nor blame will ever be accepted at par."

"Not so long as we acquiesce in depreciating the currency. Better hold your 'Mirror' up to Nature."

Fizzy laughed. "Till people's eyes get truer lenses, the true 'Mirror' must be a distorting one."

And out of this position Marshmont could never shake him, and so was doomed to wince nearly every morning over the monstrous eulogies of his astute partisan. Yet he knew Fizzy's value to the common cause. Of the trio who created the new party, a memoir-writer has said that Marshmont tried to persuade, Bryden to move, and Fitzwinter to provoke. Reasoner, orator, sharpshooter, they made a formidable trio, which Death alone could divide.

Fizzy had waylaid the Minister in Whitehall after the Cabinet meeting and had been trying to pump him on what had taken place in the historic pillared room, but Marshmont carried the Privy Councillor's punctiliousness to a vice, and was morbidly afraid of Fizzy's journalistic instincts.

"My dear chap!" Fizzy remonstrated. "All the world knows that there's trouble in Novabarba, and that there's trouble in the Cabinet is shown by your being an hour and a half beyond your average. Your time performances are watched like the foals at Newmarket."

"And how goes the betting?" asked Marshmont, amused.

"Well, some say you are riding for a fall."

Marshmont looked startled. "The Cabinet, or I?"

"You, of course. You begin to see how right I was—and to dislike being made a tool to keep the Prime Minister in power. What do the Whigs care about reform? No more than the Tories. To blazes with them both! We'll join whichever side offers most—sell our phalanx to the lowest bidder—of franchise! I'll bet you five to two there's a more democratic suffrage to be got out of the Tories than out of the Whigs."

"We could not consistently prop up the old aristocracy."

"Why not? As a sign they're coming down—like an old house. I assure you they hate the Whigs worse than they hate us, and the Whigs hate us worse than they hate the Tories."



"Hate! Hate!" sighed the Minister. "Must politics be always all hate?"

"Of course not! What a cynical idea! Both parties love power more than they hate each other."

"Yes, I fear it is only a chess-match. If only the honor and happiness of England were not the pawns in the game!"

"If! See how your Cabinet which was all for Retrenchment and Domestic Reform is now a-prancing and a-pawing like that misguided war-horse in Job. The Prime Minister edits his policy, just as Delane edits *The Times*, steering by John Bull's shifting moods."

"Yes, indeed." The Minister sighed more deeply.

"And these crack regiments you are sending to Novabarba—if the Continent chooses to bristle up, who knows but we may find ourselves suddenly in a European war?"

"That is what I told them, but—" began the Minister, and stopped short, both in his sentence and in his walk, while Fizzy burst into a roar of laughter.

"Don't look so glum. Every journalist in London knows you are sending out a battalion—"

"How can they know, when we only just—"

"How can they know? Didn't you invite General Maxy to your powwow? Didn't the Secretary of State for War come up from Carlsbad? Didn't the Duke of Woodport walk to the Treasury in grave confab with the First Lord of the Admiralty? Didn't the—"

"Spare me!" interrupted Marshmont, smiling despite himself. "You are like the Dervish in the Oriental story who described the ass he hadn't seen."

"Except that I do the trick in the plural. But here is your carriage, and here is your wife getting into it with the grace of sixteen. How do you do, Mrs. Marshmont?" and at the apparition of that overwhelming beauty in the swelling skirts of the period he threw away his cigar and raised his hat, for his courage was only equalled by his chivalry. Mrs. Marshmont bowed almost imperceptibly, and turning angrily to her husband, she cried: "It's too bad of you, Thomas. I've lost an hour of this glorious sunshine waiting for you, and I had just made up my mind to put up with Allegra's society. The other girls are so busy with their frocks for to-night."

"Ah, how do you do, Miss Allegra?" interjected Fizzy suavely, perceiving the pretty creature blushing desperately under her veil. Allegra had tried hard to delegate the honor to Joan, but that young person was conscientiously engaged in fumigating aphides in the garden and remorselessly catching rose-beetles.

"Are the girls going out again to-night?" the father asked lamely.

"You don't mean to say you've forgotten Lady Ruston's last evening?"

"Good gracious, is that to-night? No, no, I really feel I cannot meet Ruston again to-day."

"You see, Mrs. Marshmont," exclaimed Fizzy, "your husband is at loggerheads with the Foreign Secretary, and there's been a scrimmage in the Cabinet."

"I never told you that," said Marshmont helplessly.

Fizzy laughed again.

Allegra was returning in-doors, but her father made her take a seat in the carriage, though he himself was thereby compelled to sit queasily with his back to the horses. Mr. Fitzwinter was likewise invited to drive, and sat contentedly with his face to the ladies. The page-boy, converted into a groom, handed Mrs. Marshmont her rat (which snuggled in her lap with all the complacency of a beribboned poodle), and the barouche bowled along the drowsing Belgravian streets with their rich massed window-flowers and gayly striped sun-blinds.

As they approached the Park, Fizzy said, "Well, now, Marshmont, you may as well confess about the troops—"

The Minister replied resignedly: "So much all the world will know Monday. I am afraid my wife will be a little upset."

"Tom is ordered out to Novabarba!" that lady screamed instantly.

"Yes—it's rather unfortunate he should just be in the very Dragoon Guards. But there's nothing to worry over. There won't be any fighting. It's only a parade of power—just the thing to stop fighting."

"Ah, that was Ruston's argument, was it?" said Fizzy, with a twinkle.

"But I don't want to lose my boy!" Mrs. Marshmont was on the verge of a break-down. "You ought to have voted against it."

"I did, my dear, I was very strong, and if it hadn't been for the Prime Minis-



ter—" Again he jerked himself up on his conversational haunches.

"Yes, your husband convinced half the Cabinet, but the Prime Minister gave the casting vote."

Marshmont laughed ruefully: "Well, between you and my wife—"

"Tell coachman to go home, Thomas. There's no sunshine for me any more."

"Oh, mother!" said Allegra contemptuously. "If Tom's a soldier, he can't be tied to your apron-strings."

"But I didn't want him to be a soldier!"

Only the presence of the stranger prevented her from shrieking. Father and daughter knew this and felt glad he was with them.

"My dear Mrs. Marshmont," Fizzy intervened urbanely, "the climate of Novabarba is excellent. I am thinking of wintering there myself."

"But I thought it was all swamps and malaria."

"What an idea! Why, young Stacks, the Governor, who was a mere skeleton when he was answering the Duke of Woodport's begging-letters, is now making his subjects regret he abolished cannibalism."

Mrs. Marshmont neither heeded nor grasped the joke.

"But Gwenny—I mean I read in your own paper yesterday," she persisted, "that the climate of Novabarba is absolutely fatal to whites."

"Ah, that's what we tell the Continent—keeps 'em off." William Fitzwinter M. P. was never at a loss for an answer, not being limited by Truth. He proceeded to point out how much better it would be for Tom to travel under new skies than to lounge in the bow-window of the Club amid the dandies. The arrival at the Row completed Mrs. Marshmont's pacification: for the drive now became a crawling circuit in the squirrel-cage of fashion, with more blocks than progressions, amid an admiring avenue of nurse-maids and idle citizens, the great spaces of the Park being deserted. There was an unbaring of gentlemen's heads, and a smileful masking of ladies' hearts, and these social amenities, supplemented by the ravishing toilets and equipages, postponed hysterics.

The scene—the sun-dappled sward, the gay bubble of life, the hanging-garden of parasols, the chariots with armorial pan-

els of the old dowagers—was blotted out for an instant by Allegra's tears. All this beauty and sparkle seemed ephemeral and empty; a craving after pleasure that must pass, not after the righteousness which endures. And through the heart of her dream-statue the wail of humanity was piercing icily. And in workshop and mine the people sweltered, delving and weaving and forging that these who toiled not neither spun might be arrayed in glory. "Ah, I love the Row," Mrs. Marshmont sighed voluptuously. Allegra repressed a sniff. "It's the only part of London," Mrs. Marshmont explained, "where one may be sure of not meeting a starved or ill-treated horse."

Allegra repressed an apology, and her reverie hastened to add the dumb agony of animals to the wail of humanity.

But the conversation of William Fitzwinter M. P. drew her out of her spiritual trance—that conversation which held in thrall the House of Commons Smoking-Room, but which was now toned down for Allegra's ears. Fizzy had a genial way of stripping life of its glamour and death of its dignity. An unequalled experience of men and cities had made him the *chronique scandaleuse* of Europe. Princes, grand chamberlains, immortal bards, Chancery judges, ballerinas—all was stinking fish that came to his net. The human interest was the breath of his nostrils; to romance and the mellowed historic he was color-blind. St. Paul's Cathedral suggested to him only the absurdities of the Dean and Chapter, and Westminster Abbey was connected mainly with the washing of dirty surplices. And yet he did not give the effect of wilful cynicism. His was the unpretentious attitude of the man who takes it for granted that the pomp of history is a stage illusion worked by the *dramatis personæ*, with appropriately purple costume and elaborate scenic background, for the edification of the pit and gallery and the more stupid of the stalls, while in the green-room everybody relaxes, throws off robes and wig, and drinks beer out of pewter pots. And so, under his careless talk, Popes became asthmatic old gentlemen, Queens, unhappily married, middle-aged ladies, ambassadors, elderly practical jokers. He made Allegra's world rock like a ship at sea. And with it all, this illogical idealism of his own, these preachments of the *Morning Mirror*, this pas-



sion for the coming of the Kingdom of Pure Reason. His monologue this afternoon—which Marshmont was too moody to interrupt much—ranged literally from China to Peru; from the metaphoric plucking of mandarins' pigtailed by our cocksure plenipotentiary, to the spread of European small-pox and brandy among the native Indians. The passage of an elderly diplomatist in a landau evoked reminiscences of incredible pranks on the roof of the British Embassy in Constantinople. Fizzy skipped easily across the Dardanelles into Asia; and the disillusion of Damascus, with its boggy camping-grounds, paved the way for adventures in one of the Southern States of America, and an account of the futile attempts to execute the Governor's son-in-law for murder. Twice he had been found guilty, and when Fizzy left for New York the third trial was being quashed by the rejection of all the jurors on the ground of prejudice. In despite of which, to Allegra's astonishment, both men proceeded to talk wistfully of the Great Republic.

Now the United States meant to her the Falls of Niagara, because of the picture in her *Wonders of the World*, so she waited impatiently for their arrival, and at last interrupted almost rudely,

"But have you seen the Falls, Mr. Fitzwinter?"

"Seen 'em? I've stayed with them!"

"Oh, do please tell me how they impressed you."

"They impressed me as—dangerous!" said Fizzy calmly. "A roaring mass of water like that—seven hundred thousand tons, I believe—it's like a savage beast, of no profit to the human race. This Park is vastly finer—this well-rolled turf, these spruce symmetric paths—"

"But surely," Allegra cried, "that's the beauty of Nature—the wildness!"

"I can't agree, my dear young lady. I like Nature brushed and combed and dressed up, like our friend on the box, and taught to know her place. Nature is Man's enemy: she must be tamed, like your mother's little rat. That's what we are doing in Novabarba—cutting away the forests and laying railway lines."

"But I thought you and father were against our doing that in Novabarba?"

"Not at all, dear," Marshmont broke in. "We are only against sending out the nation's troops to back up the exac-

tions of private speculators, who are often not even Englishmen."

"What then?" Allegra inquired.

"International traitors," Fizzy interjected.

"International traitors is good," Marshmont chuckled.

"It shall be yours—in to-morrow's *Mirror*."

"But, Thomas, Gwenny told me," Mrs. Marshmont urged, "that the Novabarbeses were in revolt against us."

"Assuredly," said her husband.

"Then we *must* put them down! Why, if we allowed them to revolt, all our other colonies would rise up against us."

Fizzy's small thin face expanded like Father Christmas's with joyous goodwill. "Delicious! You could not have said anything that would delight me more keenly."

Allegra and her mother were equally puzzled.

"You typify the Briton, my dear lady. You seriously are under the impression that Novabarba is a British Colony."

"Is it not?" said the British lady, with naïve astonishment.

"Even of colonies," Fizzy replied in slow syllables, with lingering enjoyment, "there are three kinds, but Novabarba is not even a third-class Colony; it isn't as much as a Dependency. No part of Novabarba belongs to Britain. Most of Novabarba belongs to the Novabarbeses, if I may use one epithet for a hotchpotch of races, colors, and creeds, united only by their distrust of the European. A fraction of the Western district is under British protection."

"Well, then!" said Mrs. Marshmont triumphantly.

"True, this bit is twice as big as England," Fizzy went on unctuously, "just as Novabarba itself is seventeen times as big as England, but your average Englishman conceives it as the size of an English county. This is partly because England has a page to itself in every schoolboy's atlas, while Novabarba is only a portion of a page-map. That the maps are drawn on different scales is, perhaps, not unknown, but it is not vividly visible, and, as I was just telling Mr. Marshmont apropos of cocoa and reputations, it is the vividly visible that tells. But even were Novabarba as small as it appears to the Briton, it would still neither be British nor a Colony."



"But then why is my brother going out there?" asked Allegra.

"Ah, that is another story. It is not British—but West Novabarba belongs to Britons. At least it did at the start. Now it's mostly in the hands of those whom your father cleverly christens international traitors." Ignoring the Minister's grimace of deprecation he went on: "And since your father has been good enough to tell us that your brother is going to Novabarba, I don't mind telling you the history, which will appear in Monday's *Morning Mirror*. Not that it is new: but to a journalist anything is new, if it is old enough. One of my staff hunted up all the facts in the Blue Books, assisted by a Foreign Office clerk who looked through the old correspondence for a consideration. It kept the young gentleman from playing fives. Don't look so serious, Marshmont, I was in the civil service myself in the good old patronage days."

"Oh of course, you've done everything!" the Minister said half sarcastically.

"Except pray," admitted Fizzy. "Well, it seems the whole business began with one Linwood, a West India planter whose sugar-canes had ceased to pay. This gentleman by way of speculation acquired from the Sultan of Novabarba a province just as it stood: lands, rivers, villages, gum-trees, natives, gods—a going concern. He had power of life and death over his motley subjects, and, what was more important, the right of taxation. But when he tried to collect the taxes, he got mainly axes. As this sort of thing didn't pay, he naturally thought of turning it into a Company, and this, with the aid of Bagnell, a prosperous Scotch promoter in Cornhill, he achieved, and retiring soon after, bought a Baronetcy with the purchase-money, married so as not to waste the good-will value of his title, and died last year, leaving a baby Baronet. The more astute Scotchman stuck to the Company, and pegged away at getting a Royal Charter, much to the annoyance of the Foreign Office, which became involved in a vexatious correspondence with several Great Powers having spheres of influence in the neighborhood. The ambassadors used to appear once a month with ultimatums. But Bagnell held on like a bull-dog. After he had nearly converted one Foreign Secretary, there

was a change of ministry, and Sisyphus had to roll his stone up the mountain all over again.

"In the new Cabinet Warbrooke was Colonial Secretary. Now a briefless and brainless barrister named Stacks had been prudent enough to allow Warbrooke's equally penniless sister to contract an imprudent marriage with him. Warbrooke, who was too honest to risk charges of nepotism, had refused to appoint him to anything, but he foisted him on the Duke of Woodport as one of his private secretaries. The Duke, discovering his uselessness, tried hard to find an official post for him, but could not manage it decently. Stacks and his wife and children were thrown again on the cold world. The poor man applied for the post of secretary to a new company Bagnell was bringing out, and gave as his references Warbrooke and the Duke. He received no reply, but Mrs. Bagnell, a charming woman desperately anxious to become Lady Bagnell, got herself invited to the Scotch country house at which Warbrooke was staying for the salmon-fishing, and managed to ask him if there was any nice young clerk at the Colonial Office who could be recommended to rule over West Novabarba, as she understood from her husband a Governor would shortly be wanted. So the Company got the Charter, Bagnell the K.C.B., Stacks the Governorship, and the shareholders a higher quotation on the Stock Exchange. Ten years later, when most of the shares had fallen into the hands of the International Traitors—International Traders they soften it to, in their own parlance—they worked Great Britain into establishing a sort of Protectorate over the Company's possessions. To-day Sir Donald Bagnell K.C.B. struts about with his star, Lady Bagnell's parties are chronicled in the *Morning Post*, Mr. Stacks poses as a great proconsul and plays the Solon to a savage empire, Sir George Linwood howls for his feeding-bottle, and Britain holds her own."

"Is that how Britain expands?" asked Allegra, open-eyed.

"That's how the mother-country hatches her chicks. She lays an egg here and an egg there in silence, never a cackle; with equal silence they are hatched, but every year you discover cocks crowing on new dunghills."

"Then it's all for private gain!" cried



Allegra, disgusted. The glory of the Empire seemed evaporating like the glory of War.

"Did you imagine we acquire semi-savage territories in order to provide them with the British Constitution and the Bible? The British Constitution couldn't possibly be run at a profit in Novabarba just yet, and even the Novabarbesse régime only pays two per cent. to the debenture-holders, and nothing at all to the common shareholder. As for the Bible, let it be admitted to the credit of Britain that a Novabarbesse version does circulate, even," he added slyly, "in parts that are still independent."

"Then after all England is a civilizing agency!" cried Allegra.

"Certainly, except in England. And yet it would really be more economical to civilize at home, because when you civilize abroad there are so many competitors in the business, each with a Constitution and a Religion superior to all the others. In England you would be let alone and have none of these excursions and alarums."

"But why do the other Powers tamper with our territory?" inquired Mrs. Marshmont patriotically.

"Didn't I tell you that they have spheres of influence? They are afraid West Novabarba will expand North, and East, and South. The question wasn't so acute till those blessed mines were discovered. The embassies had only protested on general principles. But now they are afraid we shall get mineral concessions outside our own sphere, and that will of course interfere with *their* civilizing. Indeed it is quite curious to find how even small Powers, like Belgium and Portugal, have swooped down on Novabarba, anxious to civilize even the tiniest corner. That was what the Convention was about last year."

"I never heard of Novabarba till last year," admitted Mrs. Marshmont.

"Who did? It was only when we realized that there was more than caoutchouc in the country that we became aware that foreigners grew there too. For the next ten years Novabarba's principal export will be gold, and her principal import adventurers. All this has turned the Sultan's head, and his Vizier has lost his altogether for having advised his master to part with his auriferous province for a bagatelle. Being still un-

civilized, the Sultan itches to undo the bargain, and they say he is backed up secretly by Continental emissaries and egged on by his youngest wife, a masterful minx educated above her station by the missionaries, while his army is being organized and trained in gunnery by a German expert, the mysterious Paul Haze. Paul, by-the-way, is doing the only real civilizing in Novabarba—teaching the warriors civilized methods of massacre!"

"Of course I knew the story generally," said Marshmont, whose face was as pained as Fizzy's was flippant. "But I am glad to have my memory refreshed with the details. All you say strengthens me in the position I am taking up."

"It's Tom's position I am thinking of," cried Mrs. Marshmont, with swift reproach. "I see it all now—the Dragoon Guards will be fighting the Sultan."

"More likely flirting with the Sultanas," said Fizzy reassuringly.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

#### THE DUCHESS.

IT was rather unfortunate that Allegra's first important party should find her in this religious revolt against the pride of the eye and the joy of the world, so that she should walk up Lady Ruston's celebrated staircase with a conscientious hostility towards what really interested her exceedingly. A few months ago she had been grateful to her mother for rushing her "out" with a precipitation which less good-humored spinsters than Dulsie and Mabel might have resented: her spirit had yearned towards the great world thronged with brilliant men and wonderful women. Even now, she told herself, that famous salon must hold, amid all its selfish glitter, abundance of men who "worked for the world." And in truth it was full of the glory of life and power and adventure, and threads went out of it to the four quarters of the earth. Allegra's girlish curiosity prevailed over her prejudice, and she kept Mabel—who would have preferred to note the dresses—busy with questions as to who was who.

Dulsie had been early detached from the group of girls by a young Spanish diplomatist, and Allegra only caught occasional glimpses of her, sailing under the flags of all nations, as was her cosmopolitan custom of flirtation. It was her method of expressing her father's



universalism. But the good-natured Mabel's knowledge was not unequal to Allegra's curiosity, for political society was small and met itself everywhere, and Lady Ruston addressed her cards herself, and was not dependent upon the self-constituted masters of the revels who supplied so many hostesses with "lists." At this, her last reception for the season, she had drawn the line a little less stringently, not only because some of the great men, especially those under the milder régime of the Upper Chamber, sick of rout and drum and the Italian opera, had unscrupulously and prematurely made for the grouse-moors, but because the obscure members of the Party needed occasionally to have their celebrity recognized, and their convictions heated in an atmosphere of old tapestry, ornate ceilings, and political empery.

Poor Lord Ruston, whose memory like a net held all the big fish but let the little fish escape, had a bad time on these occasions, and even his now celebrated question, "Are you better?" had begun to leak out. And yet if the science of phrenology, which was then in its glory, had been consulted, many of these minnows would have been taken for tritons. It was usually the political pygmies who had the frontal developments, and the big bumps, and the grand manner, and some whom Allegra had imagined Olympians turned out what Tom used to call "mere pass-men."

Allegra was not aware that she was herself the cynosure of many lorgnettes, especially after a sudden swirl of the currents, produced by the wind-like passage of Royalty through a fluttered and curtsying avenue, had separated her from Mabel. She stood forlorn at a doorway between the rooms, catching scraps of conversation about Dissensions in the Cabinet, and philosophic generalizations on the brittle nature of Coalitions, and beneath and over it all the pleading music of some hidden orchestra: like the still small voice, Allegra thought, that whispers beauty through all the vapid buzz of life. Her conscience remembered, too, how she had neglected her piano practice of late, in the study of political economy, and she reminded herself that the Useful need not exclude the Beautiful. Novabarba, too, often flitted through the air in sweet feminine tones, and set her a-thinking of all that Mr. William

Fitzwinter had said, and she wondered if the savages in their mud-swamps would ever realize how they were being discussed by these scented lips.

A tap on the shoulder roused her, and an untuned voice at her ear said, with girlish eagerness: "Oh, Minnie! There's Lord Henry, do shove through and bring him to me."

Allegra turned startled eyes on a stout handsome elderly matron, upon whose head sparkled an amazing tiara of diamonds.

"Oh, aren't you Minnie? I'm so sorry. I did so want to talk to Lord Henry about his goings-on at Ascott. But 'pon my word you are very like my Minnie. Who may you be?"

Allegra flushed with her wonted readiness. She felt this was the brusque person she had ever met, but her "Nobody in particular" was murmured in sheer nervousness, not meant to repay rudeness by rudeness.

"You needn't be angry, my dear," said the matron in more conciliatory accents. "After all I'm old enough to be your mother. And I thought I was, too." She laughed, and her laugh was more likable than her voice. "And it's no small compliment, let me tell you, to be mistaken for my Minnie. She's the handsomest gal in London, and would have been the Queen of Beauty at the Eglinton Tournament."

Allegra flushed deeper but found nothing to reply. The lady with the tiara had, however, no need of replies.

"Of course now I come to look at you it's more the white frock and the red hair. Your chin and your nose are not a bit like Minnie's—but then of course Minnie's features are exceptionally fine. And your complexion—well, if I *were* really your mother, I wouldn't let you go to so many parties in the small hours. When I was your age, I wasn't *out* at all—but I was out in something better than society—the fresh air. A good gallop, that's what a girl wants—not a galop in a ball-room with a man's arm squeezin' her stays, but up hill and down dale. You don't mind my talking candidly, do you, my dear?"

"No." Allegra had recovered her tongue and determined to use it against this vulgar person, and a gleam of humor shot from her eye. "But this happens to be the first grown-up party I've been to."



"Oh, you poor thing! No wonder you look so out in the cold. Of course my Minnie who goes everywhere knows everybody, and she gets whirled away at once. I never see anything of her till she wants to go home. But whatever are the men coming to nowadays? A sweet child like you— Why, when I made my *début* I had every man in London at my feet!"

"How do you do, Duchess?" and a tall man, glittering all over his shirt front and lapels with stars, ribbons, and medals, accosted Allegra's interlocutor.

"How d'e do, Sir George. I don't approve of your doings in Novabarba. You ought to have struck while you had the chance. But then you don't care what I think. Nobody does nowadays."

"Surely people care as much as ever," said Sir George, gliding off.

"There! did you hear that? What a charming man!" And the Duchess beamed. Allegra's confusion had returned. So she had been "answering" a Duchess. She had never talked to one before, and all the romance that had gathered round Duchesses in history and ballad surged up half to clothe and half to contradict this prosaic figure. Mrs. Browning's rhymes rang in her ears:

Then from out her bower *chambère* did the  
Duchess May repair—

*Toll Slowly.*

Tell me now what is your need, said the lady, of  
this steed

That ye goad him up the stair?

Calm she stood! unbodkined through, fell her  
dark hair to her shoe,

*Toll Slowly.*

And the smile upon her face, ere she left the  
tiring-glass,

Had not time enough to go.

Certainly this Duchess's smile lingered complacently as she continued:

"The art of compliment—it's becoming a lost art, like all the other arts. To-day everybody is so rude and matter-of-fact. There is no consideration for people's feelings—I don't care whether Sir George meant what he said or not, I like the gallantry of it, the chivalry. Ah, my dear Mrs. Gantin, and how's the Bishop? Of course, those dreadful Ritualists, I know. Ten years ago I told Newman to his face that he was only a Jesuit in disguise. But you ought to give that archdeacon the sack, you really ought. Talking of the Scarlet Woman, did you ever see such a painted creature in your life? Who is

she? Why, the widow of General Penford who was massacred at Cabul. Oh yes, that's her daughter with her. Her mother says she's seventeen, but as the date of the massacre may be found in the history books, she is taking heavy risks with her reputation. No, don't go away, my dear," she said, as Allegra was seizing the opportunity to escape. "I am so anxious to know all about you. I am sure I could improve you. Do tell me your name."

"Allegra Marshmont."

"What!" The Duchess grew as vermillion as General Penford's widow. "That rascal's daughter!"

"You are speaking of my father!"

"And of my own brother. Tut! tut! I suppose I may call my own brother a rascal."

"I—I—didn't know."

"Well, if I didn't know I was your Aunt Emma, how should I know you were my niece what's-a-name?"

"Allegra." She was astounded to find herself so near the purple, though she had always known vaguely that there were coronets on the paternal horizon.

"Allegra! A silly name for a charmin' gal. My niece, eh?" And she chuckled her mannishly under the chin. "No wonder you're pooty. I thought I couldn't be such a fool as to mistake you for Minnie without rhyme or reason. But it's a wonder you didn't know me—everybody knows me."

"I am very sorry," she said simply. "But father never told me he had a sister who was a Duchess."

"Oh! he didn't!" The Duchess was visibly taken aback. "It's the Marjorimont blood. We're all so proud. No, of course, I quite understand he'd cut the tip of his tongue off rather than mention us, once we had cast him off."

"Oh, you cast him off! I see—because he is against the nobility."

"Not entirely; it was because of—" The Duchess stopped, for once prompted by a delicate instinct. "Well, you see it was father's doing—I wasn't the Duchess of Dalesbury then. But we all thought Tom crazy—and that's the plain English of it—foulin' his own nest, upsettin' Property and the Throne and the Church, and puttin' power into the hands of the Mob. You ought to see Rosmere Park after we've let the Mob in: saplings torn up by the root, greasy brown paper over



the flower-beds, broken cider-bottles on the paths. My dear, that's what your father is making of England."

"Well, if you think that, I don't know that I ought to speak to you."

"Tut! tut! There's the Marjorimont blood again! I'm glad I met you, Alligator. You don't mind my callin' you Alligator? I can remember that, and I'm sure I never could remember the other thing. Some day your father and I will make it up—now he's gettin' back into his natural world again. People make a stoopid distinction between Whig and Tory—some of my friends won't come to this house—but I always say that's ancient history. Nowadays it's just a personal fight for the pickin's—the great houses should stick by each other against the demagogues and the atheists."

"You mean honor among thieves," said Allegra calmly.

The Duchess's eyes blazed like her tiara.

"You young—Alligator!" she gasped. Then she burst into a good-humored laugh. "Why, you've caught it from Tom. Poor silly little child, didn't I say I could improve you? Not that I don't admire your spirit. I forgave your father the day he took office. It's in the blood, I said to myself; you can't keep the Marjorimonts down. They may cut off their noses to spite their faces, and cut off their names to spite their relations, but they're bound to rise. And after all, Tom hasn't played his cards badly. We Tories are on the shelf—the only way he could get a chance was by going over to the Opposition. But that wouldn't have been very dignified, and besides the Whig Dukes wouldn't have looked at him, if he'd been a mere commoner with a few thousands a year, just enough to pay for his borough. No, but Tom's invented a new party all to himself—he's frightened 'em with fee-fi-fo-fum talk of the new ogre—the People. He's got a new paper all to himself, that terrible *Morning Mirror*, which won't let us build war-ships or flog our soldiers, and would be the ruin of England if any one took it seriously. As it is, it's only the making of Tom."

"But it seems to me people did take it and father seriously," said Allegra stoutly. She had been lately reading the back numbers, having discovered a file in the nursery study.

"You mean that dreadful Law Tom forced on Parliament, which cuts down

our rents, and does the masses no good—because we've less to spend among 'em."

"That is an economic fallacy," said Allegra.

"Good gracious—what is the world coming to! Such a phrase in your mouth—it's like a cigar! You shouldn't really use such words, Alligator. Why, you'll become like that creature who wrote to the *Times* the other day to complain that woman has no career, you'll be dressing like Mrs. Bloomer. Economic fallacy indeed! If it wasn't that Tom had to find some way of making himself felt, I'd be very angry with him. But he won't do it again, I am sure, now he's in office."

"Oh yes he will—father hasn't changed—not a bit," Allegra protested earnestly.

"Pooh! You know Tom Moore's lines—poor dear Tom Moore, I was so fond of him, he was such an amusin' person—

"As bees on flowers alightin' cease their hum,  
So, settling upon places, Whigs grow dumb."

"But father isn't a Whig. He's a Radical."

"He's neither—he's a Minister," laughed the Duchess.

"A Minister to Humanity," Allegra assented.

"A Privy Councillor, a Right Honorable," said the Duchess teasingly. "Who already takes precedence of Baronets. By-and-by he will be in the Upper House."

"Never! He is right and he is honorable. These are the only titles he will ever crave."

"Little spitfire, you'll marry a title yourself. You should do almost as well as my Minnie. Ah, Mr. Plumward, how d'e do? My daughter tells me you are a useful person to have at a country house, that you caper and clap your hands whenever the cotillons slacken."

The Beau Brummel of the ball-room, accustomed to the deference of princesses, whose parties he regulated, was taken aback. "Your Grace flatters me," he sneered.

"Then we must certainly have you at Rosmere. Minnie will be so pleased. Talk of the angel—here she is, Alligator, lookin' for me."

"Where?" Allegra was anxious to know this remarkable cousin.

"Don't you see that tall divine creature leaning on the arm of the distinguished-lookin' man with the white beard?"

Allegra stared at the couple indicated,



but saw only a gawky girl and a hobbling spectacled old man, and even his pock-marked face did not give him distinction in his unvaccinated generation.

There must be a mistake. "That couple!" she murmured.

"Yes!" said the Duchess, beamingly misinterpreting her amazement. "That's the Duke. Isn't he a sweet creature? So devoted, so good, such an encyclopædia. Naughty Minnie to desert her doting mother," she added, as they approached.

Allegra's shock was half compounded of a question whether she herself really looked like that. An impression that she was pretty—gathered from governesses and old gentlemen, and supporting her in comfort—quaked under her. Of course she knew Joan didn't approve of her pointed chin, but then others—

"This is my niece Alligator, Tom's gal."

The old gentleman looked as amazed as Allegra.

"Your niece? Alligator?" The words sounded husky, and as if muffled by his beard. Allegra had an odd sense of his soul being wrapped up in it against the cold world.

"Well, Ally something," said the Duchess. "I call her Alligator for short, and she doesn't mind, do you, dear? And this is my Minnie. Isn't she sweet? You may kiss each other, dears—first cousins."

Both girls hung back awkwardly. But Allegra said, smiling, "You are the first cousin I've ever met."

"Oh, indeed!" cried Minnie, restored to speech. "I've got lots, all sorts—firsts, seconds, and thirds—like railway passengers."

"Ah, always the witty word!" cried the Duchess. "You can't catch my Minnie asleep."

The Duke here took Allegra's hand and held it. "So you are Tom Marshmont's daughter."

"One of them."

"What! are there more!" screamed the Duchess.

"Lots more. Connie, Dulsie, Mabel—"

"Stop! stop! I won't have anything to do with them. I dare say they are horrid. You can't have more than one nice gal in a family. All *my* sisters were frumps. But you—I'm goin' to take you in charge. You're comin' to stay with us at Rosmere in the autumn, isn't she, Dalesbury?"

"Certainly, certainly," said the Duke, still retaining Allegra's hand.

"There, isn't he a darling? Never a wish of mine but he anticipates it. That's the kind of husband we're going to find for you at Rosmere."

Allegra was now one flame, for the Duchess did not at all moderate her tones, and the Duke was patting her hand with the hand that did not hold it.

"But father may object," she stammered.

"Object? To your getting married? Fiddlesticks! With all those gals on his shoulders. Everybody knows we have the most charmin' young men—they're simply crazy to come to Rosmere—the very pick of the heirs."

"Oh, I see my father!" cried Allegra in glad relief. "Over there by the pillar. If you will excuse me, Duchess." And she withdrew her hand from the Duke's.

"Only if you bring him to me—he'll do instead of Lord Henry. There! I knew my instinct was sound in sendin' you to fetch some one. Run, run; I'm dyin' to scold him!"

Allegra hesitated. "If he will come—"

"Come? Of course he'll come. Dear Tom, the same old boy, just a bit fatter, that's all. I see one of your elder sisters is with him—bless my soul if she isn't nearly as good-lookin' as you! We'll marry her too."

Allegra laughed merrily. "Why, she is married!"

"To who?" The Duchess was not pedantically grammatical.

"To my father."

It took some instants for the full bearing of the jest to penetrate through the Duchess's tiara. The Duke was smiling.

His wife turned on him. "I don't see any call for sniggerin'. I didn't know Tom had married again. I thought from the odd resemblance it must be your sister."

"It's not my step-mother, it's my mother."

The Duke chuckled.

"You have a peculiar sense of humor, Dalesbury," said his wife freezingly. "But really in these days of paint and powder you can't tell a gal from an old 'ooman."

Allegra's haughtiness matched the Duchess's.

"My mother is not painted. She has

always been the most beautiful creature in the world."

"Tut! tut!" said the Duchess. "Every child thinks its own mother the best. Well, well, run to your mammy, if you're so fond of her."

Allegra hesitated. "And am I to tell my father that you—"

"No, no; tell him nothing. I won't see him just now. He—he is so occupied with his wife—we can't meet after all these years before a stranger. You understand, Alligator."

"Yes, I understand," said Allegra, and thought she did, till she came to think it over.

The gawky girl blocked her path with an offered hand.

"Good-by, Ally," she said. "I'm sure it isn't gator. I hope we shall meet again."

"I hope so." And Allegra sought her father.

"Why, what became of you?" he cried playfully. "You've missed such a treat. I wanted to introduce you to—guess!"

"Tennyson!" she gasped.

He shook his head. "That lion stays in his den—but one nearly his equal in name and mane."

"Deldon!"

He nodded, laughing.

"Where is he? Where is he?"

"Lost, swallowed up. I was thunder-struck to see the Poet of the People asked here."

"It seems to me quite natural. Aren't they going to bring in the Reform Bill he cries for?"

"I suppose they were—when he was asked," he said, with melancholy humor.

"If you mean the long-haired doll, there he is!" Mrs. Marshmont broke in.

Allegra's eyes dilated. She stared in perturbation at the first poet she had ever seen.

For once no disillusion awaited her.

Blue-eyed, with a high marble forehead and pendent flaxen locks, tall and graceful of figure, faultless yet careless of costume, and departing from the conventions of evening dress by a florid tie, the young Deldon, encircled by beautiful ladies, incarnated all the Cornucopian ideas. She wished she could have added herself to his worshippers. What was he saying now? Could he talk prose at all? Unconsciously she moved towards him, towing her parents, and by straining

her ears heard him say one word—the word "No"—of which it was hard to say whether it was prose or poetry. Had he said "Nay," she would have had a stronger thrill. But she extracted consolation from its significance, for she had heard the feminine question to which it was a reply. "Don't you write feverishly, Mr. Deldon, and so rapidly that you don't know what you've written till you see it on the paper?"

"No," said the Poet.

"I'm so sorry," said the lady naïvely. "I thought *I* was inspired."

Allegra's sense of humor was tickled, and she was moving nearer to catch the Poet's reply. But her mother's impatient "Where's Dulsie and Mabel?" arrested her.

"Dulsie's with some Egyptian Emir now, I think, but Mabel I've lost."

"Well, go and find them. It's very dull here. We must go." She spoke sharply, and several people eyed her, amazed by her candor and her beauty. Occasionally Mrs. Marshmont would crave for the grand world, but invariably it bored her. This did not prevent her from craving again, as soon as she had forgotten her feelings.

"I don't think, mother, that Dulsie will like to go home just yet," Allegra suggested slyly.

"Then it will be good for Dulsie's soul not to follow the desire of her heart and the inclination of her eyes. When I was a girl, the only party I went to was a tea party at a funeral. But they were a good deal more enjoyable than these political parties."

Allegra suppressed the desire to point out that at that rate her mother had fared as well as Dulsie, and Mrs. Marshmont continued: "I don't really see what Dulsie can find to attract her. I would rather be at home with my rat."

"There are rats here too, my dear," said Marshmont, smiling.

Allegra's eyes flashed first with amused apprehension, then with wrathful remembrance. "That's what she said you would be, father."

"Who said?"

"The Duchess of Dalesbury!"

"The Duchess. Why, you have never met her?"

"Yes, father. Just now. She wanted me to fetch you to her."

Mrs. Marshmont interposed sharply.



"She wanted you to fetch father, like a pet rat?"

Father and daughter laughed.

"No, mother, she wanted to make it up with father; she seemed very fond of him still."

Mrs. Marshmont's eyes blazed. "Fond of him still?" she repeated, with bewildered jealousy.

"Stupid old darling," he whispered. "She's my sister."

"Your sister!" she cried, even more bewildered and even more angry. "And why did you never tell me that? And why don't we see her? She might have been very useful to the girls. But how comes your sister to be a Duchess? You're not a Duke," she ended confusedly.

"No, but her husband is," Allegra explained.

"Oh, I see, of course. Any one can be a Duchess."

"The easiest thing in the world," Marshmont said dryly. "And so, Allegra, you've been talking to my sister?"

"Yes; we had a long chat."

"Who introduced you to her?"

"Nobody. She just talked to me. She thought mother was my sister." Allegra took her mother's hand and pressed it with some of her old affection.

Marshmont was radiant with pride in his wonderful wife-pet. "And what did you think of *my* sister?" he asked.

"Candidly?"

"Of course."

"Well, she seems to me the vulgarest and most conceited person I have ever met."

"Oh, Allegra!" Mrs. Marshmont was shocked.

He laughed. "Oh! Emma's not so bad as that."

"Well, you haven't met her for centuries."

"Perhaps you are right," he said meditatively. "When I knew her she was merely the eldest Miss Marjorimont. Duchesses deteriorate."

#### CHAPTER IX.

#### FIZZY FALLS.

ALLEGRA was cantering in the Park a few days later, attended by burly Wilson the coachman in the character of groom, when a more agreeable cavalier attached himself to her; none other than William Fitzwinter M. P., in his flawless equestrian attire, on a tall black horse.

"Its name is Novabarba," he told her as they slackened to a trot. Allegra inquired its connection with the storm-centre of foreign politics.

"None. It's my latest horse, that's all. *Nova*, new, *Barba*, a barb."

"Oh!" said Allegra, disappointed. Then smartly, "Well, I hope it never will be beaten."

His joyous roar of laughter applauded the jest. "A hundredfold better reason. I adopt it forthwith. But let us keep it to ourselves, else we shall be torn to pieces. What would your brother say?"

"My brother!" Allegra made a mouth. "He actually says he hopes there will be fighting when he gets there."

"I'm afraid he'll have his wish." And Fizzy looked grave.

"Then I wish he would fight on the Novabarbes side."

"Be careful! That was the Chevalier Garda on the gray horse—an Italian blackmailer."

"And what is a blackmailer?"

"Heaven guard your innocence, my dear child, and may you never learn! But for your father's sake, don't say things against Britain aloud!"

"But you say them in the *Morning Mirror*."

"Ah, you read the *Mirror*?"

"Of course."

"Then write your views there! It will be safer."

Allegra checked her horse while her heart set off at a gallop. What! The world of print was thrown open to her!

"But I can't write—at least not articles—" she stammered. Her eyes and cheeks sparkled bewitchingly; the outlines of her young form revealed by the riding-habit had an appealing grace.

"What *can* you write?"

"I—I've tried verses."

"The very thing! Deldon's terms are becoming impossible—since he's been taken up by Society. You shall be the new Poet of the People."

"But how could I?" she gasped. "Write like Deldon!" But all the same the *Cornucopia* suddenly seemed poor and shrunken.

"If I put his name to your poems, nobody would know the difference," Fizzy exclaimed airily.

"Oh, how can you say that?"

"See it in your eyes!" And he looked into them. She laughed with girlish glee

as she touched up her horse. "Do they roll in a fine frenzy?"

"They're the finest eyes I've ever seen," he replied, giving chase.

By some mysterious instinct Allegra urged her animal to its swiftest. "That was not fair," he said as he came up at last. "You know I could never beat Novabarba again."

"And I beat him!" she cried, in gay remorse. "What a bad omen!"

Three days later she met Mr. Fitzwinter again. In the mean time she had written and torn up several Poems for the People.

"You don't ride every day?" he said inquiringly.

"No. You see we girls have only one saddle-horse between us. Tuesday and Friday are my lucky days."

"My lucky days, you mean."

"Why, what can it matter to you?" asked Allegra frankly.

Fizzy coughed. "I don't like one-horse affairs, as they say in the States. I'd like to see you with a horse of your own."

"Oh, wouldn't that be lovely?" she cried wistfully. And another rhyme of the Duchess May floated through her brain:

Then the good steed's rein she took, and his neck  
did kiss and stroke.

*Toll Slowly.*

So he neighed to answer her; and then followed up  
the stair,

For the love of her sweet look.

Fizzy began to describe his rides in Algeria. He told her of the mysterious underground telegraph of the Desert, wherein you will be astonished to find the Chief of the Tribe expecting you, though you have come at a gallop, unannounced, and he fascinated her with the idea of one day tasting for herself the charm of the East, and the life in the tents. He insinuated he must be at hand to protect her, for there were lawless hordes who captured you and demanded blood-money of your relatives. Allegra suggested smilingly, not without a shadowy thought of her mother, that they must sometimes blunder into capturing somebody whose return was not urgently desiderated. Fizzy admitted that there was bad luck in all businesses, but that in her own case he would be glad if her relatives refused to redeem her, as that would give him a chance. Allegra laughed girlishly and said she thought her father would

raise the ransom, or at the worst Tom would ride to her rescue at the head of a battalion of the Dragoons.

"What, and provoke new complications with the Powers! Fancy the questions there would be in the House about you!"

"That would be nice. How important I should feel! I might have a Blue Book all to myself."

"I would contribute a great speech about you."

"There might be a Royal Commission on me."

"Goodness — what a lot you know about politics! What a wife you would make for a politician!"

"No, I shouldn't. Why, I've never heard a speech in my life!"

"You amaze me. Never been to the House? Never heard your father speak?"

"Only to the bullfinch."

"What! He rehearses sometimes?" Fizzy's roar of laughter — so disproportionate to his size — shook the reputable air of the Row.

"Don't *you*?" she asked.

"Never!"

"But you are so clever! Something always comes to your tongue."

He beamed. Then lugubriously he said: "But it doesn't always come to my tongue. . . . You must come to the House and hear me one day, won't you?" he wound up after a pause.

"I should like to ever so much. Only father never seems to think of it."

"You shall explore his den in the basement, and climb the Clock Tower in the firmament."

Her eyes shone. "But you will be sure to speak the day I come?"

"Sure. Perhaps — perhaps — I will ask a question in the House."

"No; I bargain for a full speech," she said. "In your most amusing vein."

This seemed to silence him altogether, and presently Allegra turned her horse's head homewards. As Fizzy waved his hat in farewell, she realized with a pang of disappointment that he had not said one word about the People's Poems. It was particularly vexing, because just now a really good chorus was buzzing in her brain, beginning:

Back, back from Novabarba;  
Like Christ be meekly bold.  
Teach Europe England's honor,  
And not her love of gold.



Anyway, it ought not to be lost. The *Cornucopia* expanded to its ancient dimensions.

But the next day a beautiful bay mare pawed at her door-step. It bore a card "For Miss Allegra Marshmont, with Mr. William Fitzwinter's humble request that she will not look in its mouth. Its name is Reform."

Allegra, summoned from Parnassus and Novabarba, had a whirl of emotions. "But I can't accept such a beautiful present."

"Why not?" said Mrs. Marshmont, who had rushed indecorously to the hall door and was now caressing the creature's nose.

"But Mr. Fitzwinter is practically a stranger!"

"Did you expect anything from your relatives? Look at that old Duchess. I call it shameful."

"I can't accept it all the same. Please take it back with my thanks," she said to the man.

"Arxin' your pardon, miss, but I was told to say your father's daughter couldn't reject Reform." Allegra smiled.

"Put on your habit at once," said her mother imperiously, "and try its paces."

And within a few minutes Allegra, dazed and dazzled, was passing out of the drive, while her mother posted herself between the stone lions at the gate, surveying her critically.

"I didn't know you could ride so well," she said, as Reform thundered up for the third time.

Allegra sprang down, glowing and blushing. "She's a darling. I must write at once to thank him."

"I don't know that you ought to write to a gentleman," said Mrs. Marshmont.

"Why not?" said Allegra, guiltily conscious of a whole series of letters—albeit pseudonymous—to the Editor of the *Cornucopia*.

"It isn't right for young ladies. I am sure Dulsie or Mabel never would. I'll write myself."

Allegra gasped. A panorama of Dulsie's admirers passed before her, like the picture of the races of mankind in her early geography book: she thought of Dulsie's daily correspondence in French, German, and even Italian, and Dulsie's plea that flirtation was the cheapest method of learning languages, but though she did not approve of Dulsie, her tongue

was tied. She contented herself for the moment with sending verbal thanks through the man. Mrs. Marshmont proved too lazy to write the letter, and the father agreed to do it. As, however, the sickly secretary, his honorable relative, continued to confine his work to Whitehall, and Allegra had now the privilege of helping with the home correspondence, it ended in Allegra really writing the letter herself, though her father signed it.

"MY DEAR FITZWINTER," it ran. "My little girl desires me to express her deep gratitude for your very kind and valuable gift, and though she is sorry you have put yourself to so much trouble for her, and is puzzled to think how she has deserved it, she is delighted with Reform. Allegra has the advantage of us, for while we have to carry Reform, Reform will carry her. And now since you have done her a kindness, will you do me one? In the *Morning Mirror* you said the other day that my eloquence has been unsurpassed since the days of Demosthenes; surely such eulogies should be reserved for poor Bryden (at the unveiling of whose bust, by-the-way, I am to preside as soon as Parliament rises). I do wish you would establish the proper perspective in these matters. You know you have never read a line of Demosthenes. Everybody agrees that it was our lost leader whose lips were touched with the sacred coal, while I am only a man of facts and figures. I would have drawn your attention to this in the House, but you were always so surrounded, and if I had beckoned you away privately, the lobbies would have buzzed with grandiose rumors. Of your hinted foreshadowing in the *Mirror* of my resignation, in the event of the Cabinet sanctioning hostilities in Novabarba, I have less ground to complain. It would seriously prejudice my action, if I were a politician, but as I am not, I am ready to meet whatever position arises, heedless of rumor or repute.

"Believe me, my dear Fitzwinter, with kind regards, and renewals of my daughter's gratitude,

Yours sincerely,

THOMAS MARSHMONT."

To which Fizzy replied laconically: "As to poor Bryden, you know I have never been able to see any good in the

dead languages. Dead men turn no votes. Your speeches are alive and kicking. When Feudalism is kicked to death, let the 'proper perspective' be established. The utmost concession I will make meantime is that you are the greatest *living* orator."

Allegra did not meet the greatest living journalist for some days, because all the other girls wanted to try Reform. Each in turn reported meeting Mr. Fitzwinter, who had only, however, raised his hat as he flew by. But at last her own turn came round, and in the new pride of possession she was dashing along the sunlit mould when Novabarba advanced to meet her. She drew rein, and repeated her thanks. Fizzy stopped her with: "Your father has already scolded me sufficiently."

"Ah, that was for overpraising his oratory."

"My dear child, if you *had* ever been to the House and listened to the other men's speeches, you would see that any exaggeration is pardonable."

"Yes," she said meditatively, "I suppose it must be dreadful to listen to those tiresome Tory speeches."

"I shouldn't say the Tories have a monopoly—"

"Well, twaddle without even Truth—!"

He roared again. "Excellent—excellent—the greatest wit since Aristophanes. That's what you'll become, if you're not careful."

"You mean if the *Mirror* is not careful," she laughed back. Then fearing that the mention of the *Mirror* might seem an indelicate reminder of his invitation to its columns, she went on quickly: "But seriously, how do you endure the flood of talk?"

"I don't. I escape to the Ararat of the smoking-room."

"Your Ararat is a volcano."

"Now don't blame the *Mirror*, Miss Aristophanes."

She flushed, reminded again of her poor poem. "But aren't there some members who sit through it all, who listen to everything from mid-day to midnight?"

"There is *one* such person—and one only—who listens and listens to every syllable, every 'hem' and 'er'—who dares not even seek refuge in sleep, through whose ears pours, or rather dribbles, the whole drearish, wearisome flood."

"Who is that?"

"He is called—supreme irony—the Speaker!"

Allegra laughed heartily. "You see what a poor politician I am. I've heard father say he was dining with the Speaker, but I never quite understood what the Speaker had to do."

"Yes, the Speaker is the Listener. He gets paid royally for it, and he has a house within the House, so as to get to sleep as early as possible. But it's a wonder he doesn't end in a lunatic asylum."

"He does end in the House of Lords, doesn't he?"

"Yes; that is his reward—even worse speeches, but not to have to listen to them."

"But they don't read so badly in the papers."

"No; we polish 'em up and cut 'em down; 'establish the proper perspective,' as your father puts it. By-the-way, what a pretty feminine hand he writes!"

Allegra could only mechanically quicken Reform to a trot.

"I wish *I* had somebody to lend me a hand like that," Fizzy continued.

"You! You must have a hundred."

"A Briareus! How? Where?"

"At the *Mirror*, of course," tripped off Allegra's lips; and again she flushed delicately and hastened to add: "Everybody has secretaries."

"But not secretaries with soft hands and bright eyes."

Allegra felt vaguely uneasy. "What have bright eyes to do with writing letters?" she murmured.

"Letters can't be written without eyes."

"Is that a pun?" she asked, more easily.

"As if I would dare do such a thing!"

Allegra laughed. "I think you would dare anything."

"No—I have my limits. There is something I want very much to do. But I don't dare."

"I don't believe it." He was silent, and her mind drifted to the simultaneous beating of the horses' hoofs, finding pleasure in the rhythm.

"It's true," he said at last, and his voice was low and husky. "I want a wife."

"Well, aren't there hundreds?" She spoke lightly, but her pulses began to throb with dim disquiet.



He tried to answer in the same key.  
 "Where? At the *Mirror*?"

"Now you *have* dared to make a pun!"

"Please forgive me. It was a pure accident. I only meant to echo what you said before."

"I know, I know," she murmured.

"But since I *have* dared to make the pun, I might dare further." His voice grew husky again.

"The man who would make a pun—" she quoted jestingly but with gathering discomfort.

"Would pick a wife. Just so. But where?"

"You have been all over the world, you ought to know."

"Ah, but now I am in a new world altogether, and I feel so strange, and I don't know the language. Can't you help me out?"

He leaned from his saddle towards her. Her suspicions were growing momentarily more definite and painful, but what she perceived most vividly was that there were beads of perspiration on his forehead, and she felt dully that she had made him ride too fast in the hot sun. How strange his eyes were! And hardly any lashes! Why had she never noticed that before?

"Give me a word," he half whispered.

"What word?" she said helplessly.

"The word for 'Yes.'"

"What do you mean?" she breathed.

They rode on in a painful silence. So this was that wonderful thing—a proposal! How curious and disappointing—not unlike a Duchess! How cold and leaden her heart seemed in her breast, yet how fiery her cheeks felt! To think that love—associated only with the Shelleys and the Deldons of the world—should incarnate itself in the dapper person of a newspaper proprietor! A man who had seemed to sneer at all romance, and to see behind the veil of everything! She felt like laughing and she felt like crying, and presently she was only listening pleasurably to the rhythmical beating of the horses' hoofs. What a lovely breeze fanning her hot face! Was her hat straight? Her net seemed slipping backward. Suddenly she bethought herself with a start that she would have to give back Reform. Her eyes filled with tears.

They passed several ladies whom Mr. Fitzwinter saluted with his wonted gallantry. Allegra found her voice.

"There are so many women in the world," she said.

"But only one Allegra." He had got it out now at last, in the most unoriginal fashion. But her name on his lips frightened the girl. She felt the situation even more embarrassing than her interview with the Queen. In both the problem was to go backwards gracefully.

"I must really be turning home now," she said awkwardly.

"I had hoped to change your home." His voice was quite hoarse.

"I am too young—just out of short frocks. I couldn't possibly suit a man of your age."

He winced. "I am the best judge of that," he muttered.

"But I never dreamed you wanted to marry—anybody!" Allegra was gravely distressed.

"I didn't—only you!"

"Oh, please, don't be vexed. I am so sorry."

"Don't you like me—just a little bit?"

"I like you a great deal. I think you are a force for good, though you pretend not to care. You are going to help England."

"And yet you won't help *me*!"

Allegra turned from red to white. Here was a new idea. Could she really help this man in his life work? If so, was there not a call upon her? Was not this indeed the rôle of which she had dreamed so much of late—the true woman's rôle, to sweeten life for some great strong man? But no! This man was too strong and not great enough. He neither needed nor dominated her. He was not a great weak loving creature like her father. She sought for words to soften her refusal. But he saw her hesitation. "Don't decide in a hurry, Allegra," he pleaded. "Let us talk of other things—about—about those poems for the *Mirror*."

She saw now the *Mirror* must be given up too, and again her eyes filled with tears. How tiresome life was! But she felt it was no use letting her unexpected suitor indulge hopes—it was kinder to stamp them out like the scorched moths.

"Yes. I would rather talk of other things," she said bluntly, "and I never wish to talk of this thing again."

He replied, with welcome lightness: "This is the first time I have ever proposed. I'm thrown at the first fence."

"But you said you had done everything

except pray," she reminded him, gladly catching his tone.

"Proposing *is* praying. Yes, and confession too!"

"I absolve you, then. Go and sin no more."

"I had already planned out the wedding number of the *Mirror*," he said, returning to melancholy. "All framed in gold, in place of the black we had when Bryden died."

Allegra ignored the gold and pounced on the black. She said she had persuaded her father to let her accompany him—in her new character of amanuensis—to the Bryden Memorial meeting in Midstoke. Thus she would be able to hear him speak.

"And what about hearing me?"

"Father says it's so late in the session. They are just winding up things."

"And you are winding me up!" he said dolefully.

"You will go again—like a clock. And dear me! I was quite forgetting the time—I shall be late for lunch."

"And I shall not eat any."

She laughed at the mock-tragedy of his tone, and with a word of farewell galloped away. But she forgot to return to the head of the path where, when she met a cavalier, Wilson was wont to wait, half from amiability, half to spare his horseflesh. She forgot all about Wilson, in fact, nor was she reminded of his existence when she found she had galloped unthinkingly to the wrong side of the Park and must go all the way back. When she did arrive on the homeward side, and found herself in the streets, her unattended condition came upon her with a shock, and she turned again to find Wilson. But Wilson was nowhere to be seen.

When she got home at last, she found her mother on the verge of hysterics. Wilson had, it appeared, galloped up to find if she had arrived, and then darted back in search of her. But this was enough to set Mrs. Marshmont's vivid imagination picturing a dozen varieties of catastrophe, not even limited to equestrian. In fact so clearly had she seen Allegra's brains bespattering the pavement, and her hair dabbled in blood, that it was as much a shock as a relief to see her come up all sound and glowing. Mrs. Marshmont felt angrier than if the girl had arrived on a stretcher.

"Never any more, my lady!" she cried vaguely, rushing into the hallway.

"I am so sorry I'm late, mother. I lost Wilson and went back for him."

"And he's lost you and gone back for you. Oh yes, you can smile. It's a Comedy of Errors for you. But it's King Lear for me. Such daughters! Not one cares a pin if I'm on the rack! And the lunch is spoiled too."

"I don't mind."

Mrs. Marshmont screamed. "What did I say? You don't care how I fare? Any bone is good enough for a dog."

"Forgive me, mother—I didn't know you had waited."

"Do you suppose I am like you—without a scrap of feeling? Did you think I could eat, when you were lying bathed in your blood?"

"But I wasn't—!"

Mrs. Marshmont glared at her. "No! You hadn't even that excuse for torturing me. Don't stand there flicking your whip—I know you're itching to try it on me. If I had been a sensible mother, I shouldn't have spared the rod."

Allegra began to be angry. Her bones held memory of too many a mauling at the irate maternal hands, whose rings were especially unpleasant. Now to be reproached for not having been chastised! It made the remembered wounds smart doubly. "If I am spoiled," she said, "it's because you didn't spare the rod, not because you did."

"That is right. Contradict Scripture. What next, I wonder! Go in and stop your mouth with lunch before new blasphemies come out." She pushed her into the dining-room. "You think because you sneak and purr around your father and write a few miserable letters for him you can say and do what you please. Oh, and there's a letter for *you*—came by hand. In a gentleman's hand too!"

The girls, who were expectant at table, sent droll glances at her as, under her mother's militant eye, she opened the elegant envelope beside her plate. The carved eagles under the sideboard brought her small consolation in the crisis. Their uncrushed heads seemed merely untrue.

It was only a note from Fizzy: "Dear Miss Marshmont, I fear you will now be thinking I gave you Reform as a bribe—as the Cabinet gives it to the Radicals—but please dismiss from your mind all that passed to-day. I shall always be glad to think that you accepted the horse, if you refused the donkey."



With a smile that held back a tear, Allegra crammed this into her pocket hurriedly. She refused to soften her mother's inquisitorial gaze by showing it to her, but she thought it hard that while Dulsie should flourish undiscovered and unreprimanded, her first, and entirely legitimate affair, should bring her under suspicion.

## CHAPTER X.

## FAMILY LIFE.

MR. WILLIAM FITZWINTER'S good-humored retreat touched Allegra more than all his advances, and to show that she met him in the proper spirit, she rode out the next day on Reform, without, however, meeting him at all. Such delicacy pleased and disappointed her, and she had twinges of remorse as to whether she had blighted a noble life. Her experience made Dulsie's debonair handling of affairs of the heart more puzzling than ever. Dulsie cheerfully admitted that half a dozen men expected to marry her. "But I can't keep all my engagements," she would say. Allegra almost wished she could make as light of Mr. Fitzwinter's feelings, but they pressed upon her conscience, and a few nights before leaving for Midstoke with her father, she sought the aid of Joan's conscience. Although she despised her younger sister's judgment of high general ethics, on a practical question she respected her swift clairvoyance, her precocious knowledge of the world, more than she admitted even to herself. Joan cut short the blushing confession. "But I guessed he was going to! The moment the mare came! A gift-horse took Troy."

"Then why didn't you warn me?"

"You're so toplofty. You would have flown at me for chaffing you."

"No, I wouldn't."

"There you are! Contradicting me already. I shall wear pale peach at the wedding, and a bouquet of azaleas."

"How you jump!" said Allegra in confusion.

"You mean to say I'm not going to be a bridesmaid!"

"Not at *my* wedding."

"What! You'll have strangers!"

"There won't be any wedding," Allegra murmured.

"You've refused him?" cried Joan sharply.

Allegra hung her head.

"Show me that note at once!"

"What note?" asked Allegra.

"The note mother was dying to see the other day—the proposal!"

"That wasn't a proposal—that was an acceptance."

Joan glared. "An acceptance?"

"An acceptance of my rejection."

"Then it is all over?"

Allegra breathed a "Yes."

"You're a young fool!"

Allegra recovered her haughtiness:

"You forget I am older than you."

"You old fool, then!"

"I don't know what you mean, Joan. How could I marry a man I didn't—didn't care for?"

"I believe the ceremonial is the same as in the other case," replied Joan dryly.

"But he is so old."

"And so rich; and so full of common-sense. What's your idea of a husband? One of those young men you see in the Fops' Alley at the Opera? Or is it a squalling foreign tenor?"

Allegra flinched under Joan's withering scorn, but remembering she was guiltless of desiring either of those species, she recovered herself. "Whatever my notion of a husband may be, Mr. Fitzwinter does not fulfil it."

Joan sniffed. "I see! you want a love-match."

"And don't you?"

"I? No, indeed! Not after seeing mother and father. *That* was a love-match."

Allegra was staggered, but again she found her feet. "But it might be a thousandfold worse, if one began without love."

"If one began without love, one might end with it. Anyhow, I don't see how it could be any worse."

"It couldn't be much worse," admitted Allegra. "But all the same, mother's in love with father even now."

"Whom she loveth she chastiseth!" Joan retorted irreverently.

Allegra's young brow wrinkled itself. "It seems to me the best thing is not to marry at all," she concluded.

"And the next best thing is to marry," added Joan imperturbably. "I shall wear white satin at the wedding and a bouquet of orange blossoms."

"At what wedding, Joan?"

"At Mr. Fitzwinter's."

"Oh Joan! What do you mean?"



"I mean I shall marry Mr. Fitzwinter myself. Don't look so jealous. I return him you, if you say the word."

"You're joking."

"Marriage is no joke," said Joan sternly. "Mr. Fitzwinter wants a wife, a wife must be found for him. Shall the Marshmont family lose such a valuable accession? Think of the good one can do with Mr. Fitzwinter's money, yes and with his newspaper too. Think how pleased father will be—how it will knit together the Radical party."

Somehow Allegra's cheeks had grown quite white. She was more unnerved at Joan's proposal than at Mr. Fitzwinter's. What that plump little schoolgirl was saying sounded blasphemous—a spiritual profanation. But a solacing thought came to her.

"But he's not in love with you!" she cried.

"Well," retorted Joan, "I'm not in love with him." And she tossed her square chin, as if to dismiss the subject, and made staccato stitches at the night-cap she was finishing for Tom's use in Novabarba. The young cornet's departure—which would precede the Midstoke expedition by a day—was throwing Allegra's into the shade, or rather postponing Mrs. Marshmont's agitation over it. As her mind only realized one thing at a time, she never economized her emotions by taking her troubles in the lump. She went out to meet each misfortune halfway, receiving it as with an emotional etiquette: and the fevers and more or less mortal wounds that awaited Tom would be duly succeeded by the railway accidents on the London and Midstoke line. Her husband, strengthened by her weakness, refused to let her see Tom off, but he went down to the dock himself, taking only Jim, who was now up from Harrow for the holidays. He returned doubly sad, with a confused impression of martial music, waving helmets and handkerchiefs, weeping wives, and a huge roaring mob swaying deliriously with patriotic frenzy, as if, though the nation was at peace, some brute instinct joyously scented war. He had never before been brought into such personal contact with the army, and for the first time in his life the People impressed him, not as a mild, heavy-eyed, half-starved ox, stupidly bearing the intolerable yoke of the classes, but as a wild carnivorous beast, lusting

for blood. The one touch of pleasure the scene brought him was Jim's unexpected comment: "Cannibals beating the tom-tom!"

The supercilious young gentleman, with his spruce jacket, shining white collar, and glossy high hat, towards whom he had been feeling curiously unsympathetic, seemed suddenly a representative of civilization, and his son. On the way home he tried to dig into this new unknown mind, hoping for Allegra-like treasure. But to his simple spade it seemed full of baffling windings. Jim appeared almost a changeling, without the family beauty or the family tallness; delicate in health, yet coarse in feature, and with a nose turned up as in permanent disapproval. At Harrow he sneered at his contemporaries and worked his fags like a slave-driver, yet he had something of his mother's fascination, for he was never without a following. His only physical prowess was with the foils, but this sufficed to redeem him socially from his triumphs in Latin verse. Perhaps, too, the tradition of Tom was in his favor—the golden legend of long-jumping and swift bowling.

During the absence of the males the Marshmont household rocked with a feminine storm. It arose from Mrs. Marshmont's unexpected invention of a new grievance—that no plans had been made for the Autumn.

"Of course I couldn't think of anything before Tom was gone," she declared with tearful truth. "But now that we ought to be escaping from this brick and mortar oven, your father has not arranged a thing. He *would* go and let Hazelhurst for the summer against all my advice and protestations, and now we have not a resting-place for the sole of our foot. Why, we must be the only people in London. And now he's off to Midstoke, leaving us like Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego."

"It's worse at Midstoke," laughed Mabel incautiously. "Think of all those blast-furnaces."

"Of course: you all take *his* part." From such small beginnings Mrs. Marshmont mounted till she reached her bedroom, threatening suicide. Allegra flew after her in alarm, but the door was locked in her face. She ran down, her heart palpitating wildly, and implored Joan to return with her and stave off tragedy.



"Go down and get Gwenny," Joan said coolly: "Gwenny has more influence than I."

"No, no," Allegra panted. "Gwenny cowers before her. You don't."

"You're all fools. Not one of you knows how to take her."

Joan walked up the stairs, softly reciting:

"And bouncing and flouncing, and trouncing,  
And squalling, and bawling, and mauling,  
That's how the mother goes up to her door."

She tapped at it gently. "Mother, dear, can I help you to pack father's box?"

"Yes, Joan."

They heard a portmanteau being dragged from the dressing-room. Joan pinched Allegra. "But the handle is stuck," she said.

The key grated, and Mrs. Marshmont, holding a coat, appeared at the open door. The rat was perched on her shoulder.

"I shouldn't think he'd want that blue one, mother," Joan said instantly.

An elaborate discussion ensued, in which Allegra bore her share very seriously, as being the fellow-pilgrim. She found it quite interesting to think out how many neck-ties a man needed in three days, and was very proud to find herself the only one who remembered the throat-medicine.

When the head of the house got home, he found no marks of its having rocked. His wife was indeed far calmer than he had expected, so soon after Tom's departure and so soon before his own. He was delighted to find she had packed his luggage, and was now helping even Allegra to pack hers.

"We must be thinking of a holiday, dear, as soon as I get back," he said, smoothing her soft face.

"It will be sufficient holiday to see something of you, *fynghariad*" (my love), she cooed back.

"Yes, but we must bring the roses again to my darling's cheek. She has had so much to bear. I wish now we had not let Hazelhurst."

"But you wanted the money, sweetest."

"Yes, towards—" He broke off, not desiring to recall "Tom's commission." "But I expect we shall manage to get quarters at a farm-house."

"A farm-house!" she panted. "With two of your sister's places standing empty. I looked it up in Debrett. There's Rosmere, and—"

He interrupted her smilingly. "But, Mary, we can't go a-begging of my sister."

"My sisters are not backward in begging of me!"

Of this her husband had become gradually aware, more in admiration than in anger, though he was still ignorant that herds of minor Welsh relatives hovered about the tradesmen's door, and were occasionally harbored cautiously for weeks in the nether regions, like people on whose head a price was set, rather than people who cost so much a head.

"Yes, yes," he said soothingly. "But I've never spoken to Emma for years. The places are not even hers—but the Duke's. And the Duke I've never spoken to at all. No more I have to the Duchess, for the matter of that," he added, smiling.

"Well, it's a shame she should have three country houses and we none at all."

"It's a shame we should have five servants, mother, and many people none at all," Allegra put in.

Mrs. Marshmont kindled. "We haven't got five servants."

"Yes, reckoning Wilson."

"And if we have, I'm sure I work as hard as the five put together, while you are jingling on the piano."

"It's a question of society, not of the individual."

"Hush, hush, Allegra," her father interposed. "I'm afraid you're getting infected with some of that Continental socialism."

"She is always hankering after the Continent," Mrs. Marshmont added resentfully.

"No, father, I know very little about Continental socialism. But I see for myself how badly things are arranged."

"I wish you saw how badly *your* things are arranged," Joan intervened contemptuously. "You'll simply ruin that frock." And she extracted it from Allegra's box and refolded it.

"Without free competition, Allegra," said her father mildly, "the world would come to a standstill. The individual must fight, but fight fair, and be fairly rewarded."

Allegra received the dictum with respect, but with a growing suspicion that her father's sweet reasonableness was too tame for the monstrous miseries that obsessed her imagination. She sometimes yearned even for Fitzwinter's poisoned



rapier. If she could only have felt in him a touch of the prophet!

The next morning at breakfast—even while the carriage waited outside to carry Allegra and her father to the station—the Minister announced, looking up from a letter, that Mr. Fitzwinter had invited the family to his Devonshire country house. The table buzzed with surprise and pleasure, and Joan's foot pressed Allegra's.

"I don't see how we can all go," said Allegra, coloring.

"You selfish chit," cried Mrs. Marshmont. "Do you think because he gave you a horse, he doesn't want to see anybody else?"

"I shall be delighted to see more of Mr. Fitzwinter," said Joan, treading more heavily on Allegra's foot.

"But you can't see anything of Mr. Fitzwinter," said her father. "He is going off to Novabarba for the shooting, he says. He puts the house at our disposal."

Allegra shot a mischievous glance at Joan. "Oh, in that case—"

"But what shooting will he get in Novabarba?" asked Mabel.

"There are sure to be wild animals," said Jim.

"My belief is he means the wild animals who are going to shoot one another," cried Mrs. Marshmont shrewdly. "He is going off to see the fun, as he calls it, but what is fun to him is death to me."

"Health to you, you mean, mother," hastily intervened Joan. "You forget we're to have that beautiful Manor House. I read about it once: there are the most wonderful domed conservatories stretching out on a cliff. I could live there forever." And her eye sought Allegra's roguishly.

"But I hope it's not too lonely," said Dulsie. "One doesn't want to be buried in a conservatory on a cliff."

"The horizon is not clouded with majors," replied Mabel, "but a man who stayed there last Christmas told me there are quite old families within a five-mile radius, and naval and military men come up from Plymouth for the cotillons."

"It is indeed most kind of Mr. Fitzwinter," said Mrs. Marshmont, "and I hope, Thomas, you will express as much in your letter."

"I shall attend to it as soon as we are settled in our hotel," he assured her;

whereupon Allegra, bethinking herself that it would be written in a "pretty feminine hand," blushed with apparent irrelevance.

"And how long shall you be away?" asked Mrs. Marshmont, who had known for ever so long that her husband was reducing the expedition to a minimum—one day to go, one day to speak, and one day to return.

"Three days," he replied patiently.

"'Tis twenty years till then," she quoted—a matronly Juliet.

"Then why not get down to Devonshire?—I'll come straight to the Manor House."

"Oh no, there wouldn't be time to pack and—"

"Not in twenty years, mother?" Joan asked.

Mrs. Marshmont stared at her. "Twenty years? Are you out of your senses, Joan?"

"No, mother, only in my sixth sense—the sense of humor."

The Minister created a diversion by farewell embraces. "Don't tease the bullfinch, Dulsie," was his final cry, as Wilson with a cluck jerked off the horses.

## CHAPTER XI.

### MIDSTOKE.

MIDSTOKE was a vertebra of the backbone of Britain, a humming hive of money-making, and, as in celebration of its prosperity, what seemed a perpetual jubilation of fireworks rose over the low stone houses of the town proper. But it was only the blazing jets from the furnaces—bonfires proclaiming the glad tidings of the conversion of iron into steel and of steel into gold.

To feed these unsleeping fires, a section of Midstoke woke when the world lay snuggled under the blanket of darkness, and went shivering and yawning through the narrow, dim-lit, but spasmodically ruddied streets under the keen stars. And besides these sleepless iron-works with their double shifts, Midstoke pulsed with factories wherein, from dawn to dusk, coarse-jowled men and unshapely women and shuffle-footed girls tended the iron monsters whose slaves they had become, and which dragged them down as in envy of their humanity to the same endless monotony of blind recurrent movement; avenging an instant's disrespect by beating out their brains with



steel rods or grinding their bones between toothed wheels.

Allegra had been looking forward to these Moloch fires and Juggernaut wheels as to an emotional orgy, for her father had promised her the spectacle. But an emotional orgy of another sort awaited her.

Marshmont had refused private invitations in favor of real privacy at a hotel. His long years of platform touring had familiarized him with the hardships of local hospitality—the general atmosphere of amiable ladies with birthday books and confession albums; the “few friends at dinner” turned into a lion-exhibition by the proud host; the slippered chat after supper frustrated by incursions of near neighbors and distant relatives: never a moment in which to possess one’s soul or indeed excogitate one’s speech. Against these drawbacks was to be set the acquisition of local knowledge and useful commercial data, or rather the possibility of sifting some grains of fact from a medley of prejudiced gossip. Sometimes he fluctuated in favor of particular hosts, but in this instance his decision in favor of hotel bills was really part of the tribute he was come to pay Bryden. It was Bryden whose guest he had always been at Midstoke. Bryden’s bachelor freedom had permitted of glorious hours of dreaming and scheming a regenerated England, and any lesser host would profane so dear a memory.

But the Minister had reckoned without his real host—the town of Midstoke. Midstoke was very proud of Bryden, and of its position as the metropolis of Radicalism. It was a self-made town, whose factory chimneys had an instinctive opposition to ivy-mantled towers, and it was the only town in England that returned no representative of mediævalism. Marshmont himself had to divide his constituency with a sporting Tory squire. But in Midstoke revolutionary thought flamed and hissed like the blast-furnaces, and there were voices daring to say that even the puddlers who tended them should have their vote just as well as the folks in the fifteen-pound houses. It was the era of Franchise Bills, of Ministers outdoing one another in lowering the franchise, like competitive salesmen, of Cabinets up-setting on a question of five pounds; of parliamentary jeremiads on the Deluge that would follow the removal of another

pound from the political dam. Midstoke cried in the wilderness for universal suffrage—that the wilderness might blossom as the rose.

Since his elevation to the Cabinet, Marshmont had not set foot in Midstoke. Midstoke had therefore still to celebrate his triumph, and the fact that he was come to praise its own dead Cæsar added glow to its welcome.

A deputation, headed by the Mayor and one of the Members and tailed by small boys, awaited him at the station. A brass band struck up “See the Conquering Hero Comes.” Marshmont looked miserable, Allegra tearfully happy, and the unexpected sight of this pretty creature kindled the enthusiasm to a white heat, sufficient to melt a heart of pig-iron.

“God bless your gowden locks!” cried a head-shawled factory-girl, there was an inarticulate roar of approval, and a young man called out, “Three cheers for the young lady!” and they were given, while Allegra, suddenly translated to a public personage, looked as shamefaced as her father. An open carriage, too, had been provided, and when, escorted and embarrassed by a mob, they had ploughed their way through the station, Allegra became aware that a blacker and grimier mob was heaving outside, brightened by flags and banners. She took her seat by her father’s side, the Mayor and the Member facing them, and through a haze of tears she saw the great swarthy town and its swarms of sunless faces. And then the same young man had a further inspiration. He started to unhitch the horses, and presently the carriage was being drawn along by what Allegra afterwards described as “huzzahing horses!” The crowd, the cheers, as enkindling and uplifting as the spurts of flame over the houses, thrilled Allegra with a strange new sense of her father’s greatness and the greatness of his cause. Here he was the royal lion. At home she saw him tame as her mother’s rat. In the London streets he was unrecognized or taken as a matter of course. And these swelling throats, too, gave body to the dreams he dreamed, transmuted them from words to living realities. These great-hearted, rough-handed toilers who loved him so—for them one could live and die.

And her anger mounted suddenly against her mother—shooting up like those fiery jets—against the woman who



made herself the centre of a household which held this man of men: who sacrificed and tortured, where she should have soothed and worshipped: who, immersed in her petty domesticities, heard not the flutter of angelic wings, was blind to the beauty at which the ages would wonder. Unconsciously her own hand sought her father's, and sent her warm love through its loving warmth.

Her first contact with the crowd was as vitally instructive to Allegra as her father's experience of the mob at the dock had been to him the day before. For him, indeed, that lesson was already being obscured by this, his more familiar conception of the People: the vision of the wild beast receded to a nightmare shadowiness, and his old image of the overladen ox returned, the ox heavy-eyed, but lowing at sight of Christ in the manger.

Allegra's anxiety for her other emotional orgy was only whetted by this. She dragged her father that same afternoon through the whirring mills with their marvellously dovetailed machines, ingenious to the verge of humor in their automatic adjustments, and midnight found her within the dusky glare of the iron Inferno, dazed by the thwack of steam-hammers, the gride of giant shears, the clangor of rollers, and picking her way gingerly amid blasts of burning air. At first it was very terrifying to dodge long beams of white-hot iron shooting past her on tiny trucks, and fierce-glowing knobs in the grip of huge tongs, or to steer amid yawning, roaring caverns of flame of a temperature so transcendental as to seem subtilized into spirituality, and she had an impulse to let them suck her in, which reminded her of the moths. But she was astonished to find how soon she had accommodated herself to the situation, with what coolness she followed her guides over the hot sand through the hissing maze of colossal brick cones, tended by red demons perpetually poking, with what a sense of home she returned to the furnace at which she had first watched the blast of air whiten the melting metal to unimaginable ardency. She wondered if it would be so in the literal Inferno, and from the tear-misted remotenesses of the past came up the memory of a childish conversation on the topic with Gwenny, to whom she had once pointed out (after getting half scalded in a bath into which she had jumped prematurely)

that nothing hurt very much after the first few minutes. "The Omnipotent has specially arranged that the agony shall endure," Gwenny had replied reassuringly, "even as the soul shall burn everlastingly, yet never be consumed. It is like the agony of thirst, which grows not less but more as time goes on. The lost shall thirst for a cup of cold water through all eternity."

When Allegra at last went to bed in the small hours and in the strange hotel bed, she was long in falling asleep, but when the silent beauty of the scarlet dawn stole over the belching town, her aching eyes closed, and she dreamed of Gwenny sweeping the chimneys of Hell with a great black fire-brush, surrounded by small demons shouting, "God bless your gowden locks!"

But there is no rest for the wicked, or those who meddle in politics, and Allegra must wake to the wilder frenzy of the First Bryden Anniversary. Her father was to unveil the bust and make a great speech in the afternoon, for so high did the fever mount that Midstoke had given itself a half-holiday, and everything closed, except the furnaces, which bore out Gwenny's ideas to the last spark.

The brief hours before lunch were devoted to the Minister's correspondence, swollen by fatuities and futilities, applications for alms, Government berths, nominations to the Bluecoat School in London. But at last Allegra found herself seated on a platform amid politicians and potted palms, in an environment of wall placards that recalled Gwenny's texts, and of hysteria that recalled her religious excitement. The girl had never before been at a political meeting, and it seemed to her to supply the something she had always missed in the frigid services of the Church of England. Perhaps this passion for human progress which seethed around her *was* religion—the religion of the future.

Even the frock-coated saints of progress in the stained-glass windows of this new Town Hall held something of sublimity, ridiculous though they were at first sight. And there was the sublime without the ridiculous, she knew, in the fine bust of Bryden, which stood on the platform swathed in its unlovely drab cloth. Perhaps it was a type of the beautiful spiritual things that lay swaddled about by this uncouth Midstoke.



The fervor of the opening simmered down under the tedious formalities and meandering speeches that preceded Marshmont's address. The Radical Member who was in the chair—the other Radical Member had stayed away out of jealousy, because both of them could not sit in it unless one sat in the other's lap—was not so very tiresome in his own remarks on the perfectibility of humanity, but he edited the meeting rather worse than most meetings are edited. After announcing a rigid ten-minutes' rule, he made an exception to it in favor of every speaker but the liveliest, who, being merely bookkeeper at the oil-cloth works, might be cut short without ceremony. But all this made Marshmont shine by reflected dulness, and when he at last arose, the audience seemed to forget it had already at his entry sung "For he's a jolly good fellow" twice through.

The ripe sun streamed through the colored frock-coated saints and the Hall was very hot, yet the perspiring folk that packed both floor and gallery and overflowed indefinitely adown the street never seemed to tire of shouting and waving hats and handkerchiefs. The Minister stood bowing at regular intervals like a wound-up toy, and Allegra wondered when he would be allowed to speak, and how any man could speak up to that standard of emotion. She felt like a mass of stripped nerves, suffering yet exultant, morbidly apprehensive of his break-down, yet simultaneously sure of his triumph. She saw he had put his few notes into his hat, and she hoped he would not forget where they were, as, she had discovered, was his habit of mind at home.

She scarcely realized how stale to him was all this preliminary pother; to what storms of approving thunder or sibilant lightning he had opposed the same pained forehead; how all this was but the mere rolling wave on which to launch the boat the instant it receded.

And yet there was neither professional calm nor professional tremor in his tones as he began to speak of the solemn occasion that had brought them together. It was evident that he was shaken, if not by their emotion, by his own. Early in his speech he undraped great Cæsar's bust—not undramatically—and there was a hush of awe, a reverential upstanding, followed by a round of cheers. And

over the rest of his speech that beautiful stone head threw the majestic simplicity of its marble silence. He spoke of how the heart of him, whose noble features nobly sculptured were now a Midstoke monument for all time, had ever thrilled to "the still, sad music of humanity," and Allegra lost the sense of his next sentences through groping after a dream-like reminiscence, which finally turned out to be a dream indeed: none other than her vision of the stone statue with the heart of flesh in the ruined palace amid the desert of sand. Her thoughts wandered away to the burnt poem that she had based upon it. But her father startled her back into attention.

"I loved this man," he cried with sudden ringing passion, and threw his arm around the bust. "Why should I be ashamed to speak of my love? O Jonathan, my brother, how are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!" And at this strange heart-cry, this visible contrast of the dead stone and the living man, the Hall seemed to rock as with an earthquake, and people sprang on chairs and shouted, and Allegra felt herself swept upward to her feet too, by the mighty wave of exaltation, and she was crying and laughing and watching the big tears roll down the orator's face. She wished to wipe them away, and yet she wished them to be there. He, all unconscious of them, put out a deprecating hand, which like a mesmerist's waved the mob down to their seats and their silence. And now the speech grew soberer, more in his wonted manner, returning to earthen facts and iron laws. He sketched out the programme of the future, the lines on which all good men and true should work—not Radicals only, there were good men and true in all parties; let them not imitate the follies of the past by ticketing men off into camps; he was not even sure that the working classes needed special representatives in Parliament. At this point Allegra was sensible of a slight loss of temperature in his audience, and what made her feel it more morbidly in them was that she felt it in herself. But he regained his hold as he spoke of Nova-barba—of this eternal red-herring of foreign complications dragged across the path of domestic reform; of this "spirited foreign policy," which was usually only the cover for a spiritless shuffling out



of all Governmental promises. And at this almost open attack on the Cabinet of which he was part, the Hall grew frenzied again, flattered to be the scene of a declaration so sensational, so palpably destined to be telegraphed far and wide, and to be the nucleus of articles innumerable. As the speaker passed to his peroration, he rose again to the lyric heights of his exordium, threw off from his wings the clog of facts and figures, kindling to the inspiration of the great orator he celebrated.

He limned in a few strokes the world that Bryden had prophesied—every man with a voice in the ruling of the realm, the peerage shrivelling away before the aristocracy of simple manhood, the corrupt corse of feudalism buried fathoms deep, to “suffer a sea-change into something rich and strange”: the Empire limited to its natural racial expansion, the wen of India amputated, with all else through which the life-blood of the British Constitution did not circulate: warships replaced by merchantmen, the glory of war by the service of humanity, its cost expended on the education of the people, the spider spinning his web across the cannon’s mouth; a world of free peoples freely exchanging their products, material and spiritual, obscuring their frontiers by friendly fusion, casting out their fear by love. And they should beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks: nation should not lift up sword against nation, neither should they learn war any more. His voice had a dying fall, and left a religious hush behind it, so that even when the great orator resumed his seat the tense silence still held an instant, nor was it really dispossessed by the inevitable punctuation of applause.

And then through this rapt air sawed a strident voice.

“Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen,—Like the snore of the fat boy in *Pickwick*—” Allegra felt a jar through every fibre. Who was this tall, red-faced young man, sprung so unexpectedly upon the palpitant scene, and plunging on his brazen way with such cocksure complacency? The fat boy in *Pickwick* always fell asleep; so did the Government, unless perpetually prodded. Their great representative, Bryden, had been denounced as a Quaker: Cabinets had found him a Shaker. Mr. Marshmont had spoken of the red-herring of Novabarba—he should

say, the blood-red herring. It was all out of key with the noble oration, with the silent marble face—these witticisms, these crude, caustic epigrams, these colloquial tropes and turns, this rush of breezy prose. But she was in the minority. The audience seemed rather to accept with relief these draughts of common air after the tenuous æther of the heights. The young man was apparently a local favorite. A ripple of laughter, occasionally swelling to a roar, followed his sentences. And presently, as he grew less smart and more serious, Allegra herself was drawn into the sympathetic current. Perhaps it was because she suddenly recognized in him the young man of yesterday, who had called on the mob to give three cheers for her, and who had headed the “huzzahing horses!” Perhaps it was because he had arrived at the eulogium which, it seemed, he had to pronounce on her father, through the medium of this vote of thanks. And now the flippant note died away altogether. Emotion came into his harsh incisive tones as he spoke of the great apostle of light who was honoring them and their dead hero that day, and who might now say, like Elijah, “I, even I only, am left a prophet of the Lord; but Baal’s prophets are four hundred and fifty.” What a privilege for himself that afternoon to kiss, so to speak, the hem of Elijah’s mantle! And then growing prophetic himself, he declaimed against the wrongs of the poor and the down-trodden, and the corruptions of princes and bishops and the aristocracy, till great cords of passion stood out on his temples.

A brazen speech enough, but the brass was martial, and Allegra thrilled to it. This bold outspokenness, this blasphemy against Church and Crown, was what her mood demanded: her father’s words shrank to timidity before this iconoclastic vigor. Here was a fighter. Before he had finished, she had forgiven his unhappy beginning, assigned it to a rehearsed jest, the prepared spring-board for impromptu soarings.

When he sat down, she could have joined in the “Bravo, Bob,” of a fervent admirer. His other name was Broser, she learnt from the seconder of the motion, and when the vote of thanks was passed, and the hubbub of exodus began, she was not sorry to find the young warrior pushing his way towards her father, as if bent



on a personal hand-shake. Her father gave it effusively, and just as Allegra was hoping Mr. Broser would insist on her acquaintance too, the fiery sledge-hammer introduced his wife to the Minister. Allegra gazed with interest at the lady, glad to find her a small meek creature who might be expected duly to sink herself in her husband's perfervid personality. But she had scarcely satisfied her curiosity when she felt a dig in the back as from a stick. She turned and saw with a shock the Duchess of Dalesbury brandishing a parasol.

"Let us congratulate each other, Alligator," said the Duchess.

"You here!" murmured Allegra.

"Yes,—Rosmere is not so many miles off, I was dyin' to hear how he spoke, and I've been behind you incognita all the time. He is splendid—splendid—tells these poor fools nonsense of course, but the English of it, the English of it! There ain't many that can use English like the Marjorimonts. But what a terrible person—that Bob!"

"Terrible to the Throne and the Church, I grant you," said Allegra sturdily. Her last repugnance to Broser vanished before the Duchess's disapproval.

"What! You admire that brass-mouthed atheist?"

"Hush, hush! he can hear you."

"And didn't I have to hear him? The fat boy in *Pickwick*, indeed! I felt like thumping him with my parasol."

"If you had spent a night in the iron-works, you would have felt like thumping the capitalists."

"And who is your Bob?—a mill-owner's son, I heard somebody say."

"I don't know,—but if so, it's all the nobler of him—to feel for the poor—like father."

"Like your father! You dare to compare that beef-faced bully to my brother! Oh, Alligator!"

"He isn't a bully, and if he is, you all deserve it. He is the kind of man England wants—to carry on father's work."

"England in need of men like that! No, Alligator; England needs gentlemen."

Allegra restrained herself. "And how is Lady Minnie?" she asked distantly.

"More beautiful than ever."

"And the Duke?"

"He is writing another book."

Allegra, alarmed lest she should be-

tray ignorance of the others, hastened to say, "Shall I tell father you are here?"

"No; I will tell him myself—as soon as he disentangles himself from his horny-handed worshippers."

This, however, proved a longer process than the Duchess could endure, so protruding her parasol through a hole in the mob, she prodded the Minister between the ribs.

"Good-afternoon, Tom."

"Emma!" The Minister dropped the glass of water Broser had just handed him, and Mrs. Broser's meek bodice was copiously besplashed.

"I beg your pardon," he stammered.

"No matter, no matter in the least," cried Broser. "My only regret is that the glass you drank from is broken, and I had hoped to guard it as an heirloom."

"Are you coming, Tom?"

"Presently, Emma, presently."

"But I want you to dine with me."

"At Rosmere? Impossible."

"Then, I'll dine with you."

"I am sorry. I have just promised Mr. Broser to dine with him. Emma, may I introduce Mr. Broser? Mr. Broser—this is my sister, the Duchess of Dalesbury."

Mr. Broser having no glass to drop, dropped an "h" in his agitation as he declared his 'appiness in meeting the Duchess. The Duchess smiled sweetly upon him in return, and declared her happiness in witnessing his oratorical triumph. His face shone like a patted schoolboy's as he rejoined: "I am sure we shall be only too delighted and honored to have her Grace too at our humble board."

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure," returned the Duchess, with infinite suavity. "But I have not met my brother for so long that I am sure a gentleman of Mr. Broser's taste and good feeling will surrender him to me altogether, just for this once."

Mr. Broser replied with his ready wit that, placed as he was between Scylla and Charybdis (he mispronounced both), and having to choose between paining himself and paining the Duchess, he had no option but to deny himself the honor and pleasure of entertaining Midstoke's revered visitor. Whereupon, with much gallant bowing and curtsying, the Duchess and the Demagogue took leave of each other. Her Grace bore off the Minister,

and Mrs. Broser, forgotten of all, followed in the wake of her husband. Awed by the presence of a Duchess, the rest of the crowd dissipated, leaving the lion free.

Allegra had beheld the little comedy with silent amazement. It was the only time she had seen the Duchess—polite. But when, as they descended the platform, the Duchess said sharply: "Oh, Tom, to think, if I hadn't come, you would have broken bread with that beast!" Allegra intervened angrily: "But you told him you enjoyed his speech."

"My dear," said the Duchess, "one isn't rude to that sort of person."

Allegra turned to her father and took his hand lovingly. "Are you tired, dear?"

"No, not tired—but a little ashamed."

"Ashamed, father? Of what?"

"I was too theatrical—that clasping of the bust!"

"That was fine, father. It had all the thrill of drama with all the weight of reality." Allegra was unconsciously summing up her impressions of the whole meeting.

"My only consolation is that I hadn't rehearsed it. It came of itself. But how they cheered that, while the real solid

parts of my speech made them restive, so that I caught myself working up to fresh cheers. Ah, that is the worst of addressing meetings. You sink to an actor. You long to spice and overcolor; you can't endure long arid tracts of silence, even though you know that frequent cheers are the sure signs of bad speaking—of a mere firework display."

"I don't see that, Tom," said the Duchess, as they came into the street.

"Surely, Emma! Frequent cheers mark a lack of continuous exposition. The cheer should be the climax of a gradual ascent."

"Three cheers for Marshmont!" cried a voice, and the mob that had not got in, gave them.

"How badly you must have been speaking just then, father!" Allegra laughed, as they entered their carriage.

"Yes, he was talkin' nonsense," assented the Duchess. "Cheers are the certificates of eloquence."

"Well, Mr. Broser got more than father," said Allegra slyly.

"Possibly your father may be right," the Duchess admitted meditatively.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## LIFE AFTER DEATH

BY DR. JAMES HERVEY HYSLOP

**I**N a previous paper I discussed the results of psychical research up to the date of Dr. Richard Hodgson's last report upon what is known as the Piper case. Dr. Hodgson is the secretary of the American branch of the Society for Psychical Research, and after a most painstaking investigation announced his conversion to the hypothesis that the evidence was sufficient to justify the belief in a future life. I propose now to give a brief account of my experiments in the same field, which confirm Dr. Hodgson's conclusion. The experiments are the subject of a report to the above-named society.

For years Mrs. Piper has been relieved of all responsibility for the scientific value of the phenomena obtained through her trance. This has been assumed by Dr. Hodgson or the sitters, as the case may be.

All arrangements for the sittings are made through Dr. Hodgson, who conceals from Mrs. Piper all knowledge of the sitter's identity in all cases where scientific importance attaches to the results. Mrs. Piper simply has a standing contract to permit experiment at the pleasure of the American secretary. It may be interesting also to learn that the arrangements for specific sittings are made not with Mrs. Piper in her normal state, but with the trance personalities while she is in the "trance." There are absolutely no physical trappings or mechanical apparatus necessary for the experiment except a writing-pad and pencil, furnished by the sitter himself. Mrs. Piper's personality and opinions are completely excluded from consideration in the estimation of the importance of the phenomena. She does not know, after recovery from the "trance," what she has



written during it, and it is kept from her knowledge until published. The experimenter thus assumes the responsibility for the value of the results. The messages are written by Mrs. Piper's hand while she is in a completely unconscious state, with her head resting on a pillow on a table. All questions and remarks addressed to the "communicators" are spoken slowly and distinctly to the hand, and are recorded in their proper place and chronological order with the "messages," so that a perfect record of everything that occurs is effected. To conceal my own identity I wore a mask covering the whole of my face. I also concealed my voice from Mrs. Piper's hearing, and never touched her during the seventeen sittings, so that identification and muscular suggestion were completely excluded. I was equally careful during the writing of the "messages" to avoid questions of a suggestive sort.

The history of the case is briefly as follows: The original "control" claimed to be a discarnate spirit by the name of Dr. Phinuit Scilville. But he failed to prove his identity. During his régime, so to speak, a friend of Dr. Hodgson, who is called George Pelham in the last report, died in New York, and appeared through Mrs. Piper to keep a promise made to Dr. Hodgson to identify himself after death if possible. After Dr. Hodgson was satisfied that his identity was established, he asked this George Pelham to hunt up Stainton Moses, who had been a former medium in England, and who had died in 1892. It was thought that Mr. Moses might prove a good communicator. He was found, but expectations entertained regarding him were disappointed. But through him Dr. Hodgson asked for his old "guides" or "controls," who had called themselves in England by the assumed names Emperor, Rector, Doctor, and Prudens. They appeared under the direction of Stainton Moses, and after Dr. Phinuit could be induced to surrender the field to them, they took charge, as it were, and there has been a distinct improvement in every feature of the case since their assumption of power. They represent themselves as a little band of discarnate spirits endeavoring to reveal a future life to man. Whether they can be accepted as what they claim to be depends upon the success of proving the personal identity of some deceased person.

The mode of the "communications" is somewhat as follows: Mrs. Piper goes into a "trance"—some state of insensibility and unconsciousness of whose nature we know little or nothing—her head resting on a pillow placed on a table. A pencil is placed in her fingers, and the "communications" are written out on a pad provided by the sitter. Mrs. Piper is not touched in the mean time, so that muscular suggestion is excluded from consideration. The sitter simply remains in silence until he finds it necessary to ask a question, which is addressed to the medium's hand. In the mean time, and without any suggestion or question, all sorts of "messages," comprising incidents in the previous life of the "communicator," may be written down, all unknown to Mrs. Piper, and often unknown to the sitter, but verified afterward among those at a distance whom he may interrogate. To many these facts will seem trivial, but their value consists in that fact. The first problem for the psychical researcher is the personal identity of the alleged discarnate spirit, and only the most trivial incidents imaginable can make that certain. Generalities, profound philosophy, poetic description, and similar phenomena would only condemn all claims to spiritism. Personal experiments which I conducted show that living, intelligent men choose trivial incidents to prove their identity, and that the choice of them does not serve as an index of their character or conditions of life and conduct.

The confusion and paucity of coincidental material in my first sitting were so noticeable that I was not impressed with it at the time. I learned afterward that there were several pertinent and true things in it that were unknown to me when obtained. Toward the close of it there were several interesting facts that suggested the importance of the "communications." They were the purported messages from a brother Charles, who gave his name and relationship to me, mentioned typhoid fever as the sickness that took his life, this being wrong, and then said that he "had a very bad throat which took him out." I learned from an aunt that this was true. I asked when he died, and the answer was given: "In the winter. I remember seeing it snow." This was correct in both its details. It



snowed the day before and on the morning of his death. I then asked what had caused his death; and no answer was given to my question until the third sitting, when this Charles appeared and asked me if "scarlet fever was a bad thing to have in the body." Scarlet fever was the cause of his death.

At the opening of the second sitting I was at once addressed by the name that I had always been called by my father after 1877, and the "communicator" soon indicated that he was my father, though neither the name nor the relationship was distinctly stated until the close of the sitting. But very early the "communicator" referred to a conversation that we had had on this subject in 1895, one year before his death, and stated that I was very doubtful about communication on that occasion, that he thought it would not be all "hallucination, but a reality," and that he "was not so far wrong, after all." I was very sceptical on that occasion, and explained away certain phenomena within the range of psychical research as hallucinations. My father had astonished me on the occasion because he showed so receptive a mind toward the whole subject, as he was especially strict in his orthodoxy, and did not know enough of "spiritualism" to despise it. In the fourth sitting he returned to the subject, and asked me if I remembered our talk on Swedenborg and his doctrine of the spiritual sense. I did not remember this, and did not believe that he had talked about that person, as I felt certain my father knew nothing of him, his library being made up of books that eschewed Swedenborg's ideas very decidedly. But inquiry showed that we had talked about this very man and his ideas. This my step-mother especially remembered, as she had asked him after my departure about Swedenborg. Recurring to it again at a later sitting, he said: "Shut out the thought theory, James. I went on theorizing all my life, and what did I gain by it? My thoughts only became more subtle and unsatisfactory. There is a God, an all-wise and omnipotent God, who is our guide, and if we follow the best within us, we will know more of Him. Now speaking of Swedenborg, what does it matter whether his teachings were right or wrong, so long as we are individually and ourselves here?" At a still later sitting he brought the subject up again and said:

"Well, now, I feel satisfied that you are at least pulling with my push, and that is all I can ask of you. I remember perfectly well what my own theories were concerning this life, and my too often expressing doubts about it. I do indeed; but I think I was moored in the thought that I should live somewhere, and not die as a vegetable. Do you remember our conversations on this subject?" I asked here if he remembered when this was, and the reply came that it was on my last visit, which was true. I then asked what I was doing at the time, intending to see if my lecture in Indianapolis would be mentioned. But the reply was, "Yes; I believe you had been experimenting on the subject, and I remember of your telling me something about hypnotism." He immediately asked, "And what did you tell me about some kind of manifestations which you were in doubt about?" I replied that it was apparitions near the point of death; and the response made was, "Oh yes, I recall it very well; and you told me about a young woman who had had some experiences and dreams which interested me very much, but you were doubtful about life after so-called death."

Now the facts are that in that conversation I put forward telepathy, "the thought theory," to explain away the facts that I told him about, not being satisfied with the spiritistic view. It is true that my father did a great deal of theorizing in his life within the limits of his theology which he made desperate efforts to render intelligible. But I never knew him to either entertain or express doubts about a future life. Nor do any of his relatives. But if the mistake here is the same as was made a few minutes later, and then spontaneously corrected to the right statement of facts, it was intended to refer to my doubts on the matter. It was correct also that I had been experimenting on the subject at the time, and I talked to him about hypnotism. He brought the subject up, having heard of some strange public performances in the town. I discussed it at some length, and tried to hypnotize my brother at the time, but failed, much to the disappointment of my father. I also narrated to him an experiment with a lady that I had performed in connection with a dream of hers. She had dreamed of seeing a strange person in a coffin some six hun-



dred miles distant, with her own sister sitting by. A few days later the lady received a letter from this sister telling her of the dangerous illness of a girl in the house, and expressed her fears that she would not recover from a relapse of pneumonia from which she was suffering. I sent and obtained, unknown to the lady here in New York (this lady being the wife of an orthodox minister and utterly despising spiritualism), a photograph of the girl who was sick, and put it among six others as nearly like it as it was possible to secure; and without having been told my object, or allowed to see my preparations beforehand, the lady instantly identified the right face as the girl she had seen in her dream, though her husband and myself tried to change her mind to another and false picture. The single coincidence, of course, has no scientific value; but the reader can understand how such a fact would impress my father when I told it to him, as he was not a scientific man. I also discussed the subject of apparitions or hallucinations near the point of death, and one in my step-mother's family was told me at the time as a result of the discussion. It was in this connection that I repudiated them as evidences of a hereafter, and explained them away as possibly hallucinations pure and simple. But having recalled the subject here at the sittings, my father went on to tell me of one that my uncle, who had died three weeks before my first sitting and six months before the one going on, had before his death, and interpreted at once as a notification of his sudden demise. But I could not verify this statement.

In order to test the theory of telepathy, I asked at one of my sittings the question, "What was the trouble when you passed out?" The question was badly expressed, but I wished both to adopt the spiritistic lingo for the amanuensis, and to make the inquiry as vague as possible and in as few words as it could be put. I knew that my father thought his disease was catarrh, but we thought it was probably cancer of the larynx. If I had gotten the latter name, or something like it, telepathy was to be presumed, while the answer catarrh would be consistent with either theory. But I got for my first answer an expression of surprise that I had implied that there was any trouble between myself and my father, he remark-

ing that he thought we were always very congenial, which was true. But I corrected the misapprehension by saying that I meant "sickness." This was at once taken up, and amidst much confusion all the main physical symptoms attending his death were given, with two very significant questions and one important statement of fact. I shall not detail them here, for lack of space, as they did not involve the answer to the question with which I started out. But they did show the right interpretation of my question as it was expressed.

I then tried the query whether I had ever had the same disease, and though my question practically implied an affirmative answer, which was given, there was spontaneously added, without suggestion from me, "a long time ago." This was true, but I got no nearer the correct answer at the time. Some confusion arose, and I tried to use the law of association for calling out what I wanted, and also getting another evidential fact at the same time. Hence I asked, "What medicine did I get for you in New York?" An attempt was made to give it, but I refused to recognize it as correct, since the writing was not clear enough to evade the accusation of an illusion of apperception in it. The next day he returned to the subject voluntarily, and gave hyomei as the medicine. A few minutes later he added strychnine, with the implication that he was taking it with the hyomei. Hyomei was the correct answer to my question, but I got him no strychnine. I ascertained, however, from three of the family at home that he was taking strychnine with the hyomei. This I did not know myself, though it must be said for the believer of telepathy that I found in a letter written to me two months before his death the statement that he was taking arsenic and strychnine with the hyomei. The arsenic was never mentioned, but instead of it morphine was given. Inquiry, however, showed that he never took morphine.

A large number of smaller incidents were given in this first series of sittings, which, though evidential, are not so complex as those already mentioned. For instance, direct indications of the recent death of two uncles were given, and appropriate expressions of consolation sent to his two sisters, the widows of the two uncles. Their names were given, and



those of three living brothers in appropriate connections. Many characteristic modes of expression known only to members of the family or relations appeared spontaneously in their natural places. Allusion was made to the place where he left his spectacles when he died, to his books, to a cap knit for him by my step-mother, and to a brown-handled knife with which he used to pick out his finger-nails. The last two items were wholly unknown to me.

Dr. Richard Hodgson then held five sittings on my behalf while I remained in New York. The purpose of this was to shut out direct telepathy. Quite a large number of smaller true incidents were communicated to Dr. Hodgson at these sittings, many of which were as unknown to me as to him. Among such were allusion to a paper-cutter, trouble with the left eye, a skull-cap, a mark near the ear, and a thin morning coat—all trivial incidents, but well calculated to establish personal identity. There were, however, a number of much more complex and important incidents which may be briefly outlined.

In one of the five sittings my father (to use the spiritistic lingo) carried on an intelligent conversation with Dr. Hodgson regarding the latter's father, who was a Wesleyan Methodist, and finally remarked: "I can preach very well myself. Ask my son if this is not so. I recall many things that I would gladly have altered if I had seen them as clearly as I do now." After excusing himself from further communications he bade Dr. Hodgson good-by, with the closing remark: "Listen. This is passing through my mind: Nearer, my God, to Thee. Hyslop."

When I saw this quotation from the well-known hymn, I recognized one of the strongest evidences imaginable against personal identity, and looked at the whole passage as an admirable instance of secondary personality influenced by the suggestions latent in the previous talk about Wesleyanism, though the allusion to preaching was pertinent to my father's habits when we had no church services. My father was a severely orthodox believer, so much so that he was opposed to all hymn-singing and instrumental music in worship of any kind. He would not tolerate hymn-singing of any kind in religious services. But I was explain-

ing to my step-mother the difficulties of the communications and how this special instance told strongly against personal identity, and she agreed with me emphatically, but added, innocently, that my father had a special dislike to this very hymn, and used often to express his surprise that orthodox people could sing a Unitarian hymn. The fact thus turned out to be decidedly in favor of identity, and gave special meaning to the reference to preaching. When we could not have preaching of our own, my father, who would not allow us to attend the services of any other denomination, would take the Bible and comment upon a chapter of it much as the regular minister did. The pertinence of the allusion to the fact that he would have gladly changed things had he seen them as clearly as now is evident of itself, though it is not proof of identity.

In the next sitting he alluded to the rough roads and country on the way to church. This was correct, and he immediately mentioned the State in which he had lived most of his life, namely, Ohio, and mentioned the fact that he had talked to the principal of the (high) school about one of my brothers, specifying this brother's name. In the same connection he alluded to some anxieties regarding this brother that he said were common to himself, an aunt whom he mentioned by name, and myself, whom he also indicated. In fact, he had crowded together in a few sentences the mental experiences of twenty years regarding this brother, my aunt, and myself. Following this was an allusion to his having moved out West and having been separated from me for some time. Both statements were true, and they were connected with the mention of the skull-cap, and the name of its maker, which was not quite right.

There is another incident, having much greater complexity than any that I have mentioned, and which was completed at my later personal sittings. It refers to two canes which my father had. He mentioned a curved-handled cane on which he had carved his initials, and soon afterward gave a careful description of movements that I finally identified, on inquiry, with the breaking of one of them by prying. But on my first inquiry I found that he had never carved his initials on any cane. As I knew, however, that I had given him a curved-



handled cane, and that we children had earlier given him a gold-headed cane on which his initials were carved, I conjectured that there might be here some confusion of the two canes by association. I resolved, therefore, to test my conjecture in an indirect way. I had given him the curved-handled cane during the political campaign in which the gold standard was the issue. On the cane was the representation of a "gold bug." On his death-bed my father was visited by my cousin and his wife, and on being asked by my cousin what his politics were, my father replied simply by showing my cousin the "gold bug" on the cane. I therefore asked, with the hope that association might spontaneously connect the incident with previous messages, whether my father recalled shaking a walking-stick at my cousin, naming him. The answer came promptly, and after some excitement in the hand that was doing the writing: "Yes, I do, and I was never more excited in my life, and I was right, too." I ascertained from my cousin's wife in the West that my father became so excited in his talk on politics on this occasion that she and her husband had to leave the bedside for fear he would have a spasm of the larynx, in which he was likely to collapse. I then asked who had given him that cane, and the hand, after stopping the writing, reached up and tapped me on the temple for perhaps half a minute, and then pointed to Dr. Hodgson and wrote: "You did, and I mentioned it to him before." This was in June, and he had mentioned the cane to Dr. Hodgson in February. I then asked what was on the cane, intending to see if any allusion would be made to the "gold bug." The first answer was, "I think it was the little top." The hand shook as in dissent, and wrote the word "ring," and dissenting violently again, drew the lines for a beetle or "gold bug." Inquiry in the West showed what I had wholly forgotten, namely, that my father had another curved-handled cane which had been given him for the lost gold-headed one, and which had been broken by some prying. It had then been mended by a tin ring nailed around it. It is apparent, then, that there was some confusion in regard to the three canes, but that there are traces of all of them in the messages, with decided evidential incidents regarding the "gold bug" cane.

Another illustration in my later series of sittings occurred in a way to exhibit the natural play of association. My father alluded to the organ which we had at home, and indicated that he had wished my sister to learn to sing. This was true, and he added he was trying to mention incidents that had occurred when I was a member of the family circle. All at once he broke out with the sudden recollection: "Oh yes! Do you remember the flute that Will used to play?" Noticing his own mistake, the message was corrected to "fiddle." By this time I saw what was intended, and remarked to the hand that he must mean another brother and another instrument. Quick as a flash came the reply, "Yes; I think I am thinking of George"; and then, after starting to give the word "violin," the hand violently dissented of its own volition, and began to pick the air as if playing a guitar. Now my brother as named in the message had a guitar, and the incidents mentioned all belonged to the time when I was a member of the family circle.

At another sitting I asked my father if he remembered a certain man, giving his name, and who was an old neighbor. The answer was promptly made in the affirmative, and a question put to me about the church in the old home. Knowing to what church the man named belonged, I asked if that particular church was in mind, and with the affirmative response the communicator went on to say that an organ had been put into that church. Of this I knew or remembered nothing at the time. I am quite certain that I had not known it at all. But on personal inquiries in the West I not only found that the statement was true, but also that the man whom I had named was one of the three or four persons to leave the congregation on account of it.

There were some remarkably clear communications from an uncle in the following facts. He began with an announcement of his name. He said, "I am James McClellan, and you are my namesake." I was the namesake of this uncle. He added, "I always despised the name of Jim." This I did not know, but I felt that the statement was quite probable, as we always called him "Uncle Mack." On inquiry of his living daughters, one of them did not know whether this was true or not. But the other recalled it distinctly, and men-



tioned several instances in which her mother and father had endeavored to correct the habit of their neighbors of calling him "Jim." He went on to mention that his father had been in the war. I asked three of the living brothers of this uncle if their father had been in the war, and they one and all denied it. But I found in the history of the county in which he had lived that he had been in the war of 1812, having been commissioned in 1810. My uncle also added that his father had a brother David who had a sunstroke and was never well after it. Inquiry showed that only one of the living brothers recalled an uncle by this name. But it also showed he was a brother-in-law instead of a brother. After two months' inquiry I found where he had lived, and got into communication with two of his living sons, and ascertained from one of them that about 1867 his father had a light sunstroke. The other did not remember the incident. Two or three other evidential incidents were mentioned by this uncle, such as the name of a living brother whom I knew when at college, and also the name of his own mother, whom I did not know, and the name and death of a sister whom I once knew, but of whose death I did not know.

There were also a number of "communications" from a cousin, the son of this uncle; from another uncle, who had died only three weeks before the first sitting; from a brother and sister whose names were given and who had died in 1864; and a few from my mother, name being given, who died in 1869. But by far the largest number of "communications" came from my father, numbering in all perhaps as many as a hundred definite and concrete incidents in his life. In all there were 152 true incidents, 16 false, and 37 indeterminate or unverifiable cases. In classifying the false incidents I have been very severe, and even included some that with a little stretching could be made true; and in the true instances, by a little different method of classification the number could be increased, though it would not alter their evidential value. But the reader will see that as between the true and false about 90 per cent. are true, but including the indeterminate 74 per cent. are true, with the possibility that a much larger percentage would be correct.

Now as to the explanation of such phe-

nomena, the Society for Psychical Research has excluded fraud from account as much as ten years ago, and insists that the choice of theories must be made between telepathy and spiritism. In this I agree, and add that whatever value attaches to the facts above enumerated, and to be reported in full details in a forthcoming volume on the Society's Proceedings, it must accrue to the report only as a confirmation of Dr. Hodgson's conclusion already announced. My report is not an independent piece of work, but is only a link in a chain. Keeping this fact in mind, we must indicate the results of my own facts in their bearing on the choice between the two theories mentioned.

The difficulties with the telepathic theory are numerous. In the first place, in order to exclude the teleological unity that we should expect from a discarnate spirit, it ought not to be so selective as it actually is in the choice of incidents. Thus there is not one verifiable incident in my whole record that represents my individual knowledge or memory *alone*, but all are the common knowledge of myself and the alleged communicator. This indicates a selective power of enormous magnitude, and in no way resembling the mechanical nature of a telepathy that would exclude an intelligent conception of what is wanted to establish personal identity. But the selectiveness of it does not stop here. There were something like twenty-five or thirty incidents about which I knew nothing, and which I had to verify by personal inquiries in the West. Besides, to shut off direct telepathy, as already explained, Dr. Hodgson held five sittings in my behalf, and all the facts then obtained were unknown to him, and a good percentage of them equally unknown to me. To obtain such incidents telepathy would have first to hunt up the right person among all living consciousness, this person being absolutely unknown to the medium, and from this person's memory select the right fact to personate the communicator. The reader can imagine for himself the character of such a hypothesis, and must determine also whether he chooses to accept it. Any man who can believe it ought not to find it difficult to believe in spirits, as the latter is certainly not any larger in its demands upon credulity. This is especially true when we reflect that in all



the phenomena of experimental telepathy, as indicated in the Society's Proceedings, there is not a trace of a tendency either to reproduce personal identity or to select any other known incidents from the mind of the agent than those in the active state of consciousness at the time, and intended to be communicated. In other words, in all the scientific evidence for telepathy there is no trace of such a power as must be ascribed to it in the Piper case, where all the criteria of personal identity are satisfied.

Against the hypothesis of telepathy also are both the false and the indeterminate incidents. A power so large and discriminative as telepathy must be, in order to account for the successes, ought not to get incidents wholly false, and it ought to exhibit intelligence enough not to present either the false or the indeterminate, assuming that it can determine so infallibly what is necessary to illustrate personal identity in the discrimination between the relevant and irrelevant in the memory of the sitter. But I shall not press the argument from positive error, as we may well concede telepathy some fallibility and yet produce difficulties enough against it. The chief objection to it is the confusions and mistakes committed by it in matters that ought to be as clear and correct as incidents often less complex than those in which it is supposed to be successful. A power that can reach out into the world and defy all limitations of space and time in the access of the most complex incidents ought not to stumble at some little fact in the mind of the sitter. For instance, take the guitar case. The idea that my brother Will played on a flute was not in my mind, nor in the mind of anybody living. Any process that could succeed in the acquisition of such incidents as I have narrated ought easily to have obtained the right fact here from my memory. But it would be natural for a finite mind, incarnate or discarnate, to commit this error of memory, while so simple an error ought not to occur to a telepathy with such powers as the facts narrated indicate.

Another instance of this is particularly interesting. On one occasion my cousin tried to give the name of his wife, still living. He succeeded only in giving her Christian name, and had to disappear. The trance personality, Rector, immedi-

ately said that my father and sister had brought her to communicate several times before. This implied that she was not living. The fact was that the person whom my father and sister had brought was another cousin by a very different name. I knew all the while who was meant, and, according to telepathy, Rector must be considered as the secondary personality of Mrs. Piper, and should have power enough, if the successes indicate any power at all, to know what I had in mind. But here the very natural error of a false interpretation by Rector is committed. A similar mistake was committed as my brother closed a communication with the attempt to give this name of my cousin and failed to complete it. He had just given rightly the name of my sister, and followed it with this unsuccessful attempt to give that of my cousin. As soon as he disappeared, Rector said, "I got it all but the Hyslop." Now my brother was not trying to say "Lucy Hyslop," but Lucy McClellan, which I knew very well, but was refusing to recognize it until given in full. If telepathy is to be assumed with the enormous powers supposed to account for the successes, it ought not to commit so bald a mistake as this where it had every opportunity to be successful. The mistake might very well be an incident of the natural difficulties of communication between two worlds.

There are other important facts against the telepathic hypothesis. For instance, it hardly comports with it that there should be marked differences in regard to the clearness of the communications between different communicators. The facts regarding the deceased are subject to precisely the same mental conditions in my memory for all of them, and it is absurd for telepathy to be clear respecting one person and uniformly confused respecting another. But this was the case. One uncle and a cousin, both of whom had died comparatively recently before the sittings, were not clear in any of their efforts. Dr. Hodgson found in his experiments that persons recently deceased, and especially suicides, were not good communicators. My own experiments bear out this induction in so far as recent deaths are concerned. Still further, one uncle, whose death occurred two months before my first sitting, was indicated very clearly in two messages; though I was very intimate with him, and had much in

common with him in our intellectual experience, yet he never communicated with me once. All this is absolutely incompatible with the telepathic hypothesis. The discriminative power assumed in the acquisition of the data already indicated is not exercised in such a case as the one just mentioned, where on any telepathic theory I should have obtained abundant incidents. Besides, no one can conceive, on any known psychological law, why the memory of a sitter or distant living person should be more difficult to penetrate in the case of incidents pertaining to recently deceased persons, especially when emotional interest appears to be an aid to communications rather than a hinderance. The only natural hypothesis, as illustrating the proper unity and known psychological laws, is the spiritistic.

There is still another very important fact against the telepathic and in favor of the spiritistic theory. It is the dramatic play of personality. I can give no adequate conception of this without detailed quotation from the records. But I may briefly indicate its general nature. It represents the various interlocutions, remarks, explanations, suggestions, etc., directed now to the sitter on this side, and now to the "communicator" on the "other side," precisely as we should expect to see in the management of a complex affair by a number of real persons co-operating in the effort to attain a common end. Conversation purporting to go on with the "communicator," and representing the various procedure necessary in explaining the process of communication and the conditions of its success, is very frequent. This of course involves unverifiable facts, but it is just what ought to occur in the real process, as it does on our side, the record bearing testimony to this circumstance. Thus George Pelham may suddenly interrupt the messages with a statement, "Let me get that," and then proceed to give a proper name which Rector cannot obtain. Or Rector may counsel the "communicator" to "speak slowly," explaining to him that if the sitter spoke so rapidly, the "communicator" would never obtain anything, etc. All this is not telepathic,

whatever we may choose to call it. It is certainly very realistic, and if the criterion of personal identity be once satisfied, it is almost impossible to resist the conviction that we are dealing with independent intelligence.

The only serious objection to be considered in the case comes from our knowledge of secondary personality, which so often simulates another than the normal subject and its powers that we have to be extremely careful to see that this dramatic play is inexplicable by a secondary consciousness, with an infinite telepathy to account for the acquisition of the objective facts for the reproduction of personal identity. But the thorough student of secondary personality will find himself much nonplussed to discover in its phenomena any real likeness to the spiritistic realism of the Piper case.

I must say to the reader, however, that I shall not remain by the spiritistic theory if a better can be obtained to explain the phenomena. I advance it simply as a hypothesis that will explain, and not as one that is demonstrated by the facts. It is all very well to say telepathy to explain coincidences, but at best that process is but a name for our ignorance of the real *modus operandi* in the production of the phenomena. It is, in fact, only a name for the necessity of a cause for a coincidence that cannot be explained by chance, and though we assume that it is some direct process between mind and mind independent of the ordinary channels of sense, yet it has displayed no other powers in its experimental form than access to the active state of consciousness of the agent at the time, and exhibits no tendency to play *ad libitum* with the memories of living persons without regard to space and time. Only our ignorance of its actual limitations prevents us from rejecting it with perfect confidence. But if the sceptic will as patiently establish its infinite powers, with its contradictory weaknesses, by experiment, and produce evidence that the existence of discarnate spirits is not necessary to explain such phenomena as I have indicated, I, for one, shall not resist the sceptical conclusion.



# The Debut of Jack

By  
E. W.  
TOWN:  
SEND



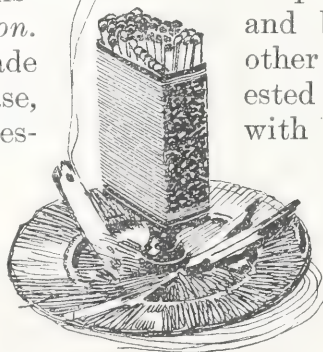
**J**EAN BARRI, with Madame Barri and *les enfants* Barri, five in number—the eldest is that pretty, blue-eyed ten-year-old Marie, who sometimes helps Mam-

ma Barri with the serving of black coffee at the lunch hour when the Restaurant de l'Exposition is unusually crowded—all seven of the Barris, in fact, were going to Paris, and already Francois, the head waiter, assumes the manner of gracious dignity and gravely borne responsibility which has always distinguished M'sieu Jean as *le patron*. Francois, you understand, has made arrangement to take over the lease, fixtures, and good-will of the restaurant on West —ty-sixth Street, and is to marry Elise, the assistant cook, before the Barris depart from New York to visit the Paris Exposi-

tion of 1900, and after he and Elise have paid over all their savings of the past ten years, their profits for the next five years will yet be mortgaged to the former proprietors, for the Restaurant de l'Exposition in making Jean's fortune has also made a valuable reputation and patronage, and must be well paid for.

All of this and much more concerning the plans of the Barris and the marriage of Francois and Elise—the rumor that oil-cloth is to take the place of the sand on the floor under the new régime; that Elise will not promote herself to Madame Barri's place as *dame du comptoir*, but will continue to exercise needful economies in the kitchen, and hire a woman

to preside over the cash-counter and black-coffee urn; these and other germane topics had interested us very much. For, what with morning coffee and rolls, noontime second breakfasts, and evening dinners, we passed much of our waking hours in the snug, warm, wholesome-smelling Restaurant de





l'Exposition, where the cooking is supreme and the prices reasonable, the proprietor and his wife ever most solicitous for one's comfort, and the company the best in New York—for it takes talent even to find the Restaurant de l'Exposition and genius to appreciate it.

So there were some of us who felt as if we were losing something that did much toward making life worth living in New York when we contemplated the departure of M'sieu Barri, the stout, the comfortable, the thoughtful, who, if he approves of you wholly, will not let your waiter mix your salad-dressing, but himself does wonderful things with the oil and the vinegar and the salt; and who, if your name has been signed to a story or a drawing in a publication he approves, or if your painting has been sold at a price which makes a news item about it, or your rhymes or your tunes are used in a Broadway farce, will even bring out a chafing-dish to the table next to yours, and compound therein a sauce for a woodcock which makes you resolve to write him an obituary to amaze the envious angels.

And then Madame Barri! Why, every one of us has been in love with her these half-dozen years, and some of us have brushed up our French with ardor, just to be able to carry conversation a step or two further than to echo her "Bon jour, M'sieu; il fait beau temps!" or, "Bon soir, M'sieu; il fait de l'orage." She is as rosy as her ten-year-old Marie, and from her high chair behind the cash-counter she beams down at us, always ready to set forth a portion of black coffee or preserved strawberries, which she alone serves, always watchful that the waiters neglect no customers, and at all times and under all circumstances keeping up a running conversation in the prettiest French I've ever heard with M'sieu Barri, though he be out of sight, in the kitchen, or observing the weather at the front door, or at her side opening a bottle of champagne for a party of philistines who have invaded our resort to observe how artists and writers dine.

Madame spoke fifteen or twenty words of English; one who was godless taught her how to compound a certain drink, and she was thereafter proud in the ability to name it thus: "Mahn'ta Coque'ta,"

which being her struggle to achieve "Manhattan Cocktail," and as it remained exactly that after a practice of something like a hundred times a day for five years, indicates her average success with the language. With M'sieu it was different; he never failed to understand what was said to him in English, but no trick or trap could ever induce him to speak a word but French. He was a big-faced, thick-necked fellow, with pointed beard, close cropped on the cheeks, and pointed mustaches; a typical Frenchman of the type of Coquelin, and I always fancied that if smooth-shaven he would have looked like the great comedian—of whom, by-the-way, he was an ardent admirer, and he used sometimes to give us some of Coquelin's monologues when a few of us sat late over our coffee and cognac.

It was a few days before the opening of a former Paris Exposition, that of 1889, when a group of men standing near the Edison exhibition in the American section observed a jaunty and smiling young man, who approached an American artist in the group and said, "Hello, boss; do you remember me?"

The artist regarded the new-comer with much gravity, and replied:

"Your name is perfectly familiar to me, but your face has slipped my mind for the moment."

"Say, boss, don't give me no jolly. You know me—Jack Barry—Hash-house Jack. You seen me do Dublin Pete in eight rounds on de Bowery, and you give me five out of de long green you win on me. Remember?"

The artist did remember then, and greeted Jack with cordiality; introduced him to his companions, and invited him to lunch at the Restaurant Thirion, where the artist inquired with great politeness if Jack had come to visit the Exposition, or to exhibit a model of a Bowery restaurant. Jack again begged not to be "jollied" any more, and told his story.

He had quitted the prize-ring, he explained—not because of defeat, for he retired the unbeaten catch-weight champion of the East Side; but he considered it a low way of earning a living; and anyhow, the purses offered for unadvertised



professionals who fought at an hour's notice in the back rooms of saloons were small, and much reduced by the robberies of backers and handlers. So Jack returned to his honest employment as head waiter of the night force in a Bowery restaurant, where, though the wages were small, work and meals were regular, and a man could keep his self-respect, which Jack, being of a curious mental constitution, could not do in the prize-ring. While this preserved him his own respect, it lost him that of all his acquaintances, who agreed that a man must be suspiciously lacking in proper spirit who would prefer to serve the midnight pork and beans or draw the dawn-hour coffee rather than stand in the lime-light of popularity certain to centre on him who could end the professional career of a Dublin Pete in a punch.

"Say! me pals figured out dat I was croisy, or had got de Salvation Army fever, and I gets de rinky-dink shake from de gang for fair," was the exact way in which Jack explained the disesteem into which he had fallen, to the party at the Restaurant Thirion.

This social ostracism gave opportunity for a natural tendency toward mental occupations, and in the long hours of the night, when even the hunger of the Bowery sent no customers to the restaurant, and when, had he not been shunned as a fellow of poor spirit, friends would have lounged in for an hour's chat, Jack took to reading the egg- and - coffee - stained newspapers which printers and other workmen on their way home from Newspaper Row, with early copies of their papers, looked over at their late suppers or early breakfasts, and left with Jack when they departed.

"And I got reading about dis Paris show," explained Jack; "and, say! it was writ up to beat de band. Suddenly, one night, I makes up me mind to fly de coop, to skip de whole game, and I learns dat de boodle I has saved would just fetch me here in de steerage, and here I am, broke, and looking for a job. I never was funder from de Bowery before dan Coney Island, and before I struck you gents I taut I'd never hear American talked again. Say! put me straight on how to get a job."

Now it chanced that the Frenchman, a

tobacconist, in charge of an exhibition of American cigarettes, wanted an English-speaking person to look after the display, keep it in order, open and close the booth, and act as janitor and custodian generally, and especially to direct Americans to the shop of the Frenchman, where they could buy the cigarettes of their country—that being the chief desire of all Americans after one experience with French cigarettes. A member of the lunch party knew of this opening, and volunteered to serve as interpreter and sponsor for Jack if he wished to make application for the place.

This affair was worked off successfully and without a hitch. Such a company of us went to the tobacconist with Jack, gave him such voluble chapters of recommendation, hinted so adroitly at his experience in combat—we learned afterwards M. Fouret, the tobacconist, thought he was a noted duellist—assured him so strenuously that Jack in himself would be an attraction to the exhibition, that the engagement was made on the spot, and Jack was hired at an equivalent of fifteen dollars a week, which was only five dollars less than the American exhibitor allowed, and the difference went into honest M. Fouret's pocket.

We had no little anxiety to assure ourselves that Jack fulfilled our promises, but this was soon pleasantly put at rest. In all that Exposition there was no such faithful, cheerful, indefatigable worker as Jack. He never left the booth from the opening of the gates for employees until he was relieved by the night watchman at six in the evening; he swept, scrubbed, dusted, polished, from morning to night—all the time, however, exchanging the most friendly greetings with visitors from many lands, and was frequently surrounded by crowds of delighted Americans, who schemed, trapped, and even bribed him into vernacular discourses.

"Say!" he confided to me one day when I stopped to admire a new suit of clothes he wore, as Parisian as the stones of the Pont Neuf—"say! I win dese from de tips I gets from de blokies what come here from Harlem and Westchester and Chicago, and places like dose, what never heard straight American talked before. Say! on de level, me lan-

gwidge must be a Willy-wonder. I never taut it was so diff runt from de real ting till I come here. Well, bung jewer, mong ami."

"Oh, you are going in for French, eh, Jack?"

"Say! wait till you see me teacher. Honest, she's a queen! She's de daughter of me boss, and a actress out on top of de staige. Say! you'll fall dead when you pipes her off."

We soon learned much of this. Papa Fouret's pretty daughter Lucille played little parts in the Théâtre Châtelet in the Quartier Latin, and every hour of the day when she was not rehearsing she was to be found in the alcove where Jack was taking care of the cigarette exhibition. Upon her first visit Jack was not aware of her relationship to his employer, so when she walked behind the railing, sat down on the camp-stool, and took out some sewing, Jack was a little surprised, but gallantly attentive. He took off his flat little hat with such lightning angular sweeps of his arm, replaced it with such a snap, and repeated the operation so often, that Lucille, when she discovered from Jack's friendly smiles that the hat trick was by way of hospitable greeting, laughed delightedly. Then he rattled off comments on the passing throng, which were addressed to her so pointedly that at last, after many blushes and by a mighty effort, she explained, "Je no spek Ainglaish."

Therefore Jack made a momentous resolve; for after staring at her incredulously—it took him many, many months actually to comprehend that there were intelligent people who really could not speak English—he said, in a tone of settled determination,

"Den, be gee! if you no speak English, I'll speak French."

And he did.

I mean to be understood as saying that from that moment Jack made himself comprehended in language of the lips, the eyes, the shoulders, the hands, to the fair Lucille, and never a word of English did he once address to her.

Every day she came and every second of the time she was there Jack was repeating phrases which she would set for him. A dozen, a score, a hundred times he would repeat a sentence after her, un-

til she would clap her hands and laugh with approval. When she was not there, Jack, with a duster in one hand, and in the other an open copy of the excellent Professor Marchand's *French Conversation*, would pore over the lessons there set forth, dusting his cases and boxes as he did so.

Soon we learned that Jack went every evening to some theatre, but most often to the Châtelet, where Lucille played, and he practised repeating the actors' lines as they spoke them; he ate only at restaurants where he would hear no English spoken, and took a room with the family of the night watchman, which family, hearing that an American was to come, was surprised not to find Jack a negro.

I have heard that an American ambassador to France mastered the language of that country in three months, and there is a story of a bank clerk, transferred from New York to Paris, who supplied himself with a working knowledge of the language on the voyage over. But Jack ceased speaking English one minute, and took up French the next; and though in carrying out his determination he went astray in omnibuses, ordered the wrong dishes at restaurants, was misdirected by policemen, reserved theatre seats for the wrong performances, still he never gave up, and was soon able to say a great many things to Lucille without prompting, and of a kind which appeared to interest her very much. In a month his French was better than his English ever was; in two months he could say "Avez-vous vu," etc., with a distinction between the sounds of "oo" and "eu" which delighted Lucille; and in three months he was master of a vocabulary and a pronunciation which only one teacher, Dan Cupid, has ever been able to impart in so short a course of instruction.

Lucille, Cupid's interpreter, had made several desperate efforts to obtain a reciprocal advantage, but when one day we showed such wild delight at her singing "Dere's only one goil in dis woild for me," she suspected that something was awry, and thereafter confined her efforts strictly to "Je no spek Ainglaish."

This was on the occasion of a Sunday trip arranged by Jack, to which he invited a few of us to meet Lucille and



some other members of the Châtelet company at l'Hôtel de la Pêche Miraculeuse, which, as every one knows who likes goujons fried a moment after they are taken from the water, is on the Seine, near the last steamboat-landing before you reach the Sèvres factory.

Many times had I been there before, but never had I seen the proprietor—who was likewise the *chef* and the miraculous fisherman, for he scooped the swimming goujons out of the sunken trap in the river—never before, I say, did I see any American or Englishman overcome the awful reserve of the host. But Jack went into the kitchen and helped cook breakfast, came out on the veranda, where we were throwing pebbles in the river, and helped Madame set the table, and both *chef* and Madame treated him as one who was deserving, who might have almost human feelings, who, in short, showed rudimentary qualities which, if assiduously cultivated, might make him almost as good as a Frenchman!

Jack was happy: he did tricks, told stories—forever stumbling for a word, and forever being prompted by the delighted Lucille—and was frankly a favorite with all the company, with one exception. That was Miton-Muller, who played low-comedy characters, and who was then studying the part of an English lord, which he was to play with an English accent. He was always reciting lines of his part and asking Jack to repeat them, and then copying Jack's accent. Yet he alone sneered at Jack, laughed at instead of with him, and was particularly caustic in his only half-aside comments when Jack and Lucille were noticeably tender in their glances. I was fearful of results. Miton-Muller at the breakfast table ceased even to half-conceal his dislike of Jack, and made its special cause each moment more plain. But even when his mimicry, his comments, and allusions were openly insulting, Jack would only smile and ask the actor to recite some more of his speeches, so that he could repeat them and give the actor a chance to practise the dialect. This astonished me the more because Jack had confided to us his low opinion of the actor, and usually he was prompt to back such an opinion with his fists. Now he seemed determined that there should

be no quarrel, and I thought once or twice he purposely slighted Lucille to keep the actor from hysterics of jealousy.

So the day came to an end without an open quarrel, though we all wondered much that it should, and before we took boat to return, the state of affairs as concerned the actor's and Jack's feeling toward Lucille and each other was plain to all.

The next day several of us Americans received calls from a commissionnaire bearing notes from Jack, begging us to meet him at the exhibition by six o'clock. We found him in a state of suppressed excitement, which he said he could not explain until he was clear of the grounds, and out of hearing of Papa Fouret. The tobacconist was there, and in a state of unsuppressed excitement. He was lecturing and threatening Jack with amazing volubility, and, when the closing hour came, paid Jack the wages due him to that moment, and with each twenty-franc bill and piece of silver counted out to him also gave him a torrent of mixed threats, advice, and curses. Jack took all this with forced calmness, and at last departed with us, wishing Papa Fouret an adieu of exaggerated politeness.

All the way to the restaurant where we were to have an early dinner Jack endeavored to control his emotions by practising sounds of "o" and "u."

"Didon diné, dit-on, du dos dodu d'un dindon," he muttered over and over, and then would break off with: "and de actor mug queered me wid de old man; but I'll win de goil, or else—du dos dodu d'un dindon—me name is Denis. Denis dined, they say, du dos dodu of a turkey. I'll show 'em what a Bowery boy is like—d'un dindon!"

At dinner he imparted to us the cause of his troubled mind. Lucille had won his heart; he had told her so, and she had made a confession which seemed to him to leave no obstacle between them and happiness. But he had not counted upon two things, which proved large and troublesome obstacles—Miton-Muller's love for Lucille, and Papa Fouret's ambitious plans for her. The latter looked to her marriage to the rising actor with approval, and was convulsed with rage and indignation when Miton-Muller had called

upon him that morning and confided his suspicions regarding the state of Lucille's heart, and then had those suspicions confirmed, first by Lucille herself, when charged with the fact, and by Jack also, when he was commanded to explain. Jack had sent a note to Lucille by the same commissionnaire who had sought us, and had received a reply which informed him that affairs stood in desperate straits.

Papa Fouret had threatened, and Mamma Fouret—who was a terrible person, Jack said—had agreed that unless Lucille promised to marry Miton-Muller as soon as the banns could be published, they—papa and mamma—would insist upon an immediate civil marriage—even on the morrow!

Thus wrote Lucille, who intimated that she was being too closely watched to visit Jack at the Exposition that day, and also hinted that her fond heart rested confident in the power of her big American lover to devise some plan for its happiness.

Jack's misery was greatest because he could not go to Lucille, take her hand, march forth to the nearest magistrate, and be married. That was what he would have done at home, and it was hard for him to understand that laws, customs, state and family control, and a multitude of other things were so different in France that his simple plan must be abandoned. His alternative amazed us. Mamma Fouret, he said, went to the theatre every evening with Lucille, left her at the stage-door, went to the pâtisserie next door, where she sat knitting, and drinking sweetened water with the proprietress, until the close of the performance, when she went to Lucille's dressing-room, and then home with her. That prevented Jack's seeing his lady-love before or after the performance. Jack knew these plans well, having often been to the theatre at night, where he was welcomed by the stage-manager as a distinguished American actor looking for a play—thus Lucille had introduced him—and the stage-manager happened to have several plays for whose disposal to a rich American actor-manager he would receive a nice commission. Jack was, indeed, a favorite behind the scenes, having distributed compliments and sample

boxes of cigarettes there in profusion at all his visits.

"But what of all this?" we inquired, puzzled, when Jack had told us this.

"I know Miton-Muller's part for to-night," Jack answered, in French, but with a slow wink which was pure Bowery.

"But even so?"

In his excitement Jack fell into English: "If he ain't dere to go on and speak his part, I will be!"

We looked at Jack and each other, astonished. Then light began to dawn on the mind of him who had seen Jack in the prize-ring. His suspicions were merely suggested by his tone, as he asked,

"But, Jack, what would keep Miton-Muller from playing his part to-night?"

"Do you remember the noimes he called me yestiday?" said Jack, looking at us, each in turn, with a significant grin.

We remembered. French "names" of the kind he referred to are too picturesque easily to forget.

"Well," said Jack, "I've put many a bigger mug dan him to sleep for less cause."

Then we all set to work to tell Jack something about the French laws and Paris sentiment in the matter of what is known at home as assault and battery. We impressed upon him that you may cane, or, upon reasonable provocation, shoot or stab an enemy in Paris; you may blackguard him until you are blue in the face; may cheat him, lie to him and about him, run over him with a carriage, steal his savings by a swindling scheme, steal his wife by any device you please, and yet, under the law, means will be found to protect you, or lighten your punishment. But to strike a Frenchman with your fist is to invite swift, sure, and awful legal penalties. Thus the nation seeks to protect itself from utter annihilation. Were the penalties less awful against knocking down citizens of Paris who deserve such treatment, American and English visitors would long ago have laid low the city's whole male population.

We begged Jack, whatever his plans might be, to eliminate therefrom all thought of personally disabling his rival by the means which had answered so well in the case of Dublin Pete.

But Jack's fighting blood was up—and he was in love!



He merely wanted to know if any of the Americans there present would help him; and they, having given the impetuous youth due warning, and all being anxious to aid a deserving countryman, punish a Frenchman, or produce excitement of any kind, swore to be his seconds in any manner required.

Much heartened and encouraged by these protestations, Jack outlined his plans: He knew the route his rival took in walking from his rooms to the theatre. Part of it lay through the Rue des Quatre Vents, a short, quiet street, which at that hour would be sure to be deserted, except possibly by an officer Jack designated as a "cop," and if we would undertake to engage said officer round a corner when signalled to do so by Jack, he would take care of the rest.

A Paris policeman can be won to polite and patient attention by the simple process of addressing him as "Monsieur," and one of Jack's friends did so engage the attention of the gendarme at the corner of the Rue de la Seine, to which the militant lover accompanied his seconds, and where he left them.

"Would M'sieu the officer be so good as to direct to the Rue Vaugirard?" He would. "Ah, but was that the rue where the 'bus passed which carried one to the Pont de la Concorde?" No—but close to it. "Ah, would he be so kind, then, as to," etc.

"How stupid you are!" said one of the party, suddenly, to the questioner, and all laughed uproariously, close to the ears of the amused officer.

That was to drown the yells of fright and agony which came to us from down the quiet little street.

The officer was thanked effusively; and was still being thanked when Jack came along, breathing a bit hard, but with a smile of great joy and triumph. We again thanked the officer, and hurried from him.

Jack was epigrammatic and enigmatic. "Miton-Muller would play no part that night, unless he played in a mask and on crutches," was all he would say as to the result of the encounter between the rivals.

"When he comes to," Jack added, as we hurried toward the theatre, "he'll go to a doctor first, and then to the police.

The last place he'll suggest to the police to find me in will be the theatre, and before he gets there, if he ever does to-night, I'll be gone, and so will Lucille."

This was still mystic. Jack asked us to be in the audience, and act on any hint we received there, and without more explanation left us at the stage entrance of the theatre, and we proceeded to the auditorium, wondering what was to happen next.

The curtain was up, the play had been proceeding fifteen minutes, when Lucille made her entrance. She was supposed to be a milliner who, the plot of the play as already developed made us aware, was nervously expecting a visit from an Englishman, Milor Albion, who, the audience already knew, was pursuing her strictly in accordance with the dramatic rules governing the actions of a low-comedy English character in a scene with a sou-brette character.

Lucille's nervousness won murmurs of approval from the audience. Her voice trembled, and she shook with what was supposed to be comic terror as her frightened glance turned toward the door at which Milor was expected.

He came, a big figure wearing a short blond wig, long blond side whiskers, with a very red face, monocle, very baggy trousers very much rolled up—in short, the typical French stage Briton. Before he spoke a word his appearance evoked roars of laughter: his head was shot forward, his chin was belligerently extended; in his right hand he loosely swung a heavy stick; his left arm hung fixed and straight at his side, the hand spread and turned at a right angle from his body, palm down.

At Milor's first words the roars of laughter turned to screams of delight. Only we were dumb, for the make-up was the make-up of Miton-Muller, but the voice was the voice of Jack.

Suddenly the house became silent: the actor's English accent was too good to be lost in the sound of applause!

Involuntary comments escaped from some of those around us. "Excellent!" "Perfect!" "One would not suspect Miton-Muller of such magnificent mimicry!"

Jack was superbly cool. He drawled his love-making lines in a manner sup-

posed to be exactly English; stumbled about with perfect English gawkiness; tripped over his stick, dropped his monocle, ran into furniture, blustered and begged, and finally flopped down on his knees, and received a box on the ears from Lucille, all in a manner which had the audience shrieking again.

Still on his knees, he turned toward us and said rapidly in English, "Have a carriage ready at de end of dis act," and the supposed Miton-Muller's fluency in the English language was greeted with another roar. Jack soon made the humiliated exit of Milor, and the house rang with the triumph of Miton-Muller.

To the carriage which we had waiting not far from the stage-door there soon came Jack, in his Milor make-up, and Lucille, appearing to be an ancient lady much in need of assistance from her escort.

At the railway station, where we waited for the midnight train to Calais, Jack told us a little of what had happened. He reported to the stage-manager that Miton-Muller had met with an accident, and he, Jack, proposed going on in his part, which he knew. There was simply nothing else that could be done, and so Jack had appeared, as we saw. He had seen Lucille for only a few minutes before the curtain went up, but in that time his Bowery impetuosity had induced her to agree to his plans—which she had but half understood—and fortune had favored their escape from the theatre—Lucille

unrecognized by the doorkeeper, Jack supposed to be going next door with a message to Lucille's mother.

As we stood in the shadow at the station we saw an agent de police closely observing every smooth-faced foreigner, but he took no notice of the bewhiskered Englishman helping an old lady into the train carriage.

It was a year later that one of us chanced to meet the stage-manager of the Châtelet Theatre, who asked for Jack's address. He said that they were to put on a play soon having a dialect part, in which Jack could make fame and fortune by repeating his phenomenal success of the night he ran away with Lucille. The man inquired of had recently seen Jack in New York, and gave his address to the manager, without, however, saying anything of his circumstances. The manager wrote, and an answer was received in due time. It was from Lucille, and, translated, read:

"MY DEAR M. LE DIRECTEUR,—Jean, my husband, and I are too favored by the flattering expectation in our little Restaurant de l'Exposition, here in the grand city of New York, to contemplate with enthusiasm agreeable a re-entrance upon the scene. Moreover, Jean can no longer speak with the accent English.

Agree all my sentiments the most distinguished.  
LUCILLE BARRI."





# MY ROSE

BY ELLEN M. H. GATES

MY Rose! My Rose! I loved you so;  
With tireless eyes I watched you grow;  
From fields afar your roots were brought;  
Your life was all my own, I thought.

I proudly watched your leaves unfold;  
No King might buy you with his gold;  
So sweet you were, so wondrous fair,  
No Queen should bind you in her hair.

When Northern winds were loud and chill,  
And frosts were whitening vale and hill,  
I said, "Not any blast that blows  
Shall play too roughly with my Rose."

If Suns above you fiercely beat,  
I screened you from their glare and heat,  
And prayed that only gentlest dew  
And softest rains might water you.

On shining slope, in shaded grot,  
Were countless blooms; I saw them not,  
Nor missed I them in any wise,  
Though dead they lay before my eyes.

One day, just when the Sun was low,  
The patient gardener, walking slow,  
Paused by my Rose-tree for a while,  
Then looked at me with curious smile.

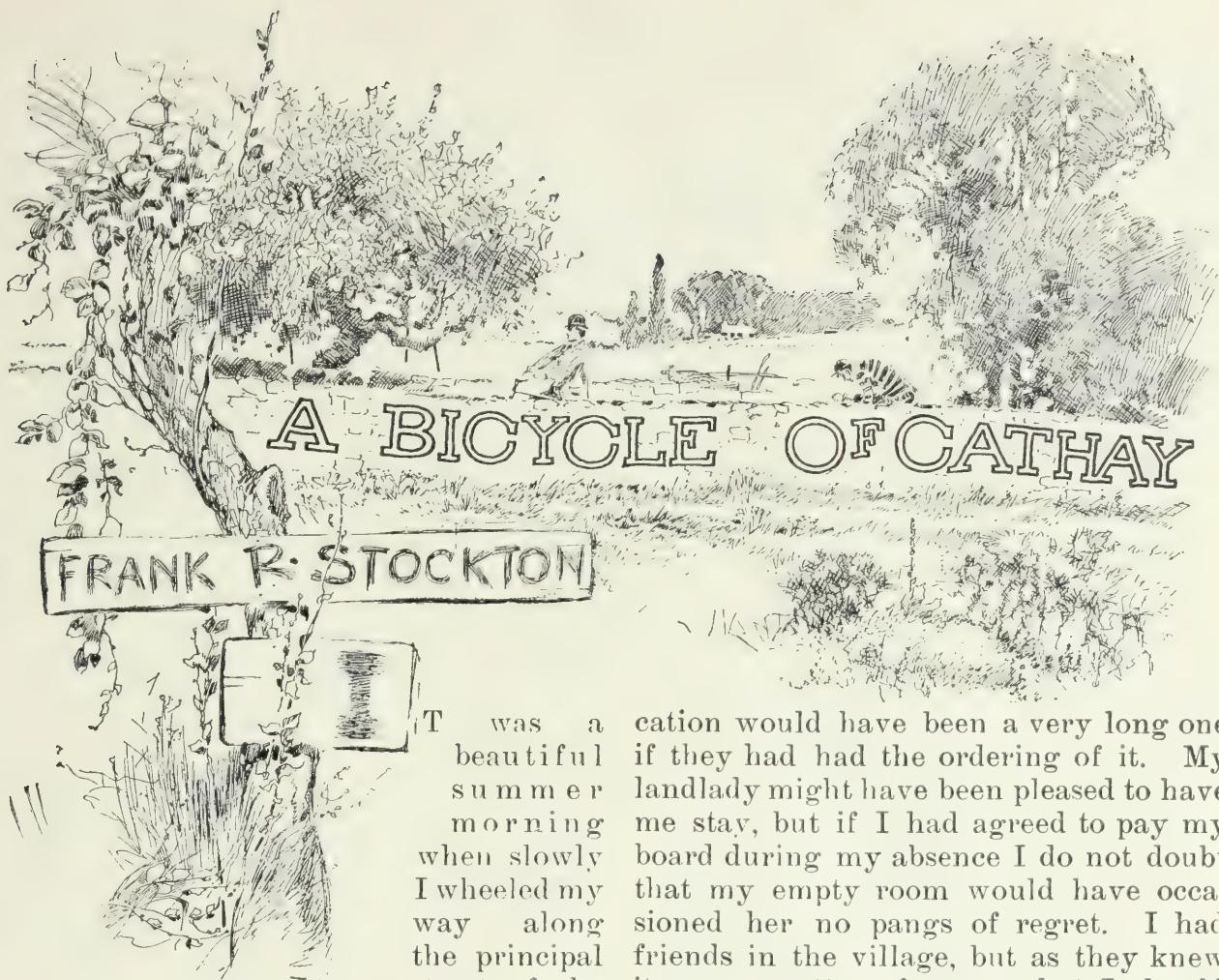
I scarcely dared to lift my eyes.  
I knew he was both kind and wise,  
And all too plain my heart could guess  
His gaze had pierced my selfishness.

He spoke no word of praise or blame,  
Just smiled on me and named my name,  
And raised his hand as if to bless,  
Then left me there in loneliness.

Next morn, in distant garden-close,  
Deep-rooted, radiant, grew my Rose.  
I looked at it through palings tall—  
My Rose that missed me not at all!

How fair it was! I grew content,  
So plain the thing the gardener meant;  
In days or centuries yet to be,  
The Rose would be returned to me!

And now I notice, when I pass,  
The golden sheen on grain and grass,  
And kin to me in all their needs  
Are common flowers and way-side weeds.



Walford. A little valise was strapped in front of my bicycle, my coat, rolled into a small compass, was securely tied under the seat, and I was starting out to spend my vacation.

I was the teacher of the village school, which useful institution had been closed for the season the day before, much to the gratification of pedagogue and scholars. This position was not at all the summit of my youthful ambition. In fact, I had been very much disappointed when I found myself obliged to accept it, but when I left college my financial condition made it desirable for me to do something to support myself while engaged in some of the studies preparatory to a legal career.

I have never considered myself a sentimental person, but I must admit that I did not feel very happy that morning, and this state of mind was occasioned entirely by the feeling that there was no one who seemed to be in the least sorry that I was going away. My boys were so delighted to give up their studies that they were entirely satisfied to give up their teacher, and I am sure that my va-

cation would have been a very long one if they had had the ordering of it. My landlady might have been pleased to have me stay, but if I had agreed to pay my board during my absence I do not doubt that my empty room would have occasioned her no pangs of regret. I had friends in the village, but as they knew it was a matter of course that I should go away during the vacation, they seemed to be perfectly reconciled to the fact.

As I passed a small house which was the abode of my laundress, my mental depression was increased by the action of her oldest son. This little fellow, probably five years of age, and the condition of whose countenance indicated that his mother's art was seldom exercised upon it, was playing on the sidewalk with his sister, somewhat younger and much dirtier.

As I passed the little chap he looked up and in a sharp, clear voice he cried: "Good-by! Come back soon!" These words cut into my soul. Was it possible that this little ragamuffin was the only one in that village who was sorry to see me depart and who desired my return? And the acuteness of this cut was not decreased by the remembrance that on several occasions when he had accompanied his mother to my lodging I had given him small coins.

I was beginning to move more rapidly along the little path, well worn by many rubber tires, which edged the broad roadway, when I perceived the doctor's daugh-



ter standing at the gate of her father's front yard. As I knew her very well, and she happened to be standing there and looking in my direction, I felt that it would be the proper thing for me to stop and speak to her, and so I dismounted and proceeded to roll my bicycle up to the gate.

As the doctor's daughter stood looking over the gate, her hands clasped the tops of the two central pickets.

"Good-morning," said she. "I suppose, from your carrying baggage, that you are starting off for your vacation. How far do you expect to go on your wheel, and do you travel alone?"

"My only plan," I answered, "is to ride over the hills and far away! How far I really do not know; and I shall be alone except for this good companion." And as I said so I patted the handle-bar of my bicycle.

"Your wheel does seem to be a sort of a companion," she said; "not so good as a horse, but better than nothing. I should think, travelling all by yourself in this way, you would have quite a friendly feeling for it. Did you ever think of giving it a name?"

"Oh yes," said I. "I have named it. I call it a 'Bicycle of Cathay.'"

"Is there any sense in such a name?" she asked. "It is like part of a quotation from Tennyson, isn't it? I forget the first of it."

"You are right," I said. "'Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.' I cannot tell you exactly why, but that seems to suggest a good name for a bicycle."

"But your machine has two wheels," said she. "Therefore you ought to say, 'Better one hundred years of Europe than two cycles of Cathay.'"

"I bow to custom," said I. "Every one speaks of a bicycle as a wheel, and I shall not introduce the plural into the name of my good steed."

"And you don't know where your Cathay is to be?" she asked.

I smiled and shook my head. "No," I answered, "but I hope my cycle will carry me safely through it."

The doctor's daughter looked past me across the road. "I wish I were a man," said she, "and could go off as I pleased, as you do! It must be delightfully independent."

I was about to remark that too much

independence is not altogether delightful, but she suddenly spoke:

"You carry very little with you for a long journey," and as she said this she grasped the pickets of the gate more tightly. I could see the contraction of the muscles of her white hands. It seemed as if she were restraining something.

"Oh, this isn't all my baggage," I replied. "I sent on a large bag to Waterton. I suppose I shall be there in a couple of days, and then I shall forward the bag to some other place."

"I do not suppose you have packed up any medicine among your other things?" she asked. "You don't look as though you often needed medicine."

I laughed as I replied that in the course of my life I had taken very little.

"But if your cycle starts off rolling early in the morning," she said, "or keeps on late in the evening, you ought to be able to defend yourself against malaria. I do not know what sort of a country Cathay may be, but I should not be a bit surprised if you found it full of mists and morning vapors. Malaria has a fancy for strong people, you know. Just wait here a minute, please," and with that she turned and ran into the house.

I had liked the doctor's daughter ever since I had begun to know her, although at first I had found it a little hard to become acquainted with her.

She was the treasurer of the literary society of the village, and I was its secretary. We had to work together sometimes, and I found her a very straightforward girl in her accounts and in every other way.

In about a minute she returned, carrying a little pasteboard box.

"Here are some one-grain quinine capsules," she said. "There is no taste to them, and I am sure that if you get into a low country it would be a good thing for you to take at least one of them every morning. People may have given you all sorts of things for your journey, but I do not believe any one has given you this." And she handed me the box over the top of the gate.

I did not say that her practical little present was the only thing that anybody had given me, but I thanked her very heartily, and assured her that I would take one every time I thought I needed it. Then, as it seemed proper to do so, I straightened up my bicycle as if I would



### THE DOCTOR'S DAUGHTER

mount it. Again her fingers clutched the top of the two palings.

"When father comes home," she said, "he will be sorry to find that he had not a chance to bid you good-by. And, by-the-way," she added, quickly, "you know there will be one more meeting of the society. Did you write out any minutes for the last evening, and would you like me to read them for you?"

"Upon my word!" I exclaimed. "I

have forgotten all about it. I made some rough notes, but I have written nothing."

"Well, it doesn't matter in the least," said she, quickly. "I remember everything that happened, and I will write the minutes and read them for you; that is, if you want me to."

I assured her that nothing would please me better, and we talked a little about the minutes, after which I thought I ought



not to keep her standing at the gate any longer. So I took leave of her, and we shook hands over the gate. This was the first time I had ever shaken hands with the doctor's daughter, for she was a reserved girl, and hitherto I had merely bowed to her.

As I sped away down the street and out into the open country my heart was a good deal lighter than it had been when I began my journey. It was certainly pleasant to leave that village, which had been my home for the greater part of a year, without the feeling that there was no one in it who cared for me, even to the extent of a little box of quinine capsules.

It was about the middle of the afternoon that I found myself bowling along a smooth highway, bordered by trees and stretching itself almost upon a level far away into the distance. Had I been a scorcher, here would have been a chance to do a little record-breaking, for I was a powerful and practised wheelman. But I had no desire to be extravagant with my energies, and so contented myself with rolling steadily on at a speed moderate enough to allow me to observe the country I was passing through.

There were not many people on the road, but at some distance ahead of me I saw a woman on a wheel. She was not going rapidly, and I was gaining on her. Suddenly, with no reason whatever that I could see, her machine gave a twist, and although she put out her foot to save herself, she fell to the ground. Instantly I pushed forward to assist her, but before I could reach her she was on her feet. She made a step toward her bicycle, which lay in the middle of the road, and then she stopped and stood still. I saw that she was hurt, but I could not help a sort of inward smile. "It is the old way of the world," I thought. "Would the Fates have made that young woman fall from her bicycle if there had been two men coming along on their wheels?"

As I jumped from my machine and approached her she turned her head and looked at me. She was a pale girl, and her face was troubled. When I asked her if she had hurt herself, she spoke to me without the slightest embarrassment or hesitation.

"I twisted my foot in some way," she said, "and I do not know what I am going to do. It hurts me to make a step, and I am sure I cannot work my wheel."

"Have you far to go?" I asked.

"I live about two miles from here," she answered. "I do not think I have sprained my ankle, but it hurts. Perhaps, however, if I rest for a little while I may be able to walk."

"I would not try to do that," said I. "Whatever has happened to your foot or ankle, you would certainly make it very much worse by walking such a distance. Perhaps I can ride on and get you a conveyance?"

"You would have to go a long way to get one," she answered. "We do not keep a horse. I don't really—"

"Don't trouble yourself in the least," I said. "I can take you to your home without any difficulty whatever. If you will mount your machine I will push you along very easily."

"But then you would have to walk yourself," she said, quickly, "and push your wheel too."

Of course it would not have been necessary for me to walk, for I could have ridden my bicycle and have pushed her along on her own, but under the circumstances I did not think it wise to risk this. So I accepted her suggestion of walking as if nothing else could be done.

"Oh, I do not mind walking a bit," said I. "I am used to it, and as I have been riding for a long time, it would be a relief to me."

She stood perfectly still, apparently afraid to move lest she should hurt her foot, but she raised her head and fixed a pair of very large blue eyes upon me. "It is too kind in you to offer to do that! But I do not see what else is to be done. But who is going to hold up my wheel while you help me to get on it?"

"Oh, I will attend to all that," said I, and picking up her bicycle, I brought it to her. She made a little step toward it, and then stopped.

"You mustn't do that," said I. "I will put you on." And holding her bicycle upright with my left hand, I put my right arm around her and lifted her to the seat. She was such a childlike, sensible young person that I did not think it necessary to ask any permission for this action, nor even to allude to its necessity.

"Now you might guide yourself with the handle-bar," I said. "Please steer over to that tree where I have left my machine." I easily pushed her over to the tree, and when I had laid hold of my





#### I PUT ON MY COAT

bicycle with my left hand, we slowly proceeded along the smooth road.

"I think you would better take your feet from the pedals," said I, "and put them on the coasters—the motion must hurt you. It is better to have your injured foot raised, anyway, as that will keep the blood from running down into it and giving you more pain."

She instantly adopted my suggestion, and presently said, "That is a great deal more pleasant, and I am sure it would be better for my foot to keep it still. I do hope I haven't sprained my ankle! It is possible to give a foot a bad twist without spraining it, isn't it?"

I assented, and as I did so I thought it would not be difficult to give a bad twist to any part of this slenderly framed young creature.

"How did you happen to fall?" I asked—not that I needed to inquire, for my own knowledge of wheelcraft assured me that she had tumbled simply because she did not know how to ride.

"I haven't the slightest idea," she answered. "The first thing I knew I was

going over, and I wish I had not tried to save myself. It would have been better to go down bodily."

As we went on she told me that she had not had much practice, as it had been but a few weeks since she had become the possessor of a wheel, and that this was the first trip she had ever taken by herself. She had always gone in company with some one, but to-day she had thought she was able to take care of herself like other girls. Finding her so entirely free from conventional embarrassment, I made bold to give her a little advice on the subject of wheeling in general, and she seemed entirely willing to be instructed. In fact, as I went on with my little discourse I began to think that I would much rather teach girls than boys. At first sight the young person under my charge might have been taken for a schoolgirl, but her conversation would have soon removed that illusion.

We had proceeded more than a mile when suddenly I felt a very gentle tap on the end of my nose, and at the same moment the young lady turned her head



toward me and exclaimed: "It's going to rain! I felt a drop!"

"I will walk faster," I said, "and no doubt I will get you to your house before the shower is upon us. At any rate, I hope you won't be much wet."

"Oh, it doesn't matter about me in the least," she said. "I shall be at home and can put on dry clothes, but you will be soaked through and have to go on. You haven't any coat on!"

If I had known there was any probability of rain, I should have put on my coat before I started out on this somewhat unusual method of travelling, but there was no help for it now, and all I could do was to hurry on. From walking fast I began to trot. The drops were coming down quite frequently.

"Won't that tire you dreadfully?" she said.

"Not at all," I replied. "I could run like this for a long distance."

She looked up at me with a little smile. I think she must have forgotten the pain in her foot.

"It must be nice to be strong like that," she said.

Now the rain came down faster, and my companion declared that I ought to stop and put on my coat. I agreed to this, and when I came to a suitable tree by the road-side, I carefully leaned her against it and detached my coat from my bicycle. But just as I was about to put it on I glanced at the young girl. She had on a thin shirt-waist, and I could see that the shoulders of it were already wet. I advanced toward her, holding out my coat. "I must lay this over you," I said. "I am afraid now that I shall not get you to your home before it begins to rain hard."

She turned to me so suddenly that I made ready to catch her if her unguarded movement should overturn her machine. "You mustn't do that at all!" she said. "It doesn't matter whether I am wet or not. I do not have to travel in wet clothes, and you do. Please put on your coat and let us hurry!"

I obeyed her, and away we went again, the rain now coming down hard and fast. For some minutes she did not say anything; but I did not wonder at this, for circumstances were not favorable to conversation. But presently, in spite of the rain and our haste, she spoke:

"It must seem dreadfully ungrateful

and hard-hearted in me to say to you, after all you have done for me, that you must go on in the rain. Anybody would think that I ought to ask you to come into our house and wait until the storm is over. But, really, I do not see how I can do it."

I urged her not for a moment to think of me. I was hardy, and did not mind rain, and when I was mounted upon my wheel the exercise would keep me warm enough until I reached a place of shelter.

"I do not like it," she said. "It is cruel and inhuman, and nothing you can say will make it any better. But the fact is that I find myself in a very— Well, I do not know what to say about it. You are the school-teacher at Walford, are you not?"

This question surprised me, and I assented quickly, wondering what would come next.

"I thought so," she said. "I have seen you on the road on your wheel, and some one told me who you were. And now, since you have been so kind to me, I am going to tell you exactly why I cannot ask you to stop at our house. Everything is all wrong there to-day, and if I don't explain what has happened, you might think that things are worse than they really are, and I wouldn't want anybody to think that."

I listened with great attention, for I saw that she was anxious to free herself of the imputation of being inhospitable, and although the heavy rain and my rapid pace made it sometimes difficult to catch her words, I lost very little of her story.

"You see," said she, "my father is very fond of gardening, and he takes great pride in his vegetables, especially the early ones. He has peas this year ahead of everybody else in the neighborhood, and it was only day before yesterday that he took me out to look at them. He has been watching them ever since they first came up out of the ground, and when he showed me the nice big pods and told me they would be ready to pick in a day or two, he looked so proud and happy that you might have thought his peas were little living people. I truly believe that even at prayer-time he could not help thinking how good those peas would taste.

"But this morning when he came in from the garden and told mother that he was going to pick our first peas, so as

to have them perfectly fresh for dinner, she said that he would better not pick them to-day, because the vegetable man had been along just after breakfast, and he had had such nice green peas that she had bought some, and therefore he had better keep his peas for some other day.

"Now I don't want you to think that mother isn't just as good as gold, for she is. But she doesn't take such interest in garden things as father does, and to her all peas are peas, provided they are good ones. But when father heard what she had done I know that he felt exactly as if he had been stabbed in one of his tenderest places. He did not say one word, and he walked right out of the house, and since that they haven't spoken to each other. It was dreadful to sit at dinner, neither of them saying a word to the other, and only speaking to me. It was all so different from the way things generally are that I can scarcely bear it.

"And I went out this afternoon for no other reason than to give them a chance to make it up between them. I thought perhaps they would do it better if they were alone with each other. But of course I do not know what has happened, and things may be worse than they were. I could not take a stranger into the house at such a time—they would not like to be found not speaking to each other—and, besides, I do not know—"

Here I interrupted her, and begged her not to give another thought to the subject. I wanted very much to go on, and in every way it was the best thing I could do.

As I finished speaking she pointed out



THE RAIN WAS NOW COMING DOWN HARD AND FAST

a pretty house standing back from the road, and told me that was where she lived. In a very few minutes after that I had run her up to the steps of her piazza and was assisting her to dismount from her wheel.

"It is awful!" she said. "This rain is coming down like a cataract!"

"You must hurry in-doors," I answered. "Let me help you up the steps." And with this I took hold of her under the arms, and in a second I had set her down in front of the closed front door. I then ran down and brought up her wheel. "Do you think you can manage to walk in?" said I.

"Oh, yes!" she said. "If I can't do anything else, I can hop. My mother



will soon have me all right. She knows all about such things."

She looked at me with an anxious expression, and then said, "How do you think it would do for you to wait on the piazza until the rain is over?"

"Good-by," I said, with a laugh, and bounding down to the front gate, where I had left my bicycle, I mounted and rode away.

The rain came down harder and harder. The road was full of little running streams, and liquid mud flew from under my whirling wheels. It was not late in the afternoon, but it was actually getting dark, and I seemed to be the only living creature out in this tremendous storm. I looked from side to side for some place into which I could run for shelter, but here the road ran between broad open fields. My coat had ceased to protect me, and I could feel the water upon my skin.

But in spite of my discomforts and violent exertions I found myself under the influence of some very pleasurable emotion, occasioned by the incident of the slender girl. Her childlike frankness was charming to me. There was not another girl in a thousand who would have told me that story of the peas. I felt glad that she had known who I was when she was talking to me, and that her simple confidences had been given to me personally, and not to an entire stranger who had happened along. I wondered if she resembled her father or her mother, and I had no doubt that to possess such a daughter they must both be excellent people.

Thinking thus, I almost forgot the storm, but coming to a slight descent where the road was very smooth I became conscious that my wheel was inclined to slip, and if I were not careful I might come to grief. But no sooner had I reached the bottom of the declivity than I beheld on my right a lighted doorway. Without the slightest hesitation I turned through the wide gateway, the posts of which I could scarcely see, and stopped in front of a small house by the side of a driveway. Waiting for no permission, I carried my bicycle into a little covered porch. I then approached the door, for I was now seeking not only shelter, but an opportunity to dry myself. I do not believe a sponge could have been more thoroughly soaked than I was.

At the very entrance I was met by a little man in short jacket and top-boots.

"I heard your step," said he. "Been caught in the rain, eh? Well, this is a storm! And now what 're we going to do? You must come in. But you're in a pretty mess, I must say! Hi, Maria!"

At these words a large, fresh-looking woman came into the little hall.

"Maria," said the man, "here's a gentleman that's pretty nigh drowned, and he's dripping puddles big enough to swim in."

The woman smiled. "Really, sir," said she, "you've had a hard time. Wheeling, I suppose. It's an awful time to be out. It's so dark that I lighted a lamp to make things look a little cheery. But you must come in until the rain is over, and try and dry yourself."

"But how about the hall, Maria?" said the man. "There'll be a dreadful slop!"

"Oh, I'll make that all right," said she. She disappeared, and quickly returned with a couple of rugs, which she laid, wrong side up, on the polished floor of the hallway. "Now you can step on those, sir, and come into the kitchen. There's a fire there."

I thanked her, and presently found myself before a large stove, on which it was evident, from the odors, that supper was preparing. In a certain way the heat was grateful, but in less than a minute I was bound to admit to myself that I felt as if I were enveloped in a vast warm poultice. The little man and his wife—if wife she were, for she looked big enough to be his mother, and young enough to be his daughter—stood talking in the hall, and I could hear every word they said.

"It's of no use for him to try to dry himself," she said, "for he's wet to the bone. He must change his clothes, and hang those he's got on before the fire."

"Change his clothes!" exclaimed the man. "How ever can he do that? I've nothing that 'll fit him, and of course he has brought nothing along with him."

"Never you mind," said she. "Something's got to be got. Take him into the little chamber. And don't consider the floor; that can be wiped up."

She came into the kitchen and spoke to me. "You must come and change your clothes," she said. "You'll ketch your death of cold, else. You're the school-master from Walford, I think, sir? In-





ON MY RIGHT A LIGHTED DOORWAY

deed, I'm sure of it, for I've seen you on your wheel."

Smiling at the idea that through the instrumentality of my bicycle I had been making myself known to the people of the surrounding country, I followed the man into a small bedchamber on the ground-floor.

"Now," said he, "the quicker you get off your wet clothes and give yourself a good rub-down, the better it'll be for you. And I'll go and see what I can do in the way of something for you to put on."

I asked him to bring me the bag from my bicycle, and after doing so he left me.

Very soon I heard talking outside of my door, and as both my entertainers had clear, high voices, I could hear distinctly what they said.

"Go get him the corduroys," said she. "He's a well-made man, but he's no bigger than your father was."

"The corduroys?" he said, somewhat doubtfully, I thought.

"Yes," she replied. "Go get them! I should be glad to have them put to some use."

"But what for a coat?" said he. "There's nothing in the house that he could get on."

"That's true," said she. "But he must have something. You can get him the Duke's dressing-gown."

"What!" exclaimed the man. "You don't mean—"

"Yes, I do mean," said she. "It's big enough for anybody, and it'll keep him from ketching cold. Go fetch it!"

In a short time there was a knock at my door, and the little man handed me in a pair of yellow corduroy trousers and a large and gaudy dressing-gown. "There!" said he. "They'll keep you warm until your own clothes dry."

With a change of linen from my bag, which had fortunately kept its contents dry, the yellow trousers, and a wonderful dressing-gown, made of some blue stuff embroidered with gold and lined throughout with crimson satin, I made a truly gorgeous appearance. But it struck me that it would be rather startling to a beholder were I to appear barefooted in such raiment, for my shoes and stockings were as wet as the rest of my clothes. I had not finished dressing before the little man knocked again, this time with some gray socks and a pair of embroidered slippers.

"These'll fit you, I think," said he,



"for I'll lay you ten shillings that I'm as big in the feet as you are."

I would have been glad to gaze at myself in a full-length mirror, but there was no opportunity for the indulgence of such vanity; and before leaving the room I sat down for a moment to give a few thoughts to the situation. My mind first reverted to the soaked condition of my garments and the difficulty of getting them dry enough for me to put them on and continue my journey. And then I found that I had dropped the subject and was thinking of the slender girl, wondering if she really had hurt herself very much, congratulating myself that I had been fortunate enough to be on hand to help her in her need, and considering what a plight she would have been in if she had been caught in that terrible rain and utterly unable to get herself to shelter.

Suddenly I stopped short in my thinking, and going to my bag, I took from it the little box of quinine capsules which had been given to me by the doctor's daughter, and promptly proceeded to swallow one of them.

"It may be of service to me," I said to myself.

When I made my appearance in the hallway I met the little man, who immediately burst into a roar of laughter.

"Lord, sir!" said he. "You must excuse me, but you look like a king on a lark! Walk into the parlor, sir, and sit down and make yourself comfortable. She's hurrying up supper to give you something warm after your wettin'. Would you like a little nip of whiskey, sir, to keep the damp out?"

I declined the whiskey, and seated myself in the neatly furnished parlor. It was wonderful, I thought, to fall into such a hospitable household, and then I began to ask myself whether or not it would be the proper thing to offer to pay for my entertainment. I thought I had quite properly divined the position in life of the little man. This small house, so handsomely built and neatly kept, must be a lodge upon some fine country place, and the man was probably the head gardener, or something of the kind.

It was not long before my hostess came into the room, but she did not laugh at my appearance. She was a handsome woman, erect and broad, with a free and powerful step. She smiled as she spoke to me.

"You may think that that's an over-handsome gown for such as us to be owning. It was given to my man by the Duke of Radford. That was before we were married, and he was an under-gardener then. The Duchess wouldn't let the Duke wear it, because it was so gay, and there wasn't none of the servants that would care to take it, for fear they'd be laughed at, until they offered it to John. And John, you must know, he'd take anything! But I came in to tell you supper's ready; and if you like, I'll bring you something in here, and you can eat it on that table, or—"

Here I interrupted my good hostess and declared that, while I should be glad to have some supper, I would not eat any unless I might sit down with her husband and herself; and as this proposition seemed to please her, the three of us were soon seated around a very tastefully furnished table in a dining-room looking out upon a pretty lawn. The rain had now almost ceased, and from the window I could see beautiful stretches of grass, interspersed with ornamental trees and flower-beds.

The meal was plain but abundant, with an appetizing smell pervading it which is seldom noticed in connection with the tables of the rich. When we had finished supper I found that the skies had nearly cleared and that it was growing quite light again. I asked permission to step out upon a little piazza which opened from the dining-room and smoke a pipe, and while I was sitting there enjoying the beauty of the sunlight on the sparkling grass and trees, I again heard the little man and his wife talking to each other.

"It can't be done," said he, speaking very positively. "I've orders about that, and there's no getting round them."

"It's got to be done!" said she, "and there's an end of it! The clothes won't be dry until morning, and it wouldn't do to put them too near the stove, or they'll shrink so he can't get them on. And he can't go away to hunt up lodgings wearing the Duke's dressing-gown and them yellow breeches!"

"Orders is orders," said the man, "and unless I get special leave, it can't be done."

"Well, then, go and get special leave," said she, "and don't stand there talkin' about it!"

There was no doubt that my lodging



that night was the subject of this conversation, but I had no desire to interfere with the good intentions of my hostess. I must stay somewhere until my clothes were dry, and I should be glad to stop as long as possible in my present comfortable quarters.

So I sat still and smoked, and very soon I heard the big shoes of the little man grating upon the gravel as he walked rapidly away from the house. Now came the good woman out upon the piazza to ask me if I had found my tobacco dry. "Because if it's damp," said she, "my man has some very good 'baccy in his jar."

I assured her that my pouch had kept dry; and then, as she seemed inclined to talk, I begged her to sit down if she did not mind the pipe. Down she sat, and steadily she talked. She congratulated herself on her happy thought to light the hall lamp, or I might never have noticed the house in the darkness, and she would have been sorry enough if I had had to keep on the road for another half-hour in that dreadful rain.

On she talked in the most cheerful and communicative way, until suddenly she rose with a start. "He's comin' himself, sir!" she said, "with Miss Putney."

"Who is 'he'?" I asked.

"It's the master, sir, Mr. Putney, and his daughter. Just stay here where you are, sir, and make yourself comfortable. I'll go and speak to them."

Left to myself, I knocked out my pipe and sat wondering what would happen next. A thing happened which surprised me very much. Upon a path which ran in front of the little piazza there appeared two persons—one, an elderly gentleman, with gray side-whiskers and a pale face, attired in clothes with such an appearance of newness that it might well have been supposed this was the first time he had worn them; the other, a young lady, rather small in stature, but extremely pleasant to look upon. She had dark hair and large blue eyes; her complexion was rich, and her dress of light silk was wonderfully well shaped.

All this I saw at a glance, and immediately afterwards I also perceived that she had most beautiful teeth; for when she beheld me as I rose from my chair and stood in my elevated position before her she could not restrain a laugh; but for this apparent impoliteness I did not blame her at all.

But not so much as a smile came upon the countenance of the elderly gentleman. He, too, was small, but he had a deep voice. "Good-evening, sir," said he. "I am told that you are the school-master at Walford, and that you were overtaken by the storm."

I assured him these were the facts, and stood waiting to hear what he would say next.

"It was very proper indeed, sir, that my gardener and his wife should take you under the protection of this roof,





but as I hear that it is proposed that you should spend the night here, I have come down to speak about it. I will tell you at once, sir, that I have given my man the most positive orders that he is not to allow any one to spend a night in this house. It is so conveniently near to the road that I should not know what sort of persons were being entertained here if I allowed him any such privileges."

As he spoke the young lady stood silently gazing at me. There was a remnant of a smile upon her face, but I could also see that she was a little annoyed. I was about to make some sort of an independent answer to the gentleman's remarks, but he anticipated me.

"I do not want you to think, sir, on account of what I have said, that I intend to drive you off my property at this hour of the evening, and in your inappropriate clothing. I have heard of you, sir, and you occupy a position of trust and, to a certain degree, of honor, in your village. Therefore, while I cannot depart from my rule—for I wish to make no precedent of that kind—I will ask you to spend the night at my house. You need not be annoyed by the peculiarity of your attire. If you desire to avoid observation you can remain here until it grows darker, and then you can walk up to the mansion. I will have a bed-room prepared for you, and whenever you choose you can occupy it. I have been informed that you have had something to eat, and it is as well, for perhaps your dress would prevent you from accepting an invitation to our evening meal."

I still held my brier-wood pipe in my hand, and I felt inclined to hurl it at the dapper head of the consequential little gentleman, but with such a girl standing by it would have been impossible to treat him with any disrespect, and as I looked at him I felt sure that his apparent superciliousness was probably the result of too much money and too little breeding.

The young lady said nothing, but she turned and looked steadily at her father. Her countenance was probably in the habit of very promptly expressing the state of her mind, and it now seemed to say to her father, "I hope that what you have said will not make him decline what you offer!"

My irritation quickly disappeared. I had now entered into my Cathay, and I

must take things as I found them there. As I could not stay where I was, and could not continue my journey, it would be a sensible thing to overlook the man's manner and accept his offer, and I accordingly did so. I think he was pleased more than he cared to express.

"Very good, sir!" said he. "As soon as it grows a little darker I shall be glad to have you walk up to my house. As I said before, I am sure you would not care to do so now, as you might provoke remarks even from the servants. Good-evening, sir, until I see you again."

During all this time the young lady had not spoken, but as the two disappeared around the corner of the house I heard her voice. She spoke very clearly and distinctly, and she said, "It would have been a great deal more gracious if you had asked him to come at once, without all that—" The rest of her remarks were lost to me.

The little man and his wife presently came out on the porch. Her countenance expressed a sort of resignation to thwarted hospitality.

"It's the way of the world, sir!" she said. "The ups are always up and the downs are always down! I expect they will be glad to have company at the house, for it must be dreadfully lonely up there—which might be said of this house as well."

It soon became dark enough for me to walk through the grounds without hurting the sensibilities of their proprietor, and as I arose to go, the good wife of the gardener brought me my cap.

"I dried that out for you, sir, for I knew you would want it, and to-morrow morning my man will take your clothes up to the house."

I thanked her for her thoughtful kindness, and was about to depart, but the little man was not quite ready for me to go.

"If you don't mind, sir," said he, "and would step back there in the light just for one minute, I would like to take another look at you. I don't suppose I'll ever see anybody again wearing the Duke's dressing-gown. By George, sir, you do look real royal!"

His wife looked at me admiringly. "Yes, sir," said she, "and I wish it was the fashion for gentlemen to dress something like that every day. But I will say, sir, that if you don't want people

to be staring at you, and will just wrap that gown round you so that the lining won't be seen, you won't look so much out of the way."

As I walked along the smooth hard driveway I adopted the suggestion of the gardener's wife; but as I approached the house and saw that even the broad piazza was lighted by electric lamps, I was seized with the fancy to appear in all my glory, and I allowed my capacious robe to float out on each side of me in crimson brightness.

The gentleman stood at the top of the steps. "I have been waiting for you, sir," said he. He looked as if he were about to offer me his hand, but probably considered this an unnecessary ceremony, under the circumstances. "Would you like to retire to your room, sir, or would you prefer—prefer sitting out here to enjoy the cool of the evening? Here are chairs and seats, sir, of all variety of comfort. My family and I frequently sit out here in the evenings, but to-night the air is a little damp."

I assured the gentleman that the air suited me very well, and that I would prefer not to retire so early; and so, not caring any longer to stand in front of the lighted doorway, I walked to one end of the piazza and took a seat.

"We haven't yet—that is to say, we are still at the table," he remarked as he followed me; "but if there is anything that you would like to have, I should be—"

I interrupted him by declaring that I had supped heartily and did not want for anything in the world, and then, with some sort of an inarticulate excuse, he left me. I knew very well that this nervously correct personage had jumped up from his dinner in order that he might meet me at the door and thus prevent my unconventional attire from shocking any of the servants.

It was very quiet and pleasant on the piazza, but although I could hear that a great deal of talking was going on inside, no words came to me. In a short time, however, a man-servant in livery came out upon the piazza and approach-

ed me with a tray on which were a cup of coffee and some cigars. I could not refrain from smiling as I saw the man.

"The old fellow has been forced to conquer his prejudices," I said to myself, "and to submit to the mortification of allowing me to be seen by his butler!"

I think, however, that even had the



MY CAPACIOUS ROBE

master been regarding us he would have seen no reason for mortification in the manner of his servant. The man was extremely polite and attentive, suggesting various refreshments, such as wine, etc., and I never was treated by a lackey with more respect.

Leaning back in a comfortable chair, I sipped my coffee and puffed away at a perfectly delightful Havana cigar. "Cathay is not a bad place," said I to myself. "Its hospitality is a little queer,





THE BEAUTY OF HER TEETH

but as to gorgeousness, luxury, and—" I was about to add another quality when my mind was diverted by a light step on the piazza, and turning my head, I beheld the young lady I had seen before. Instantly I arose and laid aside my cigar.

"Please do not disturb yourself," she said. "I simply came out to give a little message from my father. Sit down again and I will take this seat for a moment. My father's health is delicate," she said, "and we do not like him to be out in the night air, especially after a rain. So I came in his stead to tell you that if

you would like to come into the house you must do so without the slightest hesitation, because my mother and I do not mind that dressing-gown any more than if it were an ordinary coat. We are very glad to have the opportunity of entertaining you, for we know some people in Walford—not very many, but some—and we have heard you and your school spoken of very highly. So we want you to make yourself perfectly at home, and come in or sit out here, just as your own feelings in regard to extraordinary fine clothes shall prompt you."

At this she reassured me as to the beauty of her teeth. "As long as you will sit out here," said I to myself, "there will be no in-doors for me."

She seemed to read my thoughts, and said: "If you will go on with

your smoking, I will wait and ask you some things about Walford. I dearly love the smell of a good cigar, and father never smokes. He always keeps them, however, in case of gentlemen visitors."

She then went on to talk about some Walford people, and asked me if I knew Mary Talbot. I replied in the affirmative, for Miss Talbot was a member of our literary society, and the young lady informed me that Mary Talbot had a brother in my school—a fact of which I was aware to my sorrow—and it was on account of this brother that she had first happened to see me.



"See me!" I exclaimed, with surprise.

"Yes," said she. "I drove over to the village one day this spring, and Mary and I were walking past your school-house, and the door was wide open, for it was so warm, and we stopped so that Mary might point out her brother to me; and so, as we were looking in, of course I saw you."

"And you recognized me," I said, "when you saw me at the gardener's house?"

"We call that the lodge," said she. "Not that I care in the least what name you give it. And while we are on a personal subject, I want to ask you to excuse me for laughing at you when I first saw you in that astounding garb. It was very improper, I know, but the apparition was so sudden I could not help it."

I had never met a young lady so thoroughly self-contained as this one. None of the formalities of society had been observed in regard to our acquaintance with each other, but she talked with me with such an easy grace and with such a gentle assurance that there was no need of introduction or presentation; I felt acquainted with her on the spot. I had no doubt that her exceptionally gracious demeanor was due to the fact that nobody else in the house seemed inclined to be gracious, and she felt hospitality demand-

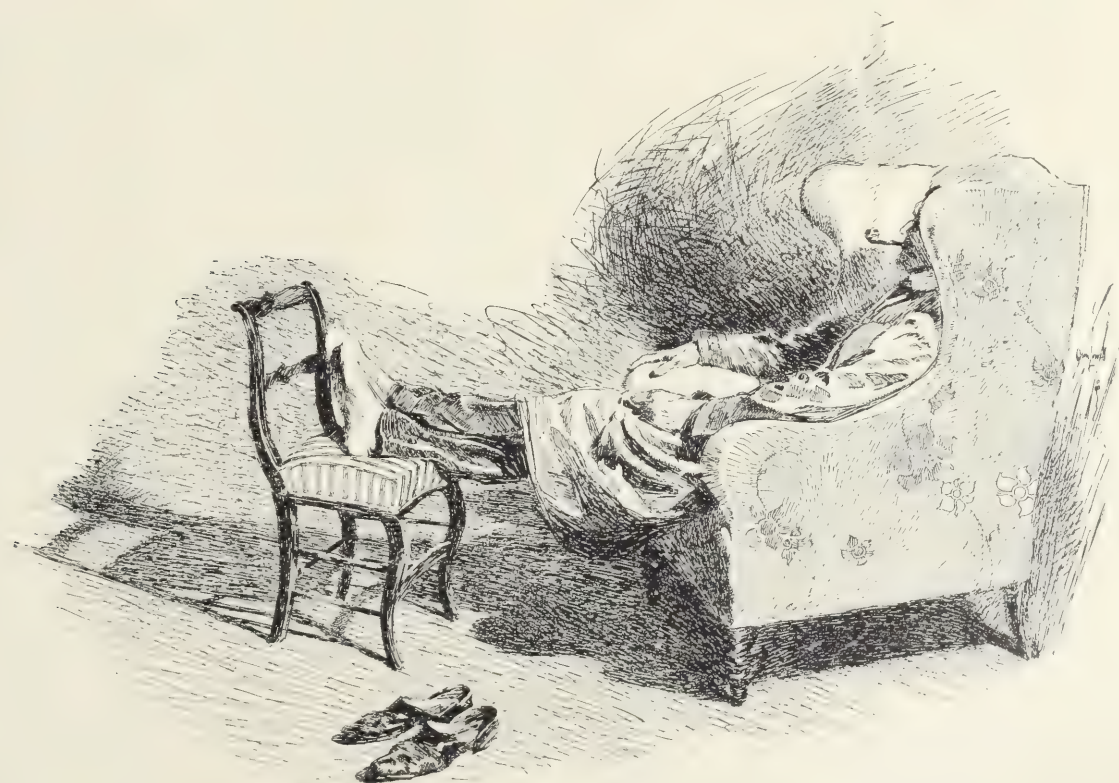
ed that something of the kind should be offered me by some one of the family.

We talked together for some minutes longer, and then, apparently hearing something in the house which I did not notice, she rose rather abruptly.

"I must go in," she said; "but don't you stay out here a second longer than you want to."

She had left me but a very short time when her father came out on the piazza, his coat buttoned up nearly to his chin. "I have been detained, sir," he said, "by a man who came to see me on business. I cannot remain with you out here, for the air affects me; but if you will come in, sir, I shall be glad to have you do so, without regard to your appearance. My wife is not strong and she has retired, and if it please you I shall be very glad to have you tell me something of your duties and success in Walford. Or, if you are fatigued, your room is ready for you, and my man will show you to it."

I snatched at the relief held out to me. To sit in the company of that condescending prig, to bore him and to be bored by him, was a doleful grievance I did not wish to inflict upon myself, and I eagerly answered that the day had been a long and hard one, and that I would be glad to go to bed.



*I Kicked Off My Embroidered Slippers*



This was an assertion which was doubly false, for I was not in the least tired or sleepy; and just as I had made the statement and was entering the hall I saw that the young lady was standing at the parlor door; but it was too late now for me to change my mind.

"Brownster," said Mr. Putney to his butler, "will you give this gentleman a candle and show him to his room?"

Brownster quietly bowed, and stepping to a table in the corner, on which stood some brass bed-room candlesticks, he lighted one of the candles and stood waiting.

The gentleman moved toward his daughter, and then he stopped and turned to me. "We have breakfast," he said, "at half past eight. But if that is too late for you," he added, with a certain hesitation, "you can have—"

At this moment I distinctly saw his daughter punch him with her elbow, and as I had no desire to make an early start, and wished very much to enjoy a good breakfast in Cathay, I quickly declared that I was in no hurry, and that the family breakfast hour would suit me perfectly.

The young lady disappeared into the parlor, and I moved toward the butler; but my host, probably thinking that he had not been quite as attentive to me as his station demanded, or wishing to let me see what a fine house he possessed, stepped up to me and asked me to look into the billiard-room, the door of which I was about to pass. After some remarks of deprecatory ostentation, in which he informed me that in building his house he thought only of comfort and convenience, and nothing of show, he carelessly invited my attention to the drawing-room, the library, the music-room, and the little sitting-room, all of which

were furnished with as much stiffness and hardness and inharmonious coloring as money could command.

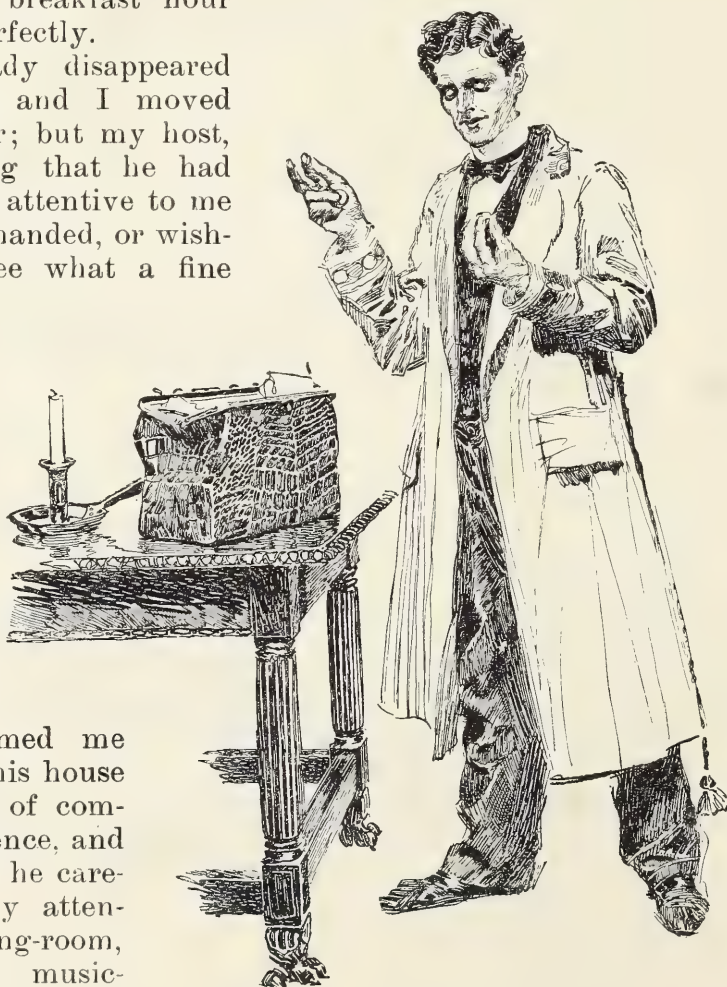
When we had finished the round of these rooms he made me a bow as stiff as one of his white and gold chairs, and I followed the butler up the staircase. The man with the light preceded me into a room on the second floor, and just as I was about to enter after him I saw the young lady come around a corner of the hall with a lighted candle in her hand.

"Good-night," she said, with a smile so charming that I wanted to stop and tell her something about Mary Talbot's brother; but she passed on, and I went into my room.

It seemed perfectly ridiculous to me that people should carry around bed-room candles in a house lighted from top to bottom by electricity, but I had no doubt that this was one of the ultra-conventional customs from which the dapper gentleman would not allow his family to depart. I did not believe for a mo-

ment that his daughter would conform to such nonsense except to please her parent.

The softly moving and attentive Brownster put the candle on a table, blew it out, and touched a button, thereby lighting up a very handsomely furnished room. Then, after performing every possible service for me, with a bow he left me. Throwing myself into a great easy-chair, I kicked off my embroidered slippers and put



*It Would Be Well For Me  
To Swallow A Capsule*

my feet upon another chair gay with satin stripes. Raising my eyes, I saw in front of me a handsome mirror extending from the floor nearly to the ceiling, and at the magnificent personage which therein met my gaze I could not help laughing aloud.

I rose, stood before the mirror, folded my gorgeous gown around me, spread it out, contrasting the crimson glory of its lining with the golden yellow of my trousers, and wondered in my soul how that exceedingly handsome girl with the bright eyes could have controlled her risibilities as she sat with me on the piazza. I could see that she had a wonderful command of herself, but this exercise of it seemed superhuman.

I walked around the sumptuously furnished chamber, looking at the pictures and bric-à-brac; I wondered that the master of the house was willing to put me in a room like this—I had expected a hall bed-room, at the best; I sat down by an open window, for it was very early yet and I did not want to go to bed, but I had scarcely seated myself when I heard a tap at the door. I could not have explained it, but this tap made me jump, and I went to the door and opened it instead of calling out. There stood the butler, with a tray in his hand on which

was a decanter of wine, biscuits, cheese, and some cigars.

"It's so early, sir," said Brownster, "that she said—I mean, sir, I thought that you might like something to eat, and if you want to enjoy a cigar before retiring, as many gentlemen do, you need not mind smoking here. These rooms are so well ventilated, sir, that every particle of odor will be out in no time." Placing the tray upon a table, he retired.

For an hour or more I sat sipping my wine, puffing smoke into rings, and allowing my mind to dwell pleasingly upon the situation, the most prominent feature of which seemed to me to be a young lady with bright eyes and white teeth, and dressed in a perfectly fitting gown.

When at last I thought I ought to go to bed, I stood and gazed at my little valise. I had left it on the porch and had totally forgotten it, but here it was upon a table, where it had been placed, no doubt, by the thoughtful Brownster. I opened it and took out the box of capsules. I did not feel that I had taken cold in the night air; this was not a time to protect myself against morning mists; but still I thought it would be well for me to swallow a capsule, and I did so.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE SINGING OF A BIRD

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE

**F**IRST as lessees, then (as their means increased) as owners, Prevost and his wife have administered the eating-house down in the old-fashioned southwest quarter of the city for more than twenty years.

Prevost rented the place just after his marriage to his pretty Marie; his means were small, but his courage was great. Few shared his own confidence that he would succeed; and in the beginning he certainly had hard work. But he was honest, energetic, and resolute. Above all, he was cheerful, and devoted to his business and his customers. He gave good food, most of which he cooked admirably himself; he furnished excellent Bordeaux wine, imported by himself from Bordeaux, where he was born. His voice

was pleasant and hearty; his broad, ruddy cheeks dimpled when he smiled, and the smile itself disclosed white, even teeth. During business hours he always wore an immaculate white apron or pinafore. You saw at the first glance that he was a guileless, kindly creature, and when he exchanged a glance or a word with his wife, you understood that his cheerfulness was no professional pretence, but was the result of true happiness—the happiness of a loving husband who believes himself loved. He adored Marie from the first; he has never ceased to adore her. He married her when she was but a year out of the convent, and she has been the sole queen of his heart and the end of his activities ever since. There she sits, at the pay-desk in the cen-



tre of the big low-ceiled room, where she has sat for twenty years, rosy and plump now like her husband, and a right handsome woman always. Beyond doubt she is a happy woman—happy in her husband, happy in her three healthy children, who are always sweet and clean as fresh milk; and happy, too, in her position, sitting there at her pay-desk day after day, in the midst of the broad, cheerful room, with some fourscore good-humored, effervescent guests eating good dinners all around her, chattering light-heartedly as they sip their good claret, laying down their good money on the desk, and getting back their change from her plump, pretty fingers, and pausing to exchange a few compliments and witticisms with her; for they are all her friends, and she is theirs. They look into her smiling brown eyes, and see nothing there but contentment, kindness, and modesty. How, indeed, could it be otherwise?

"I have taken my dinners here almost from the first," says an elderly Frenchman, a patriot of '48, to his companion, a young artist, whom he has just introduced there. "It has always been the same. The best eating-house in town—that you can see for yourself; but also the happiest ménage. They were born for each other, she and Prevost; I give it you in a word."

"I should have said, though," remarks the artist, who has kept his eyes upon the pretty hostess with some intentness, "that she was a touch above him—eh? Might have done better with herself, socially speaking? He is a good honest fellow, but there must have been a refinement about her when she was a girl—a delicacy—eh? Consider that nose, now."

"Ah-bah! I tell you of twenty years of wedded felicity, and you would have me consider a nose! What it is to be an artist!"

The artist laughs. And with that comes along Prevost on his rounds. For it has always been his custom from the first to go from table to table, to satisfy himself that his guests are being well served. He has a word for each. "Is the dish cooked to suit you, sir?" or (to a waiter), "Take back that potato and bring a mealier one"; or, "Madame, your shopping has a little tired you—a glass of my Bordeaux wine will make you your good self again"; or, "Permit me to present your

little boy with this red apple—red apples make little boys into great men." To the artist he says, "I hope we content you, sir; that you will often come to us again."

"Assuredly, Monsieur Prevost. But may I ask why a man so prosperous as you does not move up town, to some more fashionable neighborhood? You would make ten times the money."

Prevost smiles broadly, and wisely shakes his head.

"Ah, no, no! We have been happy here, my good wife and I, and we are happy; and with what face should we leave our good friends who have made us our prosperity? This is our place in the world, and here we will live and enjoy with our friends till the good God says 'Come.' And even then— Well, you will laugh, monsieur, but I will tell you what I say to my good wife. I say, 'Marie, let us pray that the good God, when we die, will give us in heaven just such an eating-house as this, where we may serve our old friends just as we do here.' Yes, we are truly very happy."

"May your happiness continue!" responds the artist, emptying his last glass of Bordeaux wine. And then he and his friend rise from the table and go to the pay-desk, where the comely hostess greets them with a smile.

"You see, Madame Marie," says the ex-revolutionist, "I have brought you a new recruit. He is a portrait-painter; but what then?—he can eat a dinner as well as the others."

"I welcome monsieur," says Marie, in her voice which seems to smile like her face. Then, for a moment, the glance of her clear brown eyes is veiled as it were with a transparent shadow, as when sunshine is withdrawn by a summer cloud from the surface of a lake. But the shadow gives a glimpse of depths which the sunshine had concealed.

"I was once acquainted with a portrait-painter, but it was long ago," she says, in a voice sounding as if it came from a distance. She looks down, and makes change for the dollar bill which the artist had laid on the counter.

The ex-revolutionist was lighting his cigar at the match-stand. The artist says, in a low tone, which causes her to raise her eyes, "I should like to see his portrait of you as you were when he knew you, madame."



She makes a quick gesture with her hand. "Ah, God forbid!" and laughs rather loudly.

The transparent shadow vanishes. The artist gathers up his change. "Without doubt you are much handsomer now, madame," he says, gallantly, "and much—happier. My compliments, madame!"

"Adieu, monsieur," she responds, but without looking at him, for she is making change for another customer.

"Yes, the happiest ménage in New York," says the ex-revolutionist, as he and the artist stand together outside the door before going their different ways. "Is it not as I told you?—they were made for each other."

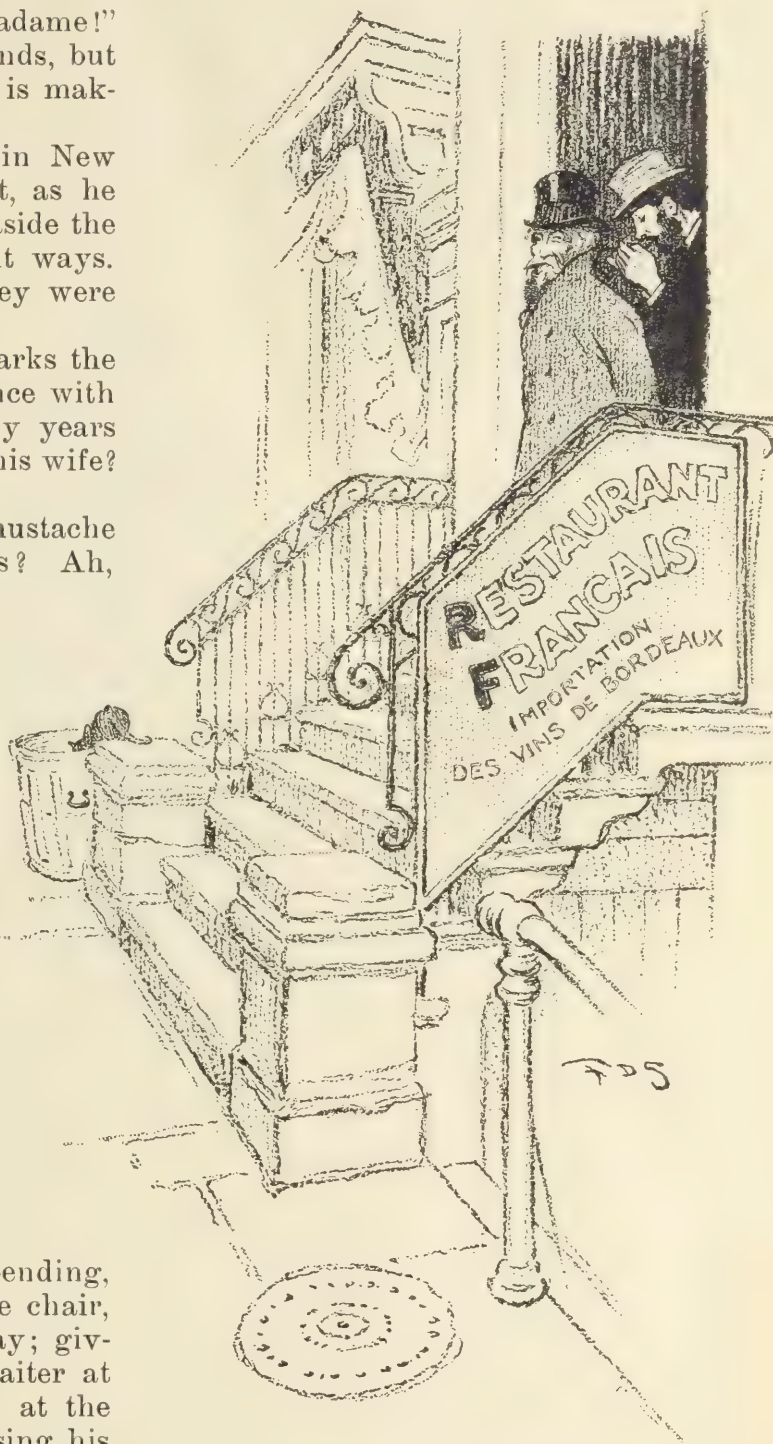
"You are older than I," remarks the artist. "You have had experience with women. Tell me, in how many years may a husband expect to know his wife? In twenty years?"

The other twists his gray mustache and laughs. "In twenty years? Ah, you are droll! I have never met the woman that I could not read through and through in twenty minutes!"

"Well, you go one way, I go another," says the artist. "Farewell!"

It is still early in the afternoon, and most of the little square tables in the low-ceiled eating-room are occupied with customers, eating their soups and stews, sipping their Bordeaux wine, nibbling their cheese, and light-heartedly chattering together. Prevost, plump and cheerful, continues to make his rounds—bending, with his hand on the back of the chair, to listen to what this one has to say; giving brisk instructions to the waiter at yonder table; smiling cordially at the friend who has just entered; kissing his finger-tips at that other who is departing; playfully pulling the yellow curls of the little girl who has spilled her porridge in her lap, and ordering a fresh napkin to be brought to her; and ever and anon sending a glance over the heads of the company to his wife Marie, sitting at her raised pay-desk, where she has sat for twenty years. Each time she responds,

as has been her custom for twenty years, with a little nod and a smile. But is there any difference at all during the last hour in her manner of meeting these conjugal signals of his? None



"'Yes, The Happiest Ménage In New York,' Says The Ex-Revolutionist."

whatever that honest Prevost can see. For him, because he is happy, each day contains all the past and all the future; there is no time in happiness. His eating-room, his guests, his wife—they are



all here, just as they have always been and always will be, until the good God gathers them all together once more in the next world. He has never known or cared for anything better than this, anything higher; it is his life, to which he was born, which he contentedly lives. His Marie—wifely, motherly, cheerful, faithful—sits there at her pay-desk making change, tossing back and forth friendly little speeches with the customers who come and go, and ever and anon meeting his conjugal signals across the room. Between them is perfect sympathy and understanding; he knows her as he knows himself. Her soul is wholly transparent to him; or, at all events, he has never found any cloud between her and himself in their long intercourse of twenty years. As for her soul, or his, it must be admitted that the good and simple Prevost has never given much thought to such things. His own soul has never obtruded itself upon his notice, and he has never seen the soul of any one else, even of Marie. He would be puzzled to tell you what a soul is, in fact. He knows what good cookery is, and hungry and satisfied guests, and business, and his wife, and his children; and he believes in a good God, who will make things comfortable for them hereafter; but the soul—that is a sort of figure of speech; not anything with which one concerns himself in this world. It is a very simple, solid, and sufficient thing, this world of Prevost's. He sees it quite distinctly; but as to seeing through it, what is there to be seen?

Nevertheless, is there any difference at all in Marie since those few words that she exchanged with the artist?

One fancies there is some slight preoccupation; some trace of uneasiness or annoyance, perhaps. Occasionally, in the brief intervals of her making change, or other customary little activities, you may notice a shade of seriousness pass over her face, a momentary abstractedness in the expression of her eyes. At such moments the normal regularity of her breathing is interrupted; and when she recovers herself her motherly bosom rises with a deeper inspiration than ordinary. Can anything trouble the thoughts of a faithful wife, an affectionate mother, of twenty years' standing? Nothing in the shape of remorse, we may be sure; but there may be times

in the life of a woman when something done or felt or dreamed of long ago may advance from its most remote retreat in the memory, as the mirage advances over the material landscape; and so strangely vivid does it appear that, while she contemplates it, the present reality seems dreamlike, and the vision the reality. Where are the years that seemed so long and undeniable? Where is the life that seemed so full and substantial? The phantom of that hour of long ago declares itself still the sole reality, and shames the long substantial years into a phantom.

Such moods soon pass, however. The weight of actual things presses them down into the depths whence they arose. They remain, at most, but hints doubtfully prophetic of changes and developments to come, or that might have been. The wide room, with the afternoon sunshine sending its latest glance across the white tables and busy eaters; the murmur of talk, the clatter and tinkle of plates and glasses, the comfortable scent of good food well cooked; the familiar figure of stout Prevost, passing slowly here and there, with his friendly bow and dimpling smile; the rustle and clink of the greenbacks and silver on the desk as she receives payment and makes change—this Prevost's world, in short—oh, how real it is! And is it not better so? If another sun shone once, twenty years ago; if there was a scent of wild flowers then instead of well-cooked dishes; if there was a blue sky overhead instead of a white plaster ceiling; if there were eyes, a voice, a touch which filled the soul with hallowed mystery and wonder, and sent happy tremors stealing through the heart—well, if there ever were such a season, such a day, such an hour, it is gone, and cannot come back; and were it to come back, it would no longer seem the same; for the senses and the soul and the heart which they wrought upon then would be insensible to their influence now. Twenty years is—twenty years; and it is better so. Husband, children, customers, the old routine, they are pleasant, are they not? and you would not change them even if you could, Marie. You have been content; and contentment is a jewel seldom found, and not lightly to be given away again. You are a contented woman in your fortieth year, with a double chin and a substantial waist; and you have



taken in a good round sum of money to-day. Wonder and mystery and happy tremors, visions of a maid of nineteen fresh from the shadowed innocence of a convent—what have they to do with a Prevost world? Can you lay your plump hand upon your maternal bosom and aver that they ever had any true reality at all?

Through the swinging doors of the eating-house, which, as they opened, let in a momentary din from the stony street of clattering carts and hurrying pedestrians, entered a poorly clad figure, with a thick cane in his right hand, and in his left a small wooden cage containing a bird. The man had a grizzled and tangled beard, and pale features somewhat pinched with illness or want; his eyes had the faded blankness of the blind. But it was a face sensitively moulded, as of one who might have known refinement and elevated pleasures, but dulled and seamed and dreary now by the wearing of a world which had dimmed ideals and defeated ambition and corrupted integrity, perhaps, and

then had brought calamity and helplessness. The man wore a soft felt hat, much stained and faded; his dingy clothes hung shapelessly upon him; his shoulders drooped; his hands with their long tapering fingers were bony, and disfigured by rheumatism. One occasionally meets such human ruins tapping their blind way along the streets of the city. They commonly have pencils or matches for sale; but this fellow had no-

thing but a brown bird in a wooden cage, which was hardly large enough for it to turn round in. It could not be considered a prudent business investment. Who would want to buy a brown bird? The man, however, was evidently an unpractical creature, whose ill success in life had been due to his failure to grasp life's solid realities. A worshipper of the beautiful he might have been, who had aimed to recreate in forms of enduring art the essential secret of its charm, who had lived in

the delight of the eyes, forever darkened now. A creature exquisitely endowed for æsthetic perceptions and sensuous enjoyments, who had thought to be happy and prosperous through the revelation to others of the visions which made him happy, but who had stumbled against the rough side of the world, which bruised and crippled him. An element of frailty there must have been in him; a self-indulgent weakness, perhaps, not meaning to do evil, but beguiled by the caress of the serpent into profaning some holy thing. And mercy, veiled as justice, had taken from him the power to use the gift

which he had misused; blighting the flower of time, lest its strong perfume corrupt beyond remedy the sacred fragrance of the flower of eternity.

Midway between the door and Marie's pay-desk there was an iron pillar, painted white, supporting the roof of the eating-room. To this the man with the bird came, and took his stand against it. The regulations of Prevost's establishment denied entrance to mendicants and peddlers;



*The Blind Man*





*The Song Of The Bird*

but the blind have privileges; and Prevost, after exchanging a glance with his wife, gave a sign to the waiter who had started towards the intruder, not to interfere.

"He is a new one; I have not seen him before," he remarked in an undertone to Marie, leaning his stout arm upon the corner of the desk, and incidentally laying his hand over that of his wife and patting it affectionately. "Poor devil, he looks famished. When the others have gone, he shall have a meal—shall he not? But what does he purpose with the bird? If it had been a gray parrot, now, like the one we lost last year, which could say smart things and make amusement, we might have bought it; but a little brown bird...."

"Why should the good God make a

man blind?" murmured Marie, letting her eyes rest upon the stranger with a transient compassion. "If a man is wicked—yes; but this poor fellow, one can see that he would never harm anybody."

"But the eyes are not everything," answered Prevost. "You will observe presently, when I give him a bowl of soup, he will thank God for his palate and forget the eyesight. A full belly makes a happy man; one can do without the rest."

Marie, who had probably heard this apothegm several times before, smiled slightly, but made no reply.

Meanwhile, what is the man with the bird doing? At first he merely leans against the iron pillar, his sightless countenance turned, as it happened, towards Marie, and informing himself through ear and nose, doubtless, as to what manner of place he had invaded. Then he slowly raises the wooden cage to his face, and whistles low to the brown bird, which had hitherto sat silent on its perch.

The bird extends its slender body, lifts its head, and emits two or three penetrating chirps, which make themselves audible amidst the murmur and stir of the



room. Then it fills its little lungs, its soft chest expands, and it bursts into song.

Ah, what a song was that! But who can describe the singing of a bird? The voice of nature's heart, thrillingly pure and passionate as in the dawn of time, before man sinned; shrill and sweet, piercingly sweet, and hastening to blossom into flowers of sound; ascending, soaring, high and higher, in slenderest filaments of gossamer melody; now diving, swallow-wise, down into tender warblings, flutings of love—love joyful, rich, and unending; burdening the voluble air with the splendor of color invisible, scintillating, palpitating, falling in exquisite cadences, dying and sighing; anon reviving, rippling like fairy waves through luminous spaces, dropping like melting jewels in bell-like intervals; then springing in eager ecstasies, wildly, airily beautiful, gathering glory, towering, storming through eddying splendors, quivering, expiring in musical pantings, in liquid gurglings and sweet complainings; yet returning once again with sounds like the silver bubblings of lutes swept by elfin fingers, or ringing like golden harp-strings heard far off, at dawn, when lovers' lips touch in the lingering kiss that means farewell. Then a sudden arpeggio, and silence.

Just as the song began, the door had opened, and the artist, who had forgotten to take his cane with him, had ap-

peared to claim it. But as the tameless beauty of the first searching notes reaches his ear, he turns towards the figure of the blind peddler, and slowly removes his hat, at the same time, with an instinctive gesture, lifting his left hand to impose silence upon the heterogeneous assemblage. But the hint is hardly needed; for beauty, if it be genuine, makes good its sway over every human heart and commands its homage. The busy waiters tiptoe to their places and remain motionless; the guests lean back in their chairs, or turn

in their seats to gaze and listen; and the worthy Prevost, still standing beside his wife at one corner of the desk, while the artist takes his station at the other, allows a foolish smile of surprise and pleasure to widen his rosy countenance. The mystic enchantment of the singing bird is upon them all.

But in Marie's soul there is a strange tumult. Already that afternoon she has been moved beyond her wont, and her mind has been straying vaguely backward towards the horizons of the past, glancing half reluctantly at things long hidden. But now the spell of the song parts asunder the veil, and all that had seemed dead lives its passionate life once more. The blood slowly gathering to her heart leaves her cheeks pale; her eyes are dim, her lips part, and her spirit is borne by the imperious music back to that distant day of spring and love which youth may know once, but even

*The Vision Passes Before Her*





youth once only. How deep had she buried that day in her heart! How resolutely she had turned from its grave, vowed (as she prized her peace, her daily happiness, her motherly contentment, even her wifely honor) never, never again to return to it, or to admit that it had ever been! And yet now, after twenty years, drawn by the wild, penetrating sweetness of the

from the morning dews, and of last summer's leaves, becoming slowly incorporate with the soil of spring; the early sunshine streaming through the leafy chasms of the branches; the buzz of a level-darting dragon-fly, zigzagging down the glade, where the brown brook gurgled unseen, and out through yonder opening, which, like a window of nature, revealed



*She Had Lived A Princess*

singing of a bird, by its divine appeal, by the ravishing tenderness of its joy, by the delicious wailing of its pain, the vow is broken, and she stands beside the grave—nay, not a grave, but the place of life; life, sown with immortal flowers, whispering with breezes of Paradise, shadowed with the greenwood shade of Eden, echoing with the holy whispers, and fragrant with the kisses of love—first love, last love, love of a maiden and a youth!

The vision passes before her, vivid in each unforgettable feature. She sees the woodland glade on the slope of the hills beyond the little town; there is the great gray rock, crimsoned with dancing columbines, nodding to one another on their delicate black stems; mighty trees, rugged ancestors of the forest, standing giant-like amidst the slighter growths, which yet might see their decease and thrive on their rich decay; the odor of moss, damp

the remote plain, and the mountain yet more remote, shimmering in spiritual light, with shadows of amethyst and ethereal sapphire melting into the sky. She saw it all; and beneath the shade of the great rock he sat at his easel, which planted its three slender legs amidst the ferns and moss, and upheld the picture, in which the vista of the glade and plain and mountain reappeared by a sort of magic, he being the magician. The magician turned suddenly, and saw her standing there. And she saw his face, delicately moulded, youthful, masterful, with the dark down of a mustache on his upper lip, and great, dark, imperious eyes; his forehead white and spacious—the sun had tanned the rest. Ah, those eyes, the eyes of a magician, whose spell was upon her! He knew all things, could do all things, was all things, and yet he was so young, so immortally young; little less young, it seemed, than herself. "You shall be my picture," she heard him say, "and live forever, just as beautiful as you are this moment!" "I am not beau-



tiful!" she answered; for she was fresh from the convent, where to the Lord alone is beauty ascribed. "You are beautiful," he repeated, "and you are just what I have been looking for all my life, all over the world. Stand by the tree down there, and turn your head to the left, so that I can paint your profile—the loveliest profile ever painted!" She trembled with delicious pleasure; never had she heard such words; she could not help gazing in his eyes, while in her own, from the depths of her heart, upwelled the adoration of a virgin soul. "But first," said he, after a moment, "come here to me—come! for that mouth of yours needs but one thing to make it perfect, and that I will give it. Come!" She came; she laid her warm hand in his outstretched hand, with its slender but powerful fingers. He drew her closer, smiling a little into her eyes with his. What was this? Her eyelids quivered and fell; she felt upon her lips the touch of transfiguration; and at that moment, from the boughs of the tree over their heads, burst forth the wondrous singing of a bird. Oh, that song!

The song of love, which the lovers of earth have heard, and to which they have yielded themselves willing captives; which they hear but once; for the bird, having sung it, takes flight, and does not return. But to the maiden Marie, also, this famous song was sung, though to maidens of her degree it is seldom fully audible, but passes in the air over their heads, and only a fleeting strain, an echo of it, reaches them in their lowly places. But to Marie it was given to hear it all, to the last exquisite note; and she looked down the vista and saw plain and mountain shimmering in spiritual light and melting into heaven; and innocence, wrought upon by the enchanter, put on the mystic robe of knowledge; she was bathed in the glory of romance, and virgin homage dilated into woman's passion, and time became eternity. But before the roses of June had replaced the woodland columbines of May, the glory had departed, the song was sung, the bird had taken flight, the enchanter had cast his spell and vanished; for though love be eternal, lovers are mortal; and how shall the infinite abide in the finite, and become one with it?

Marie died; though to herself only was the secret of her death known. To oth-

ers she seemed still to live, for she kept her secret. It was a sacred secret, carrying no bitterness; its only burden was death. She had lived a princess, crowned and throned, rich as the richest, noble as the noblest, happy as the happiest; and then she had ceased to live, as all that are mortal must. Being dead, her body descended to another world; a kindly, prosperous, dull world of husband and children and daily duties—the world of Prevost. There had she dwelt contentedly these many years, until at length she had grown to believe, as Prevost and the others did, that this was life, and that other a dream. But now, inopportunately and unawares, into this dull, easy, deaf, and blind world of the dead had come the immortal bird, and with his deathless song had dissolved the cerements from her soul, leaving it naked and quivering before her eyes, closed so long. But the music of his singing broke the bonds which she had laid upon her heart, and it arose and beat once more with the throb of youth and life; she was again the girl who had aspired and loved and been loved; the divine splendor glowed around her; the princess was reseated on her throne! But where was the enchanter?

The song ends with an arpeggio, and there is silence; and Marie Prevost is sitting at her pay-desk in the eating-room. The slender brown bird is mute in his cage; the blind peddler—is a blind peddler, offering to sell him, cage and all, for a dollar.

Honest Prevost shakes his head. "No; the bird sings prettily, but one soon tires of a singing-bird; if it had been a gray parrot, now, perhaps! . . . But if you will go in the kitchen, the cook shall give you a bowl of good soup; for we have been entertained by the bird—is it not so, Marie, mon ange?"

What is the matter with Marie, who is always cheerful, who has smiled constantly these twenty years? Her face is buried in her hands; she is sobbing violently, and makes no response to her husband; when, much distressed, the good man lays his hand anxiously upon her arm, she shrinks away from him, as if his touch were hateful. Such a thing has never occurred before.

"But, mon ange, you are ill. . . . But, Marie, consider the guests. . . . Nom de ciel!"

"Madame," says the artist, bending



towards her and speaking in her ear, "if you wish to have the bird, permit me to buy it for you."

She uncovers her face, and gives him a strange look of terror and appeal. "Who are you? Where am I? Ah, my God! No, no! take it away! It is too late."

"And so it is," mutters the artist, half to himself, drawing back. "But God best knows how to deal with His own souls. Come, my friend," he continues, turning to the peddler, and taking him by the arm, "I will buy your bird, if you wish to sell him; meanwhile, come with me to my studio."

"Your studio?" says the peddler, turning his blind face upon him. "Are you a painter?"

"Yes; and what then?"

"Nothing. I was a painter myself once, that's all."

"And sold your pictures?"

"Long ago—all but one."

"What became of that one?"

"I kept it; I wouldn't part with it."

"What is the use of a picture to a blind man?"

"It was painted many years ago; it

has associations with— I wouldn't part with it."

"As you please. But it seems odd that you should refuse to part from a picture which you cannot see, and which might perhaps be sold for a lot of money, and should be willing to take a dollar for a bird that sings divinely, and which you can hear as well as I."

"So it seems to you, sir, very naturally. But to me it is different. There are thousands of birds like this one, who can sing the same song; but there is a bird in my picture which sings a song that no one can hear but me, which I would not exchange for all the singing-birds in the world,—not if I starve for it—and so I shall some day."

"Well, you sha'n't starve yet awhile. I have been looking for a model, and yours is the face I want. There is something in it that I want to study. Maybe it will tell me the secret of that picture of yours."

The peddler shook his head, with a smile. "It will need sharper eyes even than an artist's to see through the face of a blind man," said he. "I thank God I'm blind!"

## A PERSIAN GAZELLE

(JAMI)

BY R. H. STODDARD

LAST night when my tired eyes were closed in sleep,  
 I saw the one I love, and heard her speak,  
 Heard, in the listening watches of the night,  
 The sweet words melting from her sweeter lips;  
 But what she said, or seemed to say to me,  
 I have forgotten, though till morning broke  
 I strove to remember her melodious words.  
 Long, long may Jami's eyes be blest with sleep,  
 Like that which stole him from himself last night,—  
 The perfect rest, which closing his tired lids  
 Disclosed the hidden beauty of his love,  
 And flooding his soul with music all the while,  
 Imposed forgetfulness, instructing him  
 That silence is more significant of love  
 Than all the burning words in lovers' songs!

# DELIA

BY GERTRUDE ROSCOE

THE persistent clangor of the bell at Blanton's Mill ceased as Delia Butler turned the last corner of the street. She was still some distance away, and the sidewalk was too icy to permit any faster progress. If only the gatekeeper would look! The gates were closed promptly when the bell stopped, and those who happened to be a minute late must go back to the office entrance and wait half an hour for the door to be unlocked, then report to the clerk, answer fifty or more questions, most of them obtrusively personal, and submit to be mulcted of a quarter of a day's pay. All this flashed through Delia's mind as the last strokes sounded, and, uttering an impatient cry, she sprang into the middle of the street and ran towards the gate. The tender had seen her, and he closed the gate promptly, according to rules, but the locking of it bothered him sadly, as he had but one arm, and so Delia passed through, out of breath, but grateful to Dabney for sparing her the useless delay and nagging at the office. Nearly every loom in the weaving-shed was in motion when she pushed open the heavily weighted iron door, and the lights were so brilliant that she shaded her eyes an instant with her mittened hand. Passing her own looms, she kept on along the alley towards the head of the room, where the overseer's assistant stood at his usual post of observation while the work was being started for the day.

Miles Dent had been a fixer in the room for a long time, and had fairly won his promotion to the second hand's place by keeping his section in better working order and getting a larger amount of cloth from the looms in his care for six months at a stretch than any other fixer at Blanton's. His chief was sick, and he was temporarily in full charge of the weaving. Opportunities like this are of great use to ambitious young men in such positions. They are the examina-

tions that win them their degrees as masters of their trade, or prove their ignorance and inefficiency. It can be safely asserted that any head of a department in Blanton's who is popular with the help under him stands no chance of promotion, and is booked for dismissal whenever a more satisfactory officer can be secured to take his place. Already Miles Dent had acquired a reputation that was the choicest asset in his business capital.

When Delia approached him, hooded and shawled, the second hand knew perfectly what her errand was, for on the two previous mornings she had asked leave to go home, giving as her excuse that her baby was sick, and at the last interview she had provoked him by persisting in her request and becoming tearfully importunate after his gruff refusal. He hated snivelling women right heartily, and it suited him to ignore her existence. Waiting till she had come within a yard of him, he turned away and pretended not to hear her call him by her weaver's signal, though it would penetrate through the roar of the speed and arrest attention across a dozen rods of clashing machinery. Down the wide central walk he hurried, and did not once pause nor look around till he reached the farther end of the shed. The floor was nearly six hundred feet long, and Delia was weakened by two nights of watching and anxiety, besides the exhaustion of her regular work in the mill. She could only follow at a distance. As before, he waited till she could almost speak to him, and then set off again, this time making for the cloth-room door in the upper corner of the shed, not twenty feet from where he had at first stood. Again Delia traversed the weary length of the room between the rows of looms, whose rapidly shifting harnesses, glancing shuttles, and racing belts made her head swim as she walked. Her first passage attracted no attention from the



weavers, but the return of the two instantly made the situation plain to them.

It would never do to neglect an opportunity to please the second hand; moreover, the spectacle of the dejected woman following the man so persistently about, weeping as she went—for from sheer weakness Delia could no longer restrain her tears—was too much for the gravity of some of the young people, and they laughed and hooted, pelting her with ridicule in an abandon of ferocious fun, such as savage children might feel in baiting a prisoner compelled to pass between their ranks.

The roar of the speed was no protection to Delia. She was as expert in the lip-reading of speech as a deaf-mute, could see with her shoulders and the back of her head, and was sensitive to the fringe of her shawl. She cowered and shrank, lacing her fingers in her rosary till its silver links almost snapped, as she emerged from the forest of the Jacquard looms into a broad expanse of low machinery and quickened her pace almost to a run.

"Mother of God, pray for me—pray for me." Her lips shaped the words over and over. Then, as the weavers sprang together in twos and threes, clung to one another, and thrust groups of grinning faces towards her on either side, shouting insults and unreportable slang in her very ears as she passed, or stood singly between their looms saluting her with howls and high-pitched staccato laughter, she unconsciously dropped prescribed forms, appealing in her need directly to the Merciful.

"They mocked you. They mocked you. Jesus, help me! Help me!"

As she hurried along the panic subsided or spent itself. Another scene arose so vividly before her as to blot out all sense of the mad riot and crashing din about her—her husband holding the wailing baby and walking to and fro in the disordered kitchen at home, pausing at every turn to peer through the steamy windows for a sight of her coming back. The mocking ridicule, so terrible a moment before, was shed away like something that had never been, and her one thought was to overtake the second hand striding away into the dimness at the far end of the room, and

wring from him permission to leave her work for the day.

She almost reached him at the door of the cloth-room, but Dent again eluded her, and continued to amuse himself for nearly half an hour longer by leading her artfully along and allowing her to get quite close to him from time to time. When he had walked a mile or more and began himself to feel the fatigue of the exercise, he stopped abruptly and faced about, as though that instant aware that he was wanted.

"What are you doin' up here?" he demanded, savagely. "Who's runnin' your looms? 'F you've brought Jim in here to take your place, as you wanted to do yesterday, you can tell him to skip out, or I'll kick him into the middle of next week. I got enough of him on them old Masons. 'F he couldn't run a set of plain sheetings, how's he goin' to run them fancy looms o' yourn? You hear me? Go back to your work an' tell him to git." There was hard swearing wedged between every sentence, and the second hand further enforced his angry outburst with stamps and fist-shaking.

Delia leaned against a post, recovering her breath. She made no attempt to speak till Miles had shouted himself hoarse and stopped for her reply.

"Jim is at home with the baby," she said, quietly, "an' I must go right back. I've been up with it all night. It's dyin'." There were no tears now. Her eyes were burning with fevered intensity.

"Oh!" said Miles, suddenly becoming blandly sarcastic. "You've just come in to tell me that you are goin' home. Well, I'm on my way to the office to report all the looms runnin' in this mill. There ain't no spare hands, an' that rather interferes with your little game." Returning to his furious shouting, he continued: "Go back to your work, an' if I hear anything more of this damned nonsense about a sick kid I'll send you packin'. How many does it take to look after one squallin' brat? Jim's got nothin' else to do, an' ain't likely to have."

"But, Miles, I can't work with my baby dyin'. I know it's dyin'. You must let me go. I can't work—I can't. My poor little baby won't trouble anybody long."

"Stuff and nonsense! That's the regulation lie. You married women are always workin' it. There's a kid always ready to die whenever one of you wants to stay out a day."

Delia sank on a packing-box and sobbed aloud. Her weeping infuriated Dent. He could barely restrain his clinched and quivering fist. Fairly clubbing her with frightful curses till he was out of breath, he turned on his heel and flung himself out into the yard, slamming the door with all his might.

Delia knew that it would be worse than useless to follow him farther, and she sat half dazed where he had left her, torn between her frantic desire to fly home to her baby and the sure knowledge that it would cost her the loss of her work and all chance of future employment. At last she arose wearily and went slowly back to her looms.

At first she worked blindly in a dull, persistent way, her practised hands attending to the details of the intricate pattern-weaving automatically. Then tears came to the relief of her tortured mother-heart, and she wept long and bitterly. As the day advanced, she worked feverishly, cleaning her looms in every part, though that task was not required of her till the end of the week, cutting the waste yarn from an accumulation of bobbins that had been left for a time when she might be compelled to wait for loom-repairing, and giving herself not a moment's rest for hours.

At noon a neighbor's child came to her just as the speed started. He shouted shrilly that Jim said she must come home anyway, the baby was worse, and fled precipitately to avoid being locked in with the closing of the gates.

The word came too late, even if Delia had decided to throw prudence to the winds and go. No one could leave the mill after the bell stopped ringing, except through the office, where written leave from the head of a department was demanded. She was as much a prisoner as any captured thief in a penitentiary. Miles Dent could set her free with a line of writing or a walk across the yard to answer for her at the office, but unless he chose to relent she must stay till half past six o'clock—the regular time for quitting work.

She could see the second hand a little way off, talking to Sidonie Martel, a vivacious French woman, who showed pretty white teeth and flashed sparkling glances as he spoke, as if in answer to compliments.

"If Sidonie wanted to go out, Miles would send all over town to hunt a spare hand for her," thought Delia, bitterly, and her heart swelled fiercely with the rage of helplessness. But was she so helpless? Miles used to have that manner toward herself. He was friendly and jolly, and put himself out to oblige her, too, but he got mad with her one day, and had been as hard as iron ever since. What had angered him? Wasn't it because she would not understand him, and got mad and said sharp things to him when he was professing to take great interest in her work and praising her extravagantly one day? Why couldn't she have laughed and tossed back a silly word or two in reply, as Sidonie would have done? Wise Sidonie, who always got favors as soon as she asked for them, or had favors offered without asking. A door seemed to open in the wall of her prison a hand's-breadth as these thoughts flashed through Delia's mind. Miles would not pass that way again till two o'clock, when he would have to check the cloth in the rack just beyond her work before it could be taken to the finishing-room to be inspected.

Delia stopped her looms and bathed her face carefully. Then she propped a little square of looking-glass in the window-ledge and brushed out her long hair, arranging it in a lustrous coil at the back of her head, with soft wavy masses above the forehead and little clinging tendrils about her temples and ears. The effect was magical. She had neglected to curl her hair for months, ever since her husband lost his job and she obtained grudging leave to go to work herself, well knowing that her skill as a pattern-weaver alone obtained the concession. Turning her head this way and that, Delia studied her reflection in the glass in a curiously impersonal way. Her hair was beautiful and her eyes unusually bright, but her face was too deathly pale, and there was heavy dark circles under her eyes. She powdered over the blue shadows with starch, and



moistening a wisp of red waste yarn, carefully tinted her white cheeks. The ghastly look disappeared, and she felt sure that even a close scrutiny in the semi-shadow of the tall looms would fail to reveal the make-up.

Dent was checking the cloth busily, and happening to glance in the direction of Delia's looms, he paused with a big roll in his hands and stared hard at her. She was walking briskly about her work, looking ten years younger and quite cheerful and contented. Just then she began to sing, the musical high notes of her song penetrating easily across to where he stood. He pitched the cut of cloth on the truck and went on with his work till the account was complete.

"You women beat the devil," he said, appearing at Delia's side as she bent over a loom to draw a few broken threads into place. "Only this morning you was in a regular tantrum, chasin' me round an' yellin' fit to kill, lookin' like a mop, too. Own up, now, that you tried to put up a job on me."

"I did want to go home, Miles, but you made me cry swearin' so hard. You don't know how awful you do swear, nor how it hurts—me."

Delia leaned forward to reach a thread from the skein of piecing-yarn as she spoke, and the curve of her bosom pressed against his arm, and her lips almost touched his ear as she said the last word. Lightly swaying back with the thread in her fingers, she joined it on and drew it in place with a perfect appearance of unconsciousness. The color deepened in the man's face and he dropped the lids over his eyes. His countenance cleared, and the forbidding expression was swept away like the passing of a cloud.

"'N' you made up that yarn an' went into that tantrum to get me to let you out? I didn't think you could pretend like that, Dele. 'Tain't like you a bit."

"The baby is sick, an' I was up with it last night an' the night before, as I said; but I heard from it this noon"—the smile did not waver—"an' I guess Jim can get along till night. 'Tain't no use to kick when you put your foot down." Then, with sudden animation: "Why don't Andrews fire out that old blunderhead an' give you the name of

runnin' the weavin', an' the pay for it? You're doin' the work now, right along, whether he's sick or well."

Miles fairly glowed with gratified pride, and Delia watched him with a beating heart.

"It's comin', Dele, sooner 'n some folks imagine, but I ain't supposed to know anything about it. This is strictly between friends. But, I say, you must be fit to drop, losin' your sleep two nights runnin'. You don't want to get sick. When I'm overseer I shall want my pattern-weavers, all of them." He went about looking at the amount of cloth on each loom, and Delia scarcely breathed.

"You're away ahead of time," coming back to her side, stopping the looms with a touch of the hand, right and left, "an' you'd better go home for the rest of the day an' make up your sleep. Get your things an' I'll pass you out now."

Delia lost no time in tying on her hood, and Miles led the way towards a little corner tower, which shortened the distance considerably. At the foot of the stairs between the outer and inner door he took the shawl from her arm and wrapped it around her with a little hug, bending to touch her lips with his own.

Delia made no effort to avoid the caress, and her voice was quite natural as they crossed the yard and passed unquestioned through the office corridor to the street. She walked quietly to the first corner, then dropped the smiling mask and fled like a wild creature towards her home. People turned in amazement to look after her, and school-boys raised derisive shouts of "Stop thief," and "Fire," but she heeded nothing and ran on. Leaving the frequented streets at the first opportunity, she plunged into a labyrinth of alleys and courts, shaping her course homeward almost in a direct line. On and on she ran through vacant lots and across door-yards, under lines of drying clothes, till at last she saw the familiar line of little roofs among which was her home just ahead of her. She approached the place from the rear, running breathlessly along a slanting bank behind a board fence, where the ground was cumbered with the dead stalks of burdock and rag-weed, and littered with all the rubbish cast out from the houses in front.

"Only a few rods more, only a few steps; I must not give up now." She said it with dry lips over and over as she stumbled through the rubbish and slipped on the yielding ashes and sand. But a sudden spasm of intolerable pain gripped her side, driving the breath from her in stifled shrieks, and she could go no farther. Holding by the fence, she battled with the pain, struggled forward a few more steps, grew blind, and fell.

It was well that Dent had wrapped the heavy shawl so carefully around her. The afternoon sun shone full on the bank behind the long fence, while the chirping sparrows flitted about the still form that was only another bundle cast out on their feeding-ground.

Dusk was gathering when Delia awoke to consciousness and struggled stiffly to her feet. It seemed to her but a moment since she fell. The baby was her first thought, but she remembered the terrible pain that had seized her. "It's gone," she said, holding her hand to her side, "but I mustn't run any more."

She walked feebly around the corner, where the pickets gave her a firmer support, and reached her tenement at last. The stillness frightened her. Pausing an instant to gather strength, she let go her hold on the fence, stumbled into the house, and ran across the kitchen floor to the baby's crib.

The crib was empty; and through the open door of the sitting-room she saw the baby form straight and still on a board, covered with a white cloth, and beside it her husband sat, bowed and stricken, waiting for her to come home. Her harsh, unnatural cry aroused him, and he sprang forward and caught her in his arms as she fell. But even in falling she repulsed him, and grovelled on the floor, beating her head and clutching at her throat with frantic hands.

"Don't touch me, Jim! Don't come near me! I'm a wicked woman, too vile for you to tread on. God has taken my baby to punish me for being so bad. No, no! don't touch me. I laughed and sang and flirted with Miles when my baby was dyin'. I let him kiss me, Jim. I'm as bad as bad can be. O my God! No, no! I mustn't pray. He won't hear me. He did right to take my baby away from such a wicked mother."

Shrieking her confession with heart-breaking sobs, but never a tear, Delia clung to the bars of the empty crib, while her husband strove by every means to quiet her and assure her of his love. His confidence in her was absolute, and her wild self-accusings passed for sheer maniac raving. Only a great pity and fear for her that drowned even his grief for his dead first-born found place in his heart.

At last the paroxysm subsided, so that he could give her a soothing draught, and she lay in a half-stupor on the lounge, only at intervals starting up and raving of her shame in terms of utter self-loathing. Knowing that the effect of the baby's medicine that she had taken would soon pass, the anxious husband hurried out for the doctor.

Delia listened till his footsteps died away, and then arose and went to the side of the bier. Folding back the sheet, she raised the little form tenderly, and began to carry it back and forth through the length of the two rooms, crooning a cradle-song as she walked.

"Good-night," said Miles Dent to a companion, stopping at the end of a lane of shabby little houses on the way from the mill. "I've got an errand down here."

"Goin' to look up a drunk? Lord help him!" The man laughed appreciatively, as foreseeing a diverting interview.

"Nary drunk. I'm goin' for Jim Butler. He used to work for me, but I fired him out for bein' slow. He is slower 'n an ox, on fine work, but we're puttin' in awnin' stripe. You can't break out them warps if you jump on 'em. Jim 'll do, prime, when he don't have smashes to piece up."

"Night! Hope you'll find him."

The friends separated, and Dent walked rapidly down the lane to the Butler tenement. He pushed the door open and entered without knocking, but stopped on the threshold with a shock such as he had never before experienced.

Delia advanced to meet him from the inner room with the dead baby in her arms. The reflector of a bracket lamp threw a bright light directly on her face, over which the lined and shrunken skin



seemed alive with crawling quivers. Her wide-open eyes were curiously striped, and the round, red-painted spots showed distinct on the ashy pallor of her cheeks. The dead child's head, large and heavy, with open mouth and stony eyes, rolled and lopped on its slender twisted neck as Delia dandled it lovingly high against her bosom. She came quite close to him, pressing one cheek to that of the little corpse and looking up at him with ghastly coquetry through the fringe of her curling hair, possessed with the fixed idea that she must try to please him.

The man knew the whole truth in a flash, and for an instant he could neither speak nor move.

"Didn't I fix my hair lovely, Miles?" the demented creature babbled affectedly. "It's prettier than Sidonie's, isn't it? Look at Miles, baby. Good Miles, he let mamma come home to baby."

Palm outward, Dent lifted his hand to push away the vision before him. Then hiding his face in the curve of his arm, he backed into the entry, wrenched open the outer door, and staggered blindly out into the night.

## SANGRAEL

BY HOWARD CHANDLER ROBBINS

THE day is done,  
Save for one cloud whereon the westering sun,  
In dazzling disavowal of the night,  
Has left his seal of light:  
Viceregent of the evening sky,  
It gleams on high.

So bravely shone  
On many a faithful, wounded knight, fordone  
By grief and pain and weariness supreme—  
The Sangrael of his dream,  
Ere, in its radiant presence blest,  
His soul found rest.

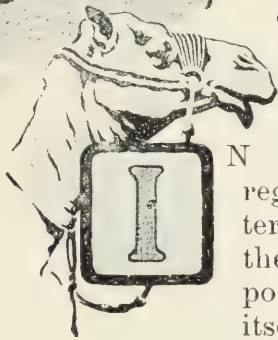
Sin had no lure  
For him whose heart so valorous hope made sure.  
Safe from all lesser loves, he strove to gain  
Strength in his mortal pain,  
To reach with reverent hands death-shriven  
The pledge of heaven....

So I through thee,  
Through thee, dear heart, redeemed, hold heaven in fee.  
My Sangrael! whom by no dearer name  
God gave me grace to claim—  
Striving, I dream how death will prove  
Grail of thy love.

# A Journey to the ABYSSINIAN CAPITAL



by Captain M.S. WELLBY.



**I**N August, 1898, my regiment being quartered at Lucknow, the long-desired opportunity presented itself of visiting Abyssinia, and of being able to carry out my project of not only travelling through the unknown portions of Menelek's dominions, but also continuing until I reached the Anglo-Egyptian headquarters at Omdurman. My object in doing this I will not enter into here, but will merely content myself in this article with recounting some of my experiences on the first part of the journey from India to the capital of the Negus.

No sooner did the telegram arrive from home informing me that Captain Harrington, the British Agent in Abyssinia, was about to return to his post and would take me with him, than I applied for and obtained a year's leave, and commenced my preparations for departure. There was no time to lose, as I had to meet Captain Harrington on the Somali coast on September 7.

Accompanied by Lieutenant Vincent (Royal Horse Artillery), Duffadar Shahzad Mir, a native surveyor (11th Bengal Lancers), who had travelled with me across Tibet and China, another surveyor, named Ramji Lal (5th Bengal Cavalry), and my fox-terrier, "Lady," I embarked at Bombay in the steamship *Melbourne* on August 30, and after a "monsoonish" journey arrived duly at Aden. The following morning at daybreak Zeila's uninviting shores were before us. The dis-

comforts of this inhospitable barren coast were soon forgotten in the hearty welcome we received. We were fortunate enough to meet Captain Harrington himself, who had only arrived from England on the previous day. The busy scene, the piles of baggage which surrounded our bungalow, and the crowds of clamorous Somalis standing round the camels warned us only too truly that we were to start for Abyssinia at once. "I suppose," said Harrington to me, "you are bringing your dress clothes," remarking that when Prince Henri d'Orléans presented himself before Menelek in shooting costume, the King exclaimed, "Who is this person who does not know how to appear before a king?"

By sunset we were off, Harrington leading the way, perched aloft on one camel, the two duffadars on another, and Vincent and myself on a third. There was no moon, but the stars shone clearly, and we found the journey pleasant and peaceful as we silently moved along over the sandy, monotonous, maritime plain. On reaching the first camp, eight miles distant, we found a host of camels, men, and baggage awaiting us. Welcome was the sight of two tables laid for supper—a strange spectacle in the midst of the desert. As small hope of successfully carrying out our plan in its entirety was held out to us, Vincent and I decided to return to Zeila, and to equip a fresh expedition at Berbera for the interior, and the next morning we bade Harrington good-by and retraced our steps to the coast. We remained some time at Ber-



bera, and drew up various projects for an expedition, until Vincent declared he would rather go shooting than make further attempts to reach Abyssinia. Ramji Lal, too, almost lost the sight of one eye, and went back to India. As I had now lost half my companions, I decided to try and overtake Harrington at Harrar, about two hundred miles from the coast, on the road to the Abyssinian capital, and to travel with him to Adis Abbaba. I next hired eight camels and four camel-men to convey Shahzad Mir and myself and our goods to the Abyssinian frontier. I also enlisted a Somali boy, named Mohammed Hassan, who, together with Shahzad Mir and my little terrier, were my faithful friends and companions until the very end of my journey.

On the afternoon of September 13 my little caravan started from Berbera for the interior. After leaving Hargeisa, which lies at a height of nearly 4000 feet, we travelled for many miles through beautiful parklike land, alive with birds and jungle-fowl, and met many Somalis taking their produce to the coast. We next reached a great grassy plain with immense herds of camels. While crossing this section heavy rain compelled a halt, and in a short time I had retired for the night in my small tent, and soon fell sound asleep. Suddenly my dreams were rudely disturbed by the collapse of my sleeping-place. All was in an uproar and all was darkness, while I was fast becoming suffocated with my struggles beneath the soaked canvas. At this juncture my ever-ready duffadar rushed to my aid and explained what had happened. It appears that the authors of the mischief were two camels, who, having had an altercation during the night, had selected my tent as the spot on which to settle their dispute.

At the farther end of this plain lies

the Abyssinian fort of Jig Jigga, whither I had already despatched a messenger to inform its commander of my approach, and to request that no hinderance should be placed in my way of proceeding farther. The reply ordered me to halt at once and await instructions. Thereupon I despatched a second messenger, politely pointing out that a waterless plain could scarcely be considered a fitting place in which to remain encamped, and that I was proceeding slowly to Jig Jigga. A few hours later on, from the higher ground, we hailed the fort. It was situated in an open valley, and though built on a low level, I was struck by the

conspicuous position it occupied, for it commands the main roads to Berbera, Zeila, Harrar, and the Ogaden, and it is the tax-collecting station for all caravans using these routes. As we began to descend towards it, a violent storm swept over us; yet the camels somehow managed to slide along the soaking track, till within rifle-shot of the place, when, leaving the men to pitch camp, I took my Somali boy Mohammed with me and walked on to the fort. Abdullah—for such was the name of the officer in charge—proved himself to be a worthy host and a friend with the best intentions. It



SHAHZAD MIR

was an unmistakable pleasure to enter his primitive circular wattle hut, where a wood fire was cheerily glowing, and where fresh dry grass and matting had been spread out for my comfort, with a carpeted box whereon to dry and warm myself; and when hot cups of excellent coffee and cigars had been handed round, I for a few moments forgot the storms, the slippery roads, and the drenched weather-beaten men and camels—such is the selfishness of human nature.

After some delay at this post, a messenger arrived from Harrar with permission for me to proceed, and I forthwith set out with fresh camels and riding-mules,



CAPTAIN M. S. WELLBY

after bidding a friendly good-by to my Arab host.

From Jig Jigga onwards the characteristics of the country changed, making me feel that we had indeed crossed the frontier into another dominion. Instead of open plains and jungles of thorny trees, we were in a land of hill and dale, beaming with barley and jowari fields, with neatly made little villages dotted about in cozy corners, whose circular wattle huts of brown or red looked quite

picturesque. Whilst halting at mid-day in the midst of such pretty scenery, where children ran out from the huts to bring me milk and piles of freshly picked tomatoes, another messenger arrived from Ras Makonnen, the Abyssinian general at Harrar, telling me to make all haste to his town, as he and Harrington were both on the point of leaving for Adis Ababa, the capital. Without any delay I set out in advance of my party with my Somali boy Hash, leaving Shahzad Mir



and Mohammed to bring the baggage. On we pressed, riding and walking alternately, taking refreshment from the several rivulets that crossed our road—for the country was hilly and cultivated. As we drew nearer to our destination we met great numbers of noisy, uncouth Abyssinian soldiers carrying their rifles, who were returning to their villages after the big festival of Mascal, or the Holy Cross. As we neared the city rain fell heavily, and we hurried on towards the walls to seek shelter beneath one of the five covered gateways by which entrance is obtained. As we waited for the rain to pass over we watched the women bringing in their bundles of sticks, from each of which the guard at the gate selected a few pieces as a tax on their goods. We then made our way up a narrow street paved with big stones, over which the water now swept like a torrent, till we found ourselves in the market-place of Harrar. Here we were in the midst of an aimless, idle, loafing crowd of Abyssinians, Gallas, Harraris, and Somalis. As we strolled around, looking about us, I noticed a European face behind the counter of a small nondescript shop; and on entering I found its owner to be an Armenian. Out of sheer good-heartedness he provided shelter and grass for our two ponies and bowls of tea for ourselves, so that we felt sufficiently invigorated to continue our search for Ras Makonnen, who is the fountain-head of everything here. Passing through the narrow crowded streets to the other side of the market-place, we then crossed a couple of court-yards of the old palace, filled with a noisy and talkative crowd. At one spot I noticed a Somali quietly strolling along; when, without any apparent provocation, an Abyssinian came up

behind and severely beat him with a stick. Quickly the Somali turned, and seizing the weapon from the aggressor, returned the blows with such interest that the latter would have fared but badly, had not other Abyssinians rushed up to his aid and joined in attacking the poor Somali, who continued fighting against excessive odds, whilst we were carried along by the crowd out of sight and hearing. An aged priest, whom I met at the entrance of Makonnen's palace, told me that Harrington was encamped without the city walls, whither he would order an official to conduct me.

Soon I came in sight of the smartly pitched camp of the British Agent, and was heartily glad to find that my attempt to make up for lost time had thus far proved successful. All this augured well for my projects. After Harrington and I had exchanged greetings we sat down to discuss our adventures on the road. The British Agent had hardly finished telling me what had befallen him on the way from Zeila when it was announced that Ras Makonnen was about to pay him a visit. Stepping outside the tent, we saw a dense crowd moving from the city towards



MOHAMMED HASSAN,  
MY SOMALI BOY

our camp. At the head of the cavalcade was a large body of soldiers marching in loose formation, yet presenting a striking picture, decked as they were in their white shammas with broad red stripes. Then rode the Governor of Harrar, Ras Makonnen himself, wearing a gray slouch felt hat and mounted on a mule, and therefore easily recognizable among the host of followers; behind him came more foot-soldiers, and crowds of people brought up the rear. As soon as the approach of the Ras was announced, Harrington's escort of four sowars, chosen from the Aden troop, were formed up with drawn and carried



CAPTAIN HARRINGTON EN ROUTE TO THE CAPITAL





RAS MAKONNEN'S SOLDIERS WAITING OUTSIDE CAPTAIN HARRINGTON'S TENT

swords ready to receive Makonnen as he drew near to the tent. As the Abyssinian general approached and saluted the escort, I was struck with his appearance. I saw him to be a well-made, clean-built horseman, with an intelligent, shrewd, kindly, and thoughtful expression. During his somewhat lengthened stay with Captain Harrington, the mass of followers standing without, a few yards distant from the tent, respectfully maintained a dead silence. As soon as the Ras proposed to move off, certain Gallas (who are the inhabitants and former possessors of southern Abyssinia) rushed forward, crying aloud, "Abeit! abeit!" which means "Justice! justice!" but for the most part they were promptly collared and roughly handled by the soldiers, who gave them a dose of what they considered "abait."

The fates laughed at my hurried journey to Harrar, and decreed that we should remain there for more than a week. The first morning after my arrival in camp I rose early to inspect the city walls. The town is oblong in shape, surrounded by walls ten or twelve feet high. On the south of the place lay a rich valley, with a profusion of flowers, wild geranium

being the most noticeable. Towards the north stretched green valleys and hills; and on this side, close by the walls, one of the principal watering-places had been established, and to this spot numbers of women repaired. Ranges of hills on the northwest and south command the town, and were they held by skilfully posted batteries, with additional ones at Harrar itself to protect the eastern side, Harrar would be impregnable. As it is, there are some guns on the north side, whence salutes are fired, and others close to the city on the west side, and more again farther away in the hills, but their powers of execution or defence are probably not very formidable. Many a stroll I took through the bazars and busy parts of Harrar, where I came across several worthy Greeks, and imbibed many tiny cups of excellent Turkish coffee. I must have met in this city nearly twenty foreigners in all, none of whom struck me as being in a very flourishing condition, although I heard the Armenians did fairly well. None of them are allowed without the city walls, with the exception of a single Greek, who had lived at Harrar for the last twenty-five years. The Customs House, where most of the goods consisted

of ivory, coffee, cloth, lamps, and blue enamelled tumblers without number, always presented a busy, hot, and dusty spectacle.

On Sunday, church was my attraction. The service commences very early in the morning, finishing perhaps at eight o'clock. How these times would suit the good people in England I do not know!

With Mr. Beru, an Abyssinian belonging to Captain Harrington's suite, as my escort, I first entered the outer yard of a circular building—a free-and-easy place of worship, for there we found many breakfasting. We then mounted a dozen stone steps to the outer circle of the church it-

of the building and the men in the west half, being prevented from seeing one another by some white sheeting. Within this outer circle was one for the "holy ones," such as had undergone a term of fasting and so forth, and again within this was the circle of the head priest. The service itself conveyed nothing to my mind. I must therefore be forgiven for taking note of the dirty walls, which were all scribbled over. The two priests who stood by me took the opportunity of an interval in the service to call upon a youth to test his powers of chanting, with a view to his employment. Although the noise he managed to create reminded



HARRAR LOOKING FROM THE WEST

self, where were assembled the congregation, who stood around leaning on sticks five feet long, with tops of wood or brass. The priests—who, by-the-way, may always be known by their white turbans—used sticks with silver tops. I was handed a brass-topped one, and endeavored to lean naturally upon it, like everybody else; I stood between two priests, one of whom was kind enough to shake me by the hand. The sexes were separated. The women sang and prayed in the east half

me forcibly of a tomcat wailing at night-time on a garden wall, yet the priests were fully satisfied. The youth's attempts at chanting, added to the contortions of his face, actually drove me out of the church. One morning M. Legarde, the French Resident at the capital, arrived in the town on his way from Jibouti. The town as I entered, and before M. Legarde's arrival, presented its normal appearance.

Suddenly there was a transformation,



and with astonishing rapidity the streets were lined with soldiers, the officers being easily noticeable by their various colored silk shirts, and by their green and purple shields inlaid with gold or silver. At the same moment three-minute guns boomed from the saluting battery, and M. Legarde appeared in full uniform, mounted on a mule, escorted by a number of Somalis dressed in white uniform, and some Abyssinians.

After a very pleasant stay, I finally left Harrar on October 6, and two days later Harrington and I were joined by Ras Makonnen with a following of several thousands strong—all of us *en route* for the capital.

On October 8 we were encamped a couple of marches out of Adis Abbaba, at a place called Worabili, in a beautiful

night-time when the temperature falls below freezing-point. It was a wonder to me that any of the camels ever completed the journey at all; those that did succeed certainly looked as if they had gone quite as far as was good for them. Monsieur Legarde himself, who sometimes bestrode a mule, also had an eye to comfort, for in lieu of wheeled conveyances, an unknown article in this country, he had treated himself to an open and closed palanquin, each carried by two mules, one pulling in front and the other pushing from behind. These conveyances are all very well in their way over the immense plains of northern China, but with continually bumping up and down steep stony gradients they are likely to come to grief. I admired the cool nerve of the man, who could recline with ease in such



CAPTAIN HARRINGTON AND HIS ESCORT

grassy depression with pine-topped hills on every side. North of us was pitched the camp of Monsieur Legarde, most of whose baggage, strange to say, was carried on Arab camels, in preference to the hardy mules of the country, who are far more at home over the hills and muddy crossings, and thrive more vigorously at

a conveyance on the very brink of a precipice, as during his journey to Adis Abbaba he often did. Monsieur Legarde's camp bore quite a martial air, for his Somalis were neatly clad in white uniform, and every morning a bugler sounded the reveille; or, I should more correctly say, intended to sound it, for his efforts dis-





M. LEGARDE'S ARRIVAL AT RAS MAKONNEN'S PALACE AT HARRAR

closed that either he or his instrument was out of order. His object, nevertheless, was achieved, for the French camp was generally first on the road. Makonnen's stockaded camp was built on much higher ground, on a level with the pine belt; yet, despite the fact that he had to descend the hill, on the very first night our joint camps were pitched he paid Harrington a quiet friendly visit, and found sympathy for the fatigue he felt, which must have been great, seeing that he had risen very early before commencing the tedious march, to settle various complaints before leaving Harrar.

In describing the nature of the country to Adis Abbaba it will suffice to say that there were two salient points which struck me as remarkable. First, the immense amount of fertile land that lay uncultivated and undrained, growing nothing but vast stretches of grass six or eight feet high, destined only to be wasted and burnt. Second, the astonishing absence of villages and cattle. The conclusion drawn from these two observations would lead one to believe that small inducement had been offered to the Gallas, or to the Abyssinians themselves, either to cultivate or to breed, and that the advantages of commerce have so far been lost sight of.

Whenever Harrington's camp was pitched at nightfall in the neighborhood of villages, it was curious to see strings of ill-fed, half-naked villagers bringing in supplies for all his followers. After darkness had set in, the camp of the Abyssinian army on the adjacent grassy slopes strongly resembled a busy town—only the thousands of fires and lights flickering in every direction could be seen, and a subdued murmur of many voices would reach us with the wind. Everybody was astir again before day-break, and as we moved off we occasionally found ourselves unpleasantly placed in the very midst of the army. Here along the single road every one strove for himself or herself, some mounted on mules or ponies, others walking, all armed with guns, sticks, swords, or tent-poles. Then there were hosts of mules, ponies, and donkeys laden with flour, driven along by the soldiers' wives and servants, and boys carrying their master's shield or gun. There were many women with burdens of flour, followed by a brood of youngsters. The white-turbaned priests generally rode, followed perhaps by herds of living beef and mutton with their drovers. Then would follow some chief with his mounted attendants. In





VILLAGERS BRINGING SUPPLIES

fact, the struggling stream of thousands of human beings seemed endless. When the level road changed and a very steep winding pathway would ascend a stony and rocky hill, then began a veritable Babel of shouting, hustling, and jostling—every one for himself. As we endeavored to ride along quietly a mule would suddenly stop in front of us, or another, coming from behind like an express, would almost knock one of us out of the saddle. At the same time, as one tried to recover, an undeserved prod or blow from a stick or tent-pole would still further add excitement to the ride. One pair of eyes afforded us very indifferent protection in such a mixed crowd. We were constantly changing our place, and our baggage-mules became scattered, proceeding in groups of twos and threes. When the going was good, comparative silence and order reigned, yet all swept along, caring for no one but himself, bent only upon reaching the next camping-ground. Occasionally, towards the end of a long march, some would seek rest under the shade of a tree by the road-side, or a dead mule would testify to the extent of its exertions. One of the most noticeable features along the road was the Ras's tej-brewers—a string of young

ladies carrying on their backs large gombos of the precious fluid, fermenting like themselves as they struggled along in the hot sun. These fair porters could be spotted from a considerable distance, as the highly prized burdens were wrapped in red cloth. This valuable portage was protected from thirsty souls by a number of soldiers, and the overseers of the brewery, riding on their mules, were also present to guard the precious fluid. We inquired of one of the ladies, "Where are you going to?" "Oh," she replied, "that I don't know; all I know is that I have to carry my gombos to the next camp."

On looking down from a height upon the camp of the Ras, with its thousands of souls, one would at first sight have declared that all the tents had been pitched in a haphazard way, but such in reality was not the case. The Ras's tent is the first to be pitched, and it is so placed that the door of it will face the direction of the morrow's march; then the chief officer will place his tent to the right front of this door, and the next in rank on the left front, till eventually a complete circle of tents is formed round that of the Ras. Then the followers of these officers will form a circle of tents round each of those of their chiefs, and so on *ad infinitum*.



*tum*, circles within and circles without circles. So perfectly is this method carried out that the location of each tent is known, and that despite the fact that the irregularities of the ground often necessitate the formation of very eccentric circles. Many of the soldiers who are unprovided with tents, in a very few minutes rig up a shelter by making sheaves from the high grass. The most remarkable piece of happy-go-lucky management is the grazing of the animals, which appear to roam anywhere of their own free will, yet at sunset all flock to their owners' tents!

At this period we were joined by an adventurous Irishman, named McKelvey, who has lived in Abyssinia for the last forty years. He was formerly body-guard to King John, and was one of the English prisoners held by King Theodore at Magdala, during which time he has become quite naturalized. He dresses as an Abyssinian, wearing short trousers, tight in the leg and baggy in the seat, a shamma, and no shoes or hat. He feeds, too, as a native, and has married an Abyssinian lady. Nevertheless, he still has a tender corner in his heart for his old country.

One day we encountered a blinding storm of locusts. These pests measured from two to three inches long, and their bodies were of a red color with speckled wings. From a distance they resembled a mist hanging over the land, and at first

came upon us like wind-driven snow; then thicker and thicker they came, till everything was locusts—air and earth too. There chanced to be a village close by, and the people could be seen busily engaged in lighting fires to keep the intruders away from their little piece of cultivation. Along some portions of the road, even at this the dry season, we found several places muddy and difficult to cross, which made one reflect how impossible it would be ever to extricate one's self from this mud during the rainy season. The land, however, could undoubtedly be easily drained, and decent roads very quickly made. Forty miles outside the capital we came to the important post of Balchi, where the telephone communicates both with Harrar and the capital. In order to reach Balchi it is necessary to ascend a steep narrow pathway, on which a slip would undoubtedly be fatal. Harrington was riding leisurely up this road in front, while I was walking a couple of hundred yards in the rear, when suddenly, without any warning, his powerful mule whisked round and set off at full gallop down hill. There was but an instant for considering the best course to take. Had I stood in the middle of the track, the mule might have dodged me on the wrong side and vanished with its rider down below, or it might have gone straight at me with equally disastrous results; as it was, I



RAS MAKONNEN'S CAMP AT SHOLA



planted myself on the outer edge, with the intention of keeping the mule on the inside. The pace was terrific, and how the animal ever managed to keep its footing over the loose stones and rocks or to negotiate the corners was really marvelous. In this lively fashion the rider sped on his return journey for another two or three hundred yards before he could bring the brute to a standstill. It was indeed fortunate that the baggage-animals were well in rear, otherwise a very serious mishap must have occurred. The cause of the scare was merely a bundle of grass which was being carried on a man's head. Rounding a corner, the man

the baggage, preferring to walk the first mile or so, for, despite our heavy overcoats, we were extremely cold.

As we drew nearer to the capital we met many people coming and going; soon we were in the midst of little round huts, with their compounds protected by low mud walls, dotted here, there, and everywhere, but all alike. In the very centre of the whole scene—and in these few words you have a good idea of what the capital looks like—and completely occupying a separate hill, stood the King's red-tiled palace, surrounded by a plantation of sycamore-trees. On all sides we saw extraordinary numbers of mules,



MCKELVEY FAMILY AND HOME

was himself hidden by the protruding rock, his load only being visible, and the sight of a bundle of grass sailing gayly down hill to market apparently of its own accord was altogether too much for the nerves of the mule.

On Monday, October 24, a messenger arrived from Adis Abbaba. He brought a letter from Monsieur Ilg, the Swiss gentleman who acts as Abyssinian Conseiller d'État, informing Harrington that, in accordance with his wishes, his reception at the capital would in no way be made official, and at the same time inviting us to breakfast.

At dawn the next day, accompanied by the four sowars, we started ahead of

ponies, and donkeys grazing on the excellent pasturage, and in the most suitable spots villages of canvas had been pitched, all indicative of the King's impending march into Tigré. As soon as we had reached the heart of Adis Abbaba we were met and warmly received by Monsieur Ilg, who straightway led the way to his own house, where his charming wife gave us a hearty welcome. Our stay was of necessity short, for Harrington at present had no house of his own, and he had, consequently, much work to accomplish in superintending the formation of a temporary camp. We had taken nearly three weeks on our journey from Harrar to Adis Abbaba, a distance of 270 miles.



# THE DRAWER

## TALES OF THE LINKS

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

### II.—JARLEY OF ST. WILLIEBOY'S

**M**Y old friend Jarley, who studied law with me in the office of Messrs. Harlow, Boring, and Andrews, was a good deal more of an inventor than lawyer, and perhaps it was well for him that he was so, since it brought him occupation where idleness seemed inevitable. A man can force inventions to come to him when he is utterly helpless in the corraling of clients; and when Jarley opened up his office in the Pelton building on Broadway, and announced that he was ready to attend to other people's business, and to fight other people's quarrels in their behalf, there were more ideas for possible inventions came to him than litigants. I remember calling upon him on my way up town one afternoon, and finding him engaged in drawing plans for a working model of what he called a "patent lawyer." He was a clever draughtsman, and I was really quite impressed by the work he was doing as I entered.

"Busy?" I asked.

"Very," said he. "Been working like a horse all day. There hasn't been a soul near me until you came, but I've had calls from about sixty-three stunning ideas. This is one of 'em. What do you think of it?"

I glanced over his shoulder.

"What is it? A portrait of yourself?"

It looked very much like Jarley in all its features.

"It would pass for that," he replied, "but it isn't intended to be so particularly. I'm devising a patent lawyer. Got the idea off Jack Browning's shingle down the corridor. Browning calls himself a patent lawyer, but he can't be a very good one, because he doesn't seem to work. This one of mine can't help working if properly carried out. It will save me lots of time, and fill a long-felt want in court as well."

"What is the precise nature of the critter?" I queried, inspecting the diagram closely.

"Well, it's this way," said Jarley. "You see, I come down here every day at nine o'clock and stay until five. Nobody comes in to see me, and I just sit here, hour after hour, without a thing to do, when I might be off playing racquets or riding horseback or otherwise enjoying myself. It is quite evident that this

patent lawyer can sit here doing nothing just as well as I can, and when I get him built and suitably dressed, I'm going to let him do it for me half the time, anyhow. I really get so confoundedly tired doing nothing that at times I've seriously thought of getting a partner to help me do it, but now, with this patent thing to help, I don't need a partner."

"But suppose some one should call?" I demanded.

"The thing will be attached by an electric wire to the door, and when the door is opened a current will speed along this wire to the manikin, the manikin will turn its head toward the person entering, and by means of a phonograph concealed in its chest, set agoing by electricity, will say: '*Excuse me, but I am too busy to see you to-day. Please leave your card on the table, or call again to-morrow at ten o'clock.*' Then it will turn and gaze down at an open law-book on the desk."

"That's not bad, Jarley," I said; "but suppose the visitor doesn't go? People aren't always so easily put off, you know."

"I have another wire that will be attached to the four planks in the middle of the floor, upon one of which an intruder who approaches the desk must step in crossing the room. This will set the manikin at work again, and he will once more turn his head and say: '*I do not wish to be rude, my friend, but I have told you once I am too busy to see you to-day. Please leave your card there on the table, or call again to-morrow morning at ten o'clock!*'"

"Wonderfully ingenious," said I. "But suppose the visitor still persists, and sits down in the chair beside your desk?"

"Nobody but a book-agent or an insurance man would do that," said Jarley; "and I shall arrange a third wire that will operate the chair, which has a patent collapsible spring that the intruder won't forget in a hurry. It will save me lots of time," Jarley added. "I shall come to the office only every other day, then, to see what cards are left, or to attend to those who return at ten o'clock as requested."

"Marvellous!" I ejaculated. "I wonder nobody ever thought of that before. But see here, you said it would fill a long-felt want in court."



"It will save a good deal of time there too," said Jarley. "With the manikin to represent me, I'll have to be present only when presenting my side of the case to the jury. I've arranged another phonographic apparatus to go by clock-work in the manikin's back which will cause it to open its mouth every five minutes and cry out, 'I object,' and to add, thirty seconds later, 'Except.' That's about all lawyers seem to do nowadays, except quarrel with each other—and quarrelling is bad form as well as a nuisance."

"H'm!" I said, dubiously. "I don't feel quite so enthusiastic about the scheme for court-work. It strikes me it is better suited for office practice. Your clients might not care for a dummy when it came to the actual fighting."

"That is true," said Jarley. "Very true. But it only shows how foolish clients are. The dummy might, of course, make mistakes, but the chances are that by keeping its mouth shut four minutes out of five, and then merely interposing an objection, he wouldn't make more than half as many as I should if I were present."

From this account of Jarley as a lawyer the reader will get some idea of Jarley as a man, and will therefore not be surprised to learn that when the young attorney, wearying of the idleness of the law, took up the activities of golf, the first thing he did after joining St. Willieboy's was to set about the invention of new clubs and new balls, new styles of caddies, new rules—in fact, new everything, even including a new cocktail made of Scotch whiskey, ginger ale, lemon juice, and an olive, which Jarley himself pronounced a dream, but which most of the other members of the club who had tasted it dubbed a nightmare.

His first invention was not altogether without merit from a beginner's point of view. It was, of course, a new kind of a driver, Jarley being especially desirous of sending his ball a long distance from the tee, as all players are, especially the novices. He therefore devised a new head for his driving-club that weighed about four times as much as the ordinary driver of commerce, and for a man with little skill the club was useful. With little or no effort, provided he hit the ball at all, Jarley could make the gutty fly from fifteen to twenty yards farther than most other players in his class, but when he came to use the lighter irons he found it difficult to adjust himself to changed conditions, and after having ploughed up the fair green with these to a disgraceful extent, he soon abandoned his four-ton driver, as the caddies called it. Furthermore, the caddies themselves avoided him in so far as they could, stating their very natural indisposition to carry a ton of clubs over eighteen holes of hilly country.

Another experiment along inventive lines, for which Jarley had great hopes, was a har-

ness for caddies. This was a veritable wonder, and not a few members of the club commended it. It was not very different in some respects from the harness one places on horses. There was a breech-strap to go about the lad's waist, and to this, running straight up along the line of his spine, was fastened a steel bar, to which the caddie-bag was to be attached. This bar reached a foot above the caddie's head, so that the boy could not possibly reach the clubs himself.

"This keeps him from taking the clubs out and whacking rocks and driving overripe apples with them," explained Jarley; "and what is quite as important, compels the player to select his own club for his next stroke. This relieves the caddie of much abuse, for about half the cursing done on the links grows out of the caddie's having handed the player the wrong club."

"A mighty good plan," said I, for I have always resented the aristocratic manners of the average caddie in the matter of the selection of clubs.

"And it leaves the caddie's hands free to keep your score," said Jarley; "and you will observe, of course, that the leathern bag running up along his back protects the boy's head from flying balls, which might do him an injury."

A further addition to the harness was a pair of huge leathern blinders, which kept the caddie from seeing what was going on around him, and so insured his putting his whole attention on the game of his principal; and in the front, from the lad's neck, was suspended a bag which contained a bottle of sarsaparilla and a half-dozen apples, which, as Jarley explained it, absolutely deprived the boy of any reasonable excuse for disappearing in search of a drink, or for inattention in the presence of an apple-tree.

There were numerous other things, including the stroke-registering clubs, which obviated the necessity of one's keeping score in medal play, since all one had to do was to examine the clubs at the end of the round, and foot up the number of strokes registered on each; and the Omnium Gatherum Shaft, which for a time Jarley thought would enable him to dispense with caddies altogether. This was a simple contrivance, consisting solely of a long stick of hickory with a proper bit of whip to it, and a steel screw at the end by which it could be attached to brassey or driver heads, or to cleek, putter, lofter, or niblick irons, which the player carried in his pocket. The chief trouble with this was the delay which its use caused in the game, and after Jarley had played several rounds, lasting three hours each, screwing and unscrewing the shaft, and had been passed by every other golfer on the links, he abandoned it, as he had abandoned the others.

"Some day, when people aren't in such a deuce of a hurry, and everybody takes up the





"HO-LEE SMOKE!" CRIED THE CADDIE

Omnium Gatherum Shaft, there'll be money in that," Jarley said; "and then all these small Filipinos from Tipperary will be banished from select golfing society."

But the crowning achievement of Jarley was the Wizard Ball, which would carry farther than any other ball ever made. He kept

this a secret from every member of St. Willie-boy's save myself, and I doubt if he would even have confided it to me had I not surprised him one night in his quarters actually engaged in sawing a Fenley Ball of the most approved quality in half with a scroll-saw which he worked with his foot.



"Why, Jarley," I cried, "what on earth are you doing, destroying a forty-cent Fenley Flier so wantonly!"

"Oh, nothing," said he, sheepishly. "I only wanted to see what was inside of it," he added.

"Nonsense," I retorted. "You're up to some trick or other. What is it?"

"Well, to tell the truth, I'm trying to make a ball that will carry a mile," he confessed. "There's no reason why it shouldn't be done."

And then he shared his secret with me. He had taken an ordinary glass agate and dipped it into melted rubber, and about this he had wound a gross of elastic bands, until he had obtained a ball about the size of a walnut.

"Just look at this," he said, walking over to the fireplace and letting the ball fall upon the tiles. It rebounded with such buoyancy that it nearly struck the ceiling. "Now look at this," said Jarley, dropping the ordinary Fenley Flier on the hearth. This ball is about the most buoyant of all, but it bounded barely a fourth of the height to which Jarley's ball had attained. "Some difference, eh?" he said. "Now, of course, when I get the cover on this it will lose somewhat, but I hope to find that in the ultimate it has triple the carrying capacity of the Fenley. The agate gives the ball the requisite resistance, and the rubber bands increase its elasticity and buoyancy."

"You still have not explained why you have sawed the Fenley in two," said I.

"I'm going to burn out its inside, and put this elastic-bound agate in instead," explained Jarley. "If it works, my fortune is made."

The inventive genius then bent his energies upon hollowing out the Fenley. This he did with red-hot irons, and in a short while the Jarley Flier was made. The hollow hemispheres of the old Fenley were fitted snugly about the smaller ball of Jarley's make, the edges were brought together and firmly fused, and when the ball was complete the experiment on the hearth more than fulfilled the most sanguine hopes of the inventor. It bounded eight and a half feet in the air from a simple drop from the hand.

"I can feel the handle of the mug now," observed Jarley, complacently, referring of course to the president's cup, for which we were all to play on the following Saturday. "I'll make five more of these balls, and if I don't outplay every other man on the links on Saturday, my name's not Jarley."

But it was not to be. Saturday came, and Jarley and his caddie—the latter rigged out with a brand-new set of the Jarley harness—stood at the first tee. Jarley drove off.

"Ho-lee smoke!" cried the caddie, as the ball sailed up into the air. "I'll never find that!"

And in truth he never did, for Jarley's ball had travelled quite six hundred yards into a patch of clover-grass, and was never again located. Jarley reddened. "I'll have to play three," he said, and he drove off again with a second

Jarley Flier. This time, thanks to a diminution in the force of the impact, Jarley drove his ball only four hundred and sixty-five yards, but owing to a slight pull his ball fell out of bounds at a spot that had never before been regarded as a hazardous point.

"What's the rule?" asked Jarley.

"Stroke and distance," said the Professional. "You are driving like a demon this morning, Mr. Jarley."

"Doesn't seem to be doing me much good; I'll play four," said Jarley, teeing up a third ball and gritting his teeth. This, of course, he cleanly fozzled. When a man is angry he is apt to fozzle, but this time Jarley fozzled his ball into a good lie that tempted him into a brassey.

"Now for it," he muttered, and he whacked the sphere with all his might and main. It was a good, clean, accurate stroke, and the ball responded nobly, cleared to a point at least one hundred and fifty feet above the earth, and flew on into eternity, as far as we were able to judge. It undoubtedly came down somewhere, but if our impressions were correct, certainly at no spot nearer St. Willieboy's than in the adjoining county.

"You ought to drive with your putter," said the Professional.

"I withdraw," said Jarley, shortly, and he put up his clubs and angrily retired.

"I give up," he said to me afterwards over a Jarley Cocktail. "That ball was a dandy, but until they lengthen out these holes to three miles or more apiece, and give up the whole State of New York to a links, I don't think it will be much good to play with."

A year later he came and asked if I remembered the brassey stroke he made that day.

"Yes, Jarley," said I, "I do. I've often wondered how far that ball went."

"I'd hate to tell you," said Jarley, "but you can figure it out for yourself. There's the ball. I found it the other day."

"Where?" I asked, looking at the thing which he held in his hand.

"On the links at Balsamhurst," said he.

"Why, Jarley, that's sixteen miles."

"Exactly," said he. "And that's no invention either. But, for Heaven's sake, don't tell anybody, because nobody'd believe it," he added, hastily. "I don't mind being put down as an inventor, but I'm hanged if I could stand being thought a plain liar."

And until this I have never breathed a word of it to anybody, although I must confess that I believe it to have been the most remarkable brassey stroke in the whole history of golf. I shouldn't have spoken of it now but for the fact that Jarley was recently put on the St. Willieboy's Green Committee, and among his first official acts reduced my handicap from 18 to 9. I must get even with him in some way, and I rather fancy this last "invention" of his will tend to weaken the club's confidence in his reliability.



#### A GOOD POINT

*Dramatist.* "I have made the hero a doctor, and in the last act, to save the heroine's life, he vaccinates her."

*Manager.* "Yes, that ought to take."

#### IN FUTURO ESSE.

'Tis June again—once more I lie  
Beneath the sweet horse-chestnut trees,  
The blossoms swaying up so high,  
And sending down the hum of bees.

Thank God, I shall have long been dead,  
When Progress gives Posterity  
The automatic bee, instead,  
Upon the horseless chestnut-tree.

CLARE BEECHER-KUMMER.

#### THE TIMES CHANGE.

ABOUT fifteen years ago, in a small Kentucky village, there occurred in the negro Baptist church a series of fights. The belligerent brethren were generally content to inflict such injuries as could be done with their fists, but more than once razors and pistols were used with dire effect.

At this time the writer, then a child, happening on a Saturday to be in a neighbor's kitchen, overheard the house-girl say to the cook,

"Aunt Jane, is you gwine to de church to-morrer?"

And the cook answered:

"No, chile, I ain't a-gwine. I's gittin'

'feared an' 'shamed to go to dat church, an' b'lieves I'll jine in wid de Methodises. Dar wuz a time when a body'd come home fum de Baptis' church an' folkses'd ax, 'D'yer have any *preachin'*?—who *praught*? But now dey axes, 'D'yer have any *fightin'*?—who *fit*?'"

#### RUBINA.

I WAS making ginger cakes when Rubina stopped at the door, a small inky splotch against the yellow-pink of the evening sky. The round eyes stared; the teeth showed broadly in a grin; stiff little plaits of hair stood rampantly erect on her head.

The round eyes watched me appreciatively as I cut cake after cake and put it in the pan. In went dough horses and dogs and elephants, fashioned with a cheerful disregard for the laws of anatomy. The child's grin deepened as I took a panful of the animals, daintily browned, from the stove.

"What is it, Rubina? Do you want a cake?"

She waited a minute, the round eyes unchanged, the teeth still showing. Then she handed me a piece of paper. "No'm; I want you ter write me a composition, please ma'am. De subjec' is, 'Whut de Modern System uv Education Does Fuh de Human Race.'"

IRENE FOWLER BROWN.





## THE PUNISHMENT ADMINISTERED TO HUMPTY DUMPTY

BY GUY WETMORE CARRYL

UPON a wall of medium size  
Bombastically sat  
A boastful boy, and he was quite  
Unreasonably fat;  
And what aroused a most intense

Disgust in passers-by  
Was his abnormal impudence  
In hailing them with "Hi!"  
While by his kicks he loosened bricks  
The girls to terrify.

When thus for half an hour or more  
 He'd played his idle tricks,  
 And wounded something like a score  
 Of people with the bricks,  
 A man who kept a fuel-shop  
 Across from where he sat  
 Exclaimed, "Well, this has got to stop!"  
 Then, snatching up his hat  
 And sallying out, began to shout,  
 "Look here! Come down from that!"

The boastful boy to laugh began—  
 As laughs a vapid clown—  
 And cried, "It takes a bigger man  
 Than you to call me down.  
 This wall is broad, this wall is high,  
 And safe from any one;  
 No acrobat could do what I  
 Have been and gone and done!"  
 Though thus reviled, the other smiled,  
 And said, "Just wait, my son!"

Then to the interested throng  
 That watched across the way  
 He showed, with smiling face, a long  
 And slender Henry Clay,  
 Remarking, "In upon my shelves

All kinds of coal there are.  
 Step in, my friends, and help yourselves,  
 And he who first can jar  
 That boastful urchin off his perch  
 Will get this good cigar!"

The throng this task did not disdain,  
 But threw with heart and soul,  
 Till round the youth there raged a rain  
 Of lumps of cannel-coal.  
 He dodged for all that he was worth,  
 Till one bombardier, deft,  
 Triumphant brought him down to earth,  
 Of vanity bereft.  
 "I see," said he, "that this is the  
 Coal day when I get left."

THE MORAL is that fuel can  
 Become the tool of fate  
 When thrown upon a little man  
 Instead of on a grate.  
 This story proves that when a brat  
 Imagines he's admired,  
 And acts in such a fashion that  
 He makes his neighbors tired,  
 That little fool, who's much too cool,  
 Gets warmed when coal is fired.

#### GOING BACK ON THE SHERIFF.

"BILL," said the sheriff, as they sat talking  
 and smoking in front of the county jail—  
 "Bill, hain't I allus used yo' like a white  
 man?"

"Yo' bet yo' hev, Jim—yo' bet!" replied  
 Bill.

"Allus had a sip o' lickier when yo' come  
 around, hain't I?"

"Yo' hev, Jim—yo' hev, and good lickier  
 too."

"Never let yo' go hankerin' fur a chaw of  
 terbacker when I had one, hev I?"

"Never, Jim—never!"

"Allus gin yo' the best cell in my jail to  
 sleep in when yo' had trouble at home?"

"Allus, Jim! Yo've ben mighty kind to me,  
 and I hain't the man to forgit it."

"Waal, I've allus tried to treat yo' white,  
 Bill, and now I'm goin' to gin yo' a chance to  
 squar' things. I've ben figgerin' a bit, and  
 blamed if it ain't more'n fo' weeks since I've  
 arrested a single critter! Seems somehow as  
 if everybody's agin me lately, and won't do a  
 thing to git locked up!"

"Shoo! Hain't jailed a critter in fo' weeks  
 —eh?"

"Nary a one, Bill, and shuck my hide if I  
 ain't gittin' mighty upsot about it. Bime-by  
 they won't hev no use fur a jail yere, and I'll  
 git the bounce! Bill, would yo' like to do me  
 a leetle favor—jest a leetle one?"

"Yo' bet, Jim—yo' jest bet!"

"Thank yo', Bill. Jest go up town and

steal a hoss, or pop at some feller, and gin me a  
 chance to arrest yo'. I'll put the shackles on  
 yo', and mebbe shoot at yo' a couple of times,  
 and we'll make folks think they've got a jail  
 and a sheriff in this ole town!"

"B-but, Jim, yo'—"

"I'll gin yo' the best cell in jail and all the  
 terbacker yo' kin smoke fur yo'r trouble, too."

"W-why, yo' see—"

"And, Bill," continued the sheriff, as he  
 pulled out a big horse-pistol and handed it  
 to the other, "if yo' happen to hit a man and  
 hev to hang fur it, I'll make it a slick thing  
 —blamed if I don't!"

"J-Jim, I—can't do it nohow!" stammered  
 the ingrate. "I'd like powerful well to ob-  
 leege yo', fur yo've ben mighty kind to me, but  
 I know the ole woman would be agin it—dead  
 agin it, Jim."

"How would she be agin it?" asked the  
 sheriff.

"Why, leavin' her a widder, and all that."

"But yo' hain't no good, and she'd be better  
 off as a widder. Air yo' gwine back on me  
 arter all I've done fur yo'?"

"Waal, yo' see, Jim, yo'—"

"That's 'nuff, Bill Swan—don't say no more!  
 I've allus used yo' like a white man, and now  
 yo' throw me down! Yo' needn't never come  
 loafin' round my place agin, and jest let me  
 tell yo' that yo'd better hump yo'rself out of  
 sight now afore I take a notion to pop yo'  
 over and arrest myself to keep the ole jail in  
 workin' order!"

A. B. LEWIS.





GOLFERS' CALENDAR—JUNE.

HAIL to June, the month of flowers,  
Golf is for the nonce forgôt,  
And we spend the shining hours  
Hunting for the shiny "pot."







See "The Mantle of Elijah," by I. Zangwill, p. 292

THE CROWD DREW BACK



# HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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## INSIDE THE BOER LINES

BY E. E. EASTON

### PART III

HOW the news that Dundee had been evacuated by the British troops first reached the Boer commandoes around that city was a mystery in keeping with the general chaos of the initiative military operations in Natal. I was afterwards told that the information reached one of the commandoes late Sunday night, when a party of fourteen Boers, who, having ridden from Newcastle on Saturday, missed the commandoes in the fogs on Sunday afternoon, rode straight into Dundee, in ignorance of its identity, and were surprised when they dismounted in front of a Red Cross hospital and discovered it was in charge of British surgeons. The Boers were dismayed. The British surgeons, not understanding their perplexed expressions, eyed them with some misgivings, and expressed their earnest hopes that the usages of civilized warfare were sufficiently well known to these individual Boers to warrant their respect for Red Cross corps. After explanations had cleared up the situation, so that the burghers were convinced that they had not ridden recklessly into a British trap, they set out in search of a commando with the news that the town was deserted, save of several hundred dead and wounded soldiers.

In view of the very apparent confusion in the English camp the previous afternoon, the sight of the Boers on Sunday morning praying, reading favorite chapters in their water-soaked Bibles, and

singing psalms with religious fervor and humility that made them wholly oblivious to things of earth, produced a strange impression upon one among them with a more or less critical eye as to the daily events of the war. Big drops of water dripped from cold cannons which, one might think, should have been hot with their deadly work. Horses and mules for ammunition-wagons moved disconsolately about in the mud searching for forage. From the clumps of thorn trees over which blankets had been stretched, as partial protection from the saturated atmosphere, the deep and earnest tones of masculine voices came at intervals in solemn psalms or frequent prayers. Since it was not their custom to perform the labor of week-days on Sunday in times of peace, they spent, practically, the first Sunday of the war in the presence of a defeated enemy, and at the most critical time of their operations in Natal, unmindful of the most ordinary military precautions.

The rugged Boers of the old school were impregnated with the orthodox belief that age has its reward in increased wisdom, and the authority to exercise this wisdom in commands to its juniors. The new generation accepted it, and made no protests when practically all the responsible military offices were given to the old commanders, who, in many instances, knew less of Briton's modern military resources than the majority of





MAP OF NATAL

their college-bred or office-trained sons, who had never been in battle. It is almost needless to add that few of the leaders had given particular attention to such cold-blooded literature as descriptions in detail of great battles. There were hundreds of the new generation of Boers whose education was along the lines of the present day, and whose knowledge of British politics and resources in the face of momentary defeat was such that their counsel would have been of value, but they were not asked for their advice, and through habit did not volunteer it. In this respect the discipline was perfect. It was the every-day discipline of the Boer, in his home and civil life, transferred to a military campaign. Yet, singular though it may seem, of the two types of Boers, those of the new school

were the most hopeful of final success, either in the near or the remote future, and of establishing a United States of South Africa independent of any foreign control.

Accordingly, when the old Boers, known locally as the "Doppers," gathered on this Sunday morning for religious services, those of the younger element, whose education had released them from the literal interpretation of the laws of Moses, took advantage of the suspension of offensive hostilities to dry their soaked boots and blankets, mend their saddles, and attempt to secure rest after the fearful fatigues of the campaign. A suggestion that the English troops in Dundee might not be wrapped up in spiritual communion, but would probably take advantage of the apparent

armistice to improve their situation, elicited the reply on the part of an old Boer leader that "Alles zal recht komen"—all will come right—as he turned to another chapter in his Bible, refilled his pipe, and after depositing a coal from the camp fire on the tobacco, returned to the source of his spiritual consolation. Thus most of the day passed, the Boers absolutely inactive, paying no attention to the movements that might be taking place in Dundee, and well aware that transports from India, Australia, England, and Canada were several hundred miles nearer their destination.

In the afternoon rumors of a battle at Elandslaagte began to spread. A young Boer, with his right hand mangled, rode into one of the camps with a harrowing tale of General Kock's struggle to prevent



re-enforcements reaching Dundee from a second base of supplies in Natal at Ladysmith. His report was that the entire commando of seven hundred and fifty men had been annihilated, after a desperate battle lasting from daybreak until dark. His description of the final charge of the British so enraged the Boers in the vicinity of Dundee that an assault upon the British positions in this vicinity was decided upon for Monday morning. The rumors of Sunday evening that the English had evacuated Dundee were confirmed when the Boer scouts began reconnoitring the city early in the morning. They found that the English had stolen silently away under cover of Sunday's fog, and were well on their way to Ladysmith, having taken the Helpmakaar road from Dundee. General Lucas Meyer, with a light-horse commando, immediately started in pursuit.

When the Boers finally took possession of Dundee they accounted it a decisive victory which they had accomplished with small loss of life. The military camp near the city, and Dundee itself, bore every indication that the evacuation had been sudden. Many tents were still standing. There were scores of unburied dead and hundreds of wounded soldiers. A British field-hospital corps from the Indian service, with one hundred hill-men as "dooly" bearers, was collecting the wounded, among whom was General Sir William Penn-Symons, the commanding officer of the British forces, who had been shot from his horse, the wound being that of a rifle-ball.

The battle-field and the English intrenchments bore evidence of the frightful accuracy of the Boer artillery and infantry fire in the engagements of Friday and Saturday. Besides nearly three hundred prisoners which the Boers had taken in isolated skirmishes, General Joubert reported almost five hundred dead that remained unburied, while the hospitals in Dundee already contained three hundred severely wounded. The civilians in the city, excepting the "coolie" laborers im-

ported from India to work in the coal-mines, had disappeared with what valuable personal belongings they could transport.

These Indians were quickly looting the stores of all their gaudy trinkets and wearing apparel when the first commando of Boers rode into the town. The flight



BATTLE-FIELD OF ELANDSLAAGTE

had been so precipitous that time had not even been taken to blow up the stores of ammunition to prevent them from falling into the hands of the Boers. Five railway cars loaded with cannon, Maxim, and rifle ammunition were standing on the tracks near the station. Huge stacks of boxes containing biscuits, beans, compressed vegetables, and tinned meats were found in some warehouses and under tarpaulins on the station platform. In the quartermaster's tent was found a report, made out in the routine of his duties on Friday, estimating the supplies in Dundee as rations for twenty-three thousand troops for two months. The intercepted correspondence plainly showed that the English officers in Dundee believed that they would be in Pretoria within two weeks. A number sanguinely advised their friends at home to address their replies to the writers in Pretoria. The table at the chief officers' mess indicated that a meal had been in progress at the moment the order to evacuate was received.

The quarters of the officers of the Royal Dublin Fusileers bore every evidence that they had been lately occupied by



gentlemen—in so far as paraphernalia for the enjoyment of physical luxuries are attributes of gentility. Big brass buttons, bearing elephants in relief, adorned swallow-tailed coats which had evidently been the insignia of the mess waiters. Portmanteaus containing dinner suits, full military dress, civilian suits—morning, afternoon, and evening—fine linen, pipes, cigarette-cases, photographs, monacles, and toilet articles were strewn about the tents. Each portable bath-tub contained Turkish towels, robes, and slippers. A number of Kafirs, who came into Dundee from neighboring kraals soon after the Boers arrived, volunteered prodigious amounts of physical exertion in loading the captured military supplies upon the trains for Pretoria if they would only be permitted their choice of some of the deserted wearing apparel of the British soldiers. When the supply of red jackets and monkey-caps of the privates had been exhausted, the natives selected the swallow-tailed coats with brass buttons, and this supply soon disappearing, some were satisfied with the evening dress-coats found in the portmanteaus of the English officers.

In each of the circular tents which had been occupied by Tommy Atkinses were found harmonicas, pipes, tins of emergency rations, shaving apparatuses, towels, brushes and combs, and pictures of actresses. After examining these various articles and expressing contempt for their utility in a campaign, a number of Boers proceeded to enjoy a meal from the canned and bottled supplies in some of the officers' tents. An old Boer, whose soaked and muddy clothes clung to his frame like a sail to a mast after a heavy storm, unearthed a case of champagne and a box of sardines, and proceeded to make a meal of the two articles. He argued that champagne was a good preventive of fever, and he ate the sardines because they afforded a change in diet from biltong.

In one of the chief officers' tents was a statement giving the number of troops, cavalry, artillery, and infantry, in Dundee as five thousand six hundred enlisted men. In the quarters of one of the staff-officers were found what the Boer government afterward considered the most important trophies of the war—documents,

portfolios, sketches, and maps, all marked, "Secret military information." They contained such valuable information as to preclude the possibility of their having been abandoned by the English officers for any other reasons than that the troops were in a most pitiful state of confusion. There were portfolios of military sketches of the various routes for an invasion into the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, prepared by a Major Grant, Captain Melvill, and Captain Gale, immediately after the Jameson Raid. One of the documents was entitled "Reconnaissance Reports of Lines of Advance through the Free State," prepared by Captain Wolley, of the English Intelligence Division of the War Office in 1897, and accompanied by the usual memorandum, signed by Sir Redvers Buller, to keep it secret. In one of the papers giving in minute detail the physical features of the Transvaal and the Free State, the fortifications in each, and the population and military resources of the two republics, it was estimated that possibly four thousand Cape and Natal colonists would attempt to side with the republics in the event of war. In commenting upon the Boers individually the author expressed the opinion that a large proportion of young Boers had materially deteriorated in marksmanship and horsemanship from the standard of their fathers in the previous war for independence, having entered more sedentary pursuits. A further secret report was styled, "Military Notes on the Dutch Republics of South Africa." The Boer press commented upon these documents as convincing proof of a cleverly worked out scheme to attack the independence of both republics as far back as 1896, notwithstanding constant official assurances from the English government of amity towards them both, especially towards the Free State.

From the various field-hospitals it was ascertained, Monday evening, that in the two battles of Dundee the British had lost one general, nine chief officers, twenty-one subofficers, and one hundred and twenty-one non-commissioned officers. The exact number of enlisted men killed was variously estimated at from four hundred and fifty to seven hundred. According to the Boer statements, the



A TRANSVAAL COMMANDANT'S WIFE, WHO FOUGHT  
BESIDE HER HUSBAND AT THE TUGELA

known number of killed considerably exceeded the number of wounded. When this fact was commented upon, a prominent Boer who was assisting in burying the English dead remarked, rather sadly but grimly, that his country could not afford to waste bullets simply for the sake

of a noise. He was positive that the English forces in Dundee would have been annihilated on Saturday if they had refused to surrender, but for the dense fog which prevailed.

General Penn-Symons succumbed to his wound shortly after noon Monday.



In the telegraph office at Glencoe Junction was found the copy of a congratulatory cable to the general from his wife in England, upon the reported success of his battle on Friday. When this cablegram was shown to General Joubert he was considerably moved, and immediately despatched this message to General Sir George White in Ladysmith:



COOLIE LABORERS FROM INDIA DRESSED IN CLOTHING LEFT BY BRITISH TROOPS AT DUNDEE

"Convey to Lady Penn-Symons our deepest regret at the demise of her gallant husband, whom, it is my sad duty to report, we have buried with the fullest honors. Perhaps many of us on both sides are still fated to share his destiny in this unholy war, forced upon South Africa without cause, by unscrupulous capitalists."

This act was characteristic of General Joubert. I saw him almost daily for many weeks subsequent to this, but at no time did he impress me other than as a kind-hearted old man with a fatherly spirit. He was out of place as the commanding officer of the Boers; personally he was too tender and sympathetic for a military officer in the field. He had remarkable ability as a strategist; he had too high an estimation of human life, even that of the enemy, to execute some of his own plans for offensive operations.

He had General Penn-Symons's body wrapped in the British flag, and his face expressed the deepest feeling when he paid his respects to the corpse of his late enemy before it was buried.

"He was a brave and honorable soldier," was the old Boer general's remark. "He was ordered to fight us; he had no choice but to obey." The reports as to

the actions of the British Lancers in the battle were so persistent that even the most conservative of the Boers soon placed full credence in them, and before night small independent commandoes had been organized and proceeded to the south filled with a silent determination which had some of the appearance of recklessness. One party of one hundred and sixty Boers from Pretoria took an oath to avenge the death of the Boers who had fallen at Elands-laagte, to show no mercy to the regiment of Lancers which was reported to have ridden over the field transfixing the Boer

wounded, and each of these men pledged himself never to surrender to a British force, no matter what the circumstances. Each made his will, and those who had sons bequeathed to them their oath never to give up the struggle for independence.

The battle of Elands-laagte began early Saturday morning, when Field-Cornet Potgieter, from Pienaar's River, captured a train of supplies at Elands-laagte station. His men were in the act of unloading these provisions on the transport wagons when an armored train appeared from the direction of Ladysmith, sixteen miles to the south, and opened fire. While a party of the Boers engaged the forces on the train, others tore up the track in front and in the rear of this modern and apparently impracticable war invention. The Boers were just closing





WOUNDED BURGHERS AT RED CROSS HOSPITAL, AFTER  
THE BATTLE OF ELANDSLAAGTE

in on the train when three other trains appeared from Ladysmith, strongly armed with Maxims, and after a short engagement compelled the Boers to retreat.

A small battery of Transvaal artillery, three and a half miles southeast of the railway station, opened fire upon the British, but without effect. Colonel Schiel, in command of the German corps, advanced from Waschbank station, and, with more bravery than attention to the orders of General Kock, charged the British troops, who were taking up a position a short distance from the railway station, and drove them back to the protection of the armored trains. A desperate small-arm fight began, and Colonel Schiel's men were getting in close quarters when a long passenger-train arrived from Ladysmith loaded with troops. These soon formed a flanking party and began to close in upon the Germans. General Kock, with a Hollander corps,

was lying in a good position among the kopjes east of Elandslaagte, but he was compelled to alter his plans entirely and go to the rescue of the Germans.

After a desperate charge Schiel and his men were rescued, and General Kock attempted to return to his original position, but was outflanked by a strong force of cavalry which had arrived by road from the south. His forces were compelled to take up a position on an insignificant range of kopjes, where even his small number of men were huddled together. The British had the 21st, 43d, and the Natal Field Artillery with eighteen cannon, and after advancing until within four thousand yards they opened on the Boer position.

General Kock had only two cannons—guns captured from Dr. Jameson at Doornkop on January 2, 1896, the date of the famous raid. The English guns were served so badly that General Kock with his two cannon was able to check



their advance, and for several hours accomplished frightful execution. By the middle of the afternoon the Boer position was entirely surrounded by a force which, it was estimated, numbered between six and seven thousand men. General Kock had exactly seven hundred and

selves. In the darkness and rain the English troops seemed to become as demoralized as the small band of Boers were desperate, and many of the captured Boers shortly afterwards made their escape in the confusion which prevailed. About a week later, in delivering the

eulogy at General Kock's funeral in Pretoria, President Kruger declared as to Elandslaagte that "the protecting hand of Providence was with the Boers in the war, since in the battle only thirty-two had been killed, one hundred and fifty-one wounded, and eighty-seven made prisoners." Owing to the nature of the battle, the Boer government and the local press considered the engagement at Elandslaagte as of



ELANDSLAAGTE STATION, AFTER THE BATTLE

fifty men, not counting his ambulance corps. Still, the burghers fought desperately, and refused to hoist a white flag.

At times bodies of Lancers charged through a small nek between two of the kopjes, but when the infantry attempted to follow them and storm the kopjes themselves they were driven back in disorder, leaving many dead and wounded.

Late in the afternoon the British artillery took a new position, and about seven o'clock in the evening, a heavy fog having developed and the ammunition for the cannon having been entirely expended, the burghers made a desperate attempt to cut their way through the British lines. When their retreat was discovered the Fifth Lancers and one squadron of dragoons charged through their lines three times. In their desperation the Boers fled in all directions, each man fighting for himself. General Kock had been wounded through the lungs and Colonel Schiel had been seen to fall from his horse. General Kock urged two of his sons who were with him to leave him to his fate and attempt to save them-

vastly more importance than the two battles at Dundee.

I rode over the battle-field the following Tuesday afternoon with General Joubert and Mr. Wolmarans, chief of the Executive Council of the South African Republic, who were investigating the reports as to the atrocities which had been committed upon the dead and wounded by the English Lancers. There were hundreds of dead horses lying about from the railway station to the chain of kopjes where the main fight had taken place. In one sluit was the body of a boy, scarcely twelve years old, with a lance stuck through his left shoulder and one of his ankles shattered by a rifle-ball. About ten yards down the sluit were the bodies of five English troopers and two horses.

In his official report to the government General Joubert enclosed the affidavits of several burghers, whose integrity he considered unquestionable, in which they stated positively that they had personally seen members of the Fifth Lancers drive their weapons through wounded and disarmed Boers



who lay upon the ground. One of these was said to be a surgeon with a red cross on his arm, who was dressing a wounded German. He also made a lengthy report in which he said that the white flag had been used on an armored train which was attempting to repair the railway line within the radius of the Boer fire. General Joubert told me that he did not believe the English commanding officers would countenance such acts of barbarism on the part of individuals in their troops. The old Boer general explained these acts as natural on the part of irresponsible soldiers seasoned in numerous wars against savages.

The result of these reported atrocities at Elands-laagte was that the Boers were nerved to the point of recklessness in their determination to have a reckoning with all the Lancers in South Africa. Although the investment of Ladysmith had scarcely been dreamed of a few days before, the Boers rushed on past Elands-laagte in a thoroughly unorganized manner, driving the English from all their positions, and within less than a week from the date of the first battle of Dundee General Lucas Meyer had made a circuit of Ladysmith, cut off the lines of communication between that base and the south, and scoured the country to the east.

There is probably no country in the world where the topography is naturally more perfect for defensive military operations than that within a radius of ten miles from Ladysmith. Immense flat-top kopjes dot closely the country. There is plenty of drinking-water, the best springs being in many cases on the summits of these peculiar kopjes. The sides are covered with huge red rocks and cacti, so that large bodies of men can easily conceal themselves, and be almost wholly protected while covering the open flats over which an enemy must advance

before reaching any of these natural fortifications.

A huge girdle of these encircles the city of Ladysmith, which lies in one of the bends of the Klip River, surrounded by small red hills. There are nine of these big kopjes in as many directions from Ladysmith, each about five miles from the town. General Sir George White, in command of the troops of Natal, held all these commanding positions when the Boers first came in sight from the north and west.

After three desperate fights, each lasting only a short time, the British deserted all these commanding positions north and northwest of the city. With more audacity than precaution, the Boers planted several cannon on one of these positions locally known as Pepworth Hill, and on the evening of October 29 began throwing shells into the city itself. Gen-



ON LOMBARD'S KOP

eral White made a determined effort the following day to recapture all these positions, and directed his main attack upon Pepworth Hill. During the night a force of two thousand men moved out to the west of Ladysmith and took up a position on a kopje which commanded all the entrances to the city from that direction, and at the same time the major portion of the British troops, estimated



at about fourteen thousand men, moved out in position to attack Pepworth Hill. They already held Lombard's Kop and Bulwayno Kop, east of the city. When the battle began, in the morning, there were less than four thousand Boers within a radius of ten miles of Ladysmith. The majority of these had not been under

two officers. There were over five hundred dead and wounded found on the kopje. A week later a young Boer dug up two Maxims and a mountain battery which this force had buried before surrendering. Colonel Carleton was considerably chagrined when he discovered he had surrendered to six hundred and seventy-five Boers. He explained that his men had refused to fight any longer, owing to the accuracy of the Boer rifle fire.

The fighting at Pepworth Hill continued until about two o'clock, but, despite the repeated assaults of both cavalry and infantry and an almost continual rain of shells from eighteen cannon, the position was held by the Irish-American corps and the Transvaal artillery until the arrival of General Lucas Meyer from the northeast.

General Meyer took up a position opposite

the right flank of the British, and in a short time demoralized the main body of English artillery and cavalry, which retreated in considerable disorder back to Ladysmith, their infantry following, under a rain of shells from Pepworth Hill.

The following is General Joubert's official report of the battle, and is given because it is characteristic of the man:

*Service Telegram to the Secretary of State, Pretoria.*

More particulars are to hand concerning what occurred yesterday. As you are already notified, we were apprised during the night that the English were coming out of Ladysmith. The battle commenced in the morning before five-thirty, and finished at about two o'clock in the afternoon; and, thanks to the beneficence of our great, good God, we maintained our position.

The enemy was compelled to flee from the battle-field, and although we have to lament the loss of many valuable lives, and there are forty of our wounded in our hospital, we cannot but pay tribute to God's goodness and God's miracles. In view of the enemy's bombardment and the general progress of the

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Proof of Identity.	No 3237
Naam } <i>E. E. Easton</i>	In geval van dood of verwonding van houder dezes wordt men dringend verzocht deze kaart ingevuld op te zenden aan bovenstaand adres.
Ouderdom } <i>1 jaar</i>	
Woonplaats } <i>America</i>	In case of bearer of this being killed or wounded, you are requested to send this card through the nearest Commanding Officer, or Responsible Official, to the Identity Department above mentioned.
adres familie } <i>Washington D. C.</i>	
Residence } <i>Korrespondent</i>	Gesteuvelde } <i>Killed</i>
Commando } <i>Hoofdkwartier</i>	Plaats } <i>Locality</i>
	Datum } <i>Date</i>
	Welke Verwonding } <i>Nature of Wound</i>
	Plaats } <i>Locality</i>
	Datum } <i>Date</i>
The Identity Department of the Red Cross Society will forward to English authorities information about wounded English soldiers who might be made prisoners. Telegraphic and Postal Address: <b>Molengraaff, Pretoria.</b>	

*Certificate of Identity Issued By Transvaal Branch  
Of the Red Cross Society*

tents since they left their camp at Zandspruit, but had been in the saddle and fighting and skirmishing most of the time. The battle, which took the name of Modderspruit, although only an insignificant portion of the firing-line extended to this spruit, was personally conducted by General Joubert, who rode to different portions of the field in an old-fashioned Cape cart, his wife accompanying him, carrying his rifle while he was driving, and holding the horse when the general went forward to the firing-line to see how the fight was progressing. The British operations were directed from a balloon which was anchored in Ladysmith.

While the fight at Pepworth Hill was at its height a commando of Free State Boers assaulted the position occupied by Colonel Carleton and the two thousand British troops to the west of Ladysmith. After a fight lasting two hours, in which the Boers used only their rifles, this force surrendered. It consisted of twelve hundred and fifteen enlisted men and forty-



A HOWITZER USED DURING THE SIEGE OF LADYSMITH

struggle, nobody could have been surprised if there had been four times as many dead and wounded on our side. But our God averted this, and I must say that though I deeply deplore the loss we have suffered in dead and injured, we must thank and praise our great God for the result so far; and I may congratulate your honor and Land en Volk upon the victory we have attained this day, and a grateful people will praise and thank and exalt God for the miracles His Hand has wrought.

As far as is known, our dead are as follows: . . . .

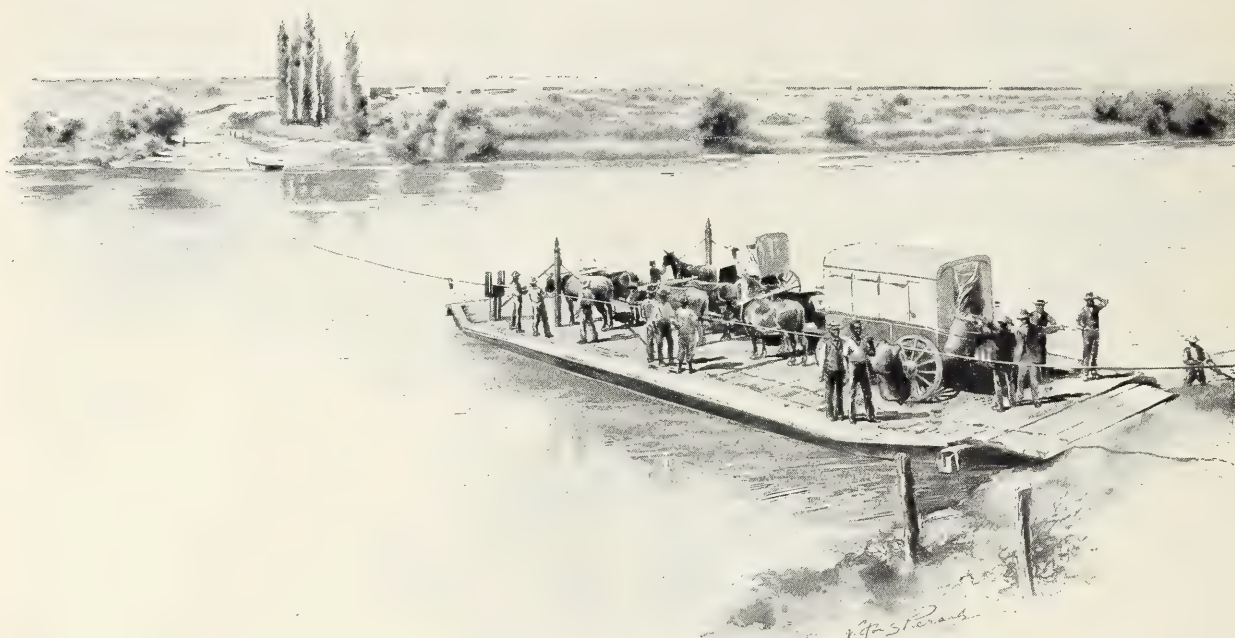
It is impossible for me to furnish an accurate estimate of the enemy's loss. We have in our custody many of their wounded and nearly thirteen hundred prisoners of war. These last will be sent to you by train. Some of the wounded have expressed a desire to be returned to Ladysmith, and I think it advisable to exchange these for the wounded who were taken at Elands-laagte. We are now on all the positions about the city, and, owing to the enemy's plight, we can scarcely expect to pass the night without a second attack. But our trust is in the Lord. He will guard us.

We are busy dealing out food and ammunition, so far as this is possible.

The following morning an officer bearing a flag of truce came into the Hoofd Laager from Ladysmith. Since he was carrying a white flag and was unarmed, the Boers seemed to think he knew his business, and paid no attention to him as he rode past their commandoes, except to answer his inquiries as to where he would probably find General Joubert. Upon his return to Ladysmith, however, General Joubert saw to it that he had an escort as far as the English sentries.

This envoy had conveyed a message from General White, requesting an armistice for forty-eight hours, so that he could collect his wounded and bury the dead. It was granted, and at the expiration of the two days the request for a further armistice was granted, during which time the two generals agreed upon what would be considered neutral territory, two miles and one-half from the city, where the civilians, the wounded, and all non-combatants could be placed so as to get





ACROSS THE TUGELA, BELOW COLENZO

out of range of any future possible firing-line.

For several days after the battle of Modderspruit the great majority of burghers illy concealed their desire to storm the city. There was no question in their mind as to their ability to take it in a hand-to-hand fight, notwithstanding that the English outnumbered them more than two to one. When General Joubert made the statement, at a war council, that the city was not worth to the Boers the lives of five hundred burghers, and that he had formulated a plan which in the end would prove satisfactory, the Boers settled down to the monotony of the siege for two weeks without further suggestions. When they began growing restless again General Joubert took a picked commando of two thousand men, proceeded to the Tugela River at Colenso, and invaded Natal to the south as far as Estcourt, forty-four miles from Ladysmith.

Only one serious attempt was made by the English troops in Natal to stop General Joubert's march to the south. On Wednesday, November 15, an armored train bearing a strong force of soldiers and marines started north from Estcourt,

apparently with the intention of driving the Boers back to Ladysmith. Some stones hurriedly placed on the track stopped the career of the train a few miles north of Estcourt, and after a short fight, during which one shell from a piece of light artillery completely demolished an expensively equipped railway coach, the Boers captured fifty-seven prisoners. Three of the English had been killed and ten wounded. The rest escaped on the engine and four trucks. Among the prisoners was the son of the late Lord Randolph Churchill. During the fight he distinguished himself for his pluck and coolness, but was released by order of General Joubert, after being held a prisoner in Pretoria for a few weeks, upon his representations that he was a journalist and not a soldier.

After cautiously reconnoitring the country in the vicinity of Estcourt for a few days, the Boer general received word from his scouts that General Buller had arrived at Durban with strong re-enforcements. General Joubert had sustained a serious injury by his horse falling into a sluit with him, and after blowing up the Tugela railway bridge he left his two thousand men in Colenso and returned to



FORTIFICATIONS NEAR THE TUGELA BRIDGE, AT THE FIRST BATTLE OF COLENZO

Volkstrust, where he underwent a surgical operation.

When the sixth week of the siege of Ladysmith was beginning, the second stage of the war was developing in Natal. General Buller was advancing with a strong column to the relief of the besieged garrison. In order to meet this column General Schalk Burger, the next in command to General Joubert, had weakened the besieging force just one-half and had taken these troops to Colenso, where he was preparing to meet General Buller. It soon became very evident that General White in Ladysmith was cognizant of the thin line of Boers about the city. He made two desperate attempts to either escape or, at least, to supplant the lethargy that had lately marked his troops, and by his activity occasion sufficient alarm to cause a recall of a part of the troops which had gone to meet Buller.

The lack of professional military training among the Boers was a weakness which the English officers did not seem capable of comprehending, and General White did not take the smallest practical advantage of the situation.

In one of the sorties the English lost

seventeen prisoners and nearly fifty killed, while the Boers lost four killed. Although it was merely an incident of the war, the funeral of these four Boers was made the occasion of the most impressive public ceremony in the history of Pretoria, for three of them had been among those who took the oath at Dundee never to surrender to a British force.

It was one o'clock in the morning of December 10 when a force of about seven hundred English crawled stealthily upon the Pretoria laager in one of the ravines northwest of Ladysmith. They surrounded the outpost, consisting of four Boers, and at the point of the bayonet demanded their surrender. In reply each of the Boers emptied his Mauser pistol into the soldiers around him, and then, having room to use their rifles, they proceeded to sell their lives so dearly that the sortie was checked until the laager was aroused. Then was exhibited one of those feats, unintelligible to the outside world, when it has only the list of casualties from which to form an opinion. The English soldiers probably thought the whole Boer army had suddenly concentrated at that point. Among the heaps of dead and wounded soldiers, which the



early morning light brought out of ghostly indistinctness among the red ant-hills, were found the lifeless bodies of the four Boers who had formed the outpost. Each of their bodies was riddled with bullets, and one had been lacerated by a bayonet.



*A member of the Boer artillery preparing his breakfast. By digging a hole in the side and at the top of an ant-heap, a draught of air circulates through the seeming pile of earth. A match is all that is required to convert the animal matter into a perfect furnace. There is little wood in Natal, but ant-heaps are plentiful.*

In a semicircle around these four men lay seventeen dead British soldiers. That was the last sortie attempted from Ladysmith.

Before this time Natal had ceased to monopolize the attention of the Boers throughout the two republics. After three desperate and bloody battles in attempting to relieve the garrison at Kimberley, Lord Methuen's column had been completely demoralized by General Cronje, and compelled to fall back to Belmont and await the arrival of a new army corps. A similar fate had befallen the column which had attempted to invade the Orange Free State from the south *viâ* Stormberg. But the element of danger considered to be the most ominous by the Boers was the restlessness which the native tribes were exhibiting. Kafirs

under Chief Linchwe had invaded the northern district of the Transvaal from Rhodesia and massacred a number of women and children. The slender thread upon which hung the neutrality of the Basutos, the strongest native tribe in South Africa, can be gathered from an incident that came under my own observation. About the middle of November a number of emissaries from the Basuto king waited upon General Joubert, making the greatest protestations of friendship. They explained that there had been a great feasting at the king's kraal, at which all the lesser chiefs gathered to watch the contortions of the witch doctors. Finally three cattle were selected; one was a red ox, one white, and the third black. The red ox was to represent the British, the white ox the Boers, and the Black ox the Basutos. The animals were tied to stakes and no food or water given to them. In a few days the black ox died, then the red ox succumbed, while the white ox lingered two days after the other two had been devoured by the jackals. While these three brutes were suffering, the chiefs feasted and the women danced.

After stating these facts to General Joubert in a most solemn manner, the spokesman of the emissaries said: "If we go to war we will die first, the English next, and the Boers will stand over our bodies as they have done in every war since we saw the first white faces come up from the south. The Basutos will live at peace and let the white men settle their own quarrel." Then they gave their presents to the old Boer general, and after saluting all the burghers (who had gathered around to witness the ceremony) by raising their knob-keries and exclaiming "Ja Baas!" they mounted their ponies and disappeared among the kopjes towards the Drakensberg Mountains to the southwest.

# A BICYCLE OF CATHAY

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON

## PART II

THE next morning I awoke about seven o'clock. My clothes, neatly brushed and folded, were on a chair near the bed, with my brightly blackened shoes near by. I rose, quickly dressed myself, and went forth into the morning air. I met no one in the house, and the hall door was open. For an hour or more I walked about the beautiful grounds. Sometimes I wandered near the house, among the flower-beds and shrubs; sometimes I followed the winding path to a considerable distance; occasionally I sat down in a covered arbor; and then I sought the shade of a little grove, in which there were hammocks and rustic chairs. But I met no one, and I saw no one except some men working near the stables. I would have been glad to go down to the lodge and say "Good-morning" to my kind entertainers there, but for some reason or other it struck me that that neat little house was too much out of the way.

When I had had enough walking I retired to the piazza and sat there, until Brownster, with a bow, came and informed me that breakfast was served.

The young lady, in the freshest of summer costumes, met me at the door and bade me "Good-morning," but the greeting of her father was not by any means cordial, although his manner had lost some of the stiff condescension which had sat so badly upon him the evening before. The mother was a very pleasant little lady of few words and a general air which indicated an intimate acquaintance with back seats.

The breakfast was a remarkably good one. When the meal was over, Mr. Putney walked with me into the hall. "I must now ask you to excuse me, sir," said he, "as this is the hour when I receive my manager and arrange with him for the varied business of the day. Good-morning, sir. I wish you a very pleasant journey." And barely giving me a chance to thank him for his entertain-

ment, he disappeared into the back part of the house.

The young lady was standing at the front of the hall. "Won't you please come in," she said, "and see mother? She wants to talk to you about Walford."

I found the little lady in a small room opening from the parlor, and also, to my great surprise, I found her extremely talkative and chatty. She asked me so many questions that I had little chance to answer them, and she told me a great deal more about Walford and its people and citizens than I had learned during my nine months' residence in the village. I was very glad to give her an opportunity of talking, which was a pleasure, I imagined, she did not often enjoy; but as I saw no signs of her stopping, I was obliged to rise and take leave of her.

The young lady accompanied me into the hall. "I must get my valise," I said, "and then I must be off. And I assure you—"

"No, do not trouble yourself about your valise," she interrupted. "Brownster will attend to that—he will take it down to the lodge. And as to your gorgeous raiment, he will see that that is all properly returned to its owners."

I picked up my cap, and she walked with me out upon the piazza. "I suppose you saw everything on our place," she asked, "when you were walking about this morning?"

A little surprised, I answered that I had seen a good deal, but I did not add that I had not found what I was looking for.

"We have all sorts of hot-houses and greenhouses," she said, "but they are not very interesting at this time of the year, otherwise I would ask you to walk through them before you go." She then went on to tell me that a little building which she pointed out was a mushroom-house. "And you will think it strange that it should be there, when I tell you that not one of our family likes





*As Soon As I Had  
Spoken These Words, I  
Would Have Been Glad  
To Recall Them*

mushrooms or ever tastes one. But the manager thinks that we ought to grow mushrooms, and so we do it."

As she was talking, the thought came to me that there were some people who might consider this young lady a little forward in her method of entertaining a comparative stranger, but I dismissed this idea. With such a peculiarly constituted family it was perhaps necessary for her to put herself forward, in regard, at least, to the expression of hospitality.

"One thing I must show you," she said, suddenly, "and that is the orchid-house! Are you fond of orchids?"

"Under certain circumstances," I said, unguardedly, "I could be fond of apples." As soon as I had spoken these words, I would have been glad to recall

them, but they seemed to make no impression whatever on her.

We walked to the orchid-house, we went through it, and she explained all its beauties, its singularities, and its rarities. When we came out again, I asked myself: "Is she in the habit of doing all this to chance visitors? Would she treat a Brown or a Robinson in the way she is treating me?" I could not answer my question, but if Brown and Robinson had appeared at that moment, I should have been glad to knock their heads together.

I did not want to go; I would have been glad to examine every building on the place, but I knew I must depart; and as I was beginning to express my sense of the kindness with which I had been treated, she interrupted by asking me if I expected to come back this way.

"No," said I, "that is not my plan. I expect to ride on to Waterton, and there I shall stop for a day or two and decide what section of the country I shall explore next."

"And to-day?" she said. "Where have you planned to spend the night?"

"I have been recommended to stop at a little inn called the 'Holly Sprig,'" I replied. "It is a leisurely day's journey from Walford, and I have been told that it is a pleasant place and a pretty country. I do not care to travel all the time, and I want to stop a little when I find interesting scenery."

"Oh, I know the Holly Sprig Inn," said she, speaking very quickly, "and I would advise you not to stop there. We have lunched there two or three times when we were out on long drives. There is a much better house about five miles the other side of the Holly Sprig. It is really a large, handsome hotel, with good service and everything you want—where people go to spend the summer."

I thanked her for her information and bade her good-by. She shook my hand very cordially and I walked away. I had gone but a very few steps when I wanted to turn around and look back, but I did not.

Before I had reached the lodge, where I had left my bicycle, I met Brownster, and when I saw him I put my hand into my pocket. He had certainly been very attentive.

"I carried your valise, sir," he said, "to the lodge, and I took the liberty of strapping it to your handle-bar. You will find everything all right, sir, and the—other clothes will be properly attended to."

I thanked him, and then handed him some money. To my surprise, he did not offer to take it. He smiled a little and bowed.

"Would you mind, sir," he said, "if you did not give me anything? I assure you, sir, that I'd very much rather that you wouldn't give me anything." And with this he bowed and rapidly disappeared.

"Well," said I to myself, as I put my money back into my pocket, "it is a queer country, this Cathay."

As I approached the lodge, I felt that perhaps I had received a lesson, but I was not sure. I would wait and let circumstances decide. The gardener was away

attending his duties; but his wife was there, and when she came forward, with a frank, cheery greeting, I instantly decided that I had had a lesson. I thanked her, as earnestly as I knew how, for what she had done for me, and then I added,

"You and your husband have treated me with such kind hospitality that I am not going to offer you anything in return for what you have done."

"You would have hurt us, sir, if you had," said she.

Then, in order to change the subject, I spoke of the honor which had been bestowed upon me by allowing me to wear the Duke's dressing-gown. She smiled, and replied,

"Honors would always be easy for you, sir, if you only chose to take them."

As I rode away I thought that the last remark of the gardener's wife seemed to show a mental brightness above her station, although I did not know exactly what she meant. "Can it be," I asked myself, "that she fancies that good family, six feet of athletic muscle, and no money would be considered sufficient to make matrimonial honors easy on that estate?" If such an idea had come into her head, it certainly was a very foolish one, and I determined to drive it from my mind by thinking of something else.

Suddenly I slackened my speed. I stopped and put one foot to the ground. What a hard-hearted wretch I thought myself to be! Here I was thinking of all sorts of nonsense and speeding away without a thought of the young girl who had hurt herself the day before and who had been helped by me to her home! She lived but a few miles back, and I had determined, the evening before, to run down and see how she was getting on before starting on my day's journey.

I turned and went bowling back over the road on which I had been so terribly drenched the previous afternoon. In a very little while my bicycle was leaning against the fence of the pretty house by the roadside, and I had entered the front yard. The slender girl was sitting on the piazza behind some vines. When she saw me she quickly closed the book she was reading, drew one foot from a little stool, and rose to meet me. There was more color on her face than I had supposed would be likely to find its way there, and her bright eyes showed that



she was not only surprised, but glad to see me.

"I thought you were ever so far on your journey!" she said. "And how did you get through that awful storm?"

"I want to know first about your foot," I said—"how is that?"

"My own opinion is," she answered, "that it is nearly well. Mother knew exactly what to do for it; she wrapped it in wet cloths and dry cloths, and this morning I scarcely think of it. But there is one thing I want to tell you before you meet father and mother—for they want to see you, I know. We talked a great deal about you last night. You may have thought it strange I told you about the peas, but I had to do it to explain why I could not ask you to stop. Now I want to tell you that this accident made everything all right. As soon as father and mother knew that I was hurt, they forgot everything else, and neither of them remembered that there was such a thing as a pea-vine in the world. It really seems as if my tumble was a most lucky thing. And now you must come in. They will never forgive me if I let you go away without seeing them."

The mother, a pleasant little woman, full of cheerful gratitude to me for having done so much for her daughter, and the father, tall and slender, hurrying in from the garden, his face beaming with a friendly enthusiasm, apologizing for the mud on his clothes, and almost in the same breath telling me of the obligations under which I had placed him, both seemed to me at the first glance to be such kind, simple-hearted, simple-mannered people that I could not help contrasting this family with the one under whose roof I had spent the night.

I spent half an hour with these good people, patiently listening to their gratitude and to their deep regrets that I had been allowed to go on in the storm; but I succeeded in allaying their friendly regrets by assuring them that it would have been impossible to keep me from going on, so certain was I that I could reach the little town of Vernon before the storm grew violent. Then I was obliged to tell them that I did not reach Vernon, and how I had spent the night.

"With the Putneys!" exclaimed the mother. "I am sure you could not have been entertained in a finer house!"

They asked me many questions and I told them many things, and I soon discovered that they took a generous interest in the lives of other people. They spoke of the good this rich family had done in the neighborhood during the building of their great house and the improvement of their estate, and not a word did I hear of ridicule or scandalous comment, although in good truth there was opportunity enough for it.

The young lady asked me if I had seen Miss Putney, and when I replied that I had, she inquired if I did not think that she was a very pretty girl. "I do not know her," she said, "but I have often seen her when she was out driving. I do not believe there is any one in this part of the country who dresses better than she does."

I laughed, and told her that I thought I knew somebody who dressed much finer even than Miss Putney, and then I described the incident of the Duke's dressing-gown. This delighted them all, and before I left I was obliged to give every detail of my gorgeous attire.

It was about eleven o'clock when at last I tore myself away from this most attractive little family. To live as they lived, to be interested in the things that interested them—for the house seemed filled with books and pictures—to love nature, to love each other, and to think well of their fellow-beings, even of the super-rich—seemed to me to be an object for which a man of my temperament should be willing to strive and thankful to win. After meeting her parents I did not wonder that I had thought the slender girl so honest-hearted and so lovable. It was true that I had thought that.

The day was fine, and the landscape lay clean and sharply defined under the blue sky and white clouds. I sped along in a cheerful mood, well pleased with what my good cycle had so far done for me. Again I passed the open gate of the Putney estate, and glanced through it at the lodge. I saw no one, and was glad of it—better pleased, perhaps, than I could have given good reason for. When I had gone on a few hundred yards I was suddenly startled by a voice—a female voice.

"Well! well!" cried some one on my right, and turning, I saw, above a low wall, the head and shoulders of the young lady with the dark eyes, with whom I had



parted an hour or so before. A broad hat shaded her face, her eyes were very dark and very wide open, and I saw some of her beautiful teeth, although she was not smiling or laughing. It was plain that she had not come down there to see me pass; she was genuinely astonished. I dismounted and approached the wall.

"I thought you were miles and miles on your way!" said she. It occurred to me that I had recently heard a remark very like this, and yet the words, as they came from the slender girl and from this one, seemed to have entirely different meanings. She was desirous, earnestly desirous, to know how I came to be passing this place at this time, when I had left their gate so long before, and, as I was not unwilling to gratify her curiosity, I told her the whole story of the accident the day before, and of everything which had followed it.

"And you went all the way back," she said, "to inquire after that Burton girl?"

"Do you know her?" I asked.

"No," she said, "I do not know her; but I have seen her often, and I know all about her family. They seem to be of such little consequence, one way or the other, that I can scarcely understand how things could so twist themselves that you should consider it necessary to go back there this morning before you really started on your day's journey."

I do not remember what I said, but it was something commonplace, no doubt, but I imagined I perceived a little pique in the young lady. Of course I did not object to this, for nothing could be more flattering to a young man than the exhibition of such a feeling, on an occasion such as this.

But if she felt any pique she quickly

brushed it out of sight, for, as I have said before, she was a young woman who had great command of herself. Of course I said to her that I was very glad to have this chance of seeing her again, and she answered, with a laugh:

"If you really are glad, you ought to thank the Burton girl. This is one of



*I Dismounted And  
Approached The Wall*

my favorite walks. The path runs along inside the wall for a considerable distance and then turns around the little hill over there, and so leads back to the house. When I happened to look over the wall and saw you, I was truly surprised."

The ground was lower on the outside of the wall than on the inside, and as I stood and looked almost into the eyes



of this girl, as she leaned with her arms upon the smooth top of the wall, the idea which the gardener's wife put into my head came into it again. This was a beautiful face, and the expression upon it was different from anything I had seen there before. Her surprise had disappeared, her pique had gone, but a very great interest in the incident of my passing this spot at the moment of her being there was plainly evident. As I gazed at her my blood ran warmer through my veins, and there came upon me a feeling of the olden time—of the days when the brave cavalier rode up to the spot where, waiting for him, his lady sat upon her impatient jennet.

Without the least hesitation I asked, "Do you ride a wheel?"

She looked wonderingly at me for a moment, and then broke into a laugh.

"Why on earth do you ask such a question as that? I have a bicycle, but I am not a very good rider, and I never venture out upon the public road by myself."

"You shouldn't think of such a thing," said I; and then I stood silent, and my mind showed me two young people, each mounted, not upon a swift steed, but upon a far swifter pair of wheels, skimming onward through the summer air, still rolling on, on, on, through country lanes and woodland roads, laughing at pursuit if they heard the trampling of eager hoofs behind them, with never a telegraph wire to stretch menacingly above them, and so on, on, on, their eyes sparkling, their hearts beating high with youthful hope.

Again, through the tender mists of the afternoon, I saw them returning from some secluded Gretna Green to bend their knees and bow their heads before the lord of the fair bride's home.

When all this had passed through my brain, I wondered how such a pair would be received. I knew the gardener and his wife would welcome them, to begin with; Brownster would be very glad to see them; and I believe the mother would stand with tears of joy and open arms, in whatever quiet room she might feel free to await them. Moreover, when the sterner parent heard my tale and read my pedigree, might he not consider good name on the one side an equivalent for good money on the other?

I looked up at her; she did not ask me

what I had been thinking about nor remark upon my silence. She too had been wrapped in revery; her face was grave. She raised her arms from the wall and stood up.

It was plainly time for me to do something, and she decided the point for me by slightly moving away from the wall. "Sometime, when you are riding out from Walford," she said, "we should be glad to have you stop and take luncheon. Father likes to have people at luncheon."

"I should be delighted to do so," said I; and if she had asked me to delay my journey and take luncheon with them that day, I think I should have accepted the invitation. But she did not do that, and she was not a young lady who would stand too long by a public road talking to a young man. She smiled very sweetly and held out her hand over the wall. "Good-by again," she said. As I took her hand I felt very much inclined to press it warmly, but I refrained. Her grasp was firm and friendly, and I would have liked very much to know whether or not it was more so than was her custom.

I was mounting my wheel when she called to me again. "Now, I suppose," she said, "you are going straight on?"

"Oh yes," I replied, with emphasis, "straight on."

"And the name of the hotel where you will stay to-night," said she, "it is the Cheltenham. I forgot it when I spoke to you before. I do not believe, really, it is more than three miles beyond the other little place where you thought of stopping."

Then she walked away from the wall and I mounted. I moved very slowly onward, and as I turned my head I saw that a row of straggling bushes which grew close to the wall were now between her and me. But I also saw, or thought I saw, between the leaves and boughs, that her face was toward me, and that she was waving her handkerchief. If I had been sure of that, I think I should have jumped over the wall, pushed through the bushes, and should have asked her to give me that handkerchief, that I might fasten it on the front of my cap as, in olden days, a knight going forth to his adventures bound upon his helmet the glove of his lady-love.

But I was not sure of it, and seized by



a sudden energetic excitement, I started off at a tremendous rate of speed. The ground flew backward beneath me as if I had been standing on the platform of a railroad car. Not far ahead of me there came from a side road into the main avenue on which I was travelling a Scorch-er, scorching. As he spun away in front of me, his body bent forward until his back was nearly horizontal, and his green-stockinged legs striking out behind him with the furious rapidity of a great frog trying to push his head into the mud, he turned back his little face with a leer of triumphant derision at every moving thing which might happen to be behind him.

At the sight of this green-legged Scorch-er my blood rose, and it was with me as if I had heard the clang of trumpets and the clash of arms. I leaned slightly forward; I struck out powerfully, swiftly, and steadily; I gained upon the Scorch-er; I sent into his emerald legs a thrill of startled fear, as if he had been a terrified hare bounding madly away from a pursuing foe, and I passed him as if I had been a swift falcon swooping by a quarry unworthy of his talons.

On, on I sped, not deigning even to look back. The same spirit possessed me as that which fired the hearts of the olden knights. I would have been glad to meet with another Scorch-er, and yet another, that for the sake of my fair lady I might engage with each and humble his pride in the dust.

"It is true," I said to myself with an inward laugh, "I carry no glove nor delicate handkerchief bound upon my visor—" but at this point my mind wandered. I went more slowly, and at last I stopped and sat down under the shade of a way-side tree. I thought for a few minutes, and then I said to myself, "It seems to me this would be a good time to take one of those capsules," and I took one. I then fancied that perhaps I ought to take two, but I contented myself with one.



*I Thought For A Few Minutes, And Then I Said To Myself....*

In the middle of the day I stopped at Vernon, and the afternoon was well advanced when I came in sight of a little way-side house with a broad unfenced green in front of it, and a swinging sign which told the traveller that this was the "Holly Sprig Inn."

I dismounted on the opposite side of the road and gazed upon the smoothly shaven greensward in front of the little inn; upon its low walls half covered with vines; upon the pretty upper windows peeping out from their frames of leaves; upon the queerly shaped projections of the building; upon the low portico which shaded the doorway; and upon the gentle stream of blue smoke which rose from the great gray chimney.

Then I turned and looked over the surrounding country. There were broad meadows slightly descending to a long line of trees, between which I could see the glimmering of water. On the other side of the road, and extending back of the inn, there were low forest-crowned hills. Then my eyes, returning to nearer objects, fell upon an old-fashioned garden, with bright flowers and rows of box, which lay beyond the house.

"Why on earth," I thought, "should



I pass such a place as this and go on to the Cheltenham, with its waiters in coat tails, its nurse-maids, and its rows of people on piazzas? She could not know my tastes, and perhaps she had thought but little on the subject, and had taken her ideas from her father. He is just the man to be contented with nothing else than a vast sprawling hotel, with disdainful menials expecting tips."

I rolled my bicycle along the little path which ran around the green, and I knocked upon the open door of Holly Sprig Inn.

In a few moments a boy came into the hall. He was not dressed like an ordinary hotel attendant, but his appearance was decent, and he might have been a subclerk or a head hall-boy.

"Can I obtain lodging here for the night?" I asked.

The boy looked at me from head to foot, and an expression such as might be produced by too much lemon juice came upon his face.

"No," said he; "we don't take cyclers."

This reception was something novel to me, who had cycled over thousands of miles, and I was not at all inclined to accept it at the hands of the boy. I stepped into the hall. "Can I see the master of this house?" said I.

"There ain't none," he answered, gruffly.

"Well, then, I want to see whoever is in charge."

He looked as if he were about to say that he was in charge, but he had no opportunity for such impertinence. A female figure came into the hall and advanced toward me. She stopped in an attitude of interrogation.

"I was just inquiring," I said, with a bow—for I saw that the new-comer was not a servant—"if I could be accommodated here for the night, but the boy informed me that cyclers are not received here."

"What!" she exclaimed, and turned as if she would speak to the boy, but he had vanished. "That is a mistake, sir," she said to me. "Very few wheelmen do stop here, as they prefer a hotel farther on, but we are glad to entertain them when they come."

It was not very light in the hall in which we stood, but I could see that this lady was young, that she was of medium size, and good-looking.

"Will you walk in, sir, and register?" she said. "I will have your wheel taken around to the back."

I followed her into a large apartment to the right of the hall—evidently a room of general assembly. Near the window was a desk with a great book on it. As I stood before this desk and she handed me a pen, her face was in the full light of the window; and glancing at it, the thought struck me that I now knew why Miss Putney did not wish me to stop at the Holly Sprig Inn. I almost laughed as I turned away my head to write my name. I was amused, and at the same time I could not help feeling highly complimented. It cannot but be grateful to the feelings of a young man to find that a very handsome woman objects to his making the acquaintance of an extremely pretty one.

When I laid down the pen she stepped up and looked at my name and address.

"Oh," said she, "you are the school-master at Walford?" She seemed to be pleased by this discovery, and smiled in a very engaging way as she said, "I am much interested in that school, for I received a great part of my education there."

"Indeed!" said I, very much surprised. "But I do not exactly understand. It is a boys' school."

"I know that," she answered, "but both boys and girls used to go there. Now the girls have a school of their own."

As she spoke I could not help contrasting in my mind what the school must have been with what it was now.

She stepped to the door and told a woman who was just entering the room to show me No. 2. The woman said something which I did not hear, although her tones indicated surprise, and then conducted me to my room.

This was an exceedingly pleasant chamber on the first floor at the back of the house. It was furnished far better than the quarters generally allotted to me in country inns, or, in fact, in hostelries of any kind. There was great comfort and even simple elegance in its appointments.

I would have liked to ask the maid some questions, but she was an elderly woman, who looked as if she might have been the mother of the lemon-juice boy; and while she said not a word to me as she made a few arrangements in the



room, I did not feel emboldened to say anything to her.

When I left my room and went out on the little porch, I soon came to the conclusion that this was not a house of great resort. I saw nobody in front, and I heard nobody within. There seemed to be an air of quiet greenness about the surroundings, and the little porch was a charming place in which to sit and look upon the evening landscape.

After a time the boy came to tell me that supper was ready. He did so as if he were informing me that it was time to take medicine and he had just taken his.

Supper awaited me in a very pleasant room, through the open windows of which there came a gentle breeze which made me know that there was a flower-garden not far away. The table was a small one, round, and on it there was supper for one person. I seated myself, and the elderly woman waited on me. I was so grateful that the boy was not my attendant that my heart warmed toward her, and I thought she might not consider it much out of the way if I said something.

"Did I arrive after the regular supper-time?" I asked. "I am sorry if I put the establishment to any inconvenience."

"What's inconvenience in your own house isn't anything of the kind in a tavern," she said. "We're used to that. But it doesn't matter to-day. You're the only transient; that is, that eats here," she added.

I wanted very much to ask something about the lady who had gone to school in Walford, but I thought it would be well to approach that subject by degrees.

"Apparently," said I, "your house is not full."

"No," said she, "not at this precise moment of time. Do you want some more tea?"

The tone in which she said this made me feel sure that she was the mother of the boy, and when she had given me the tea, and looked around in a general way to see that I was provided with what else I needed, she left the room.

After supper I looked into the large room where I had registered; it was lighted, and was very comfortably furnished with easy-chairs and a lounge, but it was an extremely lonely place, and lighting a cigar, I went out for a walk. It was truly a beautiful country, and, illumined by the sunset sky, with all its forms and colors softened by the growing dusk, it was more charming to me than it had been by daylight.

As I returned to the inn I noticed a man standing at the entrance of a driveway which appeared to lead back to the stable-yards. "Here is some one who may talk," I thought, and I stopped.

"This ought to be a good country

for sport," I said—"fishing, and that sort of thing."

"You're stoppin' here for the night?" he asked. I presumed from his voice and appearance that he was a stableman, and from his tone that he was disappointed that I had not brought a horse with me.

I assented to his question, and he said: "I never heard of no fishin'. When people want to fish, they go to a lake about ten miles further on."

"Oh, I do not care particularly about



*Lighting A  
Cigar, I Went  
Out For A  
Walk*



fishing," I said, "but there must be a good many pleasant roads about here."

"There's this one," said he. "The people on wheels keep to that." With this he turned and walked slowly toward the back of the house.

"A lemon-loving lot!" thought I, and as I approached the porch I saw that the lady who had gone to school at Walford was standing there. I did not believe that she had been eating lemons, and I stepped forward quickly for fear that she should depart before I reached her.

"Been taking a walk?" she said, pleasantly. There was something in the general air of this young woman which indicated that she should have worn a little apron with pockets, and that her hands should have been jauntily thrust into those pockets; but her dress included nothing of the sort.

The hall lamp was now lighted, and I could see that her attire was extremely neat and becoming. Her face was in shadow, but she had beautiful hair of a ruddy brown. I asked myself if she were the "lady clerk" of the establishment, or the daughter of the keeper of the inn. She was evidently a person in some authority, and one with whom it would be proper for me to converse, and as she had given me a very good opportunity to open conversation, I lost no time in doing so.

"And so you used to live in Walford?" I said.

"Oh yes," she replied, and then she began to speak of the pleasant days she had spent in that village. As she talked I endeavored to discover from her words who she was and what was her position. I did not care to discuss Walford. I wanted to talk about the Holly Sprig Inn, but I could not devise a courteous question which would serve my purpose.

Presently our attention was attracted by the sound of singing at the corner of the little lawn most distant from the house. It was growing dark, and the form of the singer could barely be discerned upon a bench under a great oak. The voice was that of a man, and his song was an Italian air from one of Verdi's operas. He sang in a low tone, as if he were simply amusing himself and did not wish to disturb the rest of the world.

"That must be the Italian who is stopping here for the night," she said.

"We do not generally take such people; but he spoke so civilly, and said it was so hard to get lodging for his bear—"

"His bear!" I exclaimed.

"Oh yes," she answered, with a little laugh, "he has a bear with him. I suppose it dances, and so makes a living for its master. Anyway I said he might stay and lodge with our stable-man. He would sing very well if he had a better voice—don't you think so?"

"We do not generally accommodate," "I said he might stay"—these were phrases which I turned over in my mind. If she were the lady clerk she might say "we"—even the boy said "we"—but "I said he might stay" was different. A daughter of a landlord or a landlady might say that.

I made a remark about the difficulty of finding lodging for man and beast, if the beast happened to be a bear, and I had scarcely finished it when from the house there came a shrill voice, flavored with lemon without any sugar, and it said, "Mrs. Chester!"

"Excuse me," said the young lady, and immediately she went in-doors.

Here was a revelation! Mrs. Chester! Strange to say, I had not thought of her as a married woman; and yet, now that I recalled her manner of perfect self-possession, she did suggest the idea of a satisfied young wife. And Mr. Chester—what of him? Could it be possible? Hardly. There was nothing about her to suggest a widow.

I sat on that porch a good while, but she did not come out again. Why should she? Nobody came out, and within I could hear no sound of voices. I might certainly recommend this inn as a quiet place. The Italian and the crickets continued singing and chirping, but they only seemed to make the scene more lonely.

I went in-doors. On the left hand of the hall was a door which I had not noticed before, but which was now open. There was a light within, and I saw a prettily furnished parlor. There was a table with a lamp on it, and by the table sat the lady, Mrs. Chester. I involuntarily stopped, and looking up, she invited me to come in. Instantly I accepted the invitation; but with a sort of an apology for the intrusion.

"Oh, this is the public parlor," she said, "although everything about this house



seems private at present. We generally have families staying with us in the summer, but last week nearly all of them went away to the sea-shore. In a few days, however, we expect to be full again."

She immediately began to talk about Walford, for evidently the subject interested her, and I answered all her questions as well as I could.

"You may know that my husband taught that school. I was his scholar before I became his wife."

I had heard of a Mr. Chester who, before me, had taught the school, but although the information had not interested me at the time, now it did. I wished very much to ask what Mr. Chester was doing at present, but I waited.

"I went to boarding-school after I left Walford," said she, "and so for a time lost sight of the village, although I have often visited it since."

"How long is it since Mr. Chester gave up the school there?" I asked.

This proved to be a very good question indeed. "About six years," she said. "He gave it up just before we were married. He did not like teaching school, and as the death of his father put him into the possession of some money, he was able to change his mode of life. It was by accident that we settled here as innkeepers. We happened to pass the place, and Mr. Chester was

struck by its beauty. It was not an inn then, but he thought it would make a charming one, and he also thought that this sort of life would suit him exactly. He was a student, a great reader, and a

lover of rural sports—such as fishing and all that."

"Was." Here was a dim light. "Was" must mean that Mr. Chester had been. If he were living, he would still be a reader and a student.

"Did he find the new life all that he expected?" I said, hesitating a little at the word did, as it was not impossible that I might be mistaken.

"Oh yes, and more. I think the two years he spent here were the happiest of his life."

I was not yet quite sure about the state of affairs; he might be in an insane asylum, or he might be a hopeless invalid upstairs.

"If he had lived," she continued, "I suppose this would have been a wonderfully beautiful place, for he was always making improvements. But it is four years now since his death, and in that time there has been very little change in the inn."

I do not remember what answer I made to this remark, but I gazed



Mrs. Chester

out upon the situation as if it were an unrolled map.

"When you wrote your name in the book," she said, "it seemed to me as if you had brought a note of introduction,



and I am sure I am very glad to be acquainted with you, for, you know, you are my husband's successor. He did not like teaching, but he was fond of his scholars, and he always had a great fancy for school-teachers. Whenever one of them stopped here—which happened two or three times—he insisted that he should be put into our best room, if it happened to be vacant, and that is the reason I have put you into it to-day."

This was charming. She was such an extremely agreeable young person that it was delightful to me to think of myself in any way as her husband's successor.

There was a step at the door. I turned and saw the elderly servant.

"Mrs. Chester," she said, "I'm goin' up," and every word was flavored with citric acid.

"Good-night," said Mrs. Chester, taking up her basket and her work. "You know, you need not retire until you wish to do so. There is a room opposite, where gentlemen smoke."

I did not enter the big lonely room. I went to my own chamber, which, I had just been informed, was the best in the house. I sat down in an easy-chair by the open window. I looked up to the twinkling stars.

Reading, studying, fishing, beautiful country, and all that. And he did not like school-teaching! No wonder he was happier here than he had ever been before! My eyes wandered around the tastefully furnished room. "Her husband's successor," I said to myself, pondering. "He did not like school-teaching, and he was so happy here." Of course he was happy. "Died and left him some money." There was no one to leave me any money, but I had saved some for the time when I should devote myself entirely to my profession. Profession—I thought. After all, what is there in a profession? Slavery; anxiety. And he chose a life of reading, studying, fishing, and everything else.

I turned to the window and again looked up into the sky. There was a great star up there, and it seemed to wink cheerfully at me as the words came into my mind, "her husband's successor."

When I opened my little valise, before going to bed, I saw the box the doctor's daughter had given me.

After sitting so long at the open window, thought I, it might be well to take

one of these capsules, and I swallowed one.

When I was called to breakfast the next morning, I saw that the table was laid with covers for two. In a moment my hostess entered and bade me good-morning. We sat down at the table; and the elderly woman waited. I could now see that her face was the color of a shop-worn lemon.

As for the lady who had gone to school in Walford—I wondered what place in the old school-room she had occupied—she was more charming than ever. Her manner was so cordial and cheerful that I could not doubt that she considered the entry of my name in her book as a regular introduction. She asked me about my plan of travel, how far I would go in a day, and that sort of thing. The elderly woman was very grim, and somehow or other I did not take very much interest in my plan of travel, but the meal was an extremely pleasant one, for all that.

The natural thing for me to do after I finished my breakfast was to pay my bill and ride away, but I felt no inclination for anything of the sort. In fact, the naturalness of departure did not strike me. I went out on the little porch and gazed upon the bright fresh morning landscape, and as I did so I asked myself why I should mount my bicycle and wheel away over hot and dusty roads, leaving all this cool, delicious beauty behind me.

What could I find more enjoyable than this? Why should I not spend a few days at this inn, reading, studying, fishing? Here I wondered why that man told me such a lie about the fishing. If I wanted to exercise on my wheel I felt sure there were pretty roads hereabout. I had plenty of time before me—my whole vacation. Why should I be consumed by this restless desire to get on?

I could not help smiling as I thought of my somewhat absurd fancies of the night before; but they were pleasant fancies, and I did not wonder that they had come to me. It certainly is provocative of pleasant fancies to have an exceedingly attractive young woman talk of you in any way as her husband's successor.

I could not make up my mind what I ought to do, and I walked back into the hall. I glanced into the parlor, but it was unoccupied. Then I went into the large room on the right; no one was there, and I stood by the window trying



to make up my mind in regard to proposing a brief stay at the inn.

It really did not seem necessary to give the matter much thought. Here was a place of public entertainment, and as I was one of the public, why should I not be entertained? I had stopped at many a road-side hostelry, and in each one of them I knew I would be welcome to stay as long as I was willing to pay.

Still, there was something, some sort of an undefined consciousness, which seemed to rise in the way of an off-hand proposal to stay at this inn for several days, when I had clearly stated that I wished to stop only for the night.

While I was still turning over this matter in my mind, Mrs. Chester came into the room. I had expected her. The natural thing for her to do was to come in



*She Immediately Began To Talk About Walford, For Evidently  
The Subject Interested Her, And I Answered All Her Questions  
As Well As I Could*



and receive the amount I owed her for her entertainment of me, but as I looked at her I could not ask her for my bill. It seemed to me that such a thing would shock her sensibilities. Moreover, I did not want her bill.

It was plain enough, however, that she expected me to depart, for she asked me where I proposed to stop in the middle of the day, and she suggested that she should have a light luncheon put up for me. She thought probably a wheelman would like that sort of thing, for then he could stop and rest wherever it suited him.

"Speaking of stopping," said I, "I am very glad that I did not do as I was advised to do and go on to the Cheltenham. I do not know anything about that hotel, but I am sure it is not so charming as this delightful little inn with its picturesque surroundings."

"I am glad you did not," she answered. "Who advised you to go on to the Cheltenham?"

"Miss Putney," said I. "Her father's place is between here and Walford. I stopped there night before last." And then, as I was glad of an opportunity to prolong the interview, I told her the history of my adventures at that place.

Mrs. Chester was amused, and I thought I might as well tell her how I came to be delayed on the road and so caught in the storm, and I related my experience with Miss Burton. I would have been glad to go still farther back and tell her how I came to take the school at Walford, and anything else she might care to listen to.

When I told her about Miss Burton, she sat down in a chair near by and laughed heartily.

"It is wonderfully funny," she said, "that you should have met those two young ladies and should have then stopped here."

"You know them, then?" I said, promptly taking another chair.

"Oh yes," she answered. "I know them both; and as I have mentioned that your meeting with them seemed funny to me, I suppose I ought to tell you the reason. Some time ago a photographer in Walford, who has taken a portrait of me and also of Miss Putney and Miss Burton, took it into his head to print the three on one card and expose them for sale with a ridiculous inscription under them. This created a great deal of talk, and Mr. Putney made the photographer

destroy his negative and all the cards he had on hand. After that we were talked about as a trio, and, I expect, a good deal of fun was made of us. And now it seems a little odd—does it not?—that you have become acquainted with all the members of this trio as soon as you left Walford. But I must not keep you in this way." And she rose.

Now was my opportunity to make known my desire to be kept, but before I could do so the boy hurriedly came into the room.

"The Dago wants to see you," he said. "He's in an awful hurry."

"Excuse me," said Mrs. Chester. "It is that Italian who was singing outside last night. I thought he had gone. Would you mind waiting a few minutes?"

It was getting harder and harder to enunciate my proposition to make a sojourn at the inn. I wished that I had spoken sooner. It is so much easier to do things promptly.

While I was waiting, the elderly woman came in. "Do you want the boy to take your little bag out and strap it on?" said she.

Evidently there was no want of desire to speed the parting guest. "Oh, I will attend to that myself," said I, but I made no step to do it. When my hostess came back, I wanted to be there.

Presently she did come back. She ran in hurriedly and her face was flushed. "Here is a very bad piece of business," she said. "That man's bear has eaten the tire off one of your wheels!"

"What!" I exclaimed, and my heart bounded within me. Here, perhaps, was the solution of all my troubles. If by any happy chance my bicycle had been damaged, of course I could not go on.

"Come and see," she said, and following her through the back hall door, we entered a large enclosed yard. Not far from the house was a shed, and in front of this lay my bicycle on its side in an apparently disabled condition. An Italian, greatly agitated, was standing by it. He was hatless, and his tangled black hair hung over his swarthy face. At the other end of the yard was a whitish-brown bear, not very large, and chained to a post.

I approached my bicycle, earnestly hoping that the bear had been attempting to ride it, but I found that he had been





trying to do something very different. He had torn the pneumatic tire from one of the wheels, and nearly the whole of it was lying scattered about in little bits upon the ground.

"How did this happen?" I said to the Italian, feeling very much inclined to give him a dollar for the good offices of the beast.

The man began immediately to pour out an explanation upon me. His English was as badly broken as the torn parts of my tire, but I had no trouble in understanding. The bear had got loose in the night. He had pulled up a little post to which he had been chained. The man had not known it was such a weak post. The bear was never muzzled at night. He had gone about looking for something to eat. He was very fond of India-rubber—or, as the man called it, "Injer-rub." He always ate up India-rubber shoes wherever he could find them. He would eat them off a man's feet if the man should be asleep. He liked the taste of Injer-rub. He did not swallow it. He dropped it all about in little bits.

Then the man sprang toward me and seized the injured wheel. "See!" he ex-

*If He And I Had Been Alone  
Together, I Would Have  
Handed The Man Two  
Dollars.... But We Were  
Not Alone*

claimed. "He eat your Injer-rub, but he no break your machine!"

That was very true. The wheel did not seem to be injured, but still I could not travel without a tire. This was the most satisfactory feature of the affair. If he and I had been alone together, I would have handed the man two dollars, and



told him to go in peace with his bear and give himself no more trouble.

But we were not alone. The stableman who had lied to me about the fishing was there; the boy who had lied to me about the reception of cyclers was there; the lemon-faced woman was there, standing close to Mrs. Chester; and there were two maids looking out of the window of the kitchen.

"This is very bad indeed!" said Mrs. Chester, addressing the Italian. "You have damaged this gentleman's wheel, and you must pay him for it."

Now the Italian began to tear his hair. Never before had I seen any one tear his hair. More than that, he shed tears, and he declared he had no money. After he had paid his bill he would not have a cent in the world. His bear had ruined him. He was in despair.

"What are you going to do?" said Mrs. Chester to me. "You cannot use your bicycle."

Before I could answer, the elderly woman exclaimed: "You ought to come in, Mrs. Chester! This is no place for you! Suppose that beast should break loose again! Let the gentleman settle it with the man."

I do not think my hostess wanted to go, but she accompanied her grim companion into the house.

"I suppose there is no place near here where I can have a new tire put on this wheel?" said I to the stableman.

"Not nearer than Waterton," he replied; "but we could take you and your machine there in a wagon."

"That's so," said the boy. "I'll drive."

I glared upon the two fellows as if they had been a couple of fiends who

were trying to put a drop of poison into my cup of joy. To be dolefully driven to Waterton by that boy! What a picture! How different from my picture!

The Italian sat down on the ground and embraced his knees with his arms. He moaned and groaned, and declared over and over again that he was ruined; that he had no money to pay.

In regard to him my mind was made up. I would forgive him his debt and send him away with my blessing, even if I found no opportunity of rewarding him for his great service to me.

I would go in and speak to Mrs. Chester about it. Of course it would not be right to do anything without consulting her, and now I could boldly tell her that it would suit me very well to stop at the inn until my wheel could be sent away and repaired.

As I entered the large room, the elderly woman came out. She was plainly in a bad humor. Mrs. Chester was awaiting me with an anxious countenance, evidently much more troubled about the damage to my bicycle than I was. I hastened to relieve her mind.

"It does not matter a bit about the damage done by the bear," I said. "I should not wonder if that wheel would be a great deal better for a new tire, anyway. And as for that doleful Italian, I do not want to be hard on him, even if he has a little money in his pocket."

But my remarks did not relieve her, while my cheerful and contented tones seemed to add to her anxiety.

"But you cannot travel," she said, "and there is no place about here where you could get a new tire."

It was very plain that no one in this



house entertained the idea that it would be a good thing for me to rest here quietly until my bicycle could be sent away and repaired. In fact, my first statement, that I wished to stop but for the night, was accepted with general approval.

I did not deem it necessary to refer to the man's offer to send me and my machine to Waterton in a wagon, and I was just on the point of boldly announcing that I was in no hurry whatever to get on, and that it would suit me very well to wait here for a few days, when the boy burst into the room, one end of his little neck-tie flying behind him.

"The Dago's put!" he shouted. "He's put off and gone!"

We looked at him in amazement.

"Gone!" I exclaimed. "Shall I go after him? Has he paid his bill?"

"No, you needn't do that," said the boy. "He cut across the fields like a chipmunk—skipped right over the fences! You'd never ketch him, and you needn't try! He's off for the station. I'll tell you all about it," said the boy, turning to his mistress, who had been too much startled to ask any questions. "When he went into the house"—jerking his head in my direction—"I was left alone with the Dago, and he begun to talk to me. He asked me a lot of things. He rattled on so I couldn't understand half he said. He wanted to know how much

a tire cost; he wanted to know how much his bill would be, and if he'd have to pay for the little post that was broke.

"Then he asked if I thought that if he'd promise to send you the money would the gentleman let him go without payin' for the tire, and he wanted to know what your name was; and when I told him you hadn't no husband, and what your name was, he asked me to say it over again, and then he made me say it once more—the whole of it; and while I was tellin' him that I'd write it down for him if he wanted to send you the money, he give a big jump and he stuck his head out like a bull. He looked so queer that I was gettin' skeered; and then he says, almost whisperin': 'I go! I go away! I leave my bear! If she sell him, that pay everything! I come back no more—never! never!'"

"I saw he was goin' to scoot, and I made a grab at him, but he give me a push that nearly tore my collar off, and away he went. You never see anybody run like he run. He was out of sight in no time."

"And he left his bear!" she exclaimed, in horror. "What on earth am I to do with a bear?" She looked at me, and in spite of her annoyance and perplexity she could not help joining me when I laughed outright.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## EDWIN AND ARDELLA;

OR,

THE MAN WHO MADE BELIEVE HE HAD FAILED

BY WILLIAM HENRY BISHOP

**I**N the rich and famous city of Greater New York there lived a young man who was not sure that his wife was sufficiently in love with him. He determined to put the matter to the test.

"How do I know," said he, "that it is not all just her natural pleasant disposition? Might she not have married any one of a dozen other passable sort of fellows just as quickly as me? How can I be sure that, in her sight, I am elect beyond all others? Would she do any of those extraordinary things for me that

you read about in the books where love is properly described? Would she go through fire and water for me, through thick and thin? Would she perform remarkable physical feats, or rise to heights of moral heroism?"

"How does anybody know that, about wife or husband?" the query might be made.

"That is all very well," he would reply, "but the difference between me and other people is that I am not satisfied to rest in that state of uncertainty, while they are."



Therefore he determined that the matter must be put to the test. He, Edwin Nickleton, resolved that his young wife, Ardella, with whom in the two years of their married life he had never had a trace of a falling out, who in his eyes was perfection itself, the most companionable, the sweetest, the most charming of persons, should undergo a searching ordeal. She must be tried as by fire, she must emerge from the crucible—as he had little doubt she would—refined gold; then and then only would he be rid of this erratic caprice, rid of all his uncertainties; and he would live ever after as quite the happiest of men.

He had never read that "*To make a Tryal which may turn to our own detriment, and... in which succeeding we can be no better off than before, is the part of a Madman,*" or, if he had read it, he gave no sign of being influenced by it in the smallest degree.

In what should the proposed ordeal consist? He thought somewhat of falling off a wharf, or out of a canoe, to give Ardella a chance to save him, but, although Ardella could swim, it was only a little, and she would really not be seriously to blame if she should confine herself to calling out for help. Then he might get some day down a precipice from which she could only haul him up by means of a rope made by tearing up and twisting together the greater part of her clothing; or he might throw himself under an omnibus; or he might represent that his character was fatally damaged. There were serious drawbacks to all the courses he proposed; he felt that it might be years before a proper opening would present itself.

It was along in the middle of May that he hit upon the idea that seemed to meet his needs. It came to him at the Queens County Horse Show, on seeing her surrounded and fêted in the gay bustle of fashion and display, when they had just taken a prize in the tandem class.

"Suppose I should lose my money," said he; "how would she take it?"

"Yes, I have it," he repeated; "I must pretend to fail."

The greater part of his, Edwin Nickleton's, income was derived from the wholesale house of Nickleton and Company, Worth Street, established by his father,

the late Rufus Nickleton. His wife, Ardella, was aware of this; so that, if he failed, Nickleton and Company must fail too; and this course was beset with the gravest difficulties. They must fail in such a way that neither they nor anybody else should ever know anything about it; otherwise their credit might receive a damaging blow. Furthermore, they two, Edwin and Ardella, would be embarrassed to death with the condolence or other curious attention of a large acquaintance, whose notice would be directed to them in supposed adversity.

"In a book, now," said Edwin, after mulling over it for a month—meanwhile treating his wife to some minor trials, all of which she stood beautifully—"the thing would be represented as being as easy as possible. The idea is not a bad one, but bless me if I can see a sixteenth of an inch before me as to how to go about it!"

The coming on of the warm weather unusually early gave him a practical sort of illumination in his problem. People began to go away to the country, he meanwhile resisting every proposal in that direction. He wondered if he might not do it when everybody was out of town.

"I could carry it off under cover of the vacation," he reflected. "The experiment need not take long; a week, I judge, at the most; and then—explanation, high glee, and immeasurable confidence and happiness for evermore!"

A fortuitous circumstance down town gave him the final inspiration, and actually fixed the moment for launching his enterprise. He was wont to go down to Worth Street occasionally, flattering himself with a semblance of occupation. There he learned that the shutters were to be put up at the store of Nickleton and Company for the last three days of the current week, for the purpose of taking an inventory and making some much-needed repairs in the interior.

He rushed up to his abode on Thirty-fourth Street, a fine, wide, ancestral one, such as but few can afford to live in these days of monstrously augmenting land values, meaning to break the news at once to Ardella. That is, he would prepare her by mystic hints and fears of evil for the definite blow of a bankruptcy to follow in a day or two, and this to be

proved by the view of Nickleton and Company, shut up and apparently gone out of business.

But, arrived there, he found Ardella suddenly gone to her grandfather's at Morristown. She had left a note, reading, "They are off to Maine very soon, and want me till Thursday. It's a little secret what it's about; perhaps I'll tell you when I get back, if you're good; and perhaps never."

Edwin thought it better on the whole she had gone, for now he could write, and spare himself the embarrassment of beginning his mendacity face to face.

He wrote melodramatically of a dark shadow that threatened their young lives. "I name no detail, not even a single one," he said: "may our fate grant that there never be any to name! I have hesitated, I hesitate still, to touch upon the matter with you in the least, but I ask myself if the worst should come to the worst, whether it would be right in me to leave you wholly unprepared. Matters are now expected to eventuate rapidly. You might glance, as you come up town—this much I will say, and this only—at Nickleton and Company's; there you may see something to confirm or to dispel these gloomy forebodings. But we will cross no bridges before they are reached; your presence here is not needed yet; finish out the two days more of your visit. On no account hasten your return; I insist upon it."

He overdid the matter apparently, for Ardella, instead of waiting till Thursday, flew to New York and joined him on Wednesday, all wrought up with fears worse than the most dreadful of certainties.

"Oh, Edwin!" she cried, "what is it? What terrible thing has happened?"

"My love, my dearest—" he stammered, hastening to assume the proper air of depression, and slow in getting under way, as he had nothing yet fully prepared.

"I stopped at the store as I came up," she interrupted, breathlessly, "and there was nothing different about it. What did you mean? I talked with Mr. Blaffson, and he said everything was as usual."

"You stopped there? You talked with the senior partner?" exclaimed Edwin, aghast. Then, recovering himself with a violent effort, "Ah, I see it all; they tried

to keep it from you. Bless their kind hearts! I honor them for it—but to-morrow, to-morrow, the shutters will be up; the long-established business, the once proud house of Nickleton and Company—importers and—and—jobbers of dry-goods—" And with this he broke down, and veiled his eyes appropriately in a white handkerchief.

"Then you mean that we have failed, Edwin? Is that it? We have lost our money? We are going to be poor?"

Edwin moved his head in a way that some might have taken for an energetic nodding, and others only for a twisting of it about to ease the pressure of an incommoding collar. "Fortune—friends—hope—all—all—" he murmured. He took a poor kind of comfort from the fact that he had not answered her question categorically. He had only muttered a few broken words, whereupon she had drawn her own conclusions; and if people would jump at conclusions, whose fault was it but their own?

Ardella threw herself into his arms, though he affected to repulse her. "Would it not be better that you should leave me, Ardella?" he protested. "Can I be of any use to you now? Your grandfather—your friends—Why should you bind yourself to my unhappy lot?"

"You very silly person! Is that what a wife is to do? We'll begin the world over again; I think I shall rather like it. Do you suppose I care? I'm dreadfully sorry about it on your account, Edwin dear—I am, I am; but don't let it worry you for a moment, as far as I am concerned!"

Now, some might have thought this quite a sufficient test, an admirable and conclusive one. But not so Edwin Nickleton. It was not to be denied that she had met the crisis thus far like a trump; he particularly liked the spirit of comradeship involved in her use of the pronoun "we"—"Have *we* lost our money?" etc., etc.—it being the case that Ardella never had any distinctly her own. He was inclined to give up the ordeal on the spot. Nevertheless he felt obliged to continue with it, because, he said,

"Would not almost anybody, in the first excitement of the moment, take it in that way? Common politeness to the loser would dictate about that way of



talking. There has been no pressure, no pinch of hard circumstances as yet; she does not realize what adversity is. No, we must see how she will stand the actual fact, and not the mere words. I've got to observe how she will put up with a new and poor way of life."

He insisted that they should move out immediately from the luxurious Thirty-fourth Street house.

"I thought," suggested Ardella, timidly, "that as the house could probably not be rented at this season, we might have a good deal of time to look about us."

"No, no, not at all. I see that you do not understand the matter of bankruptcies, Ardella; nor could it be expected that you should."

He would not let her take away any but a few odds and ends of her personal belongings. They were to go to a flat on East Sixteenth Street. It was a flat in the eighth story of a building that belonged to the Nickleton Estate. In the course of collecting some rents for the firm, he chanced to know that the family who occupied it had gone to Ocean Grove for a month. They were only too glad to add a little to their income, and he had arranged to take it just as it was, for the time of their absence, or part of it.

"I fancied that when people failed," said Ardella, "they went to some quiet country village, and lived very economically in a cottage."

Edwin saw in this a hint at escaping the trying features of the case; a quiet country village, in the vacation season, would be, as it were, no hardship at all. "They have to go to the upper part of Harlem, or to Hoboken, or Greenpoint," he replied; "fortunate indeed are we to have such a roof as this over our heads. But, oh! dearest Ardella, this cannot, this must not be for long; a brighter day will surely dawn upon us yet."

Edwin had pushed his imagination well towards its farthest limits in coming hither; he could not conceive of his, Edwin Nickleton's, ever descending to lower depths of squalor; but, as a matter of fact, the apartment was not uncomfortable. It was scrupulously neat; it had a view over the roofs of men, to the river; and when Arabella had put up a few favorite photographs and her travelling-clock, suppressed the worst of the Philis-

tine decoration, and made some deft arrangements with draperies of Turkey red, the effect was far from unpleasing.

"With Turkey red and taste," said she, playfully, her small ankles showing to advantage on the platform of a step-ladder, "you can do anything—or even without the taste."

They passed the first few days taking simple excursions, to Staten Island, Fort Lee, and Fort George. Ardella looked very pretty, and used her best efforts as a comforter. Naturally gay and lively, the change to a certain seriousness was novel and not at all unbecoming. Edwin pronounced it mentally a great success, but now and then he would heave a hypocritical sigh over the vicissitudes of life, and say:

"Yes, we are gone to-day, and here to-morrow. But how many others are there who have had their ups and downs in this world also? We must bear up, and hope for the best."

He artfully induced Ardella to promise not to go to the part of the town in which they had lived, and not to acquaint anybody with what had happened, not even her own family, at New Haven. Fortunately for his scheme they had gone away early to Canada, so there was no danger of any of them dropping into New York for a visit. The prohibition as to her family bore upon Ardella with especial rigor, since she had been accustomed to share with them all her joys and sorrows. Resigned, but yet inquiring, she tried to learn the reason of this. Edwin put her down with a string of long words taken at random out of a law book.

"You do not understand about collaterals, assignees, fiduciary attachments, and matters-in-chancery," said he. "They're a hard lot of parties to deal with. But this I will promise, that at the earliest possible moment, and it cannot be long, the request for secrecy shall be withdrawn."

For himself he felt the need of a constant stir of activity, to curtail too lengthy conference with her, and the need of explanation. So too he absented himself much—he was supposed to be seeking any kind of work, however poor but honest, and also to be aiding in winding up the affairs of the firm. When at home he watched her like some friendly in-

quisitor who might have some particularly interesting victim on the rack.

To save time, it was necessary to force matters, and to have Ardella assailed in imagination by many evils which she would not actually experience. He had therefore subscribed to a Press Clipping Bureau. This Bureau supplied him with clippings, at \$5 the hundred, relating to bankruptcies, and families who had fallen into distressing straits on account of them. The choice extracts from these he would read aloud to Ardella, or would scatter over her toilet table, and then observe the effect.

"So you find, Ardella," he said, one evening, "that your friends cut you already? Pass you by, like the good Samaritan, on the other side? Does not even your own family now take on a severely patronizing tone, and tell you, that if you had only done thus and so, how much better it would be for you? It is the way of the world. We must expect it. Yes, one day, perhaps, homeless, fireless, hungry, abandoned by all, we shall have only each other to turn to as a resource in our ills."

All this was pure inadvertence, for the next moment he heard himself interrupted with, "It seems to me I wouldn't mention 'fireless' in this weather. And you must know that the good Samaritan passed by on the same side, and that there isn't a soul in town; and you can't have forgotten that I am not writing at all to my own family."

"I know, I know, of course," he stammered. "I mean to say—that is—I forecast the future, as it may be when the news of this gets out."

Ardella steadily refused to take the lugubrious tone. She made every allowance for Edwin. She ascribed his many strange ways to the catastrophe. She sometimes vaguely feared that his mind was unbalanced, for excessive dread of poverty, like the illusion of riches, is one of the common forms of mental disturbance.

His pretence of poverty, in truth, sat very uneasily upon him, and this was the occasion of a sudden fright that decided him to bring his strange experiment to a conclusion. Forgetful again, he took an expensive box at one of the roof-gardens where people tried to keep

cool in the hot summer evenings. They had hardly sat down in it when they were recognized by a couple who had just entered another box—friends up from Southampton on their way to Bar Harbor—and they beat a hasty retreat.

It was a warning to stop while still in time. "A week and a little more," reflected Edwin, "is a shorter trial than I should have liked, but danger lurks on every side; it is best to stop now. I will disclose the truth to Ardella, we will laugh at the excellent joke, ha! ha! ha! and she will rejoice with me at the establishment of a bond of confidence between us that can never henceforth be shaken."

But somehow—ha! ha!—the laugh—ha! hum!—did not promise to be so merry when he came to tell her. Who was to say that Ardella would remain very good-natured when she learned that she had been distrusted, and put to all that inconvenience for nothing?

On the whole, he determined to say nothing to her about it. He adopted the plan of representing that the affairs of Nickleton and Co. had unexpectedly taken a favorable turn, and that they two were not really bankrupt, but might go back and live in their house again. It involved a little more duplicity, but a little more or less now could hardly matter, and he had adopted about the whole scheme of duplicity the feeling of Basanio that it was well enough "to do a great right to do a little wrong." "Ardella need never know of the ordeal at all," he proposed. "I will live it down, I will more than make it up to her in a thousand other ways."

But the execution of this new plan and *dénouement* found itself indefinitely postponed, as follows:

Ardella, having to cross town, got, entirely by accident, into their own block of Thirty-fourth Street. The house looked as natural as possible, not at all deserted. Mrs. Gramble, the housekeeper, caught sight of her from the door, and came out to her with some letters, asked about the pleasure of her stay at Seabright—she was supposed to be at Seabright, then?—and said Mr. Edwin had been there that morning to look at the rooms.

Ardella conducted herself very discreetly in this interview, and very discreetly,



too, at Nickleton and Co.'s, whither she next repaired. The theory of Edwin's being half out of his mind received no support at either place. Mr. Blaffson, the senior partner, knew no reason for worry or overwork on Edwin's part. Had seen him not later than yesterday, speeding his horses on the boulevard, and had especially remarked that he never saw him looking better in his life. There was a look of exaltation and high purpose, not altogether beatific, in the eyes of Ardella as she rode up town in the Elevated.

Edwin came in an hour or two later, primed with his purpose to end the test. An astonishing look of bareness in the apartment diverted him from it at first, and the opening words of conversation dissipated it entirely. Ardella's trim ankles were again displayed on the step-ladder, but this time they moved about with a kind of vicious energy; she was dismantling instead of adorning.

"Where are all the things, Ardella?" he inquired.

"It seemed better to dispose of the bulk of them. I found we were living even now in useless luxury."

"To dispose of them?" he exclaimed, aghast.

"I have always understood that after failure it was the custom to pawn things, to keep the wolf from the door. I don't understand why I have not thought of it before now."

"But—but—allow me, Ardella—you can't do that, you know, with other people's things. This is a hired flat; they can come down on us for heavy damages."

In keeping with this excessive burst of zeal, she began to economize on their household expenses, cutting them to the quick. The food became poor and scanty; and sometimes she would take him out to cheap restaurants and make him eat wretched dinners, while she sat by toying with the pepper and salt, and showing no consciousness that all was not equal to Delmonico's or the Waldorf-Astoria.

She feed the maid, too, to become slatternly in her appearance, and to let the smells of cooking as much as possible into the living-rooms and the hall. She even tried to appear slatternly herself, but of such an inborn neatness and pulchritude was she—like some of the trim-

mer animals—that this resulted in no more than going without a collar—which but displayed the graceful junction of head and neck to better advantage—or to combing her hair a little less carefully—which but left a multitude of vagrant locks and filaments to curl about her face in a style altogether fascinating.

When he went to the closet once to put on his best clothes, he found them missing.

"We must be content with plain living and high thinking," she replied to his look of concern. "And I suppose your protest against pawning rented furniture cannot apply to surplus clothing."

She managed to retain him most of the time at her side, that he might have no chance now to speed his horses on the boulevard. And she purposely sent him out, whenever he went, with a shabby look, even dinting in his hat with her shapely white fist before handing it to him, to aid the effect. She cut off the cheap excursions, and even made him walk to save car-fare.

"If he is for poverty," said she, "I'll give him all he wants of it."

These preposterous methods would have been met by reaction and rebellion, except that she covered them with her most honeyed sweetness. As for herself, buoyed up no doubt by a sense of rectitude, she endured all the discomforts with a smiling expression not merely of contentment, but pleasure. When the strain had arrived near the breaking-point, she contrived a very telling blow by saying:

"I am afraid you will hardly have patience with me for saying this, Edwin dearest, but there is something about this free, natural, frugal life of ours that fills a long-felt want. Could you forgive me if I said I even preferred it to the other?"

It staggered him. He had been wondering if she had begun to suspect, and while uncertainty on that point remained, no step could be taken; but this was the secret: she liked it! Where was his ordeal now? what was left of his crucial test? It followed, too, from this that if there was any sense of obligation in the marriage, it must be on his side, and not hers. What warrant was there now for ever proposing to go back to a civilized way of life?

The same evening as he lay on the sofa after dinner, she dashed off into a pretty French ballad about a fine prince who wooed a shepherdess, and asked her to come and live at the court with him. "Oh, no indeed," replied the shepherdess. "I couldn't give up my sheep. You must come and live in my cabin with me."

"By Jove! is she rubbing it in? Does she suspect?" He caught himself by the hair with both hands, and "went out into the night," as one of his romantic stories would have said, to wrestle with the idea. He could not decide either for or against.

No later than the next day, when he came home—having just dodged an acquaintance who might easily have come down the same block and recognized them—he found Ardella, without hat or wrap, making a purchase from a baker's wagon at the curbstone. He was quite indignant in his reproach, pointing out that even the women on the social scale of those apartments did not step out in such unconventional fashion.

"We must put down false pride, and not feel above our station," she responded, meekly; "and who knows that we may not go down, down, to a much lower level yet?"

"We certainly shall, if you load us with 'sinkers.' Throw them away." For it was a dozen of the oleaginous crullers thus called in popular speech that she bought, purposing to set them before him.

Ardella would now requote to him sweetly, from time to time, the choice cases from Clipping Bureau extracts, dwelling on the pathos and the marvel of them. Oh, she must know, he would reflect; or had her mind become affected, for it was now his turn to wonder whether there had begun to be anything the matter with her intellect. Yet more maddening were her ingenious questions into the details of the bankruptcy. "I feel that a wife should know all about her husband's affairs," said she, in accounting for this. Edwin had never expected to be called upon for a complete account of the case; and he had invented none, and he was not of the mental calibre to invent one on short notice.

"This cannot last, oh, this cannot last," he cried in agony. He walked

around all one morning in the Park—supposed at the time to be searching for work and not finding it—trying to choose a form of words in which to put an end to it. He bolted back to the flat at noon, not yet having found any, but hoping it would come to him in the crisis itself.

Ardella was not there. She had left a hasty scrawl, reading:

"I have prepared an agreeable surprise for you; we have got a new address. Come and join me here when you are at leisure. It might be well enough to bring your trunk along, to save another trip."

He hurried to the address given. It was not far away, but it was in a slum quarter, a tenement-house devoted to working people. Ardella was sitting in a room that was at the same time parlor, dining-room, and kitchen. She put up her travelling-clock and other of the same personal belongings she had brought from Thirty-fourth Street.

"Ardella! Ardella! what does this mean?"

"You poor, dear boy," smiling winsomely; "this time I made all the arrangements myself; you had so much trouble before. Isn't it simple? Isn't it lovely? Here expenses will be at a minimum. Don't you feel a great burden lifted from your shoulders already by our new home?"

"Our new home," he repeated, in unutterable disgust. "She is mad; mad as a hatter!" he was saying to himself.

"Yes, you have not seen it all yet," and she drew back a curtain, showing a small dark bed-room, in which a gas-jet was dimly burning.

"Have I ever said we were so poor that we must live in a slum?"

"No, no, indeed; you have been very, very fine and noble about it. When I have asked you, you have carefully kept the details from me. But a woman's instinct divined what your good heart tried to conceal."

"And you mean to stay in a place like this?"

"Oh, no, only when I am out of work. I am going to find a position as janitress, or to wait in a bakery, or something of that kind. But this will be our headquarters; I will come back to you here, when they will let me, and bring you all my earnings."



She now showed signs of breaking down, as if hysterical with emotion. "We are going to be separated, Edwin," she cried, "but we—we—can write to each other. And I feel that it cannot, it must not be for long. A brighter day will surely dawn upon us yet."

There was a familiar ring about this, his own words to her when they left Thirty-fourth Street. She copied, too, his stagy manner and gestures; the railway could not be mistaken.

He rudely snatched away a handkerchief in which she hid her features, and, instead of tears, there were seen only her smiling face and eyes bright with mocking light.

Thereupon she sank calmly into a chair, and made a pretty shrugging motion of the shoulders that conveyed confession, and also limitless defiance.

"So the infernal humbug, your clever hoax, is over," roared Edwin in his rage. "I might have known any time in the last two weeks it was one."

"I beg your pardon, the 'infernal'—?" putting one hand to her ear as if she had not heard very well.

He stopped abashed, overwhelmed with the recollection of the past, and of apprehension for the future, which loomed up ominous and appalling.

"Let us get out of this and have a square meal for once at Delmonico's or somewhere," was what he said next, suppressed animal nature first asserting itself.

"I agree," assented Ardella, frigidly.

"I'd like a rather better coat than this," said Edwin, as they passed East Sixtieth Street, "now that we're going among people again."

"You have only to go in and get one, if you think best," said Ardella.

"Everything was pawned, you know, with the furniture."

"Nothing was pawned," returned Ardella, calmly monosyllabic.

"That hole of a place, that slum that we have just left, didn't you really take that?"

"I did not take it; I borrowed it for the day from some people I knew in our charity work? I sent them on an excursion to Far Rockaway."

"Come, now, come, fair and honest, Ardella, what have you got to say—what

do you think of a person that would deliberately carry out that kind of an imposture, and—and unmitigated fraud?"

"What I have got to say is merely: Who began it?"

"Yes, but I thought that a woman—er was supposed to be superior and to have higher—er—moral ideals, and all that." He tried to argue still, but she gave him no encouragement to argue.

The meal together was taken under a kind of armed truce. They returned to Thirty-fourth Street and went away to the country still under the armed truce. The armed truce continues; but, some time ago, it came to Edwin's knowledge that Ardella's visit to Morristown at the beginning of the season was to try and induce her grandfather to deed him a valuable building lot out there which the grandfather was willing to give to her, Ardella. Her motive, it appeared, was that she had always received everything from Edwin, and wanted to make him a present of tangible value, and this was probably her only way of ever doing so. The grandfather thought this a whim, but finally gave in to it. Edwin held this knowledge over Ardella in triumph.

"It conclusively shows that you loved me," he argued. "Taken in connection with your most unselfish, plucky, and devoted conduct during all the first part of the apparent disaster—for there's no use contradicting it, Ardella, that's the way you took it—it makes a demonstration that no rational person would think of denying."

"I deny it," rejoined Ardella. "And whatever, at the most, it may show about the past, it shows nothing about the present or the future."

"I was madly in love with you," he will sometimes plead. "I felt my own unworthiness. I wanted to secure a little certainty when I knew I deserved none. Can you not try and think it was a fault in the right direction?"

Then he will frequently lavish upon her all sorts of devoted and flattering epithets. Whether these warm appeals will finally have their effect upon Ardella or not is not here to be decided. But what is certain is that Edwin Nickleton, of Greater New York, would have been a good deal better off if he had never pretended he had failed.

# TO THE STRONG

BY LOUISE BETTS EDWARDS

WE eat your bread and drink your wine—  
    So ebbs in you the strength;  
    Around your necks weak arms we twine,  
    So strangling life at length.  
For us you cannot run the race  
    To its completest goal;  
Your soul's most secret hiding-place  
    Must serve some other soul.

Oh, wearied with the death begun  
    By borrowed life of ours,  
The hampered race so long to run,  
    The squandering of your powers,  
The seeming-wasted sacrament  
    Of body, blood, and heart  
Outpoured on lives all vainly spent—  
    Is yours the bitter part?

Ere we had thought, or known, or learned,  
    Or found our feeble feet,  
A generous life within you burned  
    That sharing made complete;  
When, stript from you, we strive to fix  
    Our tendrils in the air,  
We fall to earth, with mould to mix  
    And creep more basely there.

The wine you give us sweet with love  
    Upon our lips turns gall;  
You tower in stifling strength above—  
    We cling, accepting all;  
And who that walks the woodland through  
    But in its grandeur sees  
The forest's life is made by you,  
    The nobly dying trees!

As you with secret sigh may long  
    To stand at last alone,  
A prayer more bitter, burning, strong,  
    Within our hearts has grown:  
To stand, not cling—to give, not take:  
    More than alone—supreme!  
Ah! weakness has its hidden ache,  
    The parasite its dream!



# THE IMP AND THE AUTHOR

BY J. D. DASKAM

THE Imp retired, like Achilles, to his tent—it was striped red and blue—and sulked. He dug his heels viciously into the sand, and rattled his tin shovel hideously against his pail; he had no direct intention of driving the young lady on the red afghan into nervous prostration, or making a headache for the gentleman in the blue glasses, but a vague realization that he was incidentally accomplishing both these results soothed him not a little.

When the gentleman pushed aside the tent flap and irritably inquired if that infernal noise was necessary to his happiness, the Imp pounded harder and answered grumpily that it was. He was only seven.

The sun beat hotter and hotter, the sand burned under him, the tide was still coming in, and the long tumbling waves were creeping farther and farther up the great beach, but still the Imp sat drumming on the pail and communing bitterly with his thoughts.

Let them go in to lunch! Let them sit and chatter meaninglessly around the snowy tables! Let them plan their moonlight sails with refreshments in baskets and Miss Eleanor's guitar! At least there would be one person whose ear would not be pinched that day; one suffering soul that none should find opportunity to call a ridiculous baby and a funny little Imp; one determined recluse whose opinion of some others would, were it known, blight with its withering scorn all their self-satisfied conceit!

When every sound, including the futile shouting of his own name, at which he grimly smiled, had ceased, and the last lingering child had been haled in from its blissful paddling to lunch, the last lounge summoned from his umbrella, he arose and walked gloomily by the much-sounding sea. Had one thing in all this weary morning gone right? Had there been one cheerful happening, one single ray of pleasure? Not one.

From the idiot who had derided his precious bicycle trousers, calling that fascinating triangular seat a patch, refusing to be convinced of its style and suitability, to the mocking crew who vied with each other in describing his probable sleepiness, seasickness, homesickness, in case he went on that moonlight sail, humanity had conspired against him.

From a ledge of rock he pulled out a tiny boat with a draggled dirty sail, and crowded the bowsprit into his hip pocket. It interfered with his gait and prevented walking with ease, but he pushed on: there are mental conditions, it is well known, when physical discomfort is rather a relief than otherwise.

Far away before him the long white beach rolled out; a half-mile away a great rock jutted up, and under its ledges there spread a cunning little pool that just suited his tiny boat. He had gone there once in happier times with those who, far from scorning his company, had themselves suggested it. They had taken a glorious lunch in a big basket, and the day stood out in his memory white and shining. He would go there now and summon up remembrances of things past.

The Imp's blue denim legs were short, and the obstruction in his hip pocket made his walk slower than usual. It was farther to the pool than he had thought, moreover, and the slab of hard ginger cake that had stood him for his morning lunch had not been large. But he kept doggedly on his way, and came at last to the welcome shadow of the big rock.

A heavy frown drew his brows together. There, right in the coolest part of the shadow, lay a large middle-aged man, fast asleep. O Solitude! thou art like thy sister Sleep, elusive, and not to be had for the mere asking! Right near his pool the man lay, and as the Imp cautiously stole up to him and examined him, he remembered having seen him be-

fore—he ate at the hotel, in fact. This was the man the ladies talked about so much and were so polite to. They brought him books and asked him to write his name in them, and they took snap-shots of him in his bathing-suit, which was said to have deeply displeased him. They strolled frequently about his little cottage, and one tall thin lady with glasses used to put heliotrope at his place at breakfast till he complained to the manager. The Imp had heard him complain; he said, “Hang it all, Simmons, it gives me hay-fever, you know. I can’t bear the damned stuff! Can’t you choke it off?”

The Imp had repeated this speech to his father and his uncle Stanley, who came down for Sunday, and they had roared with laughter. The Imp had never heard of hay-fever, and he was impressed with the idea that the heliotrope possessed the man with a mad longing for hay—to eat, presumably. A few cautious and vague inquiries along this line had elicited the statement that the only person who was known to have thus regaled himself was Nebuchadnezzar, the King of Babylonia. The Imp’s one idea of this historical personage was derived from a friend in the city who sang a song about him to the effect that he jumped out of his stockings and into his shoes. This seemed an odd and, on the whole, meaningless feat, and the Imp unconsciously transferred a justly merited contempt for the frivolous monarch to his representative at the cottage.

Though a prominent man he was far from popular at the shore, for he spoke seldom and gruffly, and was held to be haughty and reserved. Once he had been asked to give a reading for the benefit of the hotel servants, but he had unconditionally refused—he said he would rather tip them when he left.

These things the Imp recalled as he watched him. A strange man, doubtless, but Uncle Stanley said that Great Authors felt obliged to be strange: the public expected it.

The Imp sat down across the pool from the Author and rested from his walk. A pleasant melancholy stole over him as he fancied their search for him—lunch must be well over by now. After a little he quietly launched the boat, for

the Author was so still that he made no difference to speak of, and played peacefully. From an inner pocket he produced a little box with an elastic band about it. Having dug a pit in the sand, he reversed the open box, and a hot, tangled mass of hard-shelled, middle-sized insects tumbled out into the hole. They were on the order of potato-bugs, but larger, and the Imp, selecting with great discrimination the biggest, proceeded to place them on the deck and in the rigging of the ship. They did not like the water, so they staid there, climbing slowly up and down the masts and scuttling busily about the deck in a most lifelike and pleasing manner.

For a long time the Imp conducted this craft about the pool, fanning up a gale with his cap, and occasionally blowing a sailor off for the thrill of rescuing him. Immersed in the game, he was violently startled by a sudden exclamation.

“Good Lord!”

The Author was sitting up and staring at him. “When did *you* come here?” he demanded.

“I’ve been here quite a while,” the Imp responded, with dignity.

“The deuce you have!” said the Author. “And I was asleep all the time!”

“Yes,” returned the Imp, “you were. But I didn’t mind.”

“Oh!” said the Author, adding, “Well, that’s good!”

Here he caught sight of the ship, and grinned widely.

“Well, if that isn’t clever!” said he, warmly. “I say, that’s awfully clever!” At this appreciation the Imp unbent.

“I’m going to have a rescue now,” he remarked, genially, and with a mighty puff he sent fully half the crew into the waves. This was more than he had intended, and while he laboriously scooped up the captain and laid him dripping and exhausted on the bow, he saw to his horror that two of the deck-hands were unmistakably sinking.

“Oh! get ’em! get ’em!” he cried, hopping madly about the pool in his effort to capture the first mate, the biggest of all, while the poor deck-hands curled in their legs and eddied feebly about.

The Author leaped to his feet. “Where? where?” he cried, nervously.



The Imp made an ineffectual dive for the mate, and waved a grimy hand toward the middle.

"Over there! Oh, hurry! hurry!" he panted.

The Author grabbed viciously at the deck-hands, lost his balance, and plunged to his armpits in the pool, while the gallant ship rocked wildly in the great waves, and the Imp, yelling with excitement, swept the nearly drowned sailors into his cap, and hurried with them to the little pit.

"Look out!" he called, in exasperation, as the Author in an effort to tow the boat in to shore nearly tipped the captain off again. "Let it alone, can't you?"

The Author obeyed, and as the Imp skilfully fanned the ship to port, he smiled contritely.

"I'm terribly clumsy," he admitted, "but you see I'm not used to it. I'm not much of a sailor, anyway."

The Imp had a cheerful disposition, but his temper had been greatly tried to-day, and he had had no luncheon. So he was only partly mollified.

"You're dreadful slow, seems to me," he said, crossly.

"I know it," the Author returned, meekly. "I know I was, but, you see, I really wasn't awake."

"Humph!" sniffed the Imp. "You must 'a' been pretty sleepy, I guess."

"I was," said the Author; "I didn't sleep much last night."

"Nightmare?" suggested the Imp, more sympathetically. He had had a little experience in that line.

"No," the Author replied, briefly, adding, with a queer, disagreeable smile, "Oh, well, it was a kind of nightmare, I suppose."

The Imp did not even pretend much interest. He was very hungry indeed, and his wrongs returned to him suddenly, as the excitement of the rescue died away, and his legs began to feel as if they had gone a long distance—which, indeed, they had. So he replied very briefly to the Author's remarks, and finally took no notice at all, but sat looking gloomily out to sea. The Author regarded him seriously.

"You don't seem very sociable," he said at length.

The Imp made no reply.

"Perhaps you came out here to be alone," the Author hazarded.

The Imp stuck his lip out and dug his heel into the sand.

"I believe you did," the Author continued; "well, so did I. Queer we should have struck this place together, wasn't it?"

There was no answer, and he went on looking with interest at the little scowling Imp beside him.

"You must have felt pretty bad to come 'way out here," he said; "what's the matter?"

The Imp looked at him suspiciously, but he perceived that this man was no meddling busybody, nor, for that matter, a sentimental baby-tender. No; he was serious and sincere. So the Imp turned about and recited his wrongs systematically and in detail, ending, with a bitter emphasis:

"And I don't believe I'll ever go back, ever at all! *They'll* be sorry then, I'll bet!"

"Oh yes, you will," said the Author, quietly; "where'll you get your meals?"

The Imp's expression changed. A worried look crept into his round brown eyes. He scowled, and considered how long ago he had had that gingerbread.

"Oh, my! Oh, dear me!" he wailed; "I *am* so hungry!"

The Author jumped up. "Why, haven't you had your lunch?" he cried. "Here, wait a minute! I forgot all about it!"

He ran around the rock, and presently returned with a big white beach-umbrella rolled up. Strapped to it was a fair-sized box and a bottle, leather-covered. From out of the box he lifted a little napkin, and then—oh joy!—some fat white sandwiches appeared. Deviled eggs nestled in the corners, and three little soft round sponge-cakes paved the bottom. The Imp's eyes glistened; he sucked in his lips. The Author unscrewed the bottle, and the bottom of it appeared to fall off and turned miraculously into a silver cup.

"Do you like cold coffee?" he inquired, and as the Imp nodded voraciously he gravely poured him out a cup.

"Now fall to!" he said, and the Imp

clutched a sandwich and lifted the cup to his eager lips. His round eyes beamed at the Author over the rim as he tilted back his head. A drop splashed on his blouse, and the Author started up again. "Here, wait a bit!" he said, kindly, and with a practised gesture he twisted the napkin around the Imp's impatient little neck.

There was a silence while the Imp ate and drank, rapidly and to a good purpose, and the Author watched him. At his third sandwich the Imp paused a moment.

"Don't you want some?" he inquired, thickly, with a hospitable wave of the cup. The Author shook his head.

"No, thanks; I don't feel hungry—I had my breakfast late," he said. "They insisted on putting this up; I'm glad they did, now."

There was another silence, and the Imp began on the eggs. Later he fell upon the little cakes; and at last, with one long luxurious drink, he wiped his mouth on the napkin and sighed thankfully.

New strength entered into him, and his drooping resolution revived.

"I'll stay here till after dinner!" he announced. "I sha'n't be hungry—I'll make 'em mad!"

The Author looked strangely at him.

"Do you know, I wouldn't, if I were you," he said, gently. "You—you don't want to frighten them."

"Ho! you wait till I go off and stay all night!" the Imp boasted; "they'll wonder where I am, then, I guess!"

The Author stared ahead of him. "Yes, you're right," he said, bitterly; "they'll wonder where you are! They'll lie awake to wonder! That's what parents are for, it seems!"

The Imp looked curiously at him. This man who gave good lunches so royally and owned a sail-boat was troubled, apparently.

"I lay awake and wondered myself, last night," said the Author, still looking ahead of him.

The Imp looked puzzled.

"Have *you* got a little boy," he inquired, doubtfully, "that staid away all night?"

The Author laughed, but not happily.

"Yes," he said; "just so. I've got a

little boy that stays away all night. So you see I know how they'll feel, when you do."

The Imp pondered.

"Does it make you feel bad? Do you feel real scared about him?" he asked, in an awed tone.

For the Author's face was unspeakably sad, his mouth was bent down.

"He is breaking my heart," he said.

The Imp pulled himself across the sand and laid his hand on his friend's knee. He would have been glad to say something, but he was only seven, so he knew enough to keep still.

After a long pause an idea suddenly occurred to him, and with a startling imitation of one of his mother's friends, he asked, earnestly, "Have you tried keeping him in afternoons?"

The Author jumped, stared at him, and laughed again.

"Bless your heart!" he said, softly, "I'm afraid that wouldn't do."

The Imp blushed and bit his lip. What he was about to say was not pleasant, but he felt that he owed it to his friend—confidence for confidence.

"When I've been—been real bad," he said, "and then ask to go and play with—with anybody, they'll say I can't. For—for a punishment, you know."

"I couldn't do that," said the Author, "because he doesn't ask. He goes and plays with them without asking!"

"Oh!" murmured the Imp. Then, respectfully, "He's pretty bad, isn't he?"

The Author nodded. "Yes, he's pretty bad," he said, almost in a whisper.

The Imp leaned his head against the Author's arm. He was getting very drowsy. The walk and the sun and the luncheon were telling on him. He felt very comfortable and perfectly safe with this big, troubled man. The Author put one arm around him and half lifted him on his lap. The Imp was nearly asleep, but he held himself awake long enough to offer his last suggestion.

"When I said I'd smash the glass that time, an' I said I would—an'—an' I did, an' they didn't know what to do, an' m' faver said, 'I'll make him say he's sorry,' an' I wouldn't, an' I wouldn't, an' I didn't...."

He was drifting off fast. The Author drew a long breath.



"Oh, yes," he said, so low that the Imp hardly heard his voice; "but there's nothing I haven't tried—short of killing him! Nothing shames him—nothing!"

He squeezed the Imp so hard that he started confusedly, and vaguely took up his tale:

"So he came. An' he said, 'I didn't think—think you'd do it, Boy!' an'—an'.... I said.... sorry.... bad.... any more...." The Imp was fast asleep.

The Author sat motionless and held him fast. The warm little body relaxed against his arm; the heavy head, brown, cropped, and sunburnt, fell on his shoulder. The Author looked at him as if he saw something else.

"My God!" he whispered, "to think what he is now!"

The sun was turning slowly to the west. The shadow of the rock crept farther along. An hour slipped by, and still the Author held the Imp, and still the Imp slept. The Author looked far out to sea; he seemed not to know what was about him; sometimes his lips moved.

Suddenly a quick crunching step sounded behind them. A tall young man came up from the back and stood between them and the water. He caught the Author's eye.

"Well?" he said, defiantly.

The Author pointed to the Imp. "'Sh!" he motioned with his lips, and looked silently at the young man. The young man shifted his eyes, and a flush crept over his handsome haggard face.

"Well?" he said again, uneasily, adding in a low voice, with a questioning look at the Imp, "They said you went off this way, so I came along. What is it? Same old story, I suppose?"

Still the Author did not speak. He looked steadily at the young man, and the strange depth of his look drew into it irresistibly the hard tired eyes opposite, while the boy shuffled his feet in the sand and tried to speak.

The Author's lips quivered; he fed his eyes on the boy as if he were looking at what he should never see again, and then his voice, hushed for the Imp's sake, broke the stillness.

"I—I didn't think you'd do it, Boy—I didn't think you would," he said, and that was all.

The young man started, his eyes widened, almost in terror, he caught his breath, and put out his hands as if to ward off some dreaded thing; and then, suddenly, his muscles gave way, his mouth twisted, and with a little hoarse exclamation he threw himself down on the sand and burst into great racking sobs.

After a while the Author looked toward him and held out his right arm—the Imp was in his left.

"Here, Boy," he said, gently, "come here!"

The young man crept up like a little boy and laid his head against the Author's shoulder.

They sat in silence. In front the water rose and fell quietly. The tide was slipping out, and the long creamy breakers pounded softly in the distance, leaving a dark polished rim behind them. A flock of gulls flapped slowly by, black against the reddening clouds. In the silence one could almost hear the sun sink down.

Later, sounds mingled with the Imp's dreams. A long, low murmur, often interrupted. Some one, far off, seemed talking, talking softly to some one else.

And still later he seemed to be on his boat—he was, indeed, first mate—and there was a high sea. He pitched and tossed, and woke with a start to find himself journeying homeward high up in the Author's arms. But they were not alone. A tall young man was walking close behind, carrying the beach-umbrella, his hand on the shoulder where the Imp's head lay, his eyes fixed wonderingly on his father's face.



# NON-HYGIENIC GYMNASTICS

BY JAMES BUCKHAM

PRESIDENT MARK HOPKINS, of Williams College, once said that he had come to the conclusion that man was intended to be always right side up. He had been watching the students in the gymnasium with that same keen, intelligent, thoughtful interest with which he watched them in the classroom, and this was his quaint and witty conclusion—that modern gymnastic exercises are too apt to reverse the manifest intention of nature with respect to the normal position of the human body. Those who knew the views of President Hopkins on this subject will understand that his whimsical remark about being “always right side up” was a more inclusive criticism of in-door gymnastics than appears on the face of it. He saw young men hanging upside down, straining and flushed, on the horizontal bar and the trapeze, and seized upon this particular instance of the unhygienic methods of the modern gymnasium as a characteristic result of a wrong principle. It was a case of the forceful use of the particular to expose and emphasize the general.

A generation has passed away since this wise and far-seeing educator made the significant remark which I have quoted, and we Americans are just beginning to recognize the wisdom and common-sense of his criticism of the gymnasium. Until very recently it would have been considered heretical and absurd for any ordinary person to intimate that the modern gymnasium was non-hygienic. But facts are beginning to tell, and from various competent sources we have received warning that the abuse of the body among athletes and gymnasts is increasing functional disease and shortening the average life of males.

Suspicion that something was wrong first arose when it began to be observed that college athletes, upon reaching middle life, experienced, in a majority of cases, what has been called “the premature decay of physical endurance.”

There seemed to be among them a marked collapse of vital energy, a tendency to functional weakness and disorder, an inability to endure hard labor, either mental or physical. Men of slighter physical development, who had not indulged in in-door gymnastics of the upside-down and violent type, retained, it was observed, at the same age with their formerly athletic fellows, sound and active bodies and an unimpaired capacity for solid work. Even those who were considered invalids and weaklings in their youth stood the ordeal of life much better than their brawny comrades of college-days, whose shoulders had once bulged with specialized muscles and whose backs had looked like a net-work of cushioned cables.

Medical scientists have been seeking the reason for this remarkable and unexpected result, and their conclusion proves that they have simply gone back to the common-sense stand-point of old President Hopkins. The trouble, they say, lies in too violent interference with the normal conditions of nature, in the forcing and overtaxing and overdevelopment of certain physical organs and functions at the expense of others. The orderliness, the balance, the harmony of nature is destroyed by the muscular specializations of the modern gymnasium and the present system of competitive training. The body is unhealthfully and unnaturally forced, like a plant under a current of electricity. Your artificially stimulated plant will never be as hardy, as productive, or as long-lived as the plant that grows naturally out-of-doors. The analogy is remarkably exact when applied to the human organism. Your gymnast, in the end, will be a weaker, less productive, shorter-lived man than he who lives a temperate, orderly, natural physical life, engaged in ordinary duties and non-competitive out-door recreations.

In this connection let me quote somewhat freely from Professor Edwin Check-



ley, of New York city, a well-known teacher of physical development:

"I have no hesitation in saying that our systems of athletic training, at least the most of those now in vogue, are not only vicious in principle, but tend to break down the system, shorten life, and generally do more harm than good. I have made a study of the subject for many years, and I long ago began to inquire why it is that so-called athletes usually die young, or are not nearly so vigorous at forty-five or fifty as the man who has rigorously neglected any sort of training, and perhaps even exercise. That such is the fact there is no room for doubt. Athletes do die young. I do not mean by all this that I do not regard athletic sport of various kinds as healthy and valuable. On the contrary, I do, just as long as they are pleasurable, and are play and not work. But when your young athlete begins to train for a rowing contest or for the football team, or for anything like that, he is going to an excess, and that is just as bad as excess in any other way—in business, in mental labor, or in anything else. And the chances are that he will exhaust his system, come out with a weak heart or some other trouble, and be physically damaged for the remainder of his life. What the man of to-day needs most is not athletics in a gymnasium, but plenty of fresh air in his lungs. Instead of a quantity of violent exercise that leaves him weak for several hours afterward, he needs to learn to breathe right, stand right, and sit right."

Physicians have found, in nearly all cases of vital exhaustion from excessive physical development, enlargement and weakness of the heart, with a tendency to

acute heart-disease. The lungs also seem often to have suffered some deterioration of cellular tissue, so that pulmonary consumption is not an infrequent disease with adult athletes. Generally speaking, the trouble seems to be a slow physical decay, due to the early exhaustion of vital energy which was intended to supply the body for seventy years or more, and to the disintegration of tissues which have been stimulated to abnormal development.

Non-hygienic gymnastics, therefore, would seem to be those that strain and overtax and overdevelop certain organs of the body, at the expense of other organs. Some physicians have gone so far as to pronounce this excessive enlargement of special muscles and parts of the body a diseased growth, somewhat like a hard tumor. And they say that in the end the result will be the same as with other diseased growths—a pernicious anæmia, or consumption of the blood.

In-door athletics—that is, gymnasium practice—especially when applied chiefly to the development of one set of muscles, for competitive purposes, is extremely injurious, from the fact that it is almost always carried to excess, and evidences its excess by the increasing malformation or disproportion of the body. The gymnast with huge shoulders and torso and spindling hips and legs is a good, and not infrequent, example of the abuse of physical exercise. Anything like specialization in physical development ought to be strenuously avoided by one who wishes to retain throughout life a symmetrical body, kept in perfect health by orderly and harmoniously exercised physical functions.

## EFFROI D'AMOUR

BY MARTHA GILBERT DICKINSON

I SHUT my eyes,—so low the heavens leant  
Above my face in his, that nearer bent,—  
All past, all future swerving under me,  
Swift faintness of oncoming certainty—  
Then one slow kiss!  
My own heart knocking at my side,  
As did some reckless horseman ride  
To outstrip bliss!

# ENGLISH WAR-CORRESPONDENTS IN SOUTH AFRICA

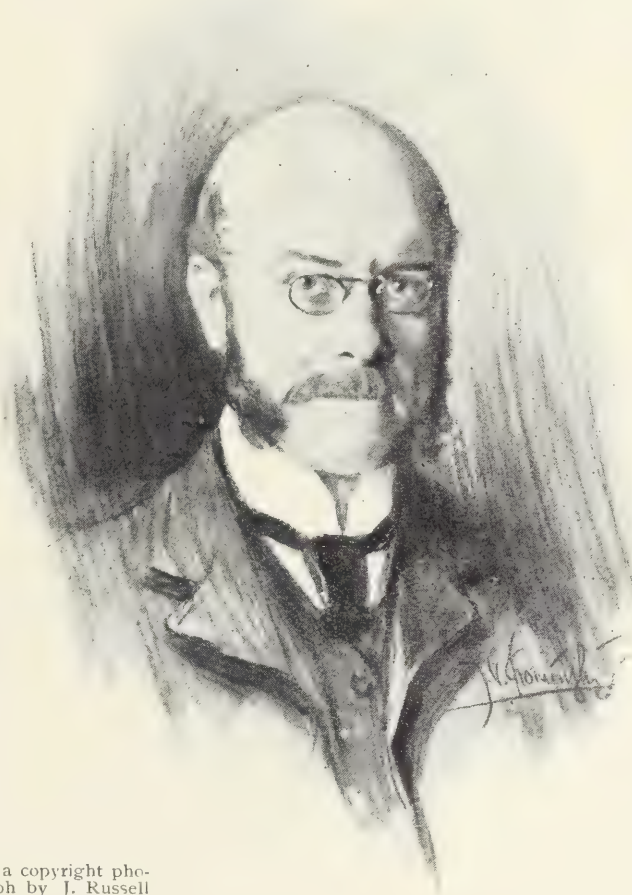
BY FRED A. MCKENZIE

**P**ESSIMISTS sometimes tell us that life has become a uniform drab, and that all romance has passed away in the dull routine of modern existence. When they say this, they forget the profession of war-correspondent. Here we have a calling, unknown sixty years ago, that is as full of excitement, uncertainty, and romance as the most greedy adventure-seeker could desire. The "special" of a great journal has the world as his field of operations. One month he is witnessing the triumph of modern artillery in a battle between a Chinese and a Japanese fleet; the next, he is tracing the ways of Russian diplomacy in Peking. Soon afterwards, he may be hurrying off to a minor rebellion in South America, or picturing a phase of the struggle between East and West in the Balkans.

He wakes up each morning conscious that before night he may be off on a journey of ten thousand miles. His preparations for long travel are always made. One special artist, Mr. Melton Prior, has two outfits ready at home, which he calls his "hot" and his "cold" outfits. If his editor asks him to take the afternoon boat express to St. Petersburg, and go from there to Nova Zembla, he has only to send a brief wire home, "Please bring cold bag Charing Cross, twelve mid-day," and he is ready. If Timbuctoo is his destination, he needs only substitute "hot" for "cold." In the office of one London daily paper a bag is kept always ready for any man who has instantly to go off to the ends of the earth. Such preparations are necessary. Take one instance alone. Last

autumn, Mr. H. S. Pearse, the well-known correspondent of the *London Daily News*, strolled late one evening into his office. "Things are looking more serious in South Africa. You had better get out as soon as possible." "I'll just have time to catch the train for the South-African mail," he replied. He caught his train, and within three weeks was in the battle-fields of Natal.

The excitement of the work of war-



After a copyright photograph by J. Russell and Sons, London

MELTON PRIOR

correspondents is considerable, and the danger is very great. The mortality amongst them is always enormous, considering their number. No campaign passes without several sinking before either the weapons of the enemy, or dis-



ease that always dogs a fighting force. They have to expose themselves more than soldiers, in order to get their news; and when the work of the soldier is done, that of the correspondent is beginning, for he has to write his description of the battle, and walk or ride perhaps twenty-five miles or more to get it on the wire. Enormous physical endurance is to him absolutely necessary. "I have at least one advantage over other men," said Archibald Forbes to Sir John (then Mr.) Robinson, when he first set out for the *Daily News* to the Franco-Prussian war. "You have many advantages," the newspaper chief replied. "Yes," the special assented; "but you do not know the advantage I mean. After a day's fighting I can walk forty miles to despatch my message. Other men have to wait for their horses. Horses are never to be found after a heavy fight; and while they are searching, I have got through."

Much risk naturally brings adequate compensation. George Augustus Sala's declaration that his paper "paid him like a prince and treated him like an ambassador" is not far wide of the mark of many men to-day. One of the best known of the "specials" receives £1000 a year in times of peace and £2000 during war. Another had £1000 when at home and £1500 when abroad; and to this he added fully as large an amount from the sales of his correspondence reprinted in book form. Another was recently given a *douceur* of £2000 by his chiefs at the end of a campaign. Many men are retained only during war-time, and then £100 a month is a usual rate of remuneration. But this does not represent all. The newspaper usually insures the correspondent's life for a considerable amount, in favor of his wife. In at least one instance known to me the owners of the paper immediately settled a pension on the widow of their representative who died at the front.

The newspaper correspondent is a costly luxury. All his expenses have to be paid, in addition to his salary, and these expenses are enormous. "Send us the news first, and never mind the cost," are his directions. Cable charges are a large part of his outlay. In the present South-African campaign these have been very heavy. Newspapers that do con-

siderable business can, it is true, send their messages for 1s. a word, press rates. But press messages have a way of being delayed, and in moments of special interest no great papers use these rates. They send intelligence as ordinary cables, at 4s. a word, or as "urgent," at 14s. a word. Often enough the urgent message has got through no quicker than the press message. One newspaper bill for telegrams alone, during a quiet month of this campaign, came to £3000.

When the Transvaal war broke out, experienced newspaper managers realized that there would be unusual difficulties in supplying the world with news. The cable lines from South Africa are entirely under the control of the British government, and every message must go through either Cape Town or Aden. This gave the English censor enormous powers, which have been used to the full. From first to last only such cable messages have passed as the British generals desired, and even letters have been examined. For the first time in British campaigns letters from the front have reached newspaper offices open, and endorsed on the cover, "Opened under martial law."

In olden times the newspaper correspondent had a free hand. It was his business to get what news he could and send it off as quickly as possible. He had to forage for his own food and look after himself. English generals changed all that. They made the war-correspondent a regular part of the army. Before joining he must receive a pass from the War Office, and this pass is difficult to obtain. Then he is treated as an officer; he is allowed to draw forage for his horse, and he is placed under martial law. If he disobeys the orders of the commander he can be shot by a drum-head court martial—although in actual practice this would not be done. He is only allowed to go where the commander pleases, his telegrams must be read and approved by a special officer, and all his work is specially examined. Every issue of each journal that has a "special" at the front is carefully scrutinized; and if it is shown that the journal is publishing anything deemed detrimental to the army, the "special" is sent about his business.

This is a very good plan—for the gen-

erals. It silences criticism; it suppresses ugly facts. Every correspondent, in each message, has the terror of the censor over him. He knows that if he writes anything in the least critical, his message will be at least delayed, and all his enterprise rendered useless.

Unpleasant as censorship is in theory, it has been worse in practice. At the beginning of the war, staff-officers were appointed censors who had no idea of the requirements of their office. The theory held by correspondents was that when a staff-officer was so useless that no other task could be found for him he was made censor. These censors would pass messages without respect to order or time. Six correspondents would bring their messages in. The enterprising man who got his message in first thought his would be passed first. Not at all. The last-comer's copy would be looked at first, because it was on top of the pile. After the censor had read a page or two he would, likely as not, bundle the remainder into his pocket and go off to an entertainment or for a meal. Two correspondents would send their wires at once. One would reach London a week after the other.

The censor exercises his blue pencil unsparingly. Many messages are suppressed altogether. Those that are allowed to pass are often rendered foolish, or at least useless. Take this sample:

The correspondent writes: "Heavy Boer attack. Guns rain shell fire on position. Severe losses, both yesterday and to-day."

The message reaches the foreign editor in London thus: "Heavy rain yesterday and to-day."

But that is a trifle. In the early part of the campaign, when the cable company was overwhelmed by the rush of new work, the only way to get news through was as brief private telegrams. A correspondent would send off his message as twenty separate cables of twelve words each. These cables would come



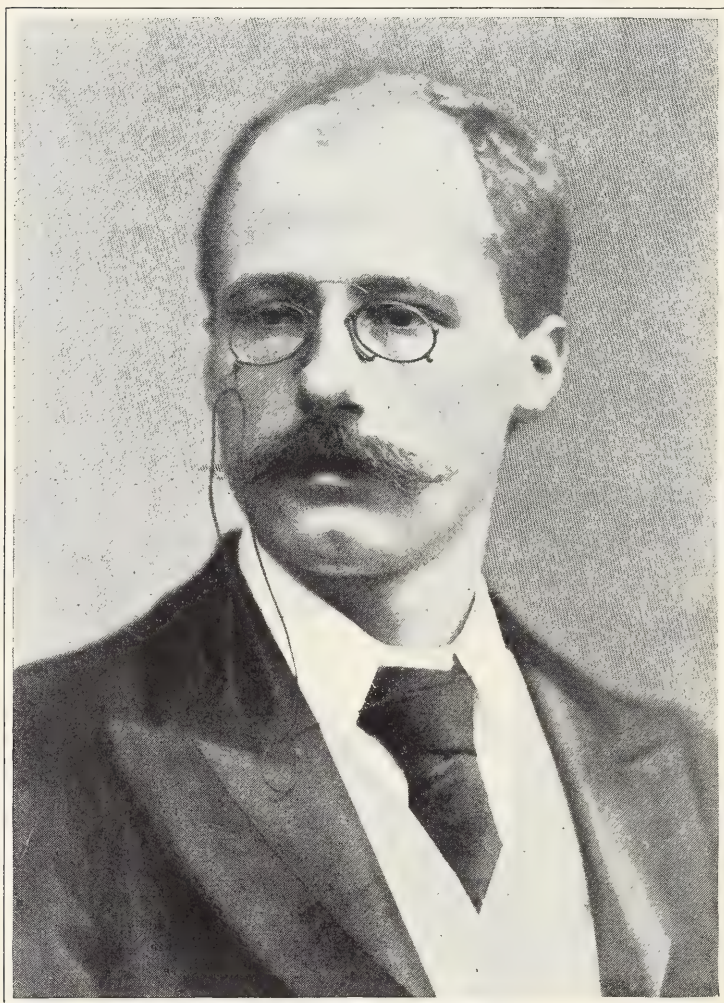
HENRY H. S. PEARSE

into the London office in the most elaborate disorder—one, one day; another, next week. The middle would come in first, the end next, and the beginning not until a day or two after. How to piece them together and make sense of them puzzled the most ingenious editors in England. To-day most of the London cable editors have streaks of gray in their hair, young though they may be.

The difficulties of cabling led most correspondents to rely mainly on written communications, and the best of our correspondence comes in this way. But in some cases it has been nearly as hard to get letters through as cables. At the beginning of the war most of the correspondents accompanied Sir George White in what were then the chief operations in Natal. They went with him to Ladysmith, and have remained there up to the time of writing this. They have only two ways of communicating with the outer world, by heliograph and by native runners. The heliograph is official,



and so cannot be used to any large extent. Flashing its sunlight enormous distances, it surely carries any communication right over the enemy's lines—so long as the sun shines. But when the sun goes behind a cloud, as during the fierce Boer attack on Ladysmith, all communication is at once cut off.



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G. W. STEEVENS

The native runner has found sudden fortune—or death—in this war. He knows the country and is familiar with every kopje, and his work is to penetrate through the Boer lines with a message to the English headquarters. About one message in twenty thus sent from Ladysmith gets through. It is better not to ask what becomes of the men who try to take the other nineteen. If caught by the Boers they are liable to the fate of spies; and doubtless that fate they often enough meet. Sometimes the native runner is weeks making a roundabout trip.

One man set out from Mafeking in November. He did not reach an English post, from which he could despatch his message, until early in February.

To English newspaper men the war will always be remembered with sorrow because of the correspondents who have been sacrificed to it. The death at

Ladysmith, of George Warrington Steevens, correspondent of the *Daily Mail*, is universally admitted to be a heavy loss to English literature. Mr. Steevens brought to his work the highest culture of the schools, and a literary gift that had, when he was still in his twenties, placed him amongst the most popular writers of the age. A fellow of Balliol, he made his first mark in newspaper work on the *Pall Mall Gazette*, when Mr. H. J. C. Cust was editor. The *Pall Mall* was, in those days, the marvel of English journalism. Its former editor, Mr. E. T. Cook, had left it rather than renounce his political opinions, and the proprietor surprised the world by putting a young and inexperienced member of Parliament in charge. Every one expected that ruin would result. Instead, the *Pall Mall* became a paper such as London had not before seen.

Full of exuberant vitality, impudent, clever, with an undercurrent of scholarship, it gave the world a fresh shock every day. Among the brilliant band of young men around the editor, Mr. Steevens was easily first. But the outside public did not know him until he joined the *Daily Mail*. He began his work for it in the summer of 1896 by a journey to America, and tour followed tour in endless succession. His wonderful picturesqueness, his clear vision, his power of grasping details and of making the strangest scene live before every reader, soon brought fame. Whether





veteran, but a veteran who can leave the younger men hopelessly behind. Beginning as a soldier, he fought for the Confederates in the civil war, and passed through adventures that would fill many a volume. Three times a prisoner, he obtained his liberty by feats that make the stories of Dumas seem tame. War over, he took to journalism in Texas, and afterwards drifted to London. He simply does not understand what fear is, and his physical powers are enormous. To spend a day in battle and then ride sixty miles afterwards, write a long and brilliant despatch and get it first through, is to him a trifle. He does not know fatigue; and the harder a campaign, the more he flourishes. He thrives on hardships as other men do on luxury.



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G. Denny and Co., Torquay

E. F. KNIGHT

Yet, withal, he has sides to his character that men do not see in campaigns. He is so ardent a socialist that he actually fought as a Labor candidate at Glasgow in several elections. To understand the meaning of this, it must be remembered that in England the "Labor candidate" is almost universally regard-

ed as a hopeless crank. His favorite drink is soda-water, and he abjures tobacco. He began the present campaign by taking a venturesome journey through the Boer army. He actually, at a time when every outlet from the Transvaal was closed, boarded the train of the Boer General Joubert and travelled with him, securing a long interview from him and full details of the Boer intentions. He so won Joubert that the old general lent him a conveyance to go over into British territory. Once at least during this campaign Mr. Burleigh, in spite of the censor, got in front of even the military authorities. The authorities paid him the undesirable compliment of appropriating his despatch and issuing it as official intelligence.

The campaign has already made the reputations of a few of the younger men. Foremost of these is Mr. Hales of the *Daily News*. No one in England, not even the proprietors of his paper, can tell anything of this young correspondent, save that he is an Australian and is known as the "Australian Kipling." He accompanied the Australian contingent, and at the last moment was engaged by the London paper he now represents. His pictures of the field-preacher and of the burial of General Wauchope have made him famous. They have been so widely quoted by almost every English-written newspaper in the world, that it is unnecessary to reproduce parts here. Some complain that the style is too luxuriant, and that it is "Kiplingism run mad." But it goes home.

Another who is showing the possession of powers that may carry him far if he does justice to himself is Mr. C. E. Hands, of the *Daily Mail*. Mr. Hands began life as a reporter on a halfpenny London evening paper, the *Star*. His unusually comic accounts of little gatherings of vestrymen and local committees became very popular. When the



Cust regime started on the *Pall Mall Gazette* he went there, and in due course, like many of the Cust men, drifted to the *Daily Mail*. He was through the Spanish-American war, and was seen to advantage there. He did not start for South Africa till January, and all who know his real literary ability expect much from him.

Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill, the youngest of the correspondents, can hardly be said to have gained fame in this war, for he was famous before it. But he has certainly added greatly to his laurels. He is a living proof that smart "young men" are not a monopoly of either side of the Atlantic. Son of the most original and meteoric of modern English statesmen, Lord Randolph Churchill, he found himself, five years ago, a subaltern of twenty at Aldershot. He had joined the army for the sake of adventure; and as no adventures promised in England, he obtained leave and hurried off to witness the fighting in Cuba between Spaniards and Cubans. Somehow he found himself nearer and nearer to the fighting-line, until finally he was in it. When his leave was up he returned to England, decorated with the First-Class Order of Military Merit.

He was just in time to accompany his regiment to India, and there he volunteered for the frontier expedition to Tirah. It was a dangerous expedition, for the natives were good at sniping, and were well protected in their mountain fastnesses. But the boy seemed to look out for danger. He rode on a white pony, the most conspicuous of all marks, and all the prayers of his friends could not make him give it up for a safer beast. War followed war. To his military duties he added the business of special correspondent, and revealed unusual powers. After a second frontier expedition, he went with Kitchener to Khartum, shared in the great cavalry charge at Omdurman, and



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WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL

wrote the standard book on the campaign. In the intervals he wrote a novel, *Savrola*.

Returning home, he resigned his commission rather than abandon writing, and entered politics. Still a boy of under twenty-five, he starred the country as a political speaker, unsuccessfully fought an election, and then hurried off to Natal for the war. His deed with the armored train, his wonderful escape from Pretoria, are known to all.

Somewhat heavy-looking, ambitious, hard-working, with a touch of mysticism that attracts the mob, a born orator, with power to move people as he wills, Winston Spencer Churchill must go far. To-day he is only twenty-six. How long can he keep up his present pace? What will he be ten years hence? Already one hears mutterings from young men, tired of the older political parties, who look to him to lead them in a new political movement. Is his star to shine clearer



and clearer, or is it to burn itself out by its very vehemence? Who can say?

Two well-known Americans are now at the front, Mr. Richard Harding Davis and Mr. Julian Ralph, and they both are serving the *Daily Mail*. Mr. Davis, like Mr. Pearse of the *Daily News*, is a giant. Mr. Pearse stands six feet four in his stockings; Mr. Davis is broad enough across the shoulders for a champion athlete. Of a different type is Mr. H. W. Nevison, of the *Daily Chronicle*. Mr. Nevison learned his first military lessons in Whitechapel, teaching the lads of the street to drill in order to promote discipline and self-control amongst them. Mr. Nevison has never reaped all the popularity his literary power deserves. He is perhaps too pes-

simistic for the mob—a pessimism which his experiences in trying to improve the slums of East London must have helped to deepen.

To tell of all the brilliant men at the front would be to make this paper a mere string of names. There is Mr. Maxwell, of the *Standard*, who scored such a success in the Soudan campaign. One must not omit Mr. H. A. Gwynne, head of Reuter's correspondents, perhaps the most typical special of all. Mr. Gwynne is so much abroad that London knows little of his personality, although it sees much of his work. He hurried straight from China to the seat of war. Even peers are eager to bear a pencil in the field, and Lord De la Warre serves for the *Globe*.



## WHILOMVILLE STORIES BY STEPHEN CRANE

### XII.—THE CITY URCHIN AND THE CHASTE VILLAGERS

**A**FTER the brief encounters between the Hedge boy and Jimmie Trescott and the Hedge boy and Willie Dalzel, the neighborhood which contained the homes of the boys was, as far as child life is concerned, in a state resembling anarchy. This was owing to the signal overthrow and shameful retreat of the boy who had for several years led a certain little clan by the nose. The adherence of the little community did not go necessarily to the boy who could whip all the others, but it certainly could not go to a boy who had run away in a manner that made his shame patent to the whole world. Willie Dalzel found himself in a painful position. This tiny tribe which had followed him with such unwavering

faith was now largely engaged in whistling and catcalling and hooting. He chased a number of them into the sanctity of their own yards, but from these coigns they continued to ridicule him.

But it must not be supposed that the fickle tribe went over in a body to the new light. They did nothing of the sort. They occupied themselves with avenging all which they had endured—gladly enough, too—for many months. As for the Hedge boy, he maintained a curious timid reserve, minding his own business with extreme care, and going to school with that deadly punctuality of which his mother was the genius. Jimmie Trescott suffered no adverse criticism from his fellows. He was entitled to be beaten by a





“WHO HURT HIM?”  
HE SAID, FEROCIOUSLY

boy who had made Willie Dalzel bellow like a bull-calf and run away. Indeed, he received some honors. He had confronted a very superior boy and received a bang in the eye which for a time was the wonder of the children, and he had not bellowed like a bull-calf. As a matter of fact, he was often invited to tell how it had felt, and this he did with some pride, claiming arrogantly that he had been superior to any particular pain.

Early in the episode he and the Hedge boy had patched up a treaty. Living next door to each other, they could not fail to have each other often in sight. One afternoon they wandered together in the strange indefinite diplomacy of boyhood. As they drew close the new boy suddenly said, “Napple?”

“Yes,” said Jimmie, and the new boy bestowed upon him an apple. It was one of those green-coated winter-apples which lie for many months in safe and dry places, and can at any time be brought forth for the persecution of the unwary and inexperienced. An older age would have fled from this apple, but to the unguided youth of Jimmie Trescott it was a thing to be possessed and cherished. Wherefore this apple was the emblem of something more than a truce, despite the

fact that it tasted like wet Indian meal; and Jimmie looked at the Hedge boy out of one good eye and one bunged eye. The long-drawn animosities of men have no place in the life of a boy. The boy’s mind is flexible; he readjusts his position with an ease which is derived from the fact—simply—that he is not yet a man.

But there were other and more important matters. Johnnie Hedge’s exploits had brought him into such prominence among the schoolboys that it was necessary to settle a number of points once and for all. There was the usual number of boys in the school who were popularly known to be champions in their various classes. Among these Johnnie Hedge now had to thread his way, every boy taking it upon himself to feel anxious that Johnnie’s exact position should be soon established. His fame as a fighter had gone forth to the world, but there were other boys who had fame as fighters, and the world was extremely anxious to know where to place the new-comer. Various heroes were urged to attempt this classification. Usually it is not accounted a matter of supreme importance, but in this boy life it was essential.

In all cases the heroes were backward enough. It was their followings who



agitated the question. And so Johnnie Hedge was more or less beset.

He maintained his bashfulness. He backed away from altercation. It was plain that to bring matters to a point he must be forced into a quarrel. It was also plain that the proper person for the business was some boy who could whip Willie Dalzel, and these formidable warriors were distinctly averse to undertaking the new contract. It is a kind of a law in boy life that a quiet, decent, peace-loving lad is able to thrash a wide-mouthed talker. And so it had transpired that by a peculiar system of elimination most of the real chiefs were quiet, decent, peace-loving boys, and they had no desire to engage in a fight with a boy on the sole grounds that it was not known who could whip. Johnnie Hedge attended his affairs, they attended their affairs, and around them waged this discussion of relative merit. Jimmie Prescott took a prominent part in these arguments. He contended that Johnnie

Hedge could thrash any boy in the world. He was certain of it, and to any one who opposed him he said, "You just get one of those smashes in the eye, and then you'll see." In the mean time there was a grand and impressive silence in the direction of Willie Dalzel. He had gathered remnants of his clan, but the main parts of his sovereignty were scattered to the winds. He was an enemy.

Owing to the circumspect behavior of the new boy, the commotions on the

school grounds came to nothing. He was often asked, "Kin you lick him?" And he invariably replied, "I dun'no'." This idea of waging battle with the entire world appalled him.

A war for complete supremacy of the tribe which had been headed by Willie Dalzel was fought out in the country of the tribe. It came to pass that a certain half-dime blood-and-thunder pamphlet had a great vogue in the tribe at this particular time. This story relates the experience of a lad who began his career as cabin-boy on a pirate ship. Throughout the first fifteen chapters he was rope's-ended from one end of the ship to the other end, and very often he was felled to the deck by a heavy fist. He lived through enough hardships to have killed a battalion of Turkish soldiers, but in the end he rose upon them. Yes, he rose upon them. Hordes of pirates fell before his intrepid arm, and in the last chapters of the book he is seen jauntily careering on his

own hook as one of the most gallous pirate captains that ever sailed the seas.

Naturally, when this tale was thoroughly understood by the tribe, they had to dramatize it, although it was a dramatization that would gain no royalties for the author. Now it was plain that the urchin who was cast for the cabin-boy's part would lead a life throughout the first fifteen chapters which would attract few actors. Willie Dalzel developed a scheme by which some small lad would



"NIG-GER-R-R!  
NIG-GER-R-R!"



play cabin-boy during this period of misfortune and abuse, and then, when the cabin-boy came to the part where he slew all his enemies and reached his zenith, that he, Willie Dalzel, should take the part.

This fugitive and disconnected rendering of a great play opened in Jimmie Trescott's back garden. The path between the two lines of gooseberry-bushes was

But Dan Earl made the one firm revolt of his life after trying existence as cabin-boy for some ten minutes. Willie Dalzel was in despair. Then he suddenly sighted the little brother of Johnnie Hedge, who had come into the garden, and in a poor-little-stranger sort of fashion was looking wistfully at the play. When he was invited to become the cabin-boy he accepted joyfully, thinking that it was



THE HAND OF ONE APPROACHING FROM BEHIND LAID HOLD UPON HIS EAR

elected unanimously to be the ship. Then Willie Dalzel insisted that Homer Phelps should be the cabin-boy. Homer tried the position for a time, and then elected that he would resign in favor of some other victim. There was no other applicant to succeed him, whereupon it became necessary to press some boy. Jimmie Trescott was a great actor, as is well known, but he steadfastly refused to engage for the part. Ultimately they seized upon little Dan Earl, whose disposition was so milky and docile that he would do whatever anybody asked of him.

his initiation into the tribe. Then they proceeded to give him the rope's-end and to punch him with a realism which was not altogether painless. Directly he began to cry out. They exhorted him not to cry out, not to mind it, but still they continued to hurt him.

There was a commotion among the gooseberry-bushes, two branches were swept aside, and Johnnie Hedge walked down upon them. Every boy stopped in his tracks. Johnnie was boiling with rage.

"Who hurt him?" he said, ferociously.



"Did *you*?" He had looked at Willie Dalzel.

Willie Dalzel began to mumble: "We was on'y playin'. Wasn't nothin' fer him to cry fer."

The new boy had at his command some big phrases, and he used them. "I am goin' to whip you within an inch of your life. I am goin' to tan the hide off'n you." And immediately there was a mixture—an infusion of two boys which looked as if it had been done by a chemist. The other children stood back, stricken with horror. But out of this whirl they presently perceived the figure of Willie Dalzel seated upon the chest of the Hedge boy.

"Got enough?" asked Willie, hoarsely.

"No," choked out the Hedge boy. Then there was another flapping and floundering, and finally another calm.

"Got enough?" asked Willie.

"No," said the Hedge boy. A sort of war-cloud again puzzled the sight of the observers. Both combatants were breathless, bloodless in their faces, and very weak.

"Got enough?" said Willie.

"No," said the Hedge boy. The carnage was again renewed. All the spectators were silent but Johnnie Hedge's little brother, who shrilly exhorted him to continue the struggle. But it was not plain that the Hedge boy needed any encouragement, for he was crying bitterly, and it has been explained that when a boy cried it was a bad time to hope for peace. He had managed to wriggle over upon his hands and knees. But Willie Dalzel was tenaciously gripping him from the back, and it seemed that his strength would spend itself in futility. The bear cub seemed to have the advantage of the working model of the windmill. They heaved, uttered strange words, wept, and the sun looked down upon them with steady, unwinking eye.

Peter Washington came out of the stable and observed this tragedy of the back garden. He stood transfixed for a moment, and then ran towards it, shouting: "Hi! What's all dish yere? Hi! Stopper dat, stopper dat, you two! For lan' sake, what's all dish yere?" He grabbed the struggling boys and pulled them apart. He was stormy and fine in his indignation. "For lan' sake! You two kids act like you gwine mad dogs. Stopper dat!" The whitened, tearful,

soiled combatants, their clothing all awry, glared fiercely at each other as Peter stood between them, lecturing. They made several futile attempts to circumvent him and again come to battle. As he fended them off with his open hands he delivered his reproaches at Jimmie. "I's s'prised at *you*! I suhtainly is!"

"Why?" said Jimmie. "I 'ain't done nothin'. What have I done?"

"Y-y-you done 'courage dese yere kids ter scrap," said Peter, virtuously.

"Me?" cried Jimmie. "I 'ain't had nothin' to do with it."

"I raikon you 'ain't," retorted Peter, with heavy sarcasm. "I raikon you been er-prayin', 'ain't you?" Turning to Willie Dalzel, he said, "You jest take an' run erlong outer dish yere or I'll jest nach-ually take an' damnearkill you." Willie Dalzel went. To the new boy Peter said: "You look like you had some saince, but I raikon you don't know no more'n er rabbit. You jest take an' trot erlong off home, an' don' lemme caitch you round yere er-fightin' or I'll break yer back." The Hedge boy moved away with dignity, followed by his little brother. The latter, when he had placed a sufficient distance between himself and Peter, played his fingers at his nose and called out:

"Nig-ger-r-r! Nig-ger-r-r!"

Peter Washington's resentment poured out upon Jimmie.

"'Pears like you never would understan' you ain't reg'lar common trash. You take an' 'sociate with an'body what done come erlong."

"Aw, go on," retorted Jimmie, profanely. "Go soak your head, Pete."

The remaining boys retired to the street, whereupon they perceived Willie Dalzel in the distance. He ran to them.

"I licked him!" he shouted, exultantly. "I licked him! Didn't I, now?"

From the Whilomville point of view he was entitled to a favorable answer. They made it. "Yes," they said, "you did."

"I run in," cried Willie, "an' I grabbed 'im, an' afore he knew what it was I throwed 'im. An' then it was easy." He puffed out his chest and smiled like an English recruiting-sergeant. "An' now," said he, suddenly facing Jimmie Trescott, "whose side were you on?"

The question was direct and startling. Jimmie gave back two paces. "He licked you once," he explained, haltingly.

"He never saw the day when he could lick one side of me. I could lick him with my left hand tied behind me. Why, I could lick him when I was asleep." Willie Dalzel was magnificent.

A gate clicked, and Johnnie Hedge was seen to be strolling toward them.

"You said," he remarked, coldly, "you licked me, didn't you?"

Willie Dalzel stood his ground. "Yes," he said, stoutly.

"Well, you're a liar," said the Hedge boy.

"You're another," retorted Willie.

"No, I ain't, either, but *you're* a liar."

"You're another," retorted Willie.

"Don't you dare tell *me* I'm a liar, or I'll smack your mouth for you," said the Hedge boy.

"Well, I did, didn't I?" barked Willie.

"An' whatche goin' to do about it?"

"I'm goin' to lam you," said the Hedge boy.

He approached to attack warily, and the other boys held their breaths. Willie Dalzel winced back a pace. "Hol' on a minute," he cried, raising his palm. "I'm not—"

But the comic windmill was again in motion, and between gasps from his exertions Johnnie Hedge remarked, "I'll show—you—whether—you kin—lick me—or not."

The first blows did not reach home on Willie, for he backed away with expedition, keeping up his futile cry, "Hol' on a minute." Soon enough a swinging fist landed on his cheek. It did not knock him down, but it hurt him a little and frightened him a great deal. He suddenly opened his mouth to an amazing and startling extent, tilted back his head, and

howled, while his eyes, glittering with tears, were fixed upon this scowling butcher of a Johnnie Hedge. The latter was making slow and vicious circles, evidently intending to renew the massacre.

But the spectators really had been desolated and shocked by the terrible thing which had happened to Willie Dalzel. They now cried out: "No, no; don't hit 'im any more! Don't hit 'im any more!"

Jimmie Trescott, in a panic of bravery, yelled, "We'll all jump on you if you do."

The Hedge boy paused, at bay. He breathed angrily, and flashed his glance from lad to lad. They still protested: "No, no; don't hit 'im any more. Don't hit 'im no more."

"I'll hammer him until he can't stand up," said Johnnie, observing that they all feared him. "I'll fix him so he won't know hisself, an' if any of you kids bother with *me*—"

Suddenly he ceased, he trembled, he collapsed. The hand of one approaching from behind had laid hold upon his ear, and it was the hand of one whom he knew.

The other lads heard a loud, iron-filing voice say, "Caught ye at it again, ye brat, ye." They saw a dreadful woman with gray hair, with a sharp red nose, with bare arms, with spectacles of such magnifying quality that her eyes shone through them like two fierce white moons. She was Johnnie Hedge's mother. Still holding Johnnie by the ear, she swung out swiftly and dexterously, and succeeded in boxing the ears of two boys before the crowd regained its presence of mind and stampeded. Yes, the war for supremacy was over, and the question was never again disputed. The supreme power was Mrs. Hedge.

## SONG

BY GEORGE S. HELLMAN

DO the mountains query:  
 Whence our beauteous trees?  
 Do the waves make question  
 The glory of the seas?  
 Do the skies insist on  
 The stars' bright mystery?  
 Shall I seek to fathom  
 The love I bear to thee?



# ELEANOR\*

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

## CHAPTER XIII.

THEY were all going down to the mid-day train for Rome.

At last the ambassador—who had been passing through a series of political and domestic difficulties, culminating in the mutiny of his Neapolitan cook—had been able to carry out his whim. A luncheon had been arranged for the young American girl who had taken his fancy. At the head of his house for the time being was his married daughter, Lady Mary, who had come from India for the winter to look after her babies and her father. When she was told to write the notes for this luncheon, she lifted her eyebrows in good-humored astonishment.

"My dear," said the ambassador, "we have been doing our duty for six months—and I find it palls!"

He had been entertaining royalties and cabinet ministers in heavy succession, and his daughter understood. There was an element of insubordination in her father, which she knew better than to provoke.

So the notes were sent.

"Find her some types, my dear," said the ambassador—"and a little of everything."

Lady Mary did her best. She invited an Italian Marchesa whom she had heard her father describe as "the ablest woman in Rome," while she herself knew her as one of the most graceful and popular; a young Lombard land-owner formerly in the navy, now much connected with the court, whose blue eyes, moreover, were among the famous things of the day; a Danish professor and savant who was also a very rich man, collector of flints and torques, and other matters of importance to primitive man; an artist or two; an American Monsignore blessed with some Irish wit and much influence; Reggie Brooklyn, of course, and his sister; Madame Varianni, who would prevent Mr. Manisty from talking too much nonsense; and a dull English admiral and his

wife, official guests, whom the ambassador admitted at the last moment with a groan, as still representing the cold tyranny of duty invading his snatch of pleasure.

"And Mr. Bellasis, papa?" said Lady Mary, pausing, pen in hand, like Fortitude prepared for all extremities.

"Heavens, no!" said the ambassador, hastily. "I have put him off twice. This time I should have to read him."

Manisty accordingly was smoking on the balcony of the villa while he waited for the ladies to appear. Miss Manisty, who was already suffering from the heat, was not going. The fact did not improve Manisty's temper. Three is no company—that we all know.

If Lady Mary, indeed, had only planned this luncheon because she must, Manisty was going to it under a far more impatient sense of compulsion. It would be a sickening waste of time. Nothing now had any attraction for him, nothing seemed to him desirable or important, but that conversation with Lucy Foster which he was bent on securing, and she apparently was bent on refusing him.

His mind was full of the sense of injury. During all the day before, while he had been making the arrangements for his unhappy sister—during the journeys backward and forward to Rome—a delicious image had filled all the background of his thoughts, the image of the white Lucy, helpless and lovely, lying unconscious in his chair.

In the evening he could hardly command his eagerness sufficiently to help his tired little aunt up the steps of the station, and put her safely in her cab, before hurrying himself up the steep shortcut to the villa. Should he find her perhaps on the balcony, conscious of his step on the path below, weak and shaken, yet ready to lift those pure tender eyes of hers to his in a shy gratitude?

He had found no one on the balcony,





THE AMBASSADOR



and the evening of that trying day had been one of baffling disappointment. Eleanor was in her room, apparently tired out by the adventures of the night before; and although Miss Foster appeared at dinner she had withdrawn immediately afterwards, and there had been no chance for anything but the most perfunctory conversation.

She had said of course all the proper things, so far as they could be said. "I trust you have been able to make the arrangements you wished. Miss Burgoyne and I have been so sorry! Poor Miss Manisty must have had a very tiring day—"

Bah!—he could not have believed that a girl could speak so formally, so perfunctorily to a man who within twenty-four hours had saved her from the attack of a mad-woman. For that was what it came to, plainly. Did she know what had happened? Had her swoon blotted it all out? If so, was he justified in revealing it? There was an uneasy feeling that it would be more chivalrous towards her, and kinder towards his sister, if he left the veil drawn, seeing that she seemed to wish it so, if he said no more about her fright, her danger, her faint. But Manisty was not accustomed to let himself be governed by the scruples of men more precise or more timid. He wished passionately to gain his end—a moment of common feeling, of deepened intimacy.

And then?

What was he really after? He stood, cigarette in hand, staring blindly at the garden, lost in an intense questioning of himself.

Suddenly he found himself back again, as it were, among the feelings and sensations of Lucy Foster's first Sunday at the villa—his repugnance towards any notion of marriage; his wonder that anybody should suppose he meant to marry Eleanor Burgoyne; the reverie, half lazy, half scornful, in which he had watched Lucy in her stiff Sunday dress, walking along the avenue.

Since then he had known some bitter moments of disillusion and disappointment. The hopes and ambitions of the winter seemed to have melted into air. It seemed as though, after all, he had allowed his hot temper and a fatal versatility to lead him into check and confusion.

Well—but there are ways out! A great tide of headstrong will and cloudy desire surged up within him. What if, after all, the beaten roads are best?

To the old paths, my soul!

A voice struck on his ear. It was Eleanor calling to Lucy from the salon. Ah! Eleanor? A rush of feeling—half generous, half audacious—came upon him. He knew that he had given her pain at Nemi. He had been a brute, an ungrateful brute! Women like Eleanor have very exalted and sensitive ideals of friendship. He understood that he had pulled down Eleanor's ideal, that he had wounded her sorely. What did she expect of him? Not any of the things which the ignorant or vulgar bystander expected of him—of that he was certain. But still her claim had wearied him—and he had the grace to see that his sulkingness about the book had been indefensible.

Let him make amends, then—treat her as his friend indeed! His mind ran forward hazily to some bold confidence or other—some appeal to her for sympathy and help.

The affection between her and Miss Foster seemed to be growing closer. He thought of it uncomfortably, and with vague plannings of counter-strokes. It did not suit him—nay, it presented itself somehow as an obstacle in his path. For he had a half-remorseful, half-humorous feeling that Eleanor knew him too well.

"Ah, my dear lady," said the ambassador, "how few things in this world one does to please one's self! This is one of them."

Lucy flushed with a young and natural pleasure. She was on the ambassador's left, and he had just laid his wrinkled hand for an instant on hers—with a charming and paternal freedom.

"Have you enjoyed yourself? Have you lost your heart to Italy?" said the old man, stooping to her. He was amused to see the transformation in her—the pretty dress, the developed beauty.

"I have been in fairyland," said Lucy, shyly, opening her blue eyes upon him. "Nothing can ever be like it again."

"No, because one can never be twenty again," said the old man, sighing.

"Twenty years hence you will wonder where the magic came from. Never mind; just now, anyway, the world's your oyster."

Then he looked at her a little more closely. And it seemed to him that, although she was handsomer, she was not so happy. He missed some of that quiver of youth and enjoyment he had felt in her before, and there were some very dark lines under the beautiful eyes. What was wrong? Had she met the man—the appointed one?

Instinctively he glanced down the table for Manisty and Mrs. Burgoyne. He had formed his own conclusions in the winter as to that pair of people. Poor Mrs. Burgoyne! It seemed to him that he had come across a good many cases like hers in the world already. She was one of those women who just miss the last maddening seductive gift which gives other women the top of the wave. They have every grace, every distinction even, he reflected, and yet they love more than they are loved. "The men have far too easy a time with them," thought the ambassador. Then his attention came back to his neighbor.

"Dear lady," said the old man, "you are very young, and I shall soon be very old. Let me seize the opportunity to give you a word of advice. We must all have our ups and downs; this 'll carry you through most of them."

He stopped and surveyed her. His kind humorous eyes blinked through their blanched lashes. Lucy dropped her fork and looked back at him with smiling expectancy.

"*Learn Persian!*" said the old man in an urgent whisper—"and get the dictionary by heart!"

Lucy still looked, wondering.

"I finished it this morning," said the ambassador, in her ear. "To-morrow I shall begin it again. My daughter hates the sight of the thing. She says I over-tire myself, and that when old people have done their work they should take a nap. But I know that if it weren't for my dictionary I should have given up long ago. When too many tiresome people dine here in the evening, or when they worry me from home, I take a column. But generally half a column's enough—good tough Persian roots and

no nonsense. Oh, of course I can read Hafiz and Omar Khayyam, and all that kind of thing. But that's the whipped cream. That don't count. What one wants is something to set one's teeth in. Latin verse will do. Last year I put half Tommy Moore into hendecasyllables. But my youngest boy, who's at Oxford, said he wouldn't be responsible for them, so I had to desist. And I suppose the mathematicians have always something handy. But, one way or another, one must learn one's dictionary. It comes next to cultivating one's garden. Now, Mr. Manisty—how is he provided in that way?"

His sudden question took Lucy by surprise, and the quick rise of color in the clear cheeks did not escape him.

"Well—I suppose he has his book?" she said, smiling.

"Oh, no use at all! He can do what he likes with his book. But you can't do what you like with the dictionary. You must take it or leave it. That's what makes it so reposeful. Now if I were asked, I could soon find some Persian roots for Mr. Manisty!—to be taken every day."

Lucy glanced across the table. Her eyes fell, and she said in the low full voice that delighted the old man's ears,

"I suppose you would send him home?"

The ambassador nodded.

"Tenants, turnips, and Petty Sessions! Persian's pleasanter—but those would serve." He paused a moment, then said seriously, under the cover of a loud buzz of talk, "He's wasting his time, dear lady—there's no doubt of that."

Lucy still looked down, but her attitude changed imperceptibly. "The subject interests her!" thought the old man. "It's a thousand pities," he resumed, with the caution, masked by the ease, of the diplomat, "he came out here in a fit of pique. He saw false—and as far as I can hear, the book's a mistake. Italy isn't England, and the Anglican Church isn't the Papacy. His parable limps, his illustration doesn't apply. And meanwhile he is throwing away all his chances. I knew his father. I don't like to see him beating the air. If you have any influence with him"—the old man smiled—"send him home! Or Mrs. Burgoyne there. He used to listen to her."



A great pang gripped Lucy's heart.

"I should think he always took his own way," she said, with difficulty. "Mr. Neal sometimes advises him."

The ambassador's shrewd glance rested upon her for a moment. Then without another word he turned away. "Reggie!" he said, addressing young Brooklyn, "you seem to be ill-treating Madame Variani. Must I interpose?"

Reggie and his companion, who were in a full tide of "chaff" and laughter, turned towards him.

"Sir," said Brooklyn, "Madame Variani is attacking my best friend."

"Many of us find that agreeable," said the ambassador.

"Ah! but she makes it so personal," said Reggie, dallying with his banana. "She abuses him because he's not married, and calls him a selfish fop. Now I'm not married, and I object to these wholesale classifications. Besides, my friend has the most conclusive answer."

"I wait for it," said Madame Variani.

Reggie delicately unsheathed his banana.

"Well, some of us once inquired what he meant by it, and he said: 'My dear fellow, I've asked all the beautiful women I know to marry me, and they won't! Now! I'd be content with cleanliness and conduct.'"

There was a general laugh, in the midst of which Reggie remarked,

"I thought it the most touching situation—but Madame Variani has the heart of a stone."

Madame Variani looked down upon him unmoved. She and the charming lad were fast friends.

"I will wager you he never asked," she said, quietly.

Reggie protested.

"No, he never asked. Englishmen don't ask ladies to marry them any more."

"Let Madame Variani prove her point," said the ambassador, raising one white hand above the hubbub, while he hollowed the other round his deaf ear. "This is indeed a most interesting discussion."

"But it is known to all that Englishmen don't get married any more!" cried Madame Variani. "I read in an English novel the other day that it is spoiling

your English society, that the charming girls wait and wait—and nobody marries them."

"Well, there are no English young ladies present," said the ambassador, looking round the table; "so we may proceed. How do you account for this phenomenon, madame?"

"Oh, you have now too many French cooks in England!" said Madame Variani, shrugging her plump shoulders.

"What in the world has that got to do with it?" cried the ambassador.

"Your young men are too comfortable," said the lady, with a calm wave of the hand towards Reggie Brooklyn. "That's what I am told. I ask an English lady, wife of an English general, who knows both France and England, and she tells me your young men get now such good cooking at their clubs and at the messes of their regiments, and their sports amuse them so well and cost so much money, they don't want any wives! they are not interested any more in the girls. That is the difference between them and the Frenchman. The Frenchman is still interested in the ladies. After dinner the Frenchman wants to go and sit with the ladies, the Englishman, no! That is why the French are still agreeable."

The small black eyes of the speaker sparkled, but otherwise she looked round with challenging serenity on the English and Americans around her. Madame Variani, stout, clever, middle-aged, and disinterested, had a position of her own in Rome. She was the correspondent of a leading French paper; she had many English friends, and she and the Marchesa Fazzolani, at the ambassador's right hand, had just been doing wonders for the relief of the Italian sick and wounded in the miserable campaign of Adowa.

"Oh! I hide my diminished head!" said the old ambassador, taking his white locks in both hands. "All I know is, I have sent twenty wedding presents already this year, and that the state of my banking account is wholly inconsistent with these theories."

"Ah! you are exceptional," said the lady. "Only this morning I get an account of an English gentleman of my acquaintance. He is nearly forty; he

possesses a large estate; his mother and sisters are on their knees to him to marry; it will all go to a cousin, and the cousin has forged—or something. And he—not he! He don't care what happens to the estate. He has only got the one life, he says, and he won't spoil it. And of course it does your women harm! Women are always dull when the men don't court them!"

The table laughed. Lucy, looking down it, caught first the face of Eleanor Burgoyne, and in the distance Manisty's black head and absent smile. The girl's young mind was captured by a sudden ghastly sense of the human realities underlying the gay aspects and talk of the luncheon table. It seemed to her she still heard that heart-rending voice of Mrs. Burgoyne: "Oh! I never dreamed it could be the same for him as for me. I didn't ask much."

She dreaded to let herself think. It seemed to her that Mrs. Burgoyne's suffering must reveal itself to all the world, and the girl had moments of hot shame, as though for herself. To her eyes the change in aspect and expression, visible through all the elegance and care of dress, was already terrible.

Oh, why had she come to Rome? What had changed the world so? Some wounded writhing thing seemed to be struggling in her own breast, while she was holding it down, trying to thrust it out of sight and hearing.

She had written to Uncle Ben and to the Porters. To-morrow she must break it to Aunt Pattie that she could not go to Vallombrosa, and must hurry back to England. The girl's pure conscience was tortured already by the thought of the excuses she would have to give—to make. And not a word, till Mr. Manisty was safely started on his way to that function at the Vatican which he was already grumbling over, which he would certainly shirk if he could. But, thank Heaven, it was not possible for him to shirk it.

Again her eyes crossed those of Manisty. He was discussing some political matter at the other end of the table with his usual vehemence. Nevertheless it seemed to her that she was watched, that in some continuous and subtle way he held her in sight.

How cold and ungrateful he must have thought her the night before! To-day, at breakfast, and in the train, he had hardly spoken to her.

Yet, mysteriously, Lucy felt herself threatened, hard pressed. Alice Manisty's talk, in that wild night, haunted her ear. Her hand, cold and tremulous, shook on her knee. Even the voice of the ambassador startled her.

After luncheon the ambassador's guests fell into groups on the large shady lawn of the embassy garden.

The ambassador introduced Lucy to the blue-eyed Lombard, Fiorancini, while he, pricked with a rueful sense of duty, devoted himself for a time to the wife of the distinguished English admiral, who had been Lady Mary's neighbor at luncheon. The ambassador examined her through his half-closed eyes as he meekly offered to escort her in-doors to see his pictures. She was an elegant and fashionable woman with very white and regular false teeth. Her looks were conventional and mild. In reality the ambassador knew her to be a Tartar. He walked languidly beside her; his hands were lightly crossed before him; his white head drooped under the old wideawake that he was accustomed to wear in the garden.

Meanwhile the gallant and bewhiskered admiral would have liked to secure Manisty's attention. To get hold of a politician, or something near a politician, and explain to him a new method of fusing metals in which he believed, represented for him the main object of all social functions.

But Manisty peremptorily shook him off. Mrs. Burgoyne was strolling behind with the American Monsignore. The admiral in his discomfiture fell back upon them. Manisty approached Lucy, who was walking with her new acquaintance the Count, and Madame Variani. He addressed her in a voice which was not heard by the others.

"There is a seat by the fountain, quite in shade. Will you try it?"

She glanced hurriedly at her companions.

"I think we were going to look at the rose-walk."

"Ah! then I shall choose something



cooler," said Manisty, with an angry laugh. He walked away impetuously, only to be captured, however, by the Danish professor, Herr Jensen, who took no account of bad manners in an Englishman, holding them to be as natural as daylight. The flaxen-haired savant therefore was soon happily engaged in pouring out upon his unwilling companion the whole of the latest *Boletino* of the Academia.

Meanwhile Lucy, seeing nothing, it is to be feared, of the beauty of the embassy garden, followed her two companions, and soon found herself sitting with them on a stone seat beneath a spreading ilex. In front was a tangled mass of roses; beyond, an old bit of wall with Roman foundations; and in the hot blue sky above the wall, between two black cypresses, a slender brown campanile; farthest of all, a glimpse of Sabine mountains. The air was heavy with the scent of the roses, with the heat that announced the coming June, with that indefinable meaning and magic which is Rome.

Lucy drooped and was silent. The young Count Fiorancini, however, was not the person either to divine oppression in another or to feel it for himself. He sat with his hat on the back of his head, smoking and twisting his cane, displaying to the fullest advantage those china-blue eyes, under the blackest of curls, which made him so popular in Rome. His irregular and most animated face was full of talent and wilfulness. He liked Madame Variani, and thought the American girl handsome. But it mattered very little to him with whom he talked; he could have chattered to a tree stump. He was overflowing with the mere interest and jollity of life.

"Have you known Mr. Manisty for a long time?" he asked of Lucy, while his gay look followed the professor and his captive.

"I have been staying with them for six weeks at Marinata."

"What—to finish the book?" he said, laughing.

"Mr. Manisty hoped to finish it."

The Count laughed again, more loudly and good-humoredly, and shook his head.

"Oh, he won't finish it. It's a folly!

And I know, for I made him read some of it to me and my sister. No; it is a strange case—is Manisty's. Most Englishmen have two sides to their brain, while we Latins have only one. But Manisty is like a Latin, he has only one. He takes a whim, and then he must cut and carve the world to it. But the world is tough—*et ça ne marche pas*. We can't go to ruin to please him. Italy is not falling to pieces, not at all. The war has been a horror, but we shall get through. And there will be no revolution. The people in the streets won't cheer the King and Queen for a little bit, but next year, you will see, the House of Savoy will be there all the same. And he thinks that our priests will destroy us. Not at all. We can manage our priests!"

Madame Variani made a gesture of dissent. Her heavy, handsome face was turned upon him rather sleepily, as though the heat oppressed her. But her slight frown betrayed, to any one who knew her, alert attention.

"We can, I say!" cried the Count, striking his knee. "Besides, the battle is not ranged as Manisty sees it. There are priests and priests. Up in my part of the world the older priests are all right. We land-owners who go with the monarchy can get on with them perfectly. Our old bishop is a dear; but it is the young priests, fresh from the seminaries,—I grant you, they're a nuisance. They swarm over us like locusts, ready for any bit of mischief against the government. But the government will win!—Italy will win! Manisty first of all takes the thing too tragically. He doesn't see the farce in it. We do. We Italians understand each other. Why, the Vatican raves and scolds!—and all the while as the prefect of police told me only the other day, there is a whole code of signals ready between the police headquarters and a certain window of the Vatican, so that directly they want help against the populace they can call us in. And after that function the other day—where I saw you, mademoiselle"—he bowed to Lucy—"one of the first things the Vatican did was to send their thanks to the government for having protected and policed them so well. No; Manisty is in the clouds." He laughed good-humoredly. "We are half acting all the time. The Clericals must



have their politics, like other people—only they call it religion.”

“But your poor starved peasants, and your corruption, and your disasters?” said Lucy.

She spoke with energy, frowning a little as though something had nettled her. “She is like a beautiful nun,” thought the young man, looking with admiration at the austere yet charming face.

“Oh, we shall pull through!” he said, coolly. “The war was an abomination—a misery. But we shall learn from it. It will no more ruin us than a winter storm can ruin the seed in the ground. Man-isty is like all the other clever foreigners who write dirges about us—they don’t feel the life-blood pulsing through the veins as we land-owners do.” He flung out his clasped hand in a dramatic gesture. “Come and live with us for a summer on one of our big farms near Mantua, and you shall see. My land brings me just double what it brought my father! and our contadini are twice as well off. There! that’s in our starving Italy—in the north, of course, mind you!”

He threw himself back, smoking furiously.

“Optimist!” said a woman’s voice.

They looked round to see the Marchesa Fazzolani upon them. She stood smiling, cigarette in hand, a tall woman, still young—though she was the mother of five robust children. Her closely fitting black dress somehow resembled a riding-habit; her gray gauntleted gloves drawn to the elbow, her Amazon’s hat with its plume, the alertness and grace of the whole attitude, the brilliancy of her clear black eye—all these carried with them the same suggestions of open-air life, of health of body and mind—of a joyous, noble, and powerful personality.

“Look well at her,” the ambassador had said to Lucy as they stepped into the garden after luncheon. “She is one of the mothers of the new Italy. She is doing things here—things for the future—that in England it would take twenty women to do. She has all the practical sense of the North, and all the subtlety of the South. She is one of the people who make me feel that Italy and England

have somehow mysterious affinities that will work themselves out in history. It seems to me that I could understand all her thoughts—and she mine—if it were worth her while. She is a Catholic—and a Liberal. She has all the instincts and feelings and traditions of a great governing class; and when she is in the country she lives with her contadini, she speaks their language, and they adore her. She is the best of mothers and wives, and there is not a refinement of literature or art that you can’t discuss with her! It would be hard to find her match even in England. And I don’t think you could produce it! There is some of the oldest, oldest stuff in the world in her. She belongs, it is true, to a nation in the making—but that nation, in its earlier forms, has already carried the whole weight of European history!”

And Lucy, looking up to the warm, kind face, felt vaguely comforted and calmed by its mere presence. She made room for the Marchesa beside her.

But the Marchesa declared that she must go home and drag one of her boys, who was studying for an examination, out for exercise. “Oh, these examinations—they are horrors!” she said, throwing up her hands. “No—these poor boys!—and they have no games like the English boys. But you were speaking about the war—about our poor Italy?”

She paused. She laid her hand on Lucy’s shoulder and looked down into the girl’s face. Her eyes became for a moment veiled and misty, as though ghosts passed before them—the grisly calamities and slaughters of the war. Then they cleared and sparkled.

“I tell you, mademoiselle,” she said, slowly, in her difficult, picturesque English, “that what Italy has done in forty years is colossal!—not to be believed! You have taken a hundred years—you!—to make a nation, and you have had a big civil war. Forty years—not quite!—since Cavour died. And all that time Italy has been like that caldron—you remember?—into which they threw the members of that old man who was to become young. There has been a bubbling and a fermenting! And the scum has come up—and up. And it comes up still



—and the brewing goes on. But in the end the young strong nation will step forth. Now Mr. Manisty—oh, I like Mr. Manisty very well!—but he sees only the ugly gases and the tumult of the caldron. He has no idea—”

“Oh, Manisty!” said the young Count, flinging away his cigarette. “He is a *poseur*, of course. His Italian friends don’t mind. He has his English fish to fry. *Sans cela*—!”

He bent forward, staring at Lucy in a boyish absent-mindedness which was no discourtesy, while his hat slipped farther down the back of his curly head. His attitude was all careless good-humor; yet one might have felt a touch of Southern passion not far off.

“No; his Italian friends don’t mind,” said Madame Variani. “But his English friends should look after him. Everybody should be angry wid somthin—it is good for the character—but Mr. Manisty is angry wid too many things. That is stupid—that is a waste of time.”

“His book is a blunder,” said Fiorancini with decision. “By the time it is out, it will look absurd. He says that we have become atheists, because we don’t let the priests have it all their own way. Bah! we understand these gentry better than he does. Why, my father was all for the advance on Rome—he was a member of the first government after 1870—he wouldn’t give way to the Clericals an inch in what he thought was for the good of the country. But he was the most religious man I ever knew. He never missed any of the old observances in which he had been brought up. He taught us the same. Every Sunday after Mass he read the Gospel for the day to us in Italian, and explained it. And when he was dying he sent for his old parish priest—who used to denounce him from the pulpit and loved him all the same! ‘And don’t make any secret of it!’ he said to me. ‘Bring him in openly—let all the world see. *Non erubesco evangelium!*’”

The young man stopped—reddened and a little abashed by his own eloquence.

But Madame Variani murmured, still with the same aspect of a shrewd and sleepy cat basking in the sun:

“It is the same with all you Anglo-Saxons. The North will never understand the South—never! You can’t understand our *a peu pres*. You think Catholicism is a tyranny—and we must either let the priests oppress us, or throw everything overboard. But it is nothing of the kind. We take what we want of it, and leave the rest. But you!—if you come over to us, that is another matter! You have to swallow it all. You must begin even with Adam and Eve!”

“Ah! but what I can’t understand,” said Fiorancini, eagerly, “is how Mrs. Burgoyne allowed it. She ought to have given the book another direction—and she could. She is an extremely clever woman! She knows that caricature is not argument.”

“But what has happened to Mrs. Burgoyne?” said the Marchesa to Lucy, throwing up her hands. “Such a change! I was so distressed—”

“You think she looks ill?” said Lucy, quickly.

Her troubled eyes sought those kind ones looking down upon her almost in appeal. Instinctively the younger woman, far from home and conscious of a hidden agony of feeling, threw herself upon the exquisite maternity that breathed from the elder. “Oh, if I could tell you!—if you could advise me!” was the girl’s unspoken cry.

“She looks terribly ill—to me,” said the Marchesa, gravely. “And the winter had done her so much good. We all loved her here. It is deplorable. There must be something wrong with your villa, Mademoiselle!”

Lucy walked hurriedly back to the lawn to rejoin her companions. The flood of misery within made movement the only relief. Some instinct of her own came to the aid of the Marchesa’s words, helped them to sting all the more deeply. She felt herself a kind of murderer.

Suddenly as she issued blindly from the tangle of the rose-garden she came upon Eleanor Burgoyne talking gayly, surrounded by a little knot of people, mostly older men, who had found her to-day, as always, one of the most charming and distinguished of companions.

Lucy approached her impetuously.

Oh, how white and stricken an aspect!—through what a dark eclipse of pain the eyes looked out!

"Ought we not to be going?" Lucy whispered in her ear. "I am sure you are tired."

Eleanor rose. She took the girl's hand in a clinging grasp, while she turned smiling to her neighbor the Dane:

"We must be moving on to the Villa Borghese—some friends will be meeting us there. Our train does not go for a long, long while."

"Does any Roman train ever go?" said the Herr Jensen, stroking his straw-colored beard. "But why leave us, Madame? Is not one garden as good as another? What spell can we invent to chain you here?"

He bowed low, smiling fatuously, with his hand on his heart. He was one of the most learned men in the world. But about that he cared nothing. The one reputation he desired was that of a "sad dog"—a terrible man with the ladies. That was the paradox of his existence.

Eleanor laughed mechanically; then she turned to Lucy.

"Come!" she said in the girl's ear, and as they walked away she half closed her eyes against the sun, and Lucy thought she heard a gasp of fatigue. But she spoke lightly.

"Dear, foolish old man! he was telling me how he had gone back to the Hermitage Library at St. Petersburg the other day to read, after thirty years. And there in a book that had not been taken down since he had used it last he found a leaf of paper and some pencil words scribbled on it by him when he was a youth—'my own darling.' 'And if I only knew now *vich* darling,' he said, looking at me and slapping his knee. 'Vich darling!'" Eleanor repeated, laughing extravagantly. Then suddenly she wavered. Lucy caught her by the arm, and Eleanor leant heavily upon her.

"Dear Mrs. Burgoyne, you are not well," cried the girl, terrified. "Let us go to a hotel where you can rest till the train goes—or to some friend."

Eleanor's face set in the effort to control herself; she drew her hand across her eyes. "No, no; I am well," she said, hurriedly. "It is the sun—and I could not eat at luncheon. The ambassador's new

cook did not tempt me. And besides"—she suddenly threw a look at Lucy before which Lucy shrank—"I am out of love with myself. There is one hour yesterday which I wish to cancel—to take back. I give up everything—everything."

They were advancing across a wide lawn. The ambassador and Mrs. Swetenham were coming to meet them. The ambassador, weary of his companion, was looking with pleasure at the two approaching figures, at the sweep of Eleanor's white dress upon the grass, and the frame made by her black lace parasol for the delicacy of her head and neck.

Meanwhile Eleanor and Lucy saw only each other. The girl colored proudly. She drew herself erect.

"You cannot give up—what would not be taken—what is not desired," she said, fiercely. Then, in another tone: "But please, please let me take care of you! Don't let us go to the Villa Borghese!"

She felt her hand pressed passionately, then dropped.

"I am all right," said Eleanor, almost in her usual voice. "*Eccellenza!* we must bid you good-by. Have you seen our gentleman?"

"Here he comes," said the ambassador, who, in company with the American Monsignore, was now approaching them. "Let him take you out of the sun at once—you look as though it were too much for you."

Manisty, however, came up slowly, in talk with his companion. The frowning impatience of his aspect attracted the attention of the group round the ambassador. As he reached them, he said to the priest beside him,

"You know that he has withdrawn his recantation?"

"Ah! yes," said the Monsignore, raising his eyebrows. "Poor fellow!"

The mingled indifference and compassion of the tone made the words bite. Manisty flushed.

"I hear he was promised consideration," he said, quickly.

"Then he got it," was the priest's smiling reply.

"He was told that his letter was not for publication. Next morning it appeared in the *Osservatore Romano*."

"Oh no!—impossible! Your facts are incorrect."



The Monsignore laughed in unperturbed good-humor. But after the laugh the face reappeared hard and a little menacing, like a rock that has been masked by a wave. He watched Manisty for a moment silently.

"Where is he?" said Manisty, abruptly.

"Are you talking of Father Beneke?" said the ambassador. "I heard of him yesterday. He has gone into the country, but he gave me no address. He wished to be undisturbed."

"A wise resolve," said the Monsignore, holding out his hand. "Your Excellency must excuse me. I have an audience of his Holiness at three o'clock."

He made his farewells to the ladies with Irish effusion, and departed. The ambassador looked curiously at Manisty. Then he fell back with Lucy.

"It will be a column to-night," he said, with depression. "Why didn't you stand by me? I showed Mrs. Swetenham my pictures—my beauties—my ewe-lambs—that I have been gathering for twenty years—that the National Gallery shall have, when I'm gone, if it behaves itself. And she asked me if they were originals, and took my Luini for a Raphael! Yes, it will be a column," said the ambassador, pensively. Then, with a brisk change, he looked up and took the hand that Lucy offered him.

"Good-by—good-by! You won't forget my prescription?—nor me?" said the old man, smiling and patting her hand kindly. "And remember!"—he bent towards her, dropping his voice with an air in which authority and sweetness mingled—"send Mr. Manisty home!"

He felt the sudden start in the girl's hand before he dropped it. Then he turned to Manisty himself.

"Ah, Manisty, here you are. Your ladies want to leave us."

Manisty made his farewells, and carried Lucy off. But as they walked towards the house he said not a word, and Lucy, venturing a look at him, saw the storm on his brow, the stiffness of the lips.

"We are going to the Villa Borghese, are we not?" she said, timidly—"if Mrs. Burgoyne ought to go?"

"We must go somewhere, I suppose,"

he said, stalking on before her. "We can't sit in the street."

#### CHAPTER XIV.

THE party returning to Marinata had two hours to spend in the gallery and garden of the Villa Borghese. Of the pictures and statues of the palace, of the green undulations, the stone-pines, the *tempietti* of the garden, Lucy afterwards had no recollection. All that she remembered was flight on her part, pursuit on Manisty's, and finally a man triumphant and a girl brought to bay.

It was in a shady corner of the vast garden, where hedges of some fragrant yellow shrub shut in the basin of a fountain, surrounded by a ring of languid nymphs, that Lucy at last found herself face to face with Manisty, and knew that she must submit.

"I do not understand how I have missed Mrs. Burgoyne," she said hastily, looking round for her companion, Daisy Brooklyn, who had just left her to overtake her brother and go home, while Lucy was to meet Eleanor and Mr. Neal at this rendezvous.

Manisty looked at her with his most sparkling, most determined air.

"You have missed her—because I have misled her." Then, as Lucy drew back, he hurried on: "I cannot understand, Miss Foster, why it is that you have constantly refused all yesterday evening—all to-day—to give me the opportunity I desired! But I too have a will—and it has been roused!"

"I don't understand," said Lucy, growing white.

"Let me explain, then," said Manisty, coolly. "Miss Foster, two nights ago you were attacked—in danger—under my roof, in my care. As your host, you owe it to me to let me account and apologize for such things—if I can. But you avoid me. You give me no chance of telling you what I had done to protect you—of expressing my infinite sorrow and regret. I can only imagine that you resent our negligence too deeply even to speak of it—that you cannot forgive us!"

"Forgive!" cried Lucy, fairly taken aback. "What could I have to forgive, Mr. Manisty?—what can you mean?"

"Explain to me, then," said he, unflinching, "why you have never had a

kind word for me, or a kind look, since this happened. Please sit down, Miss Foster." He pointed to a marble bench close beside her. "I will stand here. The others are far away. Ten minutes you owe me—ten minutes I claim."

Lucy sat down, struggling to maintain her dignity and presence of mind.

"I am afraid I have given you very wrong ideas of me," she said, throwing him a timid smile. "I of course have nothing to forgive anybody—far, far the contrary. I know that you took all possible pains that no harm should happen to me. And through you—no harm did happen to me."

She turned away her head, speaking with difficulty. To both that moment of frenzied struggle at the dining-room door was almost too horrible for remembrance. And through both minds there swept once more the thrill of her call to him, of his rush to her aid.

"You knew," he said, eagerly, coming closer.

"I knew—I was in danger—that but for you—perhaps—your poor sister—"

"Oh, don't speak of it," he said, shuddering.

And leaning over the edge of one of the nymphs' pedestals beside her he stared silently into the cool green water.

"There," said Lucy, tremulously, "you don't want to speak of it. And that was my feeling. Why should we speak of it any more? It must be such a horrible grief to you. And I can't do anything to help you and Miss Manisty. It would be so different if I could."

"You can. You must let me tell you what I had done for your safety that night," he said, firmly, interrupting her. "I had made such arrangements with Dalgetty, who is a strong woman physically—I had so imprisoned my poor sister—that I could not imagine any harm coming to you or any other of our party. When my aunt said to me that night before she went to bed that she was afraid your door was unsafe, I laughed. 'That doesn't matter!' I said to her. I felt quite confident. I sat up all night, but I was not anxious, and I suppose it was that which at last betrayed me into sleep. Of course the fatal thing was that we none of us knew of the chloroform she had hidden away."

Lucy fidgeted in distress.

"Please—please—don't talk as though any one were to blame—as though there were anything to make excuses for—"

"How should there not be? You were disturbed—attacked—frightened. You might—"

He drew in his breath. Then he bent over her.

"Tell me," he said, in a low voice, "did she attack you in your room?"

Lucy hesitated. "Why will you talk about it?" she said, despairingly.

"I have a right to know."

His urgent, imperious look left her no choice. She felt his will, and yielded. In very simple words, faltering yet restrained, she told the whole story. Manisty followed every word with breathless attention.

"My God!" he said, when she paused, "my God!"

And he hid his eyes with his hand a moment. Then—

"You knew she had a weapon?" he said.

"I supposed so," she said, quietly. "All the time she was in my room she kept her poor hand closed on something."

"Her poor hand!" The little phrase seemed to Manisty extraordinarily touching. There was a moment's pause—then he broke out:

"Upon my word, this has been a fine ending to the whole business. Miss Foster, when you came out to stay with us, you imagined, I suppose, that you were coming to stay with friends? You didn't know much of us; but after the kindness my aunt and I had experienced from your friends and kinsfolk in Boston—to put it in the crudest way—you might have expected at least that we should welcome you warmly, do all we could for you, take you everywhere, show you everything?"

Lucy colored, then laughed.

"I don't know in the least what you mean, Mr. Manisty! I knew you would be kind to me—and of course—of course—you have been!"

She looked in distress first at the little path leading from the fountain, by which he barred her exit, and then at him. She seemed to implore either that he would let her go or that he would talk of something else.



"Not I," he said, with decision. "I admit that since Alice appeared on the scene you have been my chief anxiety. But before that, I treated you, Miss Foster, with a discourtesy, a forgetfulness, that you can't, that you *oughtn't* to forget! I made no plans for your amusement—I gave you none of my time. On your first visit to Rome I let you mope away day after day in that stifling garden, without taking a single thought for you. I even grudged it when Mrs. Burgoyne looked after you. To be *quite*, *quite* frank, I even grudged your coming to us at all. Yet I was your host—you were in my care—I had invited you. If there ever was an ungentlemanly boor, it was I. There! Miss Foster, there is my confession. Can you forgive it? Will you give me another chance?"

He stood over her, his broad chest heaving with an agitation that, do what she would, communicated itself to her. She could not help it. She put out her hand, with a sweet look, half smiling, half appealing, and he took it. Then, as she withdrew it, she repeated:

"There is nothing—nothing—to forgive. You have *all* been lovely to me. And as for Mrs. Burgoyne and Aunt Pattie, they have been just angels!"

Manisty pulled his mustache.

"I don't grudge them their wings. But I should like to grow a pair of my own. You have a fortnight more with us—isn't it so?" Lucy started and looked down. "Well, in a fortnight, Miss Foster, I could yet redeem myself—I could make your visit really worth while. It is hot, but we could get round the heat. I have many opportunities here—friends who have the keys of things not generally seen. Trust yourself to me. Take me for a guide, a professor, a courier! At last I will give you a good time!"

He smiled upon her eagerly, impetuously. It was like him, this plan for mending all past errors in a moment, for a summary and energetic repentance. She could hardly help laughing, yet far within, her heart made a leap towards him—beaten back at once by its own sad knowledge.

She turned away from him—away from his handsome face, and that touch in him of the "imperishable child," which moved and pleased her so. Play-

ing with some flowers on her lap, she said, shyly,

"Shall I tell you what you ought to do with this fortnight?"

"Tell me," said Manisty, stooping towards her. It was well for her that she could not see his expression as he took in with covetous delight her maidenly simpleness and sweetness.

"Oughtn't you—to finish the book? You could—couldn't you? And Mrs. Burgoyne has been so disappointed. It makes one sad to see her."

Her words gave her courage. She looked at him again with a grave, friendly air.

Manisty drew himself suddenly erect. After a pause, he said, in another voice, "I thought I had explained to you before that the book and I had reached a *cul-de-sac*—that I no longer saw my way with it."

Lucy thought of the criticisms upon it she had heard at the embassy, and was uncomfortably silent.

"Miss Foster!" said Manisty, suddenly, with determination.

Lucy's heart stood still.

"I believe I see the thought in your mind. Dismiss it! There have been rumors in Rome—in which even perhaps my aunt has believed. They are unjust—both to Eleanor and to me. She would be the first to tell you so."

"Of course," said Lucy, hurriedly, "of course"—and then did not know what to say, torn as she was between her Puritan dread of falsehood, her natural woman's terror of betraying Eleanor, her burning consciousness of the man and the personality beside her.

"No—you still doubt! You have heard some gossip, and you believe it?"

He threw away the cigarette with which he had been playing, and came to sit down on the curving marble bench beside her.

"I think you must listen to me," he said, with a quiet and manly force that became him. "The friendship between my cousin and me has been unusual, I know. It has been of a kind that French people, rather than English, understand; because for French people literature and conversation are serious matters, not trifles that don't count, as they are with us. She has been all sweetness and kind-

ness to me, and I suppose that she, like a good many other people, has found me an unsatisfactory and disappointing person to work with!"

"She is so ill and tired," said Lucy, in a low voice.

"Is she?" said Manisty, concerned. "But she never can stand heat. She will pick up when she gets to England. But suppose we grant all my enormities. Then please tell me what I am to do? How am I to appease Eleanor?—and either transform the book, to satisfy Neal—or else bury it decently? Beastly thing!—as if it were worth one tithe of the trouble it has cost her and me. Yet there are some remarkably good things in it too!" he said, in a changed tone.

"Well, if you did bury it," said Lucy, half laughing, yet trying to pluck up courage to obey the ambassador, "what would you do? Go back to England?—and—and to your property?"

"What! has that dear old man been talking to you?" he said, with amusement. "I thought as much. He has snubbed my views and me two or three times lately. I don't mind. He is one of the privileged. So the ambassador thinks I should go home?"

He threw one arm over the back of the seat, and threw her a brilliant Hectoring look which led her on.

"Don't people in England think so too?"

"Yes—some of them," he said, considering. "I have been bombarded with letters lately as to politics, and the situation, and a possible new constituency. A candid friend says to me this morning: 'Hang the Italians! What do you know about them,—and what do they matter? English people can only be frightened by their own bogies. Come home, for God's sake! There's a glorious fight coming, and if you're not in it, you'll be a precious fool.'"

"I daren't be as candid as that!" said Lucy, her face quivering with suppressed fun.

Their eyes met in a common flash of laughter. Then Manisty fell heavily back against the seat.

"What have I got to go home for?" he said abruptly, his countenance darkening.

Lucy's aspect changed too, instantly. She waited.

Manisty's lower jaw dropped a little. A sombre bitterness veiled the eyes fixed upon the distant vistas of the garden.

"I hate my old house," he said, slowly. "Its memories are intolerable. My father was a very eminent person, and had many friends. His children saw nothing of him, and had not much reason to love him. My mother died there—of an illness it is appalling to think of. No, no—not Alice's illness," he said, hoarsely—"not that. And now Alice—I should see her ghost at every corner!"

Lucy watched him with fascination. Every note of the singular voice, every movement of the picturesque, ungainly form, already spoke to her, poor child! with a significance that bit these passing moments into memory, as an etcher's acid bites upon his plate.

"Oh, she will recover!" she said, softly, leaning towards him unconsciously.

"No! she will never recover—never! And if she did, she and I have long ceased to be companions and friends. No! Miss Foster, there is nothing to call me home—except politics. I may set up a lodging in London, of course. But as for playing the country squire—" He laughed, and shrugged his shoulders. "No! I shall let the place as soon as I can. Anyway, I shall never return to it—alone!"

He turned upon her suddenly. The tone in which the last word was spoken, the steady ardent look with which it was accompanied, thrilled the hot May air.

A sickening sense of peril, of swift, intolerable remorse, rushed upon Lucy. It gave her strength.

She changed her position, and spoke with perfect self-possession, gathering up her parasol and gloves.

"We really must find the others, Mr. Manisty. How pleasant that Count Fiorancini is!"

She rose as she spoke. Manisty drew a long breath as he still sat observing her. Her light cool dignity showed him that he was either not understood or too well understood. In either case he was checked. He took back his move. But it was with a kind of inward pleasure that she was



not too yielding—too much of the *ingénue*!

"Ah! I saw what company you were in after lunch!" he said, carelessly, relighting his cigarette. "You didn't hear any good of the book or me—there!"

"I liked them all!" she said, with spirit. "They love their country, and they believe in her. Where, Mr. Manisty, did you leave Mr. Neal and Mrs. Burgoyne?"

"I will show you," he said, strolling on beside her. "They are in a part of the garden you don't know. Oh! how adorable this is!"

He looked round him, drawing in the scents of grass and flowers, the breath of the cooler wind from the west. They had reached the summit of a little rising ground, and between the pine stems shone the domes and towers of the city, a rich embroidery of brown and orange on the hot paling blue of the sky.

Both had a secret sense of amazement. But a moment since he had spoken that word, looked that look? How strange a thing is human life! He would not let himself think.

"They love their country, you say? Well, I grant you that particular group has pure hands, and isn't plundering their country's vitals like the rest—as far as I know. A set of amiable dreamers, however, they appear to me. Fiddling at small reforms, while the foundations are sinking from under them. However, you liked them—that's enough. Now, then, when and how shall we begin our campaign? Where will you go?—what will you see? And, mind you, I'll not argue. I'll admit a hundred things—that the Vatican isn't all holy simplicity—that there is some religion in the patriots, some politics in the priests! We'll look at things fairly and squarely. You shall hammer away at my ideas—and I at yours. Will you see the crypt of St. Peter's?—that wants a Cardinal's order. Will you command the Villa Albano?—closed to the public since the government laid hands on the Borghese pictures—but it shall open to you. Will you go to the Vatican garden and view the Pope on his airing? Give me your orders, and it will be very strange if I can not compass them!"

He looked at her with a gay friendli-

ness. But she was silent, and he saw that she hurried, that her eye sought the distance, that her cheek was flushed. But why? What new thing had he said to press, to disturb her? A spark of emotion passed through him. He approached her gently, persuasively, as one might approach a sweet resisting child.

"You'll come? You'll let me make amends—purge my offence?"

"I thought," said Lucy, uncertainly, "that you were going home directly—at the beginning of June. Oh, please, Mr. Manisty, will you look? Is that Mrs. Burgoyne?"

Manisty frowned.

"They are not in that direction. As to my going home, Miss Foster, I have no engagements that I cannot break."

The wounded feeling in the voice was unmistakable. It hurt her ear.

"I should love to see all those things," she said, vaguely, still trying, as it seemed to him, to outstrip him, to search the figures in the distance, "but—but—plans are so difficult. Oh, that is—that is Mr. Neal!"

She began to run towards the approaching figure, and presently Manisty could hear her asking breathlessly for Mrs. Burgoyne.

Manisty stood still. Then, as they approached him, he said:

"Neal! well met! Will you take these ladies to the station—or, at any rate, put them in their cab? It is time for their train. I dine in Rome."

He raised his hat formally to Lucy, turned, and went his way.

It was night at the villa.

Eleanor was in her room, the western room overlooking the olive-ground and the Campagna, which Lucy had occupied for a short time on her first arrival.

It was about half an hour since Eleanor had heard Manisty's cab arrive, and his voice in the library giving his orders to Alfredo. She and Lucy Foster and Aunt Pattie had already dispersed to their rooms. It was strange that he should have dined in town. It had been expressly arranged on their way to Rome that he should bring them back.

Eleanor was sitting in a low chair beside a table that carried a paraffine-lamp. At her back was the window, which was

open save for the sun-shutters outside, and the curtains, both of which had been drawn close. A manuscript diary lay on Eleanor's lap, and she was listlessly turning it over, with eyes that saw nothing, and hands that hardly knew what they touched. Her head, with its aureole of loosened hair, was thrown back against the chair, and the crude lamp-light revealed each sharpened feature with a merciless plainness. She was a woman no longer young—ill—and alone.

By the help of the entries before her she had been living the winter over again.

How near and vivid it was—how incredibly, tangibly near!—and yet as dead as the Cæsars on the Palatine.

For instance:

"*November 22.*—To-day we worked well. Three hours this morning—nearly three this afternoon. The survey of the financial history since 1870 is nearly finished. I could not have held out so long but for his eagerness, for my head ached, and last night it seemed to me that Rome was all bells, and that the clocks never ceased striking.

"But how his eagerness carries one through, and his frank and generous recognition of all that one does for him! Sometimes I copy and arrange; sometimes he dictates; sometimes I just let him talk till he has got a page or section into shape. Even in this handling of finance you feel the flame that makes life with him so exciting. It is absurd to say, as his enemies do, that he has no steadiness of purpose. I have seen him go through the most tremendous drudgery the last few weeks, and then throw it all into shape with the most astonishing ease and rapidity. And he is delightful to work with. He weighs all I say. But no false politeness! If he doesn't like it, he frowns and bites his lip, and tears me to pieces. But very often I prevail, and no one can yield with a better grace. People here talk of his vanity. I don't deny it—perhaps I think it part of his charm.

"He thinks too much of me, far, far too much.

"*December 16.*—A luncheon at the Marchesa's. The Fiorancinis were there, and some Liberal Catholics. Manisty was attacked on all sides. At first he

was silent and rather sulky—it is not always easy to draw him. Then he fired up, and it was wonderful how he met them all in an Italian almost as quick as their own. I think they were amazed; certainly I was.

"Of course I sometimes wish that it were conviction with him and not policy. But it may be true, as he says, that a man sees more clearly for being outside. And then his main conviction is that the educated and the uneducated must always speak different moral and spiritual languages; but that is no reason why the educated should throw themselves into hostility to the only language the ignorant understands—his Church and his religion. The ignorant are the more numerous, therefore what they think and do is really the more important. Somehow you must get conduct out of them—or society goes to pieces. But you can only get conduct out of them through religion.

"What folly, then, for nations like Italy and France to quarrel with the only organization which can ever get conduct out of the masses!—in the way they understand.

"People who object to the mummeries of Catholicism are either fools or pedants. You don't want to be murdered in your beds? Then let the priests of all the churches alone! It is not much they exact of you in return for all they do.

"That is the gist of it. And then how he feels all the poetry of the ceremonies! How he makes me feel it!

"*December 23.*—I saw him do a charming thing to-day. There was a baby on the steps of the Trinità dei Monti that had been deserted by its family—a group of models in costume that had run up the steps to look at something going on in the street above. The little brown ragged thing was crying lustily. We were mounting the steps, and Manisty picked up the child. I thought it would have had a fit. At first it was paralyzed with fright. But Manisty began to talk it in their own *patois*. And presently he was stalking up the steps triumphant, while the child lay in his arms, smiling and putting up its grimy little hand to feel his face. At the top he discovered the parents in the crowd, and apparently found some difficulty in getting rid of



the child, which didn't want to part with him. Then he came back to me in tearing spirits, and was like a boy all the rest of the walk. There is a naïveté about him which makes it quite impossible for him to conceal either his pleasure or his displeasure with himself.

"*Christmas day.*—We went last night to the midnight mass at Santa Maria Maggiore. Manisty is always incalculable at these functions—sometimes bored to death—sometimes all enthusiasm and sympathy. Last night the crowd jarred him, and I wished we had not come. But as we walked home through the moonlit streets, full of people hurrying in and out of the churches, of the pifferari with their cloaks and pipes—black and white nuns—brown monks—lines of scarlet seminarians and the like, he suddenly broke out with the prayer of the First Christmas Mass—I must give it in English, for I have forgotten the Latin:

"O God, who didst cause this most holy Night to be illumined by the rising of the true Light, we beseech Thee that we who know on earth the secret shining of His splendor may win in Heaven His eternal joys."

"We were passing through Monte Cavallo, beside the Two Divine Horsemen who saved Rome of old. The light shone on the fountains; it seemed as if the two godlike figures were just about to leap, in fierce young strength, upon their horses.

"Manisty stopped to look at them.

"And we say that the world lives by science! Fools! When has it lived by anything else than dreams—at Athens, at Rome, or Jerusalem?"

"We staid by the fountains, talking. And as we moved away, I said: 'How strange, at my age, to be enjoying Christmas for the first time!' And he looked at me as though I had given him pleasure, and said, with his most delightful smile, 'Who else should enjoy life if not you—kind, kind Eleanor?'"

"When I got home, and to my room, I opened my windows wide. Our apartment is at the end of the Via Sistina, and has a marvellous view over Rome. It was a gorgeous moon—St. Peter's, the hills, every dome and tower radiantly clear. And at last it seemed to me that I was not a rebel and an

outlaw—that beauty and I were reconciled.

"Such peace in the night! It opened and took me in. Oh! my little, little son!—I have had such strange visions of you all these last days. That horror of the whirling river, and the tiny body, tossed and torn! Oh, my God! my God!—has it not filled all my days and nights for eight years? And now I see him so no more. I see him always carried in the arms of dim, majestic forms, wrapped close and warm. Sometimes the face that bends over him is that of some great Giotto angel; sometimes, so dim and faint! the pure Mother herself; sometimes the Hands that fold him in are marred. Is it the associations of Rome—the images with which this work with Edward fills my mind? Perhaps.

"But at least I am strangely comforted—some kind hand seems to be drawing the smart from the deep, deep wound. Little golden-head! you lie soft and safe, but often you seem to me to turn your dear eyes—the baby eyes that still know all—to look out over the bar of heaven—to search for me—to bid me be at peace, at last.

"*February 20.*—How delicious is the first breath of the spring! The almond-trees are pink in the Campagna. The snow on the Sabine peaks is going. The Piazza di Spagna is heaped with flowers—anemones and narcissuses and roses. And for the first time in my life I too feel the 'Sehnsucht'—the longing of the spring! At twenty-nine!

"*March 24, Easter week.*—I went to a wedding at the English church to-day. Some barrier seems to have fallen between me and life. The bride—a dear girl who has often been my little companion this winter—kissed me as she was going up to change her dress. And I threw my arms round her with such a rush of joy. Other women have felt all these things ten years earlier, perhaps, than I. But they are not less heavenly when they come late—into a heart seared with grief.

"*March 26.*—This is my birthday. From the window looking out upon the Piazza I have just seen Manisty bargaining with the flower-woman. Those lilacs and pinks are for me—I know it. Al-

ready he has given me the little engraved emerald I wear at my watch-chain. A little genius with a torch is cut upon it. He said I was to take it as the genius of our friendship.

"I changed the orders for my dress to-day. I have discovered that black is positively disagreeable to him. So Mathilde will have to devise something else.

"*April 5.*—He is away at Florence, and I am working at some difficult points for him—about some suppressed monasteries. I have asked Count B——, who knows all about such things, to help me, and am working very hard. He comes back in four days.

"*April 9.*—He came back to-day. Such a gay and happy evening! When he saw what I had done, he took both my hands and kissed them impetuously. 'Eleanor, my queen of cousins!' And now we shall be at the villa directly. And there will be no interruption. There is one visitor coming. But Aunt Pattie will look after her. I think the book should be out in June. Of course there are some doubtful things. But it must, it will, have a great effect.

"How wonderfully well I have been lately! The doctor last week looked at me in astonishment. He thought that the Shadow and I were to be soon acquainted, when he saw me first! I only hope that Manisty will get as much inspiration from the hills as from Rome. Every little change makes me anxious. Why should we change? Dear, beloved, golden Rome! even to be going fourteen miles away from you somehow tears my heart."

Yes, there they were, those entries,—mocking, ineffaceable as ever.

As she had read them, driving through all the memories they suggested, like a keen and bitter wind that kills and blights the spring bloom, there had pressed upon her the last memory of all—the memory of this forlorn, this intolerable day! Had Manisty ever yet forgotten her so completely—abandoned her so utterly? Perhaps, indeed, rather more politeness than usual! But her woman's instinct told her she had never yet mattered to him so little—that she had simply dropped out of his thoughts.

She had become as much of a stranger to him again as on her first arrival at Rome. Nay, more! For when two people are first brought into a true contact, there is the secret delightful sense on either side of possibilities, of the unexplored. But when the possibilities are all known and all exhausted?

What had happened between him and Lucy Foster? Of course she understood that he had deliberately contrived their interview. But as Lucy and she came home together they had said almost nothing to each other. She had a vision of their two silent figures in the railway carriage side by side, her hand in Lucy's. And Lucy—so sad and white herself!—with the furrowed brow that betrayed the inner stress of thought.

Had the crisis arrived?—and had she refused him? Eleanor had not dared to ask.

Suddenly she rose from her chair. She clasped her hands above her head and began to walk tempestuously up and down the bare floor of her room. In this creature so soft, so loving, so compact of feeling and of tears, there had gradually arisen an intensity of personal claim, a hardness, almost a ferocity, of determination, which was stiffening and transforming the whole soul. She could waver still—as she had wavered in that despairing, anguished moment with Lucy in the embassy garden. But the wavering would soon be over. A jealousy so overpowering that nothing could make itself heard against it was closing upon her like a demoniacal possession. Was it the last effort of self-preservation?—the last protest of the living thing against its own annihilation?

He was not to be hers—but this treachery, this wrong should be prevented.

She thought of Lucy in Manisty's arms—of that fresh young life against his breast—and the thought maddened her. She was conscious of a certain terror of herself—of this fury in the veins, so strange, so alien, so debasing. But it did not affect her will.

Was Lucy's own heart touched? Over that question Eleanor had been racking herself for days past. But if so it could be only a passing fancy. It made it



only the more a duty to protect her from Manisty. Manisty—the soul of caprice and wilfulness—could never make a woman like Lucy happy. He would tire of her and neglect her. And what would be left for Lucy—Lucy the upright, simple, profound—but heart-break?

Eleanor paused absently in front of the glass, and then looked at herself with a start of horror. That face—to fight with Lucy's!

On the dressing-table there were still lying the two terra-cotta heads from Nemi, the Artemis, and the Greek fragment with the clear brow and nobly parted hair, in which Manisty had seen and pointed out the likeness to Lucy. Eleanor recalled his words in the garden—his smiling, absorbed look as the girl approached.

Yes! it was like her. There was the same sweetness in strength, the same adorable roundness and youth.

And that was the beauty that Eleanor had herself developed and made doubly visible—as a man may free a diamond from the clay.

A mad impulse swept through her—that touch of kinship with the criminal and the murderer that may reveal itself in the kindest and the noblest.

She took up the little mask, and, reaching to the window, she tore back the curtains and pushed open the sun-shutters outside.

The night burst in upon her, the starry night, hanging above the immensity of the Campagna and the sea. There was still a faint glow in the western heaven. On the plain were a few scattered lights, fires lit, perhaps, by wandering herdsmen against malaria. On the far edge of the land to the southwest a revolving light flashed its message to the Mediterranean and the passing ships. Otherwise, not a sign of life. Below, a vast abyss of shadow swallowed up the olive-garden, the road, and the lower slopes of the hills.

Eleanor felt herself leaning out above the world, alone with her agony and the balmy peace which mocked it. She lifted her arm, and, stretching forward, she flung the little face violently into the gulf beneath. The villa rose high above the olive-ground, and the olive-ground itself sank rapidly towards the

road. The fragment had far to fall. It seemed to Eleanor that in the deep stillness she heard a sound like the striking of a stone among thick branches. Her mind followed with a wild triumph the breaking of the terra-cotta—the shivering of the delicate features—their burial in the stony earth.

With a long breath she tottered from the window and sank into her chair. A horrible feeling of illness overtook her, and she found herself gasping for breath. "If I could only reach that medicine on my table!" she thought. But she could not reach it. She lay helpless.

The door opened.

Was it a dream? She seemed to struggle through rushing waters back to land.

There was a low cry. A light step hurried across the room. Lucy Foster sank on her knees beside her and threw her arms about her.

"Give me—those drops—on the table," said Eleanor, with difficulty.

Lucy said not a word. Quietly, with steady hands, she brought and measured the medicine. It was a strong heart-stimulant, and it did its work. But while her strength came back, Lucy saw that she was shivering with cold, and closed the window.

Then, silently, Lucy looked down upon the figure in the chair. She was almost as white as Eleanor. Her eyes showed traces of tears. Her forehead was still drawn with thought as it had been in the train.

Presently she sank again beside Eleanor.

"I came to see you because I could not sleep, and I wanted to suggest a plan to you. I had no idea you were ill. You should have called me before."

Eleanor put out a feeble hand. Lucy took it tenderly, and laid it against her cheek. She could not understand why Eleanor looked at her with this horror and wildness—how it was that she came to be up, by this open window, in this state of illness and collapse. But the discovery only served an antecedent process—a struggle from darkness to light—which had brought her to Eleanor's room.

She bent forward and said some words in Eleanor's ear.





ELEANOR'S DIARY.



Gradually Eleanor understood and responded. She raised herself piteously in her chair. The two women sat together, hand locked in hand, their faces near to each other, the murmur of their voices flowing on brokenly, for nearly an hour.

Once Lucy rose to get a guide-book that lay on Eleanor's table. And on another occasion she opened a drawer by Eleanor's direction, took out a leather pocket-book and counted some Italian notes that it contained. Finally she insisted on Eleanor's going to bed, and on helping her to undress.

Eleanor had just sunk into her pillows when a noise from the library startled them. Eleanor looked up with strained eyes.

"It must be Mr. Manisty," said Lucy, hurriedly. "He was out when I came through the glass passage. The doors were all open, and his lamp burning. I am nearly sure that I heard him unbar the front door. I must wait now till he is gone."

They waited, Eleanor staring into the darkness of the room, till there had been much opening and shutting of doors and all was quiet again.

Then the two women clung to each other in a strange and pitiful embrace—offered with passion on Lucy's side, accepted with a miserable shame on Eleanor's—and Lucy slipped away.

"He was out?—in the garden?" said Eleanor to herself, bewildered. And with those questions on her lips, and a mingled remorse and fever in her blood, she lay sleepless, waiting for the morning.

Manisty indeed had also been under the night, bathing passion and doubt in its cool purity.

Again and again he wandered up and down the terrace in the starlight, proving and examining his own heart—raised by the growth of love to a more manly and more noble temper than had been his for years.

What was in his way? His conduct towards his cousin? He divined what seemed to him the scruple in the girl's sensitive and tender mind. He could only meet it by truth and generosity—by throwing himself on Eleanor's mercy. *She* knew what their relations had been;

she would not refuse him this boon of life and death—the explanation of them to Lucy.

Unless!— There came a moment when his restless walk was tormented with the prickly rise of a whole new swarm of fears. He recalled that moment in the library after the struggle with Alice, when Lucy was just awakening from unconsciousness—when Eleanor came in upon them. Had she heard? He remembered that the possibility of it had crossed his mind.

Was she in truth working against him—avenging his neglect—establishing a fatal influence over Lucy?

His soul cried out in fierce and cruel protest. Here at last was the great passion of his life. Come what would, Eleanor should not be allowed to strangle it.

Absently he wandered down a little path leading from the terrace to the *podere* below, and soon found himself pacing the dim grass walks among the olives. The old villa rose above him, dark and fortress-like. That was no longer her room—that western corner? No! he had good cause to remember that she had been moved to the eastern side, beyond his library, beyond the glass passage! Those were now Eleanor's windows, he believed.

Ah! what was that sudden light? He threw his head back in astonishment. One of the windows at which he had been looking was flung open, and in the bright lamp-light a figure appeared. It stooped forward. Eleanor! Something fell close beside him. He heard the breaking of a branch from one of the olives.

In his astonishment he stood motionless, watching the window. It remained open for a while. Then again some one appeared—not the same figure as at first. A thrill of delight and trouble ran through him. He sent his salutation, his homage, through the night.

But the window shut—the light went out, and all was once more still and dark.

Then he struck a match and groped under the tree close by him. Yes, there was the fallen branch. But what had broken it? He lit match after match, holding the light with his left hand while

he turned over the dry ground with his knife. Presently he brought up a handful of stones and earth, and laid them on a bit of ruined wall close by. Stooping over them with his dim, sputtering lights, he presently discovered some terra-cotta fragments. His eye, practised in such things, detected them at once. They were the fragments of a head, which had measured about three inches from brow to chin.

The head, or rather the face, which he had given Eleanor at Nemi! The parting of the hair above the brow was intact, so was the beautiful curve of the cheek.

He knew it—and the likeness to Lucy. He remembered his words to Eleanor in

the garden. Holding the pieces in his hand, he went slowly back towards the terrace.

Thrown out?—flung out into the night—by Eleanor? But why? He thought and thought. A black sense of entanglement and fate grew upon him in the darkness, as he thought of the two women together, in the midnight silence, while he was pacing thus, alone. He met it with the defiance of new-born passion—with the resolute planning of a man who feels himself obscurely threatened, and realizes that his chief menace lies, not in the power of any outside enemy, but in the very goodness of the woman he loves.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## IF LOVE BE ONE

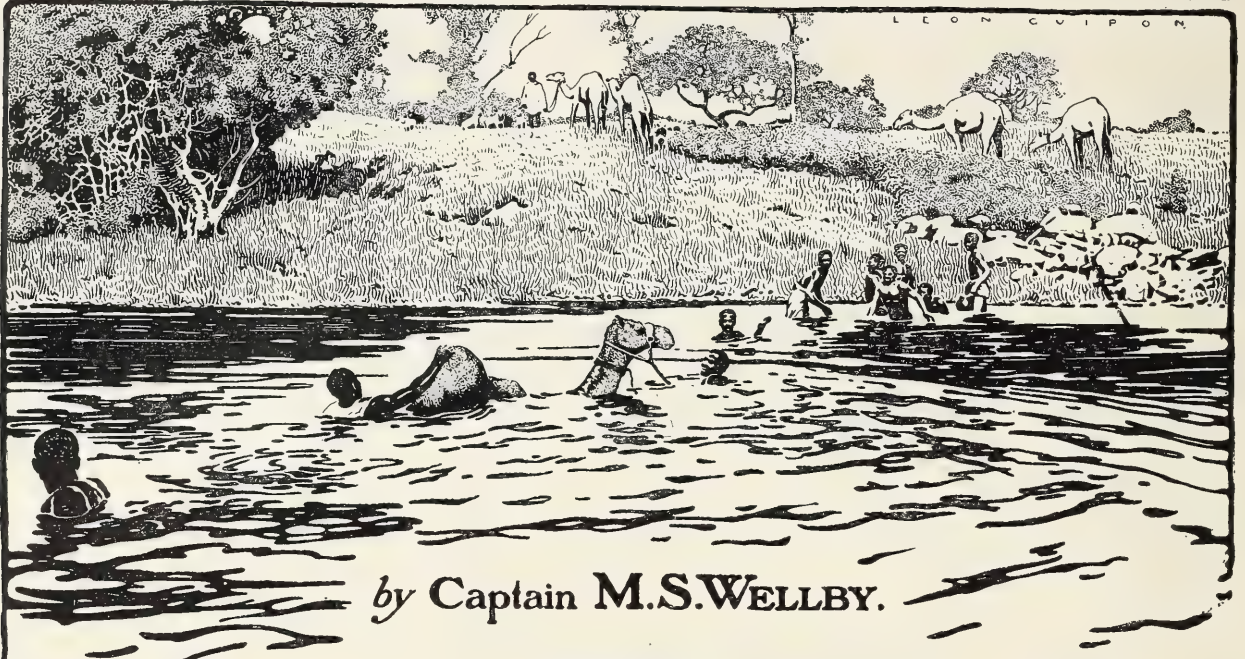
D. MCINTYRE HENDERSON

THE skies are black, the winds are bold,  
 The road is rough and long;  
 But what are clouds and stony ways  
 When hearts are full of song?  
 And two there be who walk life's path  
 Unheeding wind or weather,  
 And minding but your merry sprite  
 Who binds their hearts together.  
 All ways are smooth, all days are bright,  
 With him for guide and sun;  
 And three are always company  
 If Love be one!

The road is smooth, the wind is soft,  
 The sky is clear o'erhead;  
 But what are pleasant ways and days  
 To those whose hearts are dead?  
 And what is song that fills the ears  
 But can no farther go?  
 And what is light that eyes can see  
 But souls can never know?  
 Ah, two there be that walk life's path  
 As though they walked alone;  
 For two are never company  
 If Love be gone.



# At the COURT of the KING of KINGS



by Captain M.S.WELLBY.



IN the day of my arrival in the capital of Abyssinia I had not much time, even had I possessed the desire, to do anything in the way of sight-seeing. Late at night, just as we were making preparations to turn in, a message was despatched from the palace announcing that his Majesty would receive Captain Harrington, the British Resident, at half past eight the next morning, when I was to be presented to the Negus. Accordingly, early next day I put on my war-paint and sallied forth. I felt very foolish in donning evening clothes and a felt hat at 7 A.M., and must have cut a very ridiculous figure riding a mule through the busy parts of the city *en route* to the palace in these garments; but as the Abyssinians saw nothing laughable about me, it did not matter much. On entering the outer stockade of the palace we crossed an untidy, rough, stony court, where a large, square-looking building was in process of construction. On the other side of this we were met by Monsieur Ilg, the King's secret adviser, who conducted us up a flight of stone stairs into the presence of his Imperial Majesty King Menelek II., K.C.M.G., Negus Negasti, Emperor of Ethiopia, King of Kings.

Having been introduced by Harrington and shaken hands with the monarch, I retired a few paces, but only to advance

again very shortly, and after a second hand-shake to depart. Such a brief meeting scarcely allowed me to form a fair judgment of the King. Squatting as he was when we entered, I should have taken him to be quite a small man, whereas he stands five feet ten inches high. Though by no means handsome, there is yet a very taking and frank look about his features; or perhaps I should more correctly say an open look. Shahzad Mir, my Indian surveyor, summed his appearance up in these words: "I saw a very little man and a very big mouth."

The following morning it was announced that the King, who is, among other things, styled Janhoi, intended starting that same day for the province of Tigré, and as we were not quite prepared to leave so suddenly, we agreed, at any rate, to see him off for the wars, and follow on as soon as we conveniently could. Contrary to my expectation, his departure from the palace was entirely without ceremony, and considering the importance of the occasion, there were but few people about. The King was evidently bent on getting away as quietly as possible; for on leaving the palace, instead of coming boldly forward into the open, as he might have done, he kept close by the stockade. He was preceded by a motley crowd of soldiers, both mounted and on foot. A similar force followed in his rear, some leading his extra ponies, gayly decorated with



red cloth and silver-colored trappings. We rode alongside of the King for some short distance through a struggling mob, through which men with long canes forcibly made a lane for us. We were able to go at a sufficient pace to compel those on foot to break into a double. The scene was a remarkable one; everybody seemed to be in somebody else's way, and one and all shouted, wrangled, argued, and pushed. Away on the outskirts of the moving crowds stood a line of beggars calling loudly on their King—"Janhoi! Janhoi! Janhoi!" My curiosity was soon satisfied, and I was glad when Harrington gave the signal to bid adieu to Menelek and turn our horses' heads homewards.

Two days later we were following the King's steps.

There was no mistaking the road, which took us over the hills in a north-east direction, for numbers of soldiers and their servants were flocking to the same point, whilst a few who had accompanied the King might be seen returning for the purpose of taking the more direct, though rougher, road and

along them. Early in the afternoon we sighted the mighty camp of Janhoi and his followers. At first glimpse it looked as though snow had fallen on the plains and hill-sides, but on closer approach the snow proved to be an enormous collection of tents, which so bewildered us that we despaired of ever finding the space allotted to us for our camp. Fortunately M. Ilg kindly met us and conducted us to a camping-ground close to the tents of the Emperor himself. As the day advanced, more soldiers continued to pour into camp, and more tents sprang up in every direction.

The following day, being Sunday, was duly observed, for the army remained halted, and we had the honor of breakfasting with Menelek himself at 10 A.M. As might be expected, there were crowds of attendants round and about the King's quarters. We passed under an awning, and then entered a very fine circular tent, where we found the Negus seated on a low cushioned sofa ornamented with two wings, or arm-rests. Placed in front of him was a large decorated basket holding a pile of thin round pieces of



KING  
MENELEK'S PALACE

rejoining him later at Barumeida. As we proceeded at our leisure, we noticed there were two routes, an upper and a lower one, both clearly indicated by the continuous throng of people moving

bread, called injerras, from which he occasionally ate. In front of this was a long row of baskets covered with cloth, and holding bread and little dishes of spices. On either side, seated on the



ground, were the governors of the provinces, the generals, and other grandees. Amidst this select company stood attendants dangling before their noses yards of raw, quivering meat, which had been cut from the animals the moment after their throats had been cut. From these appetizing joints the guests themselves, armed with long thin knives, cut off pieces, each according to his taste, which they forthwith proceeded to devour with great gusto. By the side of each guest stood a decanter of tej—the great Abyssinian drink—which was always refilled as soon as emptied.

I was surprised at the silence which pervaded the gathering; occasionally Janhoi would make a remark, otherwise there was very little talking, all being bent on eating and drinking—an operation over which they in no way hurried themselves. This semi-barbarous feast, strange to say, was brought to a most unexpected and incongruous end, for glasses were handed round and then filled with champagne, and were emptied with evident gusto; and I was glad to find this little touch of the civilized world so congenial to their tastes, and I thought

to myself it was indeed civilization washing away barbarism. When the King himself was about to drink, his own personal attendants drank a few drops out of their own palms before pouring out for the King. Other attendants then hid him from view of the “evil-eye” by spreading out their shammas in front. Yet it would seem that this custom is falling into disuse, for the King drank his coffee openly, like a European. Besides the distinguished guests who were breakfasting, other officials of importance stood in groups near or about the King. Nobody smoked, for as yet the Abyssinians have not learned the pleasure and benefit to be derived from this sociable practice.

The absence of this habit is due to the edict of King John, who absolutely forbade smoking. Menelek, however, neither forbids nor encourages it, and one will occasionally meet an Abyssinian who does smoke. Before very long smoking will probably be fashionable. As for Ilg, Captain Ciccadicola, the Italian Resident, Captain Harrington, and myself, we sat at a long narrow table at right angles to the King, and were amply and properly regaled; for besides



ABYSSINIANS PARTAKING OF THEIR FAVORITE FOOD—RAW MEAT





WITH MENELEK'S ARMY. FIRING A SALUTE IN HONOR OF THE QUEEN'S  
MESSAGE FROM A PHONOGRAPH

prodigious piles of injerras and dabo (thick bread), we partook of excellent soup, omelets, and endless courses of meat prepared in various ways. It was perhaps for this reason that we declined the last item of the menu—a lump of raw, quivering meat—although it was an offer from Janhoi himself.

Whilst enjoying our coffee and champagne, Monsieur Legarde, the representative of France, put in an appearance at the party. As the day advanced, the tent grew proportionately hot and stuffy, so that after the remnants of food had been taken away it was with a great feeling of relief that we suddenly found a large portion of the canvas removed, admitting a flow of fresh air, and disclosing many more baskets of injerras placed here and there upon the ground. At the same moment a blast from a long wooden instrument summoned the various regimental commanders to come and be fed, and in response each approached in order of rank.

Some of the seniors were serious-looking old fellows enough; but no matter—whenever they were, down they all at

once squatted, tightly packing themselves round the baskets, entirely regardless of elbow-room, and I wondered how ever the attendants managed to stand in their midst and hold up their loads of raw meat. These enormous pieces of flesh gradually grew less and less, as the officers continued to cut and slice till the bare bone alone remained. After this function great numbers of soldiers in their turn were fed outside; but I had really had sufficient enlightenment in Abyssinian diet for one day, and actually dreamed of raw meat that night. The King himself is a restricted feeder, showing even in this respect ideas far in advance of his subjects. Sometimes he even forgets all about breakfast until the afternoon, whereas one of the chief considerations of an ordinary Abyssinian is his food. The King generally ends the day at nine o'clock, starting early again at 3 A.M. On the afternoon following the feast we were destined to enjoy for a second time the honor of visiting the King, for Harrington had brought a message for him from her Majesty Queen Victoria, which she herself had spoken into a phonograph.



As we entered the tent, nearly half of which had been opened, we found the King seated as usual, whilst around him stood a number of dignitaries. Captain Harrington and his sowars, with drawn and carried swords, took their places immediately opposite the monarch. A table was then arranged in front of the King, and on this the phonograph was placed. With the exception of the gurgling sound produced by the instrument, dead silence pervaded the tent. The Negus was highly gratified with the message, even standing up that he might the more distinctly catch the words, for he was much struck with their clearness and firmness. He listened to the Queen's gracious words time after time, and readily consented to my attempting to photograph the scene. During this time a grand salute of eleven guns was being fired to celebrate the occasion. I stepped outside to try and take a picture of this event also, and found soldiers running about in every direction, anxious to learn why guns were being fired on the Sabbath. The phonograph was then carried off to the private quarters of Queen Taitu, who was equally charmed with the message, demanding several times a repetition of the Queen's words. It was a wonder to me that this particular cylinder was not completely worn out. The Queen, although understanding no English at all, was nevertheless easily able to recognize the mention of her own name.

One day I watched from the neighborhood of the royal tent the approach of Queen Taitu and her suite; she was preceded by a large escort of armed mounted soldiers, and immediately around her rode officers and ladies—the whole making a brilliant patch of color under the bright sunshine. The Queen's procession, as viewed from the royal hill, seemed endless. The Queen herself, who was thickly veiled, rode a brown mule, and was protected from the sun's rays by an enormous scarlet umbrella. As she rode past, close to where we stood, we showed our respect, not after the fashion of her own subjects, by stripping ourselves to the waists, but by saluting. Her Majesty's arrival at the royal hill was the signal for my departure.

Menelek, in spite of some faults, has achieved wonders for the well-being of his country. He is far in advance of any previous Abyssinian monarch, and under

his peaceful reign the population and prosperity of the Abyssinians have undoubtedly increased. He differs essentially from his predecessor, King John, and has thoroughly won the love of his countrymen. King John was a great warrior, and being a man of fine physique and an athlete, was esteemed by the people. His decision, whether rightly or wrongly given, was law, and though anxious to be just—for he loved his country—he would take advice from none. Menelek, on the other hand, has not the physical or athletic powers of King John. He is of heavier build, and more given to thought and deliberation; yet he is far in advance of his predecessor, for he takes counsel from those about him, and is always mindful of those below him. It is said that at the time of the "pest," some ten years ago, when the people were in dire distress by reason of their losses, Menelek formed a big camp, and setting the example to his people with his own hand, and assisted by his soldiers, tilled the soil, and in due time handed to the sufferers the fruits of their labor—an example that encouraged others to do likewise. I was told that for three whole years he ate no beef; for he argued, "Why should I enjoy plenty while my people are in want?" I doubt if any European ruler has denied himself to the same extent for a similar cause! Yet Menelek is regarded by many as a barbarian. The severity of the "pest" is felt at the present day, for the price of a cow is from twenty-five to forty dollars, whereas its former value was from two to four dollars—animals then being so cheap that the hide was sometimes sold on the live beast, as the owner was too lazy to slay and to skin it. Every day, excepting Sunday, which, as I have said before, is strictly observed, is a market-day at the capital, but by far the largest is on Saturdays, when from early morning villagers coming from all quarters may be seen driving their donkeys or mules laden with goods for sale. One of the most interesting corners of the market is where the ponies are gathered together and their points exhibited along the open sward. There is a very fair supply of ponies, some hundreds appearing in the market, and were there only Englishmen in the country, measures would be taken to introduce fresh blood and improve the present class. With but little training, many ponies as it is will very soon make polo-ponies, for





QUEEN TAITU OF ABYSSINIA, AND HER GUARD AND FOLLOWERS



none of them have any fear of the stick, being daily accustomed to the frantic waving of the Abyssinian spears. Few can jump, though most of them take to it willingly enough; but this is not always the case, for on one occasion my latest purchase, in a fit of obstinacy, refused to jump, and knocked down half a mud wall round one of the wattle huts. "Oh,"

women who throng the market, for many of them are excessively pretty. In spite of the big market, the money in circulation is sufficiently awkward to deter most Europeans from buying. A quarter of a dollar is represented by an amole, which is a stick of salt measuring nearly a foot in length. If chipped, however, five or even six of these go to a dollar. Car-



RESIDENCE OF MONSIEUR LEGARDE

cried out the old lady who occupied the place, "it's all very well; if you take a fall, you have the money to pay somebody to nurse you, but I have no one to pay for the nursing of my wall." Next to the ponies the wood-sellers take up their position in the market, and one cannot help being filled with commiseration for these men on comparing the amount of their work and their pay, for they have to bring the "turbs," or long pieces of wood, in to market from a distance of fifteen miles. Close by are the sellers of honey, wax, and butter, the last averaging a dollar for eight pounds. Next are the sellers of various sorts of grain. This is principally barley and teff, but I have also noticed wheat, pease, beans, oats, rice, and linseed. There are also for sale silver trinkets, cloth, beads, cartridge-belts, files, skins, leather straps (machanya), saddles, inferior knives, various articles made of iron, hardware, and so forth, and, lastly, fowls, sheep and cattle. One is much struck by the appearance of the

tridges are employed for smaller sums than this. Adjoining the market-place is the custom-house, where ivory and coffee and piles of Gras rifles are most conspicuous. Mules and donkeys, of which a few months ago large numbers were seen in the market, are now no longer for sale, owing to an edict of the King restricting the price. I was therefore compelled to undertake several two-day trips to search for them.

One day I informed my Abyssinians that I intended paying a visit to the hill called Yerrer, situated west of Adis Ababa, but they did all they could to dissuade me from such a trip, saying that a "Shaitan" dwelt there, and that for this reason they dare not go. This strange bit of news was quite enough to rouse my curiosity, and I made inquiries regarding the Shaitan, and was told the following legend:

Somewhere on this hill there is a cave guarded by the Shaitan, which penetrates so far into the bowels of the earth that

nobody has ever been able to reach its limits, where the Gallas, when invaded, were accustomed to conceal their cattle. According to popular belief, in time to come there will at some period emerge from this cave a king whose name will be Theodore, and an abuna (bishop) called Zahai (Sun). These will rule from Yerrer to Gondar. The army of this King Theodore will be composed of Shangkallas.\* East of Yerrer all will be prosperous, but towards the west King Menelek and his army will be annihilated. During the reign of this new king a small piece of land will satisfy the wants of thousands of people, and the milk from one cow will be sufficient for thirty men; prosperity will reign throughout, and all will love God, and will strive for paradise and obtain it.

Early the next morning I set out to visit this cave, to try and find out the truth of the legend from the guardian himself. After a pleasant ride of seven or eight miles over grassy, undulating ground, we reached Akaki-a, the clear-flowing stream on the opposite bank of which were a number of caves, inhabited by people and their cattle. These caves were all connected by mysterious back passages, and although providing good shelter from sun and rain, still have this drawback—that on emerging from any one of them one stands a very good chance of stepping into space. There are said to be great stores of grass inside these caverns. After another couple of hours' ride we halted by a rivulet for breakfast and to rest the animals. My Abyssinians again took the opportunity of repeating their belief that none who ascended Yerrer would come down alive. Disregarding their assertions, I moved on again at noon, through fields of oats, pease, beans, and linseed, steering for the northeast side of the hill, where a collec-

\* Abyssinians in general call everybody with a black skin a Shangkalla, no matter whether he is a Galla, Turkana, Soudanese, or other.



AT ADIS ABBABA;  
SAINT GEORGE'S CHURCH

tion of small villages was situated. Here the present of a "salt" (amole) gained the friendship of one of the inhabitants, who agreed to act as guide and take me to the summit of the mountain and show me the Shaitan's cave. We walked and climbed hard for an hour or so, and were well repaid for our exertions, for I was enabled to take bearings to all my other points. On the return journey, after taking a somewhat indirect route, we climbed with loaded rifles along a precipitous hillside, thick with undergrowth, till quite suddenly we came upon the entrance to the mysterious place. Here lay a quantity of bones, the hoof of a pony, the jawbone of a donkey, porcupine quills, and other tokens of the Shaitan's greed, but all our efforts by shouting and hurling sticks and stones



failed to disturb the guardian. To penetrate into the cave was by no means an inviting task, as it entailed for the first few yards a crawl, literally *ventre à terre*, in thick slimy mud, and I preferred to go off and shoot a couple of gazelles for supper instead of grovelling in slush. At daybreak we climbed again to explore

or Pool of Siloam. There is a legend connected with Zaquala. There is a lake at the very summit, from the centre of which a dim light, it is said, used to be seen shining through the dead of night, but which latterly, owing to so many sinners visiting the spot, had disappeared. It is also said that on this mysterious hill

there are two big stones lying close together. No sinner is allowed to pass between them until he confesses his faults; but should anybody whose soul is perfect attempt the passage, he will pass through without harm. The lake, too, has marvellous properties, for all who bathe in its waters not only cleanse their bodies, but their souls also. There is no end to the legends connected with this priest-ridden spot. I set out for the same mountain with half a dozen Abyssinians, taking a fairly good track through



MARKET-DAY, ADIS ABBABA

more caves and renew our search for Shaitan. Some were most awkwardly placed, and as we crept along, hanging to the tufts of grass and hardy plants, my boots were far from giving me a sound footing, and my men were equally persistent in warning me that if I did slip, I should in truth be launched into eternity, as if the danger of my position was not sufficiently brought home to me without frequent reminders. Search as we might, all was in vain. We therefore returned down the eastern side, in order to see some famous ruins of a building said to have been erected by Cadros (King Theodore). The outer walls had originally been of circular shape, and inside them there had been a square building, where the remains of massive pillars and the ruins of steps leading up to the interior could be distinguished. The whole had been built of slabs of sandstone. Some of them were of immense size (as much as twenty feet long), and the sight naturally made me pause and wonder how on earth men contrived to carry and place them.

Another excursion I made was to the famous mount of Zaquala, which has been described as a kind of Abyssinian Lourdes,

grass, at times over steep and rocky paths. The climb was enlivened on the way by a successful stalk after a gazelle, and rewarded at the summit by finding there a lake of wonderful beauty. It lay silent at the bottom of a natural hollow; the hills rose up on every side for some six hundred feet, and here and there were thickly wooded. Around the lake grew turf and shady bushes, and there was an air of sanctity about the place. As we stood cooling in the breeze and gazing on the sombre water, I broke silence by saying that we would first visit the two holy stones, which our guide pointed out close by. They certainly were rather awkward, but majestic. I was the first to try to get through. When half-way I stopped short, pulled a long face, and shouted. The men were at their wits' end, until my laughter spoiled the joke, which they all thought tremendous fun.

We next inspected a rounded rock standing alone on the grass by the water's edge. It was actually sweating in the sun, this being due to the practice of certain Gallas, who, in order to propitiate the spirit of the stone, deposit a





RUSSIAN REPRESENTATIVE, VLASSOF, AND HIS ESCORT

small dab of ghi on its surface. We then saw, hidden in the midst of cotton and juniper trees, a couple of churches, close to one of which dwelt a "fakir." This holy man had spent his entire lifetime wrapt in meditation, wanting neither money nor food, and living entirely on the grass. He was so concealed by thick bushes that I could not catch a sight of him, though I distinctly heard his mumblings.

Whilst enjoying our luncheon, three priests passed by, who, on hearing that I was Ingliz, expressed a wish to show me a third church, where men came to worship. This sacred spot consisted of three holes in the midst of some rocks, large enough to hold worshippers. There was nothing remarkable in their appearance, but the fact of men electing to bow down in such a place struck me as distinctly odd. The priests told me the depth of the lake was beyond measure, but I had no means of verifying the statement. Its height above the sea-level

was about 9000 feet, water boiling at a temperature of  $195.8^{\circ}$ .

One day Harrington and I rode out to the forest of Managaska, fifteen miles distant, where some of the best timber is procured. Riding over pleasant grassland, with occasional gullies and rivulets, we eventually reached the abode of the King of the Forest, who happens to be a Greek. Greeks will somehow or other ferret out the least frequented spots on earth and there eke out an existence. Around his circular wattle hut—the home of this particular Greek—a space had been cleared, and the views over the tops of endless cotton-trees were magnificent. He was happy enough with his Abyssinian wife and female slave, drawing sixty dollars a month from the royal treasury, and as we reclined on carpets sipping Turkish coffee beneath a shady tree, hot and tired from our long ride, I for a moment, but only for the moment, envied the little Greek, as he related his battles with the countless panthers, and



stalks over the hills after game. The spot well deserves a visit by reason of its beauty, not to mention the hospitality of the Greek.

Amidst my preparations the days slipped by at an alarming rate, and had there been more English people at the capital I might have never wished to quit it. Some of our mornings were spent hunting the "Jack," but the royal pack (the dogs were being trained by Harrington for the King) at first were scarcely accustomed to our ways, and the day generally ended by our chasing the "Jack" with spears and without hounds. Others were employed in visiting our Russian, French, or Italian neighbors, or in a chat with those most hospitable and charming people M. and Mme. Ilg.

In Abyssinia there are as good a climate and as good sport as one could possibly wish to have, but there is a dearth of Englishmen.

The Russian Residency is distinguished by a "tame" ostrich which guards the portals. On entering the enclosure the first time I was taken quite unawares by the "pet" rushing furiously at me and my pony. Had I been able I should have fled straight away, but an irate os-

trich, of all animals, gives no time to think of flight, and I mechanically slashed out right and left with my stick, while my attendant aided by throwing stones from a safe distance.

While in the midst of the excitement, Mme. Vlassof appeared on the veranda of the house and called out, in a great state of mind: "Do nothing! do nothing!" This advice, however, I was rude enough to disregard, but retiring and defending, I eventually made good my retreat to where she stood, when the ostrich, more obedient to Mme. Vlassof's voice than I had been, desisted from further attack. In order to guard against any further encounter I promised to arm myself with a sharp sword, hoping that my threat would cause the bird to be tied up if its life were valued.

Sunday, the 18th December, was my last day in Adis Abbaba, and was largely taken up in making final calls on my many good and hospitable friends. Finally I bade good-by to Captain Harrington, the last European I should see for many months, and started on my long journey through unknown Abyssinia, with the hope of eventually joining the Sirdar at Khartoum.



RUSSIAN RESIDENCE AT ADIS ABBABA, SHOWING  
M. LEGARDE AND M. AND MME. VLASSOF

## TWO; AND A ROSE\*

BY ALFRED OLLIVANT

Author of "Bob, Son of Battle."

IT was autumn, but the morning was of June. In the park beyond the ha-ha the deer lay laagered, twitching fly-infested ears. On the rail fencing the lawn from the main road a dozen feet below, a belated flycatcher sat and looked over the brooding vale. Far away a church spire pricked up against the blue; and through the still noon the stertorous breathing of a little pompous engine travelled noisily.

On the terrace above the lawn a girl sat in the shadow of a beech-tree. She was all in white, a red rose at her belt. A broad-leaved hat so shaded her face that you saw no more than mouth and chin dappled with flickerings of sun. Sitting there, a white-wisped figure, listless and very quiet, she might have been asleep, might have been dead, but for the lips that never stilled a moment, now drooping in mournful rainbow curve, now tremulous on the brink of tears, and then a sudden leaping smile eddying all about the corners of them.

As she sat thus, at play with some half-sad, half-merry memory, the fence at the ha-ha creaked in the silence.

She looked up quickly. A young man, broad-shouldered and with rapid soldier swing, was crossing the lawn towards her. He carried a coat over his left shoulder; his straw hat was far on the back of his head; and beneath it a square, rough-hewn face, plain, stern of purpose, and smileless as stone.

The girl rose to her feet. The pale face was paler than before, save for a breath of color blown into the hollow of either cheek; and her eyes smiled.

"James!" she cried. "I thought you'd gone."

"Suppose you're disappointed," said James, halting at the foot of the bank below her.

"No," said she, her eyes grave. "I don't mind!"

He turned savagely. "I'm off," he said.

She came to the edge of the terrace and watched the hurrying back with eyes half tender, wholly laughing. "Was that what you came to say, James?" she asked.

"I came to say good-by," said the voice, thickly.

"But you said it yesterday," she interposed, with dewy wonder.

He flung round, the plain face dusky. "I did *not* say it yesterday," he shouted. "I came to say it, but I saw you didn't care a rap, though it was about a two-to-one chance you never saw me again, so I—"

"Went without a word, though I ran after you and begged you not. I thought it *most* unkind."

"Well," he said, "when a chap comes to say good-by before going to South Africa, and all he gets for his pains is to be cheeked up and down and told to go to blazes and that he's not wanted—"

"I didn't, James!" indignantly. "I hardly said a word the whole time."

"I know you didn't," said James. "That's just what I say. You just sat dumby, and grinned and giggled, and left all the talking to me."

"I didn't grin and giggle," she said; "I don't. But when a 'chap' comes to say good-by, and sits on the sofa and mopes and stays two hours, and about every other minute says, 'Well, I must be off!' and never another word till next time, when it mounts up to about the twentieth time, it does get a little—well, a *leetle* funny, James."

"Yes," he said, "I saw all you could do was to laugh and to—"

"I didn't laugh."

"But you wanted to."

"Well, I know I did; and I should have laughed—if I hadn't wanted to cry still more."



"Well, you can laugh now," he said. "You'll never see my face again." And he swung away.

She flitted down the bank and after him like a white shadow, the smiles making little tender gathers about her eyes. Catching him up, she threaded her hand through his arm. "Walk over by the fields, James?" she asked, unconcernedly.

"Didn't fly," said James, steaming along.

"Makes a nice short-cut, doesn't it?" said she; "though it is a bit roundabout. Short-cuts so often are."

"Drop my arm!" he ordered.

She paid no heed.

"We needn't walk so fast, need we?" said she. "Your train doesn't go for thirty-five minutes."

"You needn't come," said he. "I never asked you."

She took her hand off his arm and looked up at him with grave dark eyes from beneath the shadow of her hat. "How sulky you are, James!" said she.

He stopped suddenly and faced her. His hat was on the back of his head, and the square face wrathful. "Yes," he snorted; "and how dashed pleasant you are!"

"Well," she said, mildly, "you needn't stay. I never asked you."

"I won't," he said. "I'm off as hard as I can pelt." Then pulling up with an effort, "I only came because I was fool enough to think you might—might care to say good-by to a chap and part friends, when it's about a two-to-one chance you'll never see him again; if only because we've been pals ever since we were so high. However," huskily, "I'm not good enough for you now. I've seen that ever since I've been back this time; and you made it precious clear last night. You like these flashy chaps who can jabber and make funny jokes and all that. I'm not good enough now. You've grown out of me. I won't bore you any more. I'll hook it."

"I would," she said, "if that's how you feel."

"I will," he said, and went.

She walked away slowly up the bank and on to the terrace and never turned, and so to the seat beneath the beech-tree. There she sat down, panting a little, and the gathers came again about her

eyes. He was coming back to her across the lawn.

She sat with one foot swinging and watched him as he came up the bank, on to the terrace, stood before her, and staid.

The wrath had left his face and the flame. It was passionless now, and the eyes leaden.

"I say—you!" he said, sitting back on his stick.

"Don't 'ugh' me, James. It's rude," she said, faintly smiling.

"You want me to go and I will," he went on, doggedly. "Perhaps you don't want me to come back?"

She faced the terror of his eyes, still smiling. "Certainly not till your temper's better," she said.

"Because if you do you've only got to say the word and I'll oblige."

"Sweet of you to think of me, James," said she, swinging, smiling.

He dropped his eyes to hers. "I say, Lal," he said, with a sudden startling quietness, "I'm in earnest, you know."

She threw back her head, with white curved throat, to look at him. "My dear boy," she said, "are you ever anything else?"

He looked out over the park. "I mayn't be clever—and cute—and intellectual, and all that, but it don't take a genius to mean what he says," he observed.

"After knowing you for twenty-four years, James," she replied, "I think I know that if you've said you'll be nasty, you'll be just—*bestly*!" She clipped her lips home with a snap on the top of the last word.

"Yes," he said, thoughtfully, "you've had twenty-four years of me, and now, as you say, you're tired—"

"I never said anything of the sort, James!"

"And I don't blame you," he went on.

"But I didn't!" she cried. "I won't have you say I said things I didn't!"

"I know I ain't good company," he went on, unheeding. "I can't jabber and make funny jokes and all that like these flashy beggars; and you've often told me I'm pretty thick in the nut, and I dare say I am. But I'm not so thick but I know when I ain't wanted; and I'm not such a bounder but if you don't want me

I'll not force myself upon you. And if you'll say straight you don't want me back, I'll arrange to—"

"What?"

"Stay."

"In South Africa?" amazed.

He nodded.

"Chuck your commission?" she cried.

"Stay out in *that* hole?... What should you do, pray? Turn missionary and carry the gospel to Brother Boer?"

"Take to the land," he said.

"And how much land might you think you'd be good for?"

"An Englishman's holding," said he—"six foot by two."

The smile fled from her lips. "You don't mean that, James," she said.

He took up the paper that lay on the seat beside her. "Seen this morning's casualties?" he asked.

"You don't mean that, James."

"You knew Jacky Hadrill, I think. Good little chap."

"You don't mean that, James."

"Saw him just before he started. His mother had just died. He was very down. Said he hoped he'd leave his bones out there. Well, he's pulled it off."

"You don't mean that, James."

He put down the paper and looked at her. "Yes," he said, "I do, Lal." He was unusually quiet.

She looked at him with dark eyes steady on his face.

"But d'you know what that means?" she asked.

"I suppose so," he said.

"It's suicide."

"It's respectable, anyway," he said, "and it's supposed to be glorious. And, what's more, it's convenient—and no questions asked."

"It *is* suicide," she said.

"You can call it what you like," he said.

She looked at him with swelling nostrils. "You're—wicked," she said.

"I know all about that, Lal," said he. "What's it to be?"

"You'd better go, I think," she said.

"I am going," he said. "But what about the coming back?"

"You must please yourself," she said.

He rose from his stick. "Very well, Lal," he said, gave the coat on his shoulder a lift, and turned. "'By."

He shot down the bank and across the lawn to where the steps curled down under the lilac-bushes to the postern-door in the wall.

She rose to her feet.

He was at the top of the steps; he was titupping down them.

"James!" she called, and he paused, his back still towards her. "Don't you think," she said, breathing deeply, "it's playing it a bit low down on me, this?"

He stood half-way down the steps, poking at the moss with his stick. "I don't think so, Lal," he said at last.

"Not putting me in this sort of fix?" she asked.

"I don't see any fix about it," he said.

"Not for a man to come to a girl and tell her that if she doesn't say a particular thing he'll go and—go and do what you say you will—don't you think that's a fix?" She stood upon the bank, white and slim, with delicate long fingers intertwining nervously. "If she says what he wants, he may—he might misunderstand her; and if she says nothing, his blood is on her head. It comes to that. He compels her to be a murderess or to say what she may not want to say. I don't think that's quite nice for her, is it, James?"

He stood with his square back to her, poking, pondering. "I don't want to let you in, Lal," he said, slowly, "but it's just this way: if you don't want me back, I don't care to come—that's all. It's my job, that; it's nothing to do with you; I take my own responsibility. If you want me back, you've only got to say so. I see no fix about it."

She looked at his back, the smile making those tender gathers about her eyes.

"But the fix is there all the same, James."

"Well," said James, doggedly, "I don't see it."

"But won't you believe me?" she asked. "You might take a chap's word."

"Why can't you explain?"

She looked at his back with gathering smiles. "You *are* rather thick, James," she said.

"I can't help it if I am," said James, sullenly. "And, anyway, it's stale news; and what's more, I don't see what that's got to do with it."

"I wish you'd get a mother, James."



"Well, I haven't," snapped James; "and, what's more, I'm never likely to have."

"Or a sister."

"Thank you for nothing," said James.

"To tell you that when you're talking to a lady—even if you have known her all your life—you might not keep your back to her."

James grunted.

"James."

"What?"

"Let me see that fa—ace again!" She chanted it at him like a singing tramp-woman—a laggard drawl shot through with laughter.

He stood like a sulky child in two minds.

"Won't you, James?"

"I see no fix," said James, doggedly.

"It's there all the same, James," wofully.

"I only want to know whether you want me to come back."

"Of course I do, you old stupid!" she said, and he turned round. "I want every single man who is going to the war to come back," and he stopped short.

She walked to the edge of the terrace. "And now," she said, "don't be an old goose any more. Come and sit in the shade and be good. You needn't go for another twenty minutes or so. Now be nice—do!"

He came up the steps, dragging his feet, and across the lawn sulkily, climbed up the bank, followed her to the seat beneath the beech-tree, and sat down.

"Now light up," she ordered; "it'll help your temper." Then taking up the paper and scanning it: "Yes, I knew Jacky Hadrill. He was Lady Atherstone's nephew, and often stopping with them at Hornsover. I knew a lot of these King's Fusiliers men. Just think, James!"—with rainbow mouth—"thirteen of them gone in this one battle."

"Well, it's what they're there for," said James, matter-of-factly.

"Oh yes," she said, resentfully; "I know you all expose yourselves because you think it's fine. Just like boys—and men, for the matter of that—always thinking of the gallery."

"Must think of the gallery when the gallery's pumping lead at you," said James.

"You mustn't go so far in front, at all events. We all know you're brave without your ramming it down our throats."

"Can't lead from behind," said James. "Can't do it."

"Oh, well," she said, "it's no good talking. You're all just the same. You think of no one but yourselves."

"Who is one to think of?"

"You might think of your mothers."

"Haven't got one," said James.

"Well, of your maiden aunt, or whoever you have got. You must have some one. Even a worm has some one."

"I haven't."

"Well, then, your dog. You needn't be so precise. You've got Wiffles."

He puffed thoughtfully. "Yes, he'll miss me—old Wiffles."

"No one else, of course!" she said.

He puffed away. "I wonder, Lal," he said, puffing, "if you'd care"—puff—puff—puff—"about"—puff—puff.

"About what?" she cried. "*Do* go on, James. *Don't* be so deliberate."

"What's the hurry?" said James, blankly.

"Oh, none," she said, resignedly.

"'Bout him, then?"

"'Bout whom?"

"Why, Wiffles—o' course."

"Oh, Wiffles!" she said. "Would I care about Wiffles? While you're away, you mean?"

"Yes, and if I don't come back."

"But you will," steadfastly.

He shrugged. "Two-to-one chance," said he.

She played a pas-de-charge with nervous fingers on the seat.

"Well, will you have him in view of that?" said he.

"Of what?"

"Why, that he may come to stay."

She tapped with her toe upon the ground. "You're quite determined to get killed, I see," she said.

"No, I ain't," he said. "It's a two-to-one chance—that's all."

"Oh, *do* shut up, you and your two-to-one chance, James!" she cried. "For the last week you've done nothing but din—din—din this same two-to-one chance of yours into my head. I hum with it."

"Well, anyway, will you?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, "I should like him while you're away."

"And if I don't—"

She laid her hand on his knee and looked up at him.

"James," she said, "*please.*"

He tilted his hat further still on the back of his head, leaned forward, elbows on knees, and puffed. "Well, then, if I stay away, if you like that better, keep him, will you? Don't get rid of him. You can chloroform the old hog when he gets past a joke. He's an affectionate old codger. Give him his tummyful at night and a bone or two to clean his teeth on, and he'll be as right as rain. He ain't cute, good old boy, but he's as faithful as they make 'em, and he'll face anything that wears teeth." His last will and testament completed, he blew his nose.

"I'll see to him," she said, shortly, and waited.

He did not speak.

"You mustn't be late," she said at last.

"Lots o' time," said he.

"Let's see, what's your ship?"

"*Umbria*—I've told you fifty times."

"I forgot."

"No, you didn't."

"Very well, then, I didn't... You mustn't be late."

"You've said that before."

"Well, you mustn't."

"You're in a mighty hurry to get shut of me."

"No, I'm not; only—"

"Only what?"

"Well, you mustn't be late."

"That's three times in as many seconds. Go on. Keep it up."

"Well, it takes a good twenty minutes to the station."

He looked round at her, pipe in mouth. "Takes *how* much?"

"Well, then, nineteen minutes fifty-nine seconds. How down on one you are to-day!"

"I say, how many times d'you think I've walked it?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"Perhaps you don't know that I've never in my life left home to go away for any time but I've been in here on my way to the station."

"Well, I know that."

He puffed. "D'you remember"—puff—"first time I went to school?"

"Yes; you blubbed buckets all over the lawn."

"What a beastly cram, Lal! It was you who blubbed. You blubbed all over me. You blubbed down my neck—horrible—great—slimy—tepid tears, worming down one's back. Ugh-h! I can feel 'em now."

"Yes," she said, "and you smacked my head for it—you remember?"

"No, I don't; because I didn't."

"You did, though, all the same."

James muttered and puffed. "And then," he said, "d'you remember that time—"

"No, I don't; but I remember when you came back you thought yourself much too grand to play with girls until I licked you at bumble-puppy, and you lugged my hair out in lumps for doing it."

He turned round. "What a buster, Lal!" he said. "*You* licked me! I like that."

"Well, you lugged my hair out. It's grown in sprouts ever since."

He took his pipe out and sat up. "I—did—not," he said, angrily. "I *tell* you I did not. I swear I did not. I won't let you say I did things I did not."

"And you said—"

He turned to face her. "I said nothing—of—the—sort, Alice."

"I was going to say you said you were sorry, when you got back your temper. But I remember now—you didn't. You only lugged some more out."

He rose to his feet, shaking out his pipe. "If all you can do is to sit there and invent fabrications about a chap, I'd better go."

"Go, then," she said, tears in her voice.

"You only came to quarrel."

"Didn't; I came to talk; but of course you won't be serious."

"I won't be sentimental—that's all."

"Who wants to be sentimental?"

"You do."

"I don't."

"Don't, then... What a *vile* temper you've got!"

"Oh, hang my temper!"

She banged back against the seat. "Quarrel away," she said, her voice tremulous. "I dare say you won't have another chance. Make the most of it."

He turned his back on her and strolled



away. "When you've quite done your infernal fooling!" he muttered, took a turn along the terrace, and came back to her. "And now how are you feeling?" he asked.

She was sitting very straight and staid, like a girl at Sunday-school, her toes turned in, hands in her lap, and eyes rolled up. "I will be good, please," she pattered. "I weelly will."

He sat down and looked at his watch; then he thrust his hat far back on his head, looked on the ground, and puffed. "I want to talk to you," he began.

"Yes, teacher," with lisp of the Sunday-school.

"I want your advice."

"And I want yours. Is my face washed, please?"

He puffed, eyes down, resolute not to be drawn. "I'm in rather a hole, d'ye see."

"Yes, please. . . . And you're square and the hole is round?"

"It's a pal o' mine, d'ye see?"

"Is he in a hole too? . . . Is it the same hole? . . . I'm good, please."

"He's gone on a girl, d'ye see?"—puff.

"Got it bad, d'ye see?"—puff. "Known her an age and all that"—puff.

"What's an age?"—dropping the lisp.

"Length of a P. and O. voyage, I suppose."

"Ever since they both wore petticoats"—puff.

She leaned forward and bent to look at his face. "James."

"What?"

"What a rummy little beggar you were in petticoats! D'you remember?"

"Not half so rummy as you were in knickers," said James, and grinned.

"Go on with your story," said she.

"You would put 'em on," said James.

"D'you remember?"

"Go on with your story."

He choked.

"If you can't go on with your story," she said, "I shall go."

"All right; keep your hair on," said James, and proceeded: "Well, this chap, he came home on leave from the Shiny this spring"—puff—"came home same boat as me." He winked at the ground, and she, watching his face, smiled suddenly. "That's how I got to know him, see?"

"Yes; well?"

"Well, he meant to settle it up and all that"—puff—"ask her and all that"—puff—"and he made the pace as hot as he knew how"—puff—"but he kept putting off and off because"—puff—puff—puff—"she's one of these—you know—rather—"

"Rotters," she suggested.

"Always giddy-goating and pulling a chap's leg, and coming on and then sheer-ing off, and generally flummoxing around—you know the sort."

"Rather."

"And just as he'd worked himself up, this infernal war comes along"—puff—"and they go and order him off to it. And the question is—shall he have it out with her before going, or shall he not, d'ye see?"

"Shall he, in fact, say his say or not?"

He nodded, took his pipe out of his mouth, and weighed it before him. "Ye see, if he says nothing"—puff—"and just hooks it"—puff—"and never says a word, of course she'll go and think him all sorts of a bounder."

"I don't see why she should think anything of the sort."

"Oh, you know what girls are. They always give a man credit for being a beast if they can."

"Do they?" icily. "I wasn't aware of it."

"But they do, my dear," said James, with old-world wisdom. "I know 'em."

"Then if your friend's friend is like that," said she, "I should advise him to have nothing more to do with her."

James puffed deliberately. "But she's not, ye see," he said.

"But you've just been telling me she was, James."

"No, I haven't," said James. "I said *some* were taken that way."

"You said *all* girls were like that."

"Well, so they are," grumpily.

The puckers gathered about her eyes. "What a woman you are, James!" she said.

"Oh, go to blazes!" said James, and puffed. "Then there's another thing," he went on. "If he says nothing and goes and stays away for an age"—puff—"and don't come back till Lord knows when"—puff—"and all that"—puff—"in the mean time she may take up with any cad she meets."

"If she's the sort of girl who would take up with any cad, then I'm sure your friend is well out of her."

He rounded on her. "Why should you try and make out she's such a rip, Lal? What's she done to you? You don't know her; you've never seen her; and yet off you go and jump to the conclusion that she must be an out-and-outer; now that's a woman all over."

"But I only judge on what you tell me, James. You *said* she would."

"Oh, well, it's no good arguing with you. You catch a chap up so. 'Course I don't mean a cad to call a cad. I mean any blessed bounder you like—a milk-and-water parson gone in the knees and slobbers at the mouth. The sort girls go dotty on, you know."

"I think you must grow your parsons where you grow your girls," said she, coldly.

"That's if he don't," continued James, puffing imperturbably. "Now if he does, and she says Yes, and then they go and corpse him out there, it ain't much of a catch for her, see? Or they mayn't kill him outright; they may only knock chunks off him, but enough to spoil him for a fancy man, all the same."

"Thanks; you needn't enter into details, James."

"Well, it wouldn't be particular jam for her to find herself engaged to a trunk, say, with no legs to it?"

"James, *don't!*"

"Well, would it? I ask you."

"Better than to be engaged to a pair of legs without any trunk to them."

"Well, what d'you think he'd best do?"

"Is he going to take your advice?"

"B'lieve so."

"And are you going to take mine?"

"I'll see."

"Oh, but if you won't, I won't give it."

"I'll take it right enough—if I like it."

"But that won't do. I sha'n't give it if you won't promise."

"Plug away."

"Will you?"

"Rather."

"Promise."

"Take my Sam."

"Now you've promised! Well," earnestly, "I should advise him to write up to Madame Pompadour, you know, the

lady correspondent of the *Princess*. It's the sort of case she revels in. She has loads of them, and tons of experience. He couldn't do better. There! That's my advice."

"Bunkum," said James; "besides, there ain't time."

"Why, how soon does he go?"

"Same boat as me—*Umbria*—to-morrow."

She leaned back against the seat. "Well, I've done my best. I won't advise any more."

"But you must, Lal."

"But I won't, James."

"But you *must*."

"But I *won't* be musted."

"Well, you might, then."

"But, my dear boy, don't you see it all depends on a hundred things—on the girl and on the man and a lot more."

He pondered. "Well," he said at last, "look here!—d'ye see? Suppose you were the girl."

"Then it would depend on the man—whether I wanted to marry him or not. If I didn't—"

"Why shouldn't you?"

"I'm only supposing," she said. "If I didn't, I'd *much* rather he said nothing."

"Why?" gloomily.

"Because if he was nice and liked one—or thought he did—he might mind it a good deal—or think he did; and it might spoil his last few hours at home."

"Put him out of his trouble," said James, gloomily.

"And then," she continued, firing, "just to spite her he'd probably go and get himself shot on purpose—the mean wretch!"

"Best thing that could happen to him," said James.

"Yes; and how nice for her! You don't care one rap about her, James."

"Wouldn't matter to her if she didn't care."

"What a beast you are, James!" she cried, flaming. "As if she wouldn't care! One can like a man very well and yet not want to marry him."

"Tommy-rot," grunted James.

"It's not tommy-rot, James," she cried, passionately. "And I won't have you say it is. She *would* care—especially if she'd known him ever since he was so high."



"All the more likely to be sick of him," said James. "That's girls all over."

She sat back, quivering.

"No," said James, forging dogmatically forward. "If she fancied him, she'd want to marry him; if she didn't, she'd want him out of the way, because though she wouldn't marry him herself, she'd dashed well see no other girl did. You can't get round that. That's how they're made, girls. They can't help 'emselves."

He puffed on, manwise, unheeding the silence at his side.

"And now if she did want to marry him?"

No answer.

"Yes," he said, "and now supposing she did?" He turned and looked at her. "Oh, go on, Lal. Don't be stuffy!"

"I'll say no more," she said.

"What's the matter now?" he asked, blankly.

No answer.

"All right, then, *sulk!*" he said, viciously. "It don't hurt me. If you did say, it wouldn't help — because, anyway, how's he to know what's going on in her mind?"

No reply.

"I don't see I'm much forrader," gloomily.

"I don't see you are," she said, and rose to her feet. "When d'you sail?" perfunctorily.

"To-morrow — early," he grunted. "Told you fifty times already."

"Of course you'll write — long and copious, same as usual. 'Dear Lal—No news. The rest will wait till we meet. Yours ever, James.'"

"Oh, shut up. What about this dash-chap?"

"Oh, dash the chap. You ought to be going."

"All right. You might help a fellow."

"I have." She held out her hand. "Must you be going, then, James?" she asked, tenderly.

He rose, a scowl upon his brow. "Then you think he'd better hold his gab."

"Don't know. *Good-by*, James."

"And let her think he's a bounder."

"She won't do that. I don't want to hurry you—but you mustn't let me keep you."

"What a beastly hurry you're in!"

"No, I'm not; but you mustn't be late. *Good-by*."

"Then, good-by," savagely, "and—confusticate you!" He tried to wrench away his hand, but she held it.

"Let's part friends, James," she said, with quivering lips.

He turned, blinking. "That's all right, Lal," he said, throatily.

"And don't be too brave," she said.

"And advise that chap to be the same."

"Then you think if he comes back alive he may have a chance."

"I think if he comes back dead he won't have any." She said it with a little mournful *moue*, and a smile behind the tears.

"Is that funny?" he asked, suspiciously.

"It isn't meant to be," she answered, meekly.

He still held her hand and looked at her long and steadily. "And if I don't?" he asked at last.

"If you don't what?"

"Why, come back, of course."

"But I thought we were talking of your friend."

"Well," he said, "so we were, d'ye see? We aren't now, though, d'ye see? We've changed the subject. We're talking of me now. If I don't come back?"

"But you must, James."

He shrugged. "Two-to-one chance," he said.

"But you'll try." Her hand was on his arm.

"Oh, I suppose so. And if I don't succeed?"

She stood before him, her fingers lightly on his arm, the sweet pale face looking into his from beneath the shady hat; the dark eyes flooded, with the laughter bubbling up behind. "Why," she said, "then—try, try again."

He flung her hand away and shot down the bank.

"James!" she cried. "James! I *didn't* mean it. I *couldn't* help it. It slipped out. And remember! You've to be careful! *You've promised!*"

"What's it matter?" came the thick reply. "Nobody cares."

"You shouldn't say that, James."

He stopped short and half turned. "Can you name a single soul who would care a halfpenny dash?"

"Yes, James—one."

He turned slowly.

"Who?"

She stood on the bank above him, cool, sweet, white, with shady hat and red rose at her belt, penitent, innocent, and in her eyes that everlasting struggle of mirth trying to be grave. "W-w-well." She spoke with a tiny stutter, her hands behind her, like a child under correction, a sudden shyness, a flutter of color to her cheeks, a glowing and growing of dark eyes. "W-w-well," and with a sudden gleam of laughter—

"W-W-Wiffles!"

And he was gone.

She darted down the bank, calling on his name. The chuckle of laughter was whelmed in a water flood of tears.

"James! James!" she called.

He would not heed. He shot down the steps and was lost behind the lilac-bushes.

She ceased from following him and ran to the rail that skirted the lawn, and hanging far over it, awaited his passage in the road beneath.

Out of the postern-gate he came, walking like a mill-race; and his eyes were set before him and unseeing as a dead man's. His hat was still on the back of his head, and she saw the square-jowled face, sunless in the sun, plain, stern, terrible in a certain dreadful steadfastness of implacability.

"James!" she cried, panting, as he stormed beneath her. "James, you old goose!" And he neither heard nor looked. "James, look up! Ja-ames! I shall scream!"

White, wide-eyed, she plucked the rose from her belt and pelted it at him. It struck him softly in the face and fell, lying like a blob of heart's blood in the white dust.

Then he looked up.

She hung over the rail, pale, panting, and with shadowy smile. "Tell that young man, will you, that I—I think his young woman will be all right when he comes back."

"Not she."

"I think she'll understand all right."

"Not her."

"He'll probably let it out some way."

"Not him."

"Is he so deep?"

"As the sea."

She was panting less, and the tenderness of smiles about her eyes. "I expect he's just an old stupid like—"

"Who?"

"Like all you men."

"I don't know about that," he said, warming. "He mayn't be clever and cute and make funny jokes and all that, but he ain't gone at the knees and slobbery at the mouth."

"No, James," meekly.

"And, what's more, bloomin' well he won't be played with."

"Bloomin' well I wouldn't," said she; and added quickly, "but I don't believe she means to play with him. I dare say it's only her way."

"Infernal unpleasant way," said James.

"And I expect she understands."

"And I expect she don't," breaking out hotly. "Girls are such thick heads. It's no good hintin' anything like that. You just jolly well have to up and ram it down their blessed great throats."

She leaned over and looked down into the sullen ugly face beneath. "What a lot you know about girls, James!" she said, with mild admiration.

"Oh, I don't know," said James, mollified. "Then you think she'll understand?"

"Sure of it."

"Well, should you if you were her?"

"I think so, though I am a girl, and girls are so thick."

"You're not thick," said James, reluctantly.

"Thank you," she said, humbly.

He poked at a pebble in the dust with his stick. "Then you think she'll take him on all right?"

"Shouldn't wonder."

"Well, should you if you were her?"

"No knowing but I might."

"But you've never seen him!" suddenly looking up.

"No, but I've seen his friend."

He dropped his eyes to his pebble again.

"Anything else?" asked the voice from under the straw hat.

"Tell him all he's got to do is to be careful to come back."

"Right," said the voice.

"And remember not to forget yourself."

"Right," he said; and suddenly look-



ing up, all the clouds dispersed, "I say Lal—d'ye see?—if I come back—"

"When you come back, James," she corrected.

"Well, when I come back—"

"Yes?"

"Well—d'ye see?—I shall have something I want to say to you."

"Shall you, James?"

"I'll keep it till then, shall I—eh?"

"Yes," she said, with sudden leaping smile. "A surprise."

He looked up shyly, then bent and picked up the rose lying in the dust, and brandished it awkwardly. "I say!"

"What?"

"Can I keep this here cabbage?"

"What d'you want with it?"

"Oh, do to clean my pipe with," and he made a swirling motion as of one swabbing.

She nodded at him, smiling with flooded eyes.

"So long, Lallie," he said, and swung away.

She waved to him, but could not speak.

Leaning over the rail, she followed the square swinging back along the road and up the brow of the hill, followed him with full, tender eyes. Then he topped the brow, a square sturdy figure, twirling his stick, and doing his six miles an hour with jaunty ease. She kissed her fingers at his back. She was quite safe, she knew. It would not be James to turn and wave.

The shoulders sank behind the hill, and the bobbing straw hat, and the twirling stick; and he was gone; while from over the hill through the silence came to her the sound of one whistling a certain old and very hackneyed air.

She listened, whispering to her soul and dabbing her eyes even while she smiled. Then the sound of the whistling faded away and was gone; and she turned and trailed across the lawn to the house.

## EDUCATIONAL USE OF HYPNOTISM

BY JOHN D. QUACKENBOS

IN consideration of the phenomenal interest manifested in his paper on the Reformatory Possibilities of Hypnotism, the writer feels warranted in presenting to the reading public his recent experiences with the same instrumentality in the educational field. Tactful suggestion has power to exalt the intellectual as well as the ethico-spiritual nature. The development of mind is no less a hypnotic possibility than the betterment of morals. In fact, the moral exaltation characteristic of hypnosis is accompanied with a rise in intellectual dignity and power. Potential is converted into actual energy, and the hypnotized subject delights in the consciousness of awakened susceptibility and command. Differences induced by objective education are obliterated, and the fundamental endowments of that finer spiritual organ in which under God we have our highest being—endowments conferred by Deity on all human souls without favor and without stint—dominate the intellectual

life. The divine image is supreme in the man, and creative communication on the broadest lines and the most exalted planes becomes possible. Hypnotic suggestion is but inspiration. Not only does the subject share the latent knowledge, but he borrows as well the mental tone of the operator. His memory becomes preternaturally impressible. The principles of science, of language, of music, of art, are quickly appropriated and permanently retained for post-hypnotic expression through appropriate channels. Confidence in talent is acquired; embarrassment, confusion, all admission of inferiority, are banished once and for all from the objective life—by placing the superior self in control. Not only may dull minds be polished, unbalanced minds adjusted, gifted minds empowered to develop their talents, but the educating mind of the school-child may tread that royal road to learning which ancient philosophers sought for in vain; the matured mind of the scholar may be clothed

with perceptive faculty, with keenest insight, tireless capacity for application, unerring taste; and the imaginative mind of painter, poet, musician, discoverer, may be crowned with creative efficiency in the line of ideals that are high and true. The lesson of hypnotism here is a lesson of man's susceptibility to limitless progression. Judicious suggestion secures the output of faculties inherent in his nature; and the state of hypnosis would seem to prove that we have within us an immaterial principle entirely independent of sense organs and sense acquisitions. Its pinion is not reconciled to earth. It represents a flight above the temporal, and hints of heaven.

To accomplish his part in the work of intellectual uplift, the hypnotizer must be a person of liberal education, broad views, and pronounced literary and scientific convictions. He must be a sincere believer in his own suggestions. Mental reservation is fatal. Nebular knowledge is of little avail. Tact, patience, and erudition are the three factors indispensable to success.

The experiments of the writer in creative communication embrace cases of backward and erratic children, disequilibrium, voice culture, the development of musical talent, and the inspiration of writers and actresses.

There are children who are unnaturally stupid, of sluggish intellect, born without the ordinary ability to concentrate thought or rivet attention, with defective memories, easily confused, embarrassingly self-conscious, so that the mind becomes a blank under the pressure of a necessity for reflection, or if thoughts are there, the vocal mechanism refuses to express them. For these conditions, as well as for habitual indolence, disinclination to exertion, and cowardice, hypnotism is the philosophical treatment. Where medication, moral influences, institutional discipline, change of scene and companionships, are of no avail, carefully directed suggestion in the hypnotic state, if confidently persevered in, is, humanly speaking, sure to awaken intellectual perception, impart mental alertness, improve the memory conditions, and substitute self-reliance for diffidence and timidity.

A troubled mother writes to inquire whether a child of six years can be satisfactorily influenced by hypnotic suggestion—"a sensitive, nervous, high-strung, exceedingly affectionate boy, but cursed with a painful lack of courage in his contact with other boys. This leads to a perpetual persecution by his companions, besides being in itself deplorable inasmuch as it is a trait indicating lack of manliness. By nature he is exceptionally truthful, but at times I suspect this supreme timidity may lead to deception through fear of consequences. Do you think this defect can be successfully overcome by hypnotic suggestion?"

My reply to such an inquiry is that the child as pictured is a perfect subject for hypnotic treatment, which will convert the cry-baby into a resolute, manly boy, the unhappy cringing coward into a model of bravery and truth.

On June 9, Howard P—, aged ten, was sent to my office by his mother, who declared that, in consequence of his destructive impulses, eternal restlessness, flagrant disobedience, defiance of her authority, and developing untruthfulness, life was not worth the living. The child was utterly incorrigible. Neither parents nor teachers could prevail in the least against the massive tendency to wrong-doing. Correction by precept and merciless castigation had utterly failed to check the vicious propensities. The boy was hypnotized, and a suggestion carefully formulated to the effect that he was no longer disrespectful, untruthful, disobedient, neglectful of his lessons; but that he would be affectionate and attentive to his mother's requests, would win her love, with the regard of the family and his teacher, by a cheerful service and a career of wholesome activity. A sudden change of attitude was noticeable. The exhibition of kindness in the home where before there had been nothing but ugliness and defiance, and of habits of thought-concentration in school instead of habits of rambling, was most gratifying to all interested. As hypnotism in such cases as this is of the nature of an education, it must be persisted in for months, until the desired trend is given permanently to the mental and moral energies.

In other instances no difficulty has



been encountered in awakening slumbering affections, creating a desire for knowledge, inspiring a respect for parents and elders, and even in compelling a courteous anticipation of their wants and wishes, on the part of apparently thoughtless and inattentive or ungrateful and reprobate children. In the case of young persons who possess ability but not application, the results of hypnotic training seem almost miraculous.

Many persons are born with unbalanced minds or minds in dissymmetry, one group of faculties developed at the expense of another group, a single talent or aptitude monopolizing almost the entire output of mental energy. Remarkable precocity of certain intellectual powers accompanied with arrested development of others—one-sided gifts or knacks—mark this condition. As Pope wrote, "Good or bad to one extreme betrays the unbalanced mind." The restoration to equilibrium of such asymmetric minds may be accomplished by appropriate hypnotic suggestion.

A recent experiment of the writer's establishes the fact that disequilibrium may be adjusted; a congenital cerebral deficiency overcome; a personality crippled by thought-inhibition, mental apathy, and defective attention transformed into a personality without a blot upon the brain, and so impending insanity shunted—by the use of hypnotic suggestion as an educational agency. In October, 1899, he accepted for experimental work the case of the Russian Hebrew boy George Rubin, known to his school-fellows as "Crazy George," and to the newspapers as the music-mad boy genius of Brooklyn. An examination showed at once that young Rubin occupied the neutral ground which divides the sane from the insane. He exhibited many of the prodromata of madness—viz., exaggerated irritability, sullenness, preternatural suspicion, accompanied with a slowness of all thought-processes, great difficulty of recollection, general incoherence, ill-timed hilarity, lack of interest in both amusement and occupation, aversion to the society of other children, absurd fears, hallucinations and night terrors, and a conspicuous one-sided attention, pathologically diminished for ordinary things, but mor-

bidly increased for music. His one passion was violin-playing; on this subject he was a monomaniac. Experts had pronounced him a remarkable performer, considering his age and his opportunities. His mother denied any sexual aberration.

This patient was brought to me for a solution of the question, Can approaching insanity or congenital mental unbalance be successfully treated by hypnotism? I confess it was with considerable misgiving that I took in hand this vicious, intractable, headstrong, contrary, and in every way untoward child genius—an intellectual quadroon, with one molecule in four of normal lecithin; and he proved to be the most difficult subject I ever put under hypnotic influence. At the first interview an hour was occupied in inducing him to lie quietly upon my lounge. Then his restless black eyes roved from the carnelian held before them to the volumes in the bookcases, to the vases of Bohemian glass on the mantel, and the pictures on the wall. As the experiment progressed his gaze sought the red stone oftener and lingered upon it. A silly laugh repeatedly broke the spell; but at the end of the second hour his eyelids closed, he breathed deeply, and entered the stage of suggestibility. During these two hours I talked to the boy in a low and soothing tone, assuring him that I was his friend, and that I would remove all harassing fears from his mind, and put it in a condition to receive the greatest benefit from the musical instruction that would be provided. At the second séance young Rubin was hypnotized in one hour with the help of a suspended diamond, and this method has since been pursued in his case. He looked at the gems as one fascinated. The earlier suggestions were to the effect that he was no longer nervous, that he had no fear of the dark or of phantom rats, that he would sleep without terrorizing dreams. The post-hypnotic fulfilment of these suggestions indicated the appropriateness of more direct educational work. The temper was first dealt with; the outbursts of passion were forbidden; obedience and docility were inculcated. Then at a subsequent meeting followed the cultivation of the attention and the memory.



A most gratifying response to these lessons suggested the development of the reasoning powers, and the automatic mind was directed to the study of arithmetic, and prepared for its successful and enthusiastic pursuit. A marked character change has certainly been effected. The boy is now docile, obedient, and happy. The tangled faculties have been unravelled, and he has become rational and quick of comprehension, has acquired powers of observation, concentration, and recollection that he was entirely without before the first treatment. He can describe and narrate with ease, and answer questions without hesitation. His face beams with an intelligent expression entirely new to it, and his interest in his surroundings is absorbing.

Cases like the above are treated very differently from those of intelligent women who understand the philosophy of suggestion and apply for assistance in their musical work. Here the suggestions are framed to meet the special needs of each individual. The subject is hypnotized, and told that the subliminal self is now in the ascendancy; that it has demanded and secured an outlet of expression through the physical organism and the mortal mind; that it will utter itself fearlessly, without diffidence, without thought of extraneous criticism, unerringly, feelingly, triumphantly; that in order to do this it has indued the objective self with power to read music, to interpret the contents, and to render the thought or feeling through the medium of piano tones evoked by dexterous fingers. An improvement is at once noticed, marked by facility in interpreting new and difficult music, by a sureness and delicacy of touch, and, above all, by the acquisition of perfect confidence before an audience. Proficiency in piano-playing on the part of those who understand the technic is assured in a comparatively short time by suggestive instruction of this nature.

That such results can be reached by a person who is himself without musical ability proves hypnotic suggestion to be more than a mere imparting of knowledge or skill possessed by the operator. It is a true inspiration, an appeal to the soul regnant, a kindling of deepest and sweetest emotions, a materializing of its high-

est aspirations, a summoning into action of its resistless dominion. If this inspiration be effected on psychological principles by a personality congenitally qualified and properly trained, the translation of latent into actual talent will be unattended with any danger of converting the subject into a soulless automaton.

A number of singers have had recourse to hypnotic treatment for vocal awkwardness and sensitiveness to changes of weather. A representative case is that of Miss D—, a vocalist, who applied in December for relief from hoarseness that supervened on the slightest provocation and interfered with her singing, a thickened condition of the vocal cords, and a morbid expectation of failure. Miss D— was hypnotized and assured that atmospheric conditions would have no effect on her vocal cords; that her voice would be smooth, clear, and velvety through the whole register; that she would trill and shake with precision; and that vocal grace had supplanted voice-awkwardness. These suggestions were repeated on two subsequent occasions with the effect desired. It is to be noted that this singer had a finely developed chest, and that the tone-producing blast determined a sufficient amplitude of vibration in the vocal cords. On January 27 the patient stated that she wished to sing the "Stabat Mater" in church on the following Sunday, and desired the power to render the piece effectively. She was accordingly hypnotized, and told that her voice would be responsive to the demands made upon it by her genius; that she possessed a perfect laryngeal instrument of voice-expression, and that on the occasion in question she would handle with dexterity the vocal cords, laryngeal cartilages, and muscles involved. As a result, she rendered the "Stabat Mater" to her perfect satisfaction.

On January 30 Miss D— reported with some bronchial trouble. The suggestions were to the effect that the secretions of the bronchi, trachea, and larynx were subject to the decree of her subliminal self, and were normal—that the nerve filaments were insensible to wind and weather, and hence the secretions would not dry and the voice become husky. So with a perfect laryngeal instrument naturally lubricated by healthy secre-



tions, vocal grace and ability were assured. She was then told to sleep for ten minutes, happy in the apprehension of her great endowment and in her recognition of control over all the physical procedures that have to do with voice-production. She awoke at the designated time, cheerful, buoyant, and eager to put into execution her newly apprehended powers. It is needless to say that they have stood the test.

The writer has had under treatment during the spring a number of persons who sought increased powers of attention and concentration, as well as several ladies who are making a profession of fiction-writing. To these latter were imparted, in hypnosis, first, a knowledge of the canons of narration—viz., the law of selection, which limits the story-teller to appropriate characteristic or individual circumstances; the law of succession, which governs the disposal of the selected incidents in the order of a climax; and the law of unity; secondly, of the laws of construction in the case of the novel, its functions and technic, and its legitimate material. This philosophy is readily grasped, assimilated, and utilized in post-hypnotic creation; and the mode of instruction puts out of countenance the conventional wrestling with the precepts of a text-book. In the light of instantaneous apprehension, barrenness gives place to richness of association, the earnest thought and honest toil of the old method to a surprising facility, disinclination to select details to zest in appropriating whatever is available. Opportunity and mood are thus made to coincide, and the subject spontaneously conforms to the eternal principles of style. Under the influence of such inspiration rapid progress has been made in the chosen field of authorship.

To the many who have desired and secured through hypnotic treatment accentuated powers of attention, concentration, reproductive memory, and imagination, the following typical suggestions were given: You are now in a position where you can perceive your mental faculties in all their strength and beauty, where you can appreciate their harmonious adjustment in a mighty unity. You apprehend your power to use them to the highest advantage. Hence you will re-

tain and assimilate the best of the good you hear and read, so that you can exploit it in conversation and discussion. And, above all, there will be no embarrassment, no admission of inferiority in the presence of others, for you realize your mental equality.

Harriet Beecher Stowe is said to have written *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in a subconscious state. It is related that upon inquiry from her publishers as to when they might expect a new instalment of copy, she was accustomed to say, devoutly, "The Lord only knows; wait till I am inspired." To a dreamy, non-observant patient having similar literary visions while half asleep, which vanish as she wakes, the suggestion has been given, with marked results, that whatever comes to her spontaneously in a state of reverie is hers permanently, and will find outlet in some piece of literature of her own creation.

Actresses resort to hypnotic treatment for accessions of self-confidence and for inspiration. The inspiration of an actress while in a hypnotic condition—the quickening of her faith in her powers of impersonation, the elimination of all admission of inferiority even to the stars of her profession, the emphasizing of her native dignity and grace, the pushing of her individuality into bold relief—is an easy feat to a suggestionist of strong personality who understands the delicate machinery of the human mind and the laws of dramatic art. The response of the woman's soul to such suggestions with post-hypnotic import is followed by her speedy ascent to the heights of histrionic art, and by subsequent triumphs on the stage through an apprehension of her own deathless powers as revealed by the creative communication of her hypnotist. An actress once so inspired is inspired forever. In these cases it is the practice of the writer to supplement the concluding suggestions with the assurance that the good work accomplished can never be undone.

The latest triumphs of suggestion must refute many theories of pedagogy that are taught in the colleges, and give accent to the philosophy of Milton, which based the conditions of success in teaching on the personality rather than on the method of the instructor.

# THE MANTLE OF ELIJAH\*

BY ISRAEL ZANGWILL

## BOOK I

### CHAPTER XII.

#### RECONCILIATION.

THE dinner, served in the private sitting-room, began placidly enough, politics being left behind with the high-hatted saints in stained glass, though the mildness thus engendered in the conversation gave the meal rather a vegetarian air. The Duchess had heavy arrears of family gossip to deliver to her prodigal brother, who listened with more patience than Allegra. The girl was still under the intoxication of her first public meeting, and resented trivial details concerning commonplace creatures of fashion, who, instead of "working for the world," let the world work for them. Even so had Mabel, fresh from the romance of her first ball, resented her mother's reminder in the homeward carriage that cook had given notice to leave, and father's throat was beginning to worry him.

But if Allegra still felt hostile to the Duchess and her world, the Duchess had apparently nothing but the most amiable sentiments towards Allegra, and having renewed her invitation to Rosmere, she grew so eager when Allegra refused it that nothing could content her but to carry off the girl at the point of her fork.

In vain Allegra wriggled in deprecation, protesting to the point of mendacity.

The Duchess was not accustomed to other people getting their own way. "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," she said.

"Then let me help you to some more partridge," said Marshmont good-humoredly.

She held out her plate instantly. "I'll have partridge and Alligator too."

"My dear Emma! What a menu!"

"Yes, it does seem as if the child was afraid I would eat her."

"No," said Allegra smiling. "Only that I should disagree with you."

"Tut! I'm not afraid of that," replied the Duchess, missing the jest.

"Alligator is tougher than partridge," her brother hinted slyly.

"Ha! ha! In that sense. Why, that was almost worthy of my Minnie. But as aunts don't eat nieces, dear," and she put down her fork to pat the girl's cheek, "there'll be no disagreein'. When you are older"—Allegra shuddered, foreseeing that eternal cocksure croak of pessimism—"no, you needn't shudder, you've got ages before you, but when you do get older, you'll find out that all the nice people agree more than they disagree. Take this bird, for instance—you and I both agree about that." And she resumed her fork.

"I doubt it," replied Allegra obstinately. "To you a partridge's life is more precious than a peasant's."

"Nonsense. Who told you that?"

"I have read about the Game Laws. A partridge may only be shot between now and February, a poacher all the year round."

"The child is right, Emma," said Marshmont.

"Then the Bible is wrong, Thomas, for the Bible says 'Thou shalt not steal,' you know."

"The stealing isn't entirely on the poacher's side," said Marshmont. "The ground game injure the farmer's crop, but he has no remedy. That's where the United States are so ahead of us—they started free from Feudalism. Here, if Hodge throws his stick at a hare that crosses his path, he may be clapped into prison. The whole thing's a superstition."

"Not at all, Thomas," said the Duchess smartly. "The superstition is, that it is unlucky if a hare crosses your path. If you throw your stick at the hare, you deserve to be unlucky."

"Not if you are unlucky already," Allegra protested. "Not if—as Deldon puts it—



'You sow that others may reap,  
And reap that others may riot.'

A farm-laborer who toils and sweats all the week round yet never earns enough to taste meat, has the right to catch all he can."

"So has the policeman," laughed the Duchess.

"And the Devil!" added Allegra sternly.

The Duchess dropped her fork again, but not to pat Allegra's cheek. "Well, Thomas," she said, "this is nice language your daughter holds."

"Do you mean the sentiments or the phraseology? Both seem to me essentially religious."

"If that is your idea of religion," said the Duchess frigidly, "I will trouble you to serve the apple tart. Argument is useless."

The grand manner somewhat abashed Allegra. "I warned you, Duchess, we should never agree," she murmured.

"Don't call me Duchess. I'm your Aunt Emma. You'll be saying your Grace next."

Allegra laughed merrily. "Why, so I will, Aunt Emma. For *that's* my idea of religion."

Her father chuckled too as he served the apple tart, and the Duchess after a moment of bewilderment joined in the laugh.

"Then it's settled you're comin' with your Aunt Emma," she said beamingly.

Allegra was taken aback. "But—"

"But what? Haven't we threshed it all out? Your sisters will send you on extra frocks. Your father admits he won't mind going home by himself—he's accustomed to solitary travel."

"But he has no secretary when he does get home."

"Well, to tell the truth, Allegra," said the Minister, "that young man—I forget his name—who made such a clever speech—"

"Broser," she prompted instantly.

"Ah, yes, Broser. He was just begging me to use him in some such capacity when your aunt came up. He said—well, he was very flattering, and—"

"And what does he expect for his services?" interrupted the Duchess.

"Nothing: nothing whatever."

"Precisely what they are worth, Thomas. But you know I don't mean money. Half the heirs and all the

younger sons would be glad of the job at the same salary. It's the short-cut to a political career."

"Oh, aunt!" protested Allegra flushing. "It was very fine of him. It showed his reverence for father was not merely oratorical; that he really does want to kiss the hem of Elijah's mantle—"

"By way of hangin' on to it."

"No, really, Emma. I cannot permit you to say that. One must beware of reading low motives into everything. I would stake my life on that young man's sincerity."

"And so would I," said Allegra.

"When you have lost both your lives," said the Duchess, "don't forget I warned you. Meantime I will take some more cream with my tart. Thank you, Alligator. How long shall you need to pack?"

"But mother—"

"Your mother will be delighted. Your father admits that much. A girl of your age must be provided for. At home you stand no chance. Mr. Fitzwinter's place is doubtless delightful, but you'll never get a proposal *there!* At Rosmere now, with Minnie attractin' all the nice young men—"

"You think I may come in for her cast-off proposals. No, thank you, aunt."

"You little minx! Did I offer you Minnie's leavin's?"

"Here is the waiter back," murmured Allegra, her cheeks burning.

"Then he can remove our leavin's," said the Duchess loudly.

Allegra discovered later that the Duchess did not mind discussing intimate topics before servants—a habit of which she was not quite weaned even when they began to contribute to society journals. But there was one thing which she discovered almost immediately and with no less surprise: to wit, that the Duchess's kiss was warm and motherly. Not that she remembered such a kiss from her mother's lips, but it had the quality which she instinctively associated with motherliness. The kiss was given while the waiter was handing round the black coffee; so disconcerting Allegra that she forgot to take sugar, and so dulcifying her that she forgot to notice its absence. All her dislike for the prejudiced patrician melted in this sudden sense of a kind stout lady. And now that she allowed herself to be seduced to Rosmere, she found that an undercurrent had all along

been flowing in that direction, towards this larger unknown life, even towards the shy Duke, and the interesting if unbeautiful Minnie. The Duchess herself had always had the attraction of repulsion. Now she appeared a more desirable protectress than Mrs. Marshmont, even as, despite Fizzy's delicate absence, the Devonshire house seemed less habitable than Rosmere. Mr. Broser's reverential discipleship had suggested how she could be replaced as amanuensis. Replaced? Nay, her father for the first time would find at his elbow a spirit of fire and love! Broser would even serve as an antidote to her mother!

## CHAPTER XIII.

## FEUDALISM.

AT Hazelhurst—the rural suburb of her father's constituency—where the Marshmonts had an old house of the same name standing in a couple of acres, Allegra had lived with the woods and streams, her acquaintance with the natives being limited to the old gardener who grew on the premises, and the nearest farmer's wife, who came to cackle over her chickens before they were hatched; and her impression of the life of the village, being founded mainly on its flamboyant fineries in church, had something of an operatic color. It was little Joan who had taken those opportunities for more intimate acquaintance which Charity affords, and had accompanied her mother's crinoline and Gwenny's jellies into the poky cottages of the poor—poor Dissenters preferred. But at Rosmere Allegra saw the whole social phenomenon both from an unfamiliar point of view and with her new purged vision. She congratulated herself on her opportunity, and resolved to collect data and draw up a Report that might be of use to her father—or even Mr. Broser—in the campaign against Feudalism.

As Rosmere was a more comfortable palace than most kings have possessed in the long run of history, so was the territory it dominated more drowsily content than most kingdoms. Far from uneasy lay the head that wore this coronet. The gracious father of his country-side, the Duke radiated patriarchal authority for miles around; or rather, it was the ducal House, surrounded by its stiff bodyguard of park palings, that threw its spell over the district—a spell independent of tran-

sient ducal individuals, yet requiring the Duke regnant for its plenary magic. For when the flag forbore to fly on the hunting-tower, an aching emptiness exhaled from the historic House, given over to gaping tourists and admiring artists. Long before you reached the House's visible presence you became aware of it, as of the distant rumor of a great city. "The Duke," "Rosmere," "Her Grace," hovered perpetually on the lips of men and yokels. It was the Temple at which all was offered up—oxen and sheep, horses and asses, and man-servants and maid-servants—whence all help proceeded: a very present refuge in trouble.

The farmers got their farms from it, the tradesmen their shops, the schoolmaster his main subsidy, the school-children their treats, the clergyman his cure of souls, the peasants odd jobs, the needy alms, and everybody advice: it offered places to foresters, woodmen, gardeners; the boys beat its coverts, the poachers robbed them, and were caught by its keepers and sentenced by itself. In its magisterial capacity the House agreed with its own ideas as a landlord. Its weight predominated in all questions of county government and taxation. In brief, the temporary occupant of this Temple became Providence's vicegerent for the parish.

Absorbing all this through her sensitive pores, Allegra understood why the first sight of the Duchess had given her so muffled a thrill. A Duchess out of her castle was like a tortoise out of its shell, a soft green shapelessness, without a jot of the clamped dignity of its native scaliness. "A peer and his possessions should never be parted," she noted in her Report. And of a truth the humblest periwinkle is an impressive object concealed in its contorted fastnesses, whilst exposed to a cold world on a pin's point its flaccid personality is painfully apparent. And even an inviolate periwinkle loses if, instead of clinging solitary to a remote rock, it comes to London and is accessible in pints.

"How differently I should have addressed Aunt Emma," wrote Allegra, "if, instead of her tapping me on the shoulder, I had had to penetrate through all this public rumor of Rosmere, all these sacred privacies of moor and forest, and deer-dappled vistas of Park, and avenues of footmen, before I could get a worshipful



glimpse of her, just as I had to pass through scarlet soldiers and solemn beef-eaters and courtiers in fancy dress, and shiver in a carriage, and be kept dangling in a ball-room, before I could kiss the Queen's hand. What you find wrapped up in so many papers *must* be precious. No wonder the Duchess behaves as she does. She carries Rosmere with her when she goes abroad, and forgets we are not all of her parish. And yet I dare say her title dazzles many into stomaching her rudeness. Burns says:

'The rank is but the guinea's stamp,  
The man's the gowd for a' that.'

But often the rank seems to me more like the stamp on a bank-note, which depends for its value entirely on the stamp. Is the Duchess stamped gold or stamped paper? At present I put her down as silver, but as I began by thinking her copper, or rather brass, her intrinsic value may rise further. All the same she imposes herself by dint of her stamp, not of her essence."

When she avowed to the inquiring Minnie the secret of her frequent withdrawals to the solitude of her room, Minnie said with an indignant air that she was a spy in an enemy's country.

"I am no spy," Allegra retorted. "A spy sneaks in secretly. You all knew which side I was on when you invited me."

"You are a spy," Minnie persisted, "and as such liable to be shot—especially if you go out after the birds with father."

Allegra laughed. The Duke's plebeian awkwardness with his gun brought him many a scolding from his head keeper, and was one of the bitters in the Duchess's ambrosial cup. While Allegra was laughing, it occurred to her that Minnie had been joking all along, for she had not yet discovered anything in life which Minnie seemed to take as earnestly as she herself took everything; unless it was making little sketches of scenery and people: an occupation for which Allegra in her present phase had a Puritan contempt. At any rate she felt Minnie would have done better to minister to a great male painter than to express her own feeble femininity on canvas.

Another cause that threw her back on herself she did not confess even to Minnie. It was an experience that, but for

her knowledge of her father and Mr. Broser, might have shaken her faith in masculinity. "The heirs"—served without their shells—not attracting her, she confined her conversation largely to the elderly personages of distinction who passed through the house, and from whom she gleaned much instruction, particularly when they were foreigners. But the more fascinatingly instructive they were, the more they seemed to fall into the flippancies of flirtation. It was very surprising to Allegra, this Dulsie-like levity of the learned and the famous, with names on "the Scroll"; still more surprising when she had glimpses of deeper designs than flirtation, as when the old Admiral of Arctic renown, whose pretty young wife was the magnet of "the heirs," began to pour out his passion for her among the orchids. Startled as Allegra was to find a breezy seaman, whom she associated unconsciously with white glaciers, expressing himself tropically in a conservatory, a deeper amaze forced from her lips the cry: "But you are married!"

"Don't be so morbid, my dear!" said the ruddy-faced old hero. He attempted to kiss her but she fled out of the glass house as if its air was stifling her.

Thus was another veil of happy illusion removed from the girl's eyes, and a new and "morbid" world opened to her. What! Marriage neither prevented men from making love, nor was the aim of their love-making. One could not be safe even with the married! Tossed between bachelors who wanted to wed, and husbands who did not, a girl might well take on the look of a hunted creature. And what Protean shapes this love could assume—an orchid itself surely, now poetic, now fantastic, now grotesque! To evade the men's conversation altogether, Allegra often played to them after dinner in the vast Louis Seize drawing-room—so gracious to her eye after the rococo of home—and as she had many pieces at her fingers' ends, she dodged even the masculine turning over of the music. By day hunting or shooting rid her of the sex, so that after passionate arguments against both amusements, she had come to see their value. When the ladies were invited to join the men at the billiard table in a harmless game of "shell-out," Allegra would slip up to her room and her Report.



But to the Duchess, Allegra made no report of any kind. She did not like to tell her Grace—so beamingly pervasive a fairy godmother—that some of her guests could not be trusted beyond her nose. She wished that similar things would happen to Minnie, so that the offenders might be expelled, but either Minnie was respected by all, or she was as reticent as Allegra.

The Duke himself, though he was very affectionate in his manner, never went beyond holding her hand or patting it, as at Lady Ruston's, and it was pleasant to walk with him in the sculpture-gallery or sit with him in his great solemn library with the frescoed ceilings, and calf and morocco walls, and turn over his vast collection of engravings of the Old Masters, and realize with sudden complacency that here she was at the very heart of hearts of this wonderful historic Rosmere. And in such moments a sense of some greatness, that was and yet was not the pock-marked kindly old man, some real golden bullion in History's vaults to justify this ducal bank-note, mingled dimly and as if apologetically with her irrepressible snobbishness. After the belch and whirl of Midstoke, Rosmere with its great tradition, its treasure of art and memories, seemed the protest of the human soul against the rawness of life, an expression of its own essential dignity. Thus, and no otherwise, should the human spirit be housed. She felt herself equal to this shell. But in the Report such considerations were dismissed as the "soporific sophistry of possession."

Remembering that the Duke too was literary, she hunted secretly in the catalogue for his works, but could not find them, and was driven to ask to see them. He explained deprecatingly that he had only published one as yet, and at her instance he produced it shyly. It was a slim elegant folio, called *Orvioto*, consisting largely of elaborate colored illustrations. He explained the title was the name of a town, not far from Rome, which contained some of the earliest monuments of Italian art. These and the Etruscan antiquities had so interested him, when he was making the Grand Tour with his tutor, that he had set to work to write a monograph on the town, which he believed had helped to direct attention to it. He showed her in the Preface his grateful acknowledgments to the tutor.

"Is that architecture?" cried Allegra,

catching sight of the gorgeous frontispiece—a many-colored reproduction of a cathedral façade. "It looks like a page of an illuminated missal."

"That's exactly what I say it is—in stone," said the Duke, pointing, enchanted, to the text. "These quaint Biblical scenes are bass-reliefs."

"How young God is in the Garden of Eden!" she said. "In most of your other Italian engravings He is an old man. But I suppose it is just as defensible to figure Him as a young man. How I should love to go to Italy and see all these wonderful things!"

"Perhaps I will take you some day," said the Duke, and Allegra wondered why he sighed. In the interim she devoured his book at a gulp, and expressed to him her pleasure at the meal: whereupon he presented her with a copy, inscribed "To the Dear Reader." It seemed almost too expensive a present—a sort of reduced edition of Rosmere—and Allegra considered remorsefully if she had seemed to tout for it, as for Fitzwinter's mare. His next book seemed, however, both a safe and a pleasing topic, and she wormed out of him that it would be called *Five French Cathedrals*, but that he would not publish till he had revised his early impressions by another visit. Owing to the Duchess's reluctance to cross the Channel, he could not fix the date of publication. He spoke of the actual publication of the work as if that were the least part; he trampled magnificently upon the Cornucopian traditions, and Allegra had a vision of publishers' doors flying open at the talismanic password: "Rosmere!" Allegra's first impression of him as a soul muffled protectively in a great beard persisted—it seemed a shrinking, beautiful soul; and if she could not share the Duchess's vision of his physical beauty, she made no secret of her admiration of his spiritual gifts. "Didn't I tell you he was an encyclopædia?" cried the Duchess, enraptured. "And so handsome, too! Like an encyclopædia in a beautiful binding! Don't you think his beard becomes him? He set the fashion in beards. Nobody wore a beard before the Crimean war—except a few dowagers. I always tell Minnie how grateful she ought to be for having had two chances of beauty."

It still appeared to Allegra that she had taken neither, having at most a curious



subtlety of expression that neutralized the indistinction of her somewhat overgrown figure, but in the face of the Duchess's extraordinary conviction she doubted her own senses. Politics was the only topic of conversation on which she was sure the Duchess was wrong, the truth here being so simple and obvious.

When the Novabarbese trouble came to what *The Times* called a climax, and the British Lion roared for blood, Allegra shocked the breakfast table by retailing Mr. William Fitzwinter's revelations. It was as if a number of the dreadful *Morning Mirror* had been served up instead of *The Times*. Allegra barely saved the situation by mentioning that, according to a letter from Joan, her father had gone up hurriedly from Devonshire to London, to attend a specially summoned Cabinet Council. This titbit of news not being in *The Times* yet, was savored and turned over and over on every tongue, and so Allegra was forgotten, if not forgiven. For although Britain allows of two sides in politics in time of peace, in war-time there are only patriots and traitors.

And before she left Rosmere her loose principles and Deldonian quotations shocked the County at the Bachelors' Ball. Young squires, who had incautiously taken two waltzes on the strength of her appearance, knocked breathless by her earnest conversation, returned for their second round with apprehension. "Don't you think we're all as bad as Nero—fiddling like this?" she asked one—to which he replied vacuously: "But we're not fiddling—it's the band." And her supper partner, to her plaintive cry (drowned by the popping of champagne corks), "We ought not to be feasting, when so many are starving," replied reassuringly: "Don't you hurry—let 'em forage for themselves. Besides, there's a little table quite empty in that corner."

The Duke had a way of evading politics; he simply existed ducally and said nothing. Sometimes he sat on the Bench, and sometimes he rode over his broad lands with Minnie or a bailiff; and sometimes he retired to the stables to smoke, the Duchess not having yet tolerated cigars in the house, and even shooting-jackets being forbidden at the breakfast table. Indeed, it was soon borne in on Allegra that it was the Duchess who wore the peer's robes. Allegra heard her

consult her husband about something and she never forgot the gentle pathetic humor of the Duke's reply: "Do as you like, my dear. You know you *will* do as you like."

Though the internal life of Rosmere really went very simply, visitors getting the plainest of breakfasts and lunches, and the hostess inspecting the kitchen with the regular irregularity of a canny housewife, and even intruding on the butler's brew-house, yet the Duchess saw to it that the magnificent traditions of Rosmere did not get moth-eaten. It was the Duchess—though the Duke was beside her—who drove to the local races in a chariot drawn by six superb horses, with a dozen tall outriders in powdered curls and cocked hats; the Duchess who opened flower and vegetable shows, and distributed the prizes; the Duchess who kept up the mediæval custom—dating from the days when Rosmere was an Abbey—of passing a loaf of bread through the postern-gate to every mendicant, and who rewarded by a blue swallow-tail with brass buttons the oldest parishioner who had brought up the largest family without parish relief; the Duchess who exacted some quaint annual tribute of eggs or farthings from every parishioner in sign of feudal homage, and duly distributed the potatoes for which an ancestor had purchased a right of way from the village; the Duchess who revered—as a pagan wife revered her husband's gods—this ancestor and all the other ancestors whose hatchments and memorials made of the village church a shrine of the Dalesbury blood, rather than of the blood of Redemption. What wonder if the story goes that when the parson, in reading the Thanksgiving Service after the birth of Minnie, said: "O Lord, save this woman thy servant," the Clerk responded: "Who putteth her Grace's trust in thee!"

As for the parson's wife, her only chance was when the Duchess went to her other seats or to town. But there was little left for interference. The Duchess had already decided how the schoolgirls must do their hair, and the limits of feathers and ribbon, so that the clerical lady could only taste the sweets of empire by pouncing upon culprits who had divagated from the sumptuary laws of Rosmere. Not that it was her desire to strike out for herself; her whole de-



portment was modelled on the Duchess's; her voice, originally sweet and caressing, unconsciously imitated the harsh note of the Duchess's; and instead of growing like her husband, as is the wont of a dutiful wife, she became more and more a duplicate of the Duchess.

This grandmotherly government—"by three old women, including the clergyman," as Lady Minnie irreverently described it to her astonished cousin—formed the ground-work of Allegra's Report. "There are two diseases in especial against which the peasant has to be protected—Small-pox and Dissent, and the latter is the more dangerous. It is the beginning of Independence. If you dare to differ from the Established Church, you might slide into disrespect of the Established Order. Gwenny was right: the Devil lays his traps subtly. To counteract the Devil, the Dissenter is deprived of doles in aid. As Minnie puts it somewhat profanely, the Dissenter gets no blankets in this world, and is warned he will need none in the next! I spoke to one named William Curve who had been preaching in a barn, and he admitted that intolerance was all they had to complain of here, and that the rule of the Duke is really a beneficent autocracy—that he has made good roads and erected way-side fountains, but that in some villages to which he tramps on his preaching tours—and he has tramped ten thousand miles for Christ's sake he tells me—the condition of the peasants is nearly as bad as in France before the Revolution. Very often they live on kettle-broth (bread soaked in hot water) and tea made with burnt crusts, and even for this bread—with the four-pound loaf at tenpence—they often cannot pay till harvest bounty. He himself had slaved on a farm from four in the morning till ten at night without tasting a bit of bacon except on Sundays. As for fresh meat, that was a Christmas dream. Even if after years and years you scrape together enough to buy a patch of ground or a little cottage, nobody will sell it to you. And the ivy-clad cottages with climbing roses that poets rave about—alas! I have done it myself, though I am not a poet—are, according to my friend William Curve, often simply centres of pestilence, physical and moral. He told me that thirteen people sometimes slept in one small room, and that there was a mort (he meant a heap—to

listen to him was like hearing mother read Shakspeare) of abominations not fit for a young lady's ears. This, like 'wait till you're older,' is one of the expressions that annoy me so terribly. As if I did not need to know *everything*. And as if there *could* be any greater abomination than thirteen people in one bed-room. I know how it frets me even to share my room with Mabel, and how satisfying is the sense of privacy in the bed-room in which I am writing now. I told Minnie about it, and asked her to join me in forming an organization to right the peasants' wrongs, but all she answered was: 'It is certainly unlucky for thirteen people to sleep in a room.' It will certainly be unlucky for these aristocrats—they will get themselves guillotined—that is what will be the end of it all. If only our English peasants had more manhood. They bow and smirk and swallow insults and Charity soup, and suffer the social order as piously as if it were the will of God. They are even worse Tories than Minnie."

But Minnie's character continued to baffle Allegra. Much as Allegra had come to disdain her own mother, she could never have analyzed her to Minnie as candidly as her ladyship analyzed her Grace. Perhaps it was because Allegra had even now not shaken off the purely physical fascination of her mother's fadeless beauty.

"The trouble with mother is that she takes herself and her position so seriously," said Minnie, as she copied in pencil the engraving of "Mona Lisa" from one of the Duke's portfolios. "She sees herself exactly as the village sees her. Whereas we should pray for perspective—not to see ourselves as others see us."

"You are very clever," said Allegra reflectively.

"I wish mother could hear you say that. She would think even more highly of you than she does."

"Does she think highly of me?" inquired Allegra in pleased surprise.

"Aren't you her niece? Whatever is hers she thinks highly of—her husband and her daughter, her niece and her brother, her house and her park, yea even her Church and her God. She feels she lives the best life, and her last breath will boast that she is dying the best death, and express her assurance of the best life to come."

"But that's a very enviable frame of mind," said Allegra, smiling. "And



some mothers might be the better for thinking less meanly of all that is theirs."

"Yes, if she kept her appreciation for home consumption; if she wasn't such a babbler."

"Well, everybody makes allowance for a mother's eye."

"A mother's *I* you mean—with a large capital. It's just an extension of egotism. She actually imagines I think as she does, that I am just an overflow of her personality. I've long given up the attempt to persuade her that I have a will of my own. At first I used to argue—but I soon made the discovery that it was more profitable to contradict her with my brain than with my tongue. What a blessing we have got a secret Council Chamber behind our foreheads that nobody can penetrate!"

And she sketched in Mona Lisa's unfathomable smile.

Allegra smiled her sweet transparent smile: "I've often wondered what lay behind the foreheads in your ancestral portrait-gallery. If the painters could only have painted that!"

"If they could only have painted the foreheads!" said Minnie. "Why, our gallery is as bad as the Royal Academy in London."

"You ought to paint the present generation, then."

"Mother wouldn't endure my doing any real work. I wanted to live in Rome and study. But she said the Dalesburys don't paint, they are painted. That is her idea of aristocracy—to be a model, not an artist."

Allegra smiled again: "My brother Tom has similar ideas, that it is nobler to be a butcher than a statesman. I'm so glad, Minnie, you don't agree with your mother. 'Never forget, Alligator,' she said to me the other afternoon, when I drove out with her to distribute the bottles of tar-water to the cottagers, 'never forget that you belong to the Chosen People.'"

"Yes, I know. She talks like an Anglo-Israelite. But what a ridiculous phrase—when you think of all the proselytes!"

"Proselytes?"

"Shopkeepers and brewers who have become touched with the true faith in escutcheons and family portraits, and whose blood, I presume, turns blue—a sort of sacred mystery."

"You must have a drop of father's blood," cried Allegra excitedly.

Mona Lisa's smile became more mysterious than ever under Minnie's skilful touch.

"I only trust mother didn't make *you* drink the tar-water," she replied evasively.

"I—I did take a glass," Allegra confessed with an involuntary shudder.

"There! That's mother all over. Because it does her good—or she fancies it does—everybody else must swallow it."

A more amusing instance of the Duchess's "extension of egotism" was forced upon Allegra's observation the very next time she accompanied her hostess on a matriarchal round. At lunch there had been talk of the by-election that was temporarily deposing the Novabarba crisis, and in which the Radical candidate was a blind man. Despite his abhorrent opinions, the Duchess admired his pluck, and coming upon an old blind carrier who complained that his master had withdrawn him from the road, "though many's the moonless night I've druv 'twixt here and Midstoke, before the Lord blindfolded me," she was moved to tell him about the blind politician.

"I like to see people of spirit," she said, as he stood bent with age, affliction, and reverence in the doorway of his step-daughter's thatched cottage. "Spirit is what I have tried most to cultivate in the parish. You know there is a blind gentleman—a man of university breedin'—who wishes to go into Parliament."

"Is there, yer Grace?" he said apathetically.

"Yes—isn't it splendid?"

"Ess, yer Grace."

"And isn't it wonderful that in all ranks of life the Almighty should send the same affliction?"

"Ess, yer Grace." He shuffled his aged limbs.

"The same misfortune might happen even to me!"

"Nay, nay, yer Grace, I'll never live to see that." And he shook his gray head incredulously.

"Well, I don't suppose it will. But all the same, isn't it a comfort to you to think that your betters have to suffer in the same way as you?"

"Ess, yer Grace." And his sightless eyes roved hopelessly up and down the landscape they had so long possessed.



"And must it not be a comfort to us all, Alligator, to see that in all ranks of life people meet fate with fortitude?"

"Certainly, aunt."

"And so, my poor fellow, they won't allow you to drive a wagon because you might smash it up!"

"But I could blow my horn, yer Grace, and the old 'oss knows every—"

"But they would allow the blind gentleman to guide the country. It's perfectly shameful."

"That's what I told master, yer Grace."

"But then all the Radicals are blind, so he wouldn't stand out."

"Noa, yer Grace."

At dinner, to an audience of peers and plenipotentiaries, Allegra heard the Duchess narrate the episode. "We have a poor blind wagoner in the village. He takes great interest in the career of the Radical candidate—it is touchin' to see how misfortunes knit the world together, and he said how wonderful were the ways of Providence in exemptin' no class from the burden of affliction, and thus practically equalizin' all ranks. But he argued, and not unnaturally to my thinkin', that if a blind man was allowed to guide the country, why should he not be permitted to drive his wagon?"

This was one of the Duchess's methods of self-delusion, Allegra perceived: first to suggest appropriate sentiments to other persons, and then to believe that the other persons had originated them.

The poor Duke's anxiety to become Mayor of King's Paddock (an ancient borough half-way betwixt Rosmere and Midstoke) Allegra now saw was entirely invented by the Duchess, who had one day confided to her how this noble patriot, finding the old Rosmere influence imperilled by the Radical brimstone belching forth from Midstoke, had resolved to save the town by heroic measures. Being cut off by his rank from representing King's Paddock in Parliament, he had taken steps to become its Mayor. There was bathos of course in this descent to civic heights, but the mob must be kept back at any cost. The Duchess sighed as she said she hoped that when the Tory Party *did* come back to Power, they would not forget to give the Duke the Garter.

"What is the Garter, Aunt Emma?"

The Duchess stared. "You little savage! Why, where have you been brought up?"

Allegra blushed. "Oh yes, I remember. *Honi soit qui mal y pense*." But she merely pictured the Duke with something in gold round one stocking and she wondered why its possession should gratify the owner of Rosmere. Even when, to guard against any return of the Duchess to the subject, she had studied the whole glittering panoply of collars and plumes from a book in the library, the thought remained with her that the Garter had been invented to give Dukes something to desire.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### HOME NEWS AND FOREIGN.

ALL this while The Manor House, Devon, and Rosmere had been exchanging friendly shots. These paper pellets were discharged mainly betwixt Allegra and Joan, and dealt largely in feminine trivialities and the relays of Allegra's wardrobe.

Remembering the weight of her father's post-bag, Allegra modestly refrained from adding to it. She interchanged loving messages with him through Joan. Besides he would get the Report some day. Meantime she received with a superior sniff Joan's rapturous Report anent the rival mansion.

"The Manor House is wonderful, an old, old house with the newest comforts and an Italian garden and an English wilderness laid out by Brunel. Sitting in the great hall you see right out through the domed conservatory and palm-house on to the blue sea dotted with white sails. The grand staircase is in oak and is lighted by a beautiful Gothic window, and there are early English mantel-pieces in the hall and principal rooms and quaint tapestries in the music-room—all with an immemorial flavor, not patched in from somewhere else—and the drawing-room is panelled with oil-paintings by foreign masters and Mabel says they are really good, especially those over the mantel-pieces. I am no judge of that but I am sure the stables (which you get to through a stone archway) are first class and the kennels are superb. But what seemed most unique were the piggeries and pheasantries." Here Joan waxed minutely enthusiastic. "Dear old Joan," thought Allegra, with a complex contempt for Joan's pagan enjoyment of grandeurs which were really second-rate. "She's only seen our little



place at Hazelhurst, so The Manor House seems Aladdin's Palace. I am glad Aladdin is not there. She might be tempted to do something desperate. I don't suppose Minnie would think much of those paintings." And she felt an art-critic herself, uplifted on Minnie's scorn.

From Dulsie there came only one communication, the handwriting exactly like Mabel's, but revealing itself as Dulsie's—the moment the envelope was torn open—by the absence of italics and the abundance of dashes and brackets.

"I like Devon—an earthly Paradise—surely the rich red earth from which Adam was made. (Adam means 'red earth' a Jewish adorer once told me.) I wish I knew the secret of the manufacture—but it's a lost art, like Henri Deux pottery-ware—so I shall never possess my ideal adorer. There is a cat here, named 'Larrups' (which is Devon for 'ragged,' I learnt from a local young squire.) He is the pet of Mr. Fitzwinter's housekeeper and a maid told me yesterday she liked his character, because he wasn't 'so English as some.' You see the Devonians regard themselves as far above Englishmen:—your Duchess may have the strawberry leaves but we have the cream of the cream—I'll tell Gwenny to post you some (though she says my love for it is 'idolatrous'). Silly old Gwenny."

"Silly old Dulsie!" Allegra thought. "Will she never think of anything but being adored? Why doesn't she try to think of men seriously, of being a man's helpmate?" Turning the page accidentally, she found a postscript. "Since writing the above there has been a deadly set-to between mother and the housekeeper over this very 'Larrups' and mother's rat. At first the housekeeper promised to keep her feline pet in the kitchen, except at nights—but it got into the drawing-room and went for the rat—every bit 'as English as some.' Mother sprang to the rescue—and then rang for the housekeeper. O what scenes! We were all glad that the Brosers—father's new secretary and his wife—provincials awed by our fine manners—had driven in to the village with the telegrams. Mother was for packing up and going home on the nail—father and Gwenny combined could not soothe her—she ordered us in quite Shakspearean language to 'shake the blood-stained dust of The

Manor House' off our Balmoral boots—but Joan pointed out that the week's washing hadn't come back yet—so mother agreed to wait for that—and now she's as merry as Christmas, with the beastly rat on her shoulder. The moral of it all is that cats should be converted to vegetarianism and their fondness for Devonshire cream no longer discouraged."

"I should draw a very different moral," thought Allegra severely. "And this in the middle of a political crisis, with England's future turning on whether father could keep his head cool!"

In truth it was very soon after this that she got from Joan the news of her father's summons to a Cabinet Council. They had also heard from Mr. Fitzwinter, half on his way to Novabarba with his sister in his own yacht. He hoped his housekeeper had made them comfortable.

"Comfortable!" commented Joan angrily. "Yes—if she had only not kept an odious cat who made a spring at mother's odious rat. A pity they didn't kill each other!" Here followed Joan's superfluous account of the episode, skipping only her own part as *deus ex machina*. "Isn't it disgusting how women make pets of animals, from pug-dogs to husbands? I suspect *you'll* be keeping a husband soon, having rejected the husband who wished to keep you. By-the-way, Reform doesn't appear to miss you much, nor should we miss her, for the Stables are almost as full as the piggeries. And talking of piggeries reminds me to tell you of the new secretary father picked up and installed here—a Mr. Broser, who has brought about the impossible, for he has made us all wish for the Honorable Andrew back again. Not that he doesn't try to be entertaining, for he is full of quips and cranks, but, as Dulsie says, we now realize the difference between the Honorable Andrew and a Merry Andrew. Besides our gentle kinsman (if father's nephew's brother-in-law can be called a kinsman) had no consort, whereas Mr. Broser means likewise Mrs. Broser, a lady who seems to have sprung from a beastly rich Midstoke family with iron-works and things, but to be pathetically aware that she's not in it with us for breeding. This at least gives her better manners than her lord and master, who certainly fancies himself the fine gentleman. Poor little woman! I never knew



any one wear such a large crinoline and yet take up so little room. You almost forgive her for dressing like a housemaid on her Sunday out. Her reading seems to comprise only a few novels and sermons—Jim, who can hardly bring himself to be civil to the man, declares her husband hasn't read as much, but I must admit the male Broser is very smart in catching up things and of course he can see a joke, whereas Mrs. B. just gawks at you blankly with her watery blue eyes. But as Dulsie says, it's no use casting pearls before pig-iron. Mr. Broser is fearfully polite to all of us girls, but Dulsie from the depths of her experience of mankind says that this is only French polish, concealing a stern contempt for our sex. Certainly he has a right to his opinion, judging by Mrs. Broser, who simply makes herself a door-mat for him, though I am sure she brought him a considerable dowry. We all told father he ought to get a young man from his Department or somebody of position, instead of this ignoramus, some younger son, like Lord Arthur Pangthorne, who says he'd be awfully glad of the chance of a career. He was here the other day—it seems he met Mabel and Dulsie at Cambridge, and his people live near Torquay...."

Allegra's reply shot was red-hot. "Mrs. Broser is perfectly right to make herself the door-mat. Would you have her make herself the hammer and tongs, like mother? If she makes herself a door-mat for him, remember he makes himself a door-mat for father. Both devotions do honor to the devotees. I have not the pleasure of Mr. Broser's personal acquaintance but I saw and heard him, and if he be not the man of to-day, he is the man of to-morrow. Your self-consciousness of your good-breeding seems to me to hold more vulgarity than Mrs. Broser's consciousness of her bad-breeding. It is not for you who meditate marrying piggeries and pheasantries to sneer at her devotion to a husband to whom she owes nothing but the honor of being his wife. The manners of Masaniello were not polished, and I have just been reading in that divine Mr. Carlyle all about Cromwell and his muddy top-boots. Yet those top-boots kicked all the curled and pomaded cavaliers. 'A rugged Orson rending his rough way.' The Sham Hero is for the Valet World."

Joan did not answer this. The next pellet from The Manor House was fired by Mabel a week later.

"Just a line, dearest Ally, to tell you I am *engaged*. It isn't my *fault*, I'm sure, for *Dulsie* gave him our address, and I never *dreamed* it was poor little me he was after. Everybody is *delighted*, except Jim, who says nothing, and Joan who says *too much*. Of course father doesn't know yet; he went up to a Cabinet Council, and now telegraphs this Novabarba business is so troublesome he will remain in town till Parliament meets, so the bourgeois Brosers have gone up to keep him company (every sorrow has its compensations, you see). But I expect as mother is satisfied, father will give in. I really did fear she would join that chit of a Joan in objecting to a *younger* son, but Dulsie declares mother is jealous of us all and will only be glad when she is left alone with father and her rat. This is a hint for you to *hurry up*—mother told Gwenny she expected *any moment* to hear of your engagement to a belted earl. I wish to goodness Arthur was an earl. It is terrible, this law of primogeniture. I never realized before the *injustice* of it. Eclipse first, and the rest nowhere. Mr. Broser was saying once at table that if ever he gets into Parliament, he will sweep away the whole system. I laughed at him then, but now I see he was right. Arthur, too, would like to get into Parliament, because then he says the Whips will *give him some post* and we can marry on it. Arthur's people are all Tories of course but he thinks it best to go in as a Radical, because father's a Radical and the Tories are all out of it, just now. He says he expects poor people will *like* to be represented by a Lord. Joan, who is as *nasty* as she can well be, tries to dishearten us by saying she's certain father's already pledged all his influence to Mr. Broser, but surely they *need not clash*."

Clash? Allegra paused to laugh sardonically to herself. Clash? This jejune lordling and that Viking of the platform! She pictured a Midstoke steam-hammer clashing with a china doll. And then the impudence of the poppet's Radicalism. No, no, my fine fellow, the People is not such a simpleton as you think! She could hardly bear to read further in this foolish feminine epistle, but she went through it dutifully to the last foolish feminine line. "Write to me *at once* and



wish me happiness for he is *a handsome boy*."

"And hasn't even told me who he is!" she thought, crumpling up the letter disdainfully. "If Joan hadn't happened to mention Lord Arthur Pangthorne, I should have been all in the dark. Mabel can't realize that what bulks so largely in her mind doesn't exist at all in mine.... Oh, what feather-headed creatures women are—they don't need to peacock out their heads with feathers from poor slaughtered birds to show it. A handsome boy! Give me an ugly *mān*! Well may Mr. Broser despise our sex. Never thought of the injustice of primogeniture before, didn't she? Not till it touched herself! That is just like women—no sense of great principles, only of little personalities. Oh, to sink one's self, to serve, to minister, to be caught up into the splendor of a great life!"

"Aren't you going to take any breakfast, Alligator?" the Duchess interrupted.

Allegra wandered to the sideboard and helped herself to she knew not what.

"You look hipped, my dear. I hope there's no bad news from home."

"There is rather. But—but I think it's private just yet."

"I should have thought the bad news from abroad was enough for anybody!" said the Duchess in an aggrieved tone.

Minnie's coffee seemed to gurgle in her throat.

"In these dark days we must sink our private griefs in the degeneration of England," pursued the Duchess, buttering her toast carefully. "The language these filthy Novabarbes dare to use towards our envoys! O Dalesbury, if I were in the Cabinet!"

Colonel Orr-Stenton, the only guest down, smiled, showing his handsome teeth. "I wish you were, we'd see a bit more service."

"You really would like to fight, Colonel Orr-Stenton?" Allegra inquired in astonishment. The good-looking Colonel had commended himself to her breast as an exception to country-house manhood. His lovable nature, his soft voice and kindly manners that held no hint of even the mildest flirtation, his quiet teetotalism in a world in which old port was handled with almost ritual reverence, and above all his fondness for literature and his unassuming Christian piety, had at moments made Allegra regret that the

world's state should make Broser's, and not his, the highest type of modern manhood. Broser's strong red face, the veins on the temple swelling with righteous passion, Broser's massive voice, these alas! were needed: not a cheerful placidity of fine-cut feature, a caressing utterance of beautiful quotations.

"Would I like to fight, Miss Marshmont! Why, what else am I for?"

"You are just a watch-dog."

He bowed laughingly. "Thank you. But it's rather dull without an occasional burglar."

"But the burglar occasionally destroys the dog." She had a horrid vision of this charming gentleman mutilated like the moths.

"That is all in the day's work—or should I say the night's work?"

"Besides, there's promotion," put in the Duke from the husky depths of his beard.

"But surely you wouldn't want to see England at war just to get a chance of promotion?"

"I don't say I would. But I'd like my chance all the same."

"There, aunt! Didn't I tell you of the danger of a standing army? It sees things topsy-turvy. The dog—to get his bite—or his rewarding biscuit—would rather see his master's house attacked!"

"It's you who see things topsy-turvy, Alligator. I'm surprised at your impoliteness. I shall have to give you the paper on politeness which I read to the Young Women's Christian Association at King's Paddock."

"You really ought to read it, Allegra," said Minnie suavely, "especially the warning against rebuking your friends in public."

"Such as calling gentlemen house-dogs," said the Duchess, highly pleased.

"Yes," said Minnie. "As if a soldier waited for a bite—like an angler! If you had called him a fox-hound or a harrier or a greyhound or a boarhound—"

"A blood-hound, then," said Allegra viciously. "All the same, Colonel Orr-Stenton, I hope the Government will stand out against this popular outcry, and that you will *never* taste blood."

"Alligator, you forget yourself. Colonel Orr-Stenton won the Victoria Cross before you were born."

"Oh, please, please," he said, laughing



and blushing quite like Allegra. "Don't give away my age."

"He has put down insurrections in all parts of the world. With his own hand he killed the notorious Yost Ali."

"Oh, please, please, Duchess," interrupted the Colonel in consternation. "Never rebuke your friends in public—remember your own rede."

Allegra gazed at the Colonel in horror. That white hand elegantly manipulating a fish-fork had stabbed a mighty chief fighting for his father-land! For a moment she had a sickening sense of break-fasting literally with a butcher, cleaned up after the shambles. Then this gave way to a remorseful remembrance of his bravery and modesty. Why had he been so reticent of all these marvellous adventures? And how was he able to split his conscience and his being so in twain, and be a cherub at home and a demon in the field? Was he made in two pieces like his name? And how stupid she had been! Almost as stupid as when she had been writing her poem on "Fame." Soldier after soldier she had met at Rosmere, and yet never had she seen the blood on their hands. Their Majors and Colonels had seemed no more vitally related to their personality than the "Lords" and "Sirs" of the others: handles to names, not to knives. And again a veil seemed to fall from her eyes—disclosing she scarce knew what, save that it was somehow another revelation of the complex and ruthless forces of life.

Immediately after lunch next day—cheered by a blue sky after a rainy morning—the Duchess despatched a telegram to a lawyer and drove out with Allegra in an open carriage to inspect Ethelstan Hall, eleven miles away, just outside King's Paddock. She explained that the Duke was thinking of buying the place, as it would conduce to his mayoral popularity to have a local seat. This, the only worthy residence, had been in the hands of one family from Anglo-Saxon times—a record probably unequalled—but just this year, as if under providential influence, the only surviving representative had put it on the market.

The carriage-road skirted a rising rolling moorland, silvered here and there with the living sparkle of cascades. An air Alpine in its exhilaration blew across the craggy loneliness. They passed some great red houses.

"Hydropathic establishments!" the Duchess explained with a shudder. "Horrible places in which people play at being ill. Isn't it wonderful what things people, especially women, can persuade themselves into believing? I had a sentimental German governess who confided her love-affairs to me. 'Ach, Fräulein Marjorimont,' she would say, 'it ees terrible, how many hearts zat I must break.' It *was* terrible and I longed to tell her what a fool she was, but that would have put an end to these interruptions of the lesson. But one day it struck me I could just say in my brain: 'Fräulein Mahlberg, you are a nincompoop.' And I used to say it over and over, smiling amiably with my outside. It was a wonderful relief. Isn't it lucky one can say things like that in one's brain? Drive slowly, Tenby, as you pass the cemetery. I want to show Miss Alligator the Runic stones."

But Allegra gazed at the Runic stones with her eyes only: she was saying something "in her brain." She remembered how Minnie, too, had discovered the advantages of this "secret council-chamber" which enabled her to contradict her mother peacefully, and the suggestion of heredity was startling.

"Though we beat at our bars so wildly, are we just the parent birds over again?" thought Allegra. "Shall I, too, only make the 'discoveries' which the dead who sleep here have made? Or is it just the hypocrisy of our common womanhood—to say things 'in one's brain'?"

At the lodge of Ethelstan Hall they found a wizened gentleman with mutton-chop whiskers who saluted them respectfully and whose professional parchment face introduced him as Mr. Sadler, the lawyer. He walked beside the carriage as it went crunching along the gravel drive. Soon an ascending path to the right, with the dull gleam of a statue through the greenery, caught the Duchess's eye.

"What's that?" she asked.

"They call that Apostles' Avenue, your Grace. It leads to a Calvary."

"How curious! Can we go up there?"

The lawyer hemmed. "I don't know if there's room for the horses, your Grace, and the grass is wet after the rain."

"We can do it, your Grace," said Tenby.

The carriage backed and the horses



turned, their hoofs falling muted on the thick coating of russet leaves that seemed a mournful symbol of more than the year's decay. Tall neglected trees hugged one another with manifold skeleton arms, and the beautiful keen blue day suddenly changed into a dank gloom. On either side they passed moss-grown mouldering stone figures, chipped and worn, which they surmised were the Apostles.

"Catholic family, your Grace," explained the lawyer apologetically, as he scraped along betwixt the wheels and the trees.

The Duchess sniffed. "But I thought the Ethelstans were pure Anglo-Saxons."

"Certainly, your Grace. But converted to Christianity. And Catholicism was—your Grace will remember—the original form."

"But England threw off the yoke of the Scarlet Woman!"

"The Ethelstans kept the faith."

"They seem to have neglected everything else," said the Duchess with asperity. "I never saw a place so ruined. What's that lurkin' in the grass yonder? The Virgin Mary, I dare say."

"No, your Grace; that's a tomb. The Ethelstans had themselves buried here. We are approaching the Chapel."

"And do the Ethelstans expect me to buy their ancestors?"

"No, your Grace," replied Mr. Sadler simply. "You may cart them away."

"Cart them away!" screamed the Duchess.

"Those are my instructions," he replied unmoved. "I asked young Mr. Ethelstan just before he left for Paris, if he made a point of their retention, and he said, 'No; they can cart 'em away!'"

"And that's your modern young man!" exclaimed the Duchess bitterly. "From immemorial ages, even before the Conquest, the family has lived here and died here. And now this young gentleman deserts the historic nest, and is off to Paris to drink absinthe on the boulevards with a cocotte! And any bumpkin with money may play bowls with the bones of his ancestors! I hope you see the disgrace of it, Alligator."

"I do indeed, aunt." And Allegra for once felt herself in sympathy with the Duchess.

The carriage came to a forced stop at the Chapel—a mildewed stone building, over the portal of which a dilapidated

Christ hung on a moss-grown cross. There was an unhomely look about the Christ, forlorn and deserted in a world which had once been His.

And yet as Allegra's eye turned from the beautiful horses, and the groom with his smart cockade, and the speckless coachman, and the shining equipage, and the gayly dressed Duchess, to that crumbling figure of reproach, she wondered if perhaps he had not been even more bitterly despised and rejected of men in the hour when the Ethelstans had come to bend the knee to him. And a sudden nausea seized her for beautiful Rosmere and all its pagan pomp. What did it mean, the civilization nominally founded on this crucified figure?

"Sell that thou hast and follow me!"

And she recalled the Duke stepping from his curtained state-pew to read the lessons for the day, and imperturbably declaring himself the equal of the smock-frocked laborer, who was not even permitted to approach the Communion rails till the farmers and shopkeepers had risen from their knees.

"Ugh!" said the Duchess. "What a damp cold place! We won't go in *there*! I hope the house is more cheerful."

"It's not been so long unused," said Mr. Sadler with his prosaic simplicity.

But now a difficulty arose. There was no room to turn round. Mr. Sadler's first instinct had been sound. The horses had to be backed all down Apostles' Avenue. And Allegra, with that passion for symbol which had found support in carven eagles, felt one could not turn one's back on the Christ.

At Rosmere, Minnie came down the drive to meet the returning carriage. For the first time Allegra saw her excited.

"War is declared! Colonel Orr-Stenton has gone up to town!"

"Thank Heaven!" cried the Duchess.

"Oh, mother!" And Minnie laughed, for all her excitement, and Allegra joined in, though she had turned pale.

"It's no laughin' matter, you silly creatures. But how do you know, Minnie?"

"He had a telegram from headquarters."

"Then my father must have resigned!" said Allegra, growing whiter.

"What!" shrieked the Duchess. "Who told you that?"

"Nobody: my own heart. He objects to war; he cannot possibly countenance—"

"Nonsense—he will ruin himself. I never remember the country so unanimous."

"Let him ruin himself. Christ said, 'Sell that thou hast and follow me.'"

"Yes, but not sell your country," put in Minnie quietly.

"You, too, Minnie!" And Allegra burst into tears and ran up to her room and locked the door—like her mother.

The last post brought a letter from Joan, who evidently had not yet heard the great news. "You don't deserve I should write, but this is to tell you not to write any more here. We are going home. Larrups has eaten mother's rat.

\* \* \* \* \*

These asterisks are hysterics. The bloody halls of Devon &c. But I believe she is not sorry for an excuse to get back to father. A much more serious catastrophe—Mabel's engagement to a penniless, brainless boy—mother met with resignation. I expect she's as tickled at being mother-in-law to a Lord, as Mabel is to become Lady Arthur. A nice Lady Arthur—without a farthing for a trousseau. Father confessed to me that his income had diminished almost in proportion as his family had increased. 'But you get a big salary from the Government, don't you?' I asked. 'I don't know what we should do without it,' he said, instead of answering. So if the Tories ever come into power again, the look-out will be cheerful—with a pauper Lord on our hands, too. Poor father! he really ought to have had a wife like me. I think I shall have to take our finances seriously in hand. Mother who seems disappointed at your failure to capture a coronet wants to know when you are coming home. Never, if I were you. Home, sweet Home. And now Mr. Broser will be added! Heigho!"

Allegra, her soul already resolved to shake off Rosmere, slept little that night. Had her father withheld his resignation after all? Did sordid yet unselfish money cares stifle the diviner impulse? "Father which art in heaven," she prayed, "strengthen my father on earth to choose the highest." Her mind tossed and turned like her body, revolving feverish plans for earning her living. She would go so far as to submit her poems to Mr. Fitz-

winter. She would get up early and toil at anything, everything. And so at last she tossed herself to sleep, and got up late.

The Duchess looked black—*The Times* in her hand.

"It's all over with your father!"

"Thank God!" said Allegra.

"Actum est de Balbo," murmured the Duke. "Nothing, Emma—only a classical reminiscence."

"Please, please, aunt, let me see the paper."

The Duchess regarded her sternly, and then read out: "The infelicitous experiment of including an extremist in the Ministry has had the results we ventured to predict. Always a thorn in the side of a patient Cabinet, Mr. Marshmont has done his colleagues a favor by withdrawing himself. Her Majesty's Government has not rushed into war. On the contrary, it has almost imperilled England's prestige by its reluctance to take the decisive step before every measure of conciliation had proved futile. Mr. Marshmont's conscientious doubts of the justness of this war will go for nothing, because the public clearly understands that his conscience is not against this war, but against any war. It is curious that a politician, so sober in his commercial judgments, should so miscalculate the forces of history. Perhaps it is because he has his eye too much on our commercial developments to perceive the other and more brilliant threads that make up the mighty fabric of a nation's life. We cannot always be considering our pocket. Mr. Marshmont would doubtless prove a valuable Minister in the Millennium. Meantime a United Cabinet will have the support of a unanimous nation."

"Don't cry, my child," said the Duke, perceiving the big round drops beginning to fall. "You'll spoil your pretty eyes." And he moved towards her and took her hand.

"Let her cry," said the Duchess. "I could cry myself over Tom's silliness."

Allegra raised a tear-stained face. "I am crying for joy," she said proudly.

"Alligator's tears," murmured Minnie.

"We cannot always be considering our pocket—that's the only true thing in what your wretched organ of the Classes says. But oh how ironical to say it! I must go home to my father now, Aunt Emma."



"Tut, tut! you're not the Prodigal Daughter, if he's the Prodigal Son."

"Your father won't be at home, my dear," the Duke interposed. "He is going to address his constituents, the paper says. Though if I were he, I'd keep my thunder till Parliament meets."

"He'll have plenty left for Parliament," said Allegra pugnaciously, as she withdrew her hand from the Duke's. "Do you know what time the next train goes?"

"The next train may go, Alligator, but you'll stay here. The idea of snivelling round your father! I've told you you shall go up to London with us, as soon as this Mayor business is over."

"But my people are returning at once. Oh, it is terrible to think of my father being worried by their return now."

"Perhaps that is why he is going to address his constituents," suggested Minnie.

"My mother will need me anyhow."

"What, with a litter of gals treading on each other's trains!"

"I don't know why you want to keep me," Allegra broke out desperately. "You all hate me!"

"Oh, my child!" said the Duke gently, "I'm in love with you."

The Duchess deliberately walked over to her and administered that motherly kiss of hers.

"My poor Alligator!" she said. "How you remind me of myself at your age! That is why the Duke is in love with you."

"But you never had my opinions," said Allegra, half bemused, half mollified.

"I had the same opinion as you of the Duke. You'll end by agreeing with me about everything else. Wait till you are older."

Again that paralyzing phrase.

"Wait till you're as old as I," added Minnie slyly.

"You!" said Allegra, missing the subtlety. "Why, you are—"

"Old enough to agree with mother!" And Allegra, self-convicted of obtuseness, somehow felt disarmed.

"But *my* mother will be worrying dreadfully about Tom," she said, with a new recollection.

"Tom?" said the Duchess. "Is that the way to speak of your father, Alligator?"

"Tom's my brother. He's with his

regiment in Novabarba. He will have to fight now."

The Duchess's face glowed like a patriotic beacon. "What did I tell you, Dalesbury? Barks like a—like a Broser and bites like a Briton. The Marjorimont blood, eh? How it comes out!"

"Let us hope it won't come out," murmured Minnie.

"And yet, Alligator, you expect me to listen to what you say with your silly little tongue, when all the while I can hear the beating of your heart."

Minnie hummed the then popular ballad:

"The beating of my own heart  
Was the only sound I heard."

It served as a fresh hint to Allegra not to argue.

"And so even this move of your father's," pursued the egotistical dame, "may only mean that he sees his way to upset the Government, become Premier, and carry on the war better himself. But it's a dangerous game."

At that the bomb-shell in Allegra's brain nearly exploded, but Minnie humming fortissimo, she merely said: "I must send a telegram to him anyhow, to ask if I can be of use."

"And I'll send one," said the Duchess, "to tell him he's broken my heart."

Curiously enough, it was the first time either had held written communication with the Minister. Allegra penned moreover the first telegram of her guarded life, and had a fitting sense of importance.

"Your little Ally is proud of your splendid protest and desires to know if she can be of use at home. Love to all."

"I'll walk in with it, aunt," she said. "Shall I take yours too?"

"Yes, but see if you can make it out."

Allegra read out with cumulative blushes: "Disgusted with your diplomacy. A blunder of the first order. Don't make another by recalling Allegra. We have all grown fond of the sweet child and are gradually weaning her of her ridiculous opinions. My love to my nephew in Novabarba. Rule Britannia. Emma."

The task of handing this to the telegraph-operator loomed terrible to the shy girl. However, she could not back out now, and besides she wanted to buy a *Morning Mirror* surreptitiously. With heavily veiled and averted face she



handed the clerk both messages together, as if they cancelled each other's indelicacies, but he merely mentioned the cost.

In the shadow of Rosmere, the nefarious *Mirror* could not be found, and this renewed her sense of revolt, and the feeling of being somehow kept a prisoner aggravated it to hysteric anger. Rosmere hung like a low ceiling over all aspiration, all free thinking. The ceiling might be of ancient oak, and charged with historic poetry, but oh how it weighed one down! The past, the past, always the past. It was the future that beckoned, that glimmered. Yes, he was right, that modern young Ethelstan. Cart away their graves! Let the past consume its own smoke. To-day too has its rights, demands to draw great free breaths. Down with the ghosts on our shoulders, the yoke of the dead. The world needed sledge-hammers—Dantons, Tom Paines, Brosers—to crash rudely through all these historic mendacities, tyrannies, injustices; the more and not the less grievous for the longer duration of their oppressiveness.

And she welcomed the chance encounter with William Curve, the fustian-coated Methodist; her pleasure increasing when he was found to be in possession of the *Morning Mirror*, and anxious to congratulate her father's daughter.

"Ay, that's a man!" he said, giving her the paper. "An honest man's the noblest work of God."

She smiled so as not to shed a tear. "But I must pay you for the paper. Women are honest too."

He shook his head, refusing the silver coin. "Women!" he murmured.

"Ah, you don't think highly of women!" she said eagerly.

"My mother was a good woman." He bared his head.

"You mean she was as rare as my father."

"Ay, but the best of 'em's born with a twist. I sometimes think an honest woman's the noblest work of man. I'll be bidding you good-afternoon, miss."

Allegra looked after him. Another great soul hampered by his wife, she surmised. Yes, it was true. Women were never honest—unless some noble man remade them. She herself was all hypocrisy and guile, often permitting herself to chat gayly to the ducal circle—with bomb-shells "in her brain."

She walked back, rapt in the study of the newspaper, drinking in the praises of her father like wine, her tread going springier with each superlative.

The young gentleman who distributed adjectives in the absence of "Fizzy" had, like all imitators, left his original in the rear. The fall of the Ministry under the speech which Marshmont would contribute to the Debate on the Address was confidently prognosticated. The second leader was also devoted to the Novabarba crisis, but here the same hand had followed "Fizzy" into the realms of the satiric and the mordant, and elaborately quizzed the public confusion as to what it was all about and "what they fought each other for."

"How it arose is wrapped in a mist of State Papers and Foreign Office Cyphers, thickened to a London fog by journalistic lying, and we venture to affirm that no two men in the street would assign the same reason for their sanguinary intoxication. Whether it was the capture of the missionary, or the disrespect to the British envoy (whom they confound with an ambassador); whether the attack of the panic-stricken Bangaree tribesmen on the Frontier Force escorting the telegraph construction staff, or the equally foolish British misconception that the Sultan was responsible for the raids of Talu Ben, a simple robber chief on whose head the Sultan himself has set a price; whether it was the British assertion of suzerainty over the new Novabarba mines, or the European complications as to tithes, or the private feuds occasioned by the intrigues of the Dragoons with the native women—those very Dragoons sent out, be it noted, to stave off war; whether it was the Sultan's scheming to get back his province, or his fear lest he lose the others; whether he was spurred on by Paul Haze's ambition or his own or his youngest wife's, or insulted by the refusal of Queen Victoria's hand, to which in his barbaric ignorance he aspires; or whether the whole thing is the work of those whom Mr. Marshmont has brilliantly stigmatized as 'international traitors,' anxious to declare a dividend on the common shares of British West Novabarba Limited; or has been manoeuvred by the secret agents of the Continental Powers wishful to see Britain expelled from Novabarba and their own *Hinterlands* extended; whether it was the bungling



diplomacy of Governor Stacks, or his obedience to secret orders from Whitehall, or the overzeal of a brilliant soldier with his deaf ear turned to Downing Street, making unsanctioned attacks on the natives, or unauthorized promises to them; or whether it was the policy of the Colonial Office to depose the Sultan and replace him by a sovereign more subservient to British interests—in short, from whichever of the entanglements that beset the feet of the white man insinuating himself among inferior races the present war arises, one thing is clear! the man in the street only knows that a pack of mongrels has dared to bark at the British Lion, and must be wiped out."

When Allegra returned home, she found a telegram—her first.

"So glad you approve of my giving up the great seals of office stay with your aunt broser is a blessing love Marshmont."

#### CHAPTER XV.

##### A BLOODY BANQUET.

POSSIBLY the Duke could have become Mayor of Midstoke itself. King's Paddock at any rate bowed to the dust, overwhelmed, and added a lantern procession to the civic festivities of the gala-day.

The house party at Rosmere made merriment over the new dignity. Even the foreigners were tickled. The host was addressed as "Mr. Mayor." Those poor simple townspeople! Those innocent important Aldermen! The young Marquess of Stornaway discovered that the Duchess was now "the Mayoress," and more hilarity prevailed. Some of the visitors went down to see the fun of the Duke's inauguration, and the local reporters wrote feverishly of the *éclat* of this red-letter day in the annals of King's Paddock, and of the illustrious personages, native and foreign, who graced the ancient ceremonies and partook of the Mayoral Banquet.

In the evening, after an early dinner at Rosmere, Minnie and Allegra, and Lady Sheen, who was the Marquess's sister and the wife of a notorious Earl about town, drove over to King's Paddock to hear the after-dinner speeches. The Duchess, though dying to hear her husband's brilliant oration, felt it unbecoming her dignity to sit among the civic ladies in the gallery, nor would she make a breach in the time-honored British eti-

quette by sitting at the Mayoral table, though the bosoms of the corporation would have swollen with even greater pride, had she drunk their turtle soup or taken wine with each in turn.

As the carriage passed through the dusky old-fashioned arcaded streets, the town seemed alive with revelry. Bands were blaring, unconcerted concertinas were squeaking, girls were hawking large colored streamers, and despite the raw November air a great crowd hovered about the Town Hall like flies round a banquet, though more futilely. The newspaper boys standing about the quaint market-cross were comparatively unregarded, despite their placards of "More British losses." For, although it was annoying to find the Novabarbese illogically withstanding Britain's more civilized troops, yet everybody knew they were only making things worse for themselves in the end. What was more serious was the discovery by the public that most of the tribes were Christians of one denomination or the other—so well had the missionaries done their work—and hence their conversion could not be looked for to redeem the bloodshed.

An illustrious French missionary, returned to Europe, testified that he yearned to go back to his dear Novabarbese, who called him "Père," and who, if they returned from a toilsome hunting expedition with only one piece of game, would lay it at his feet. His flock was the most nomadic and primitive of all the tribes, yet they had not even a tradition of cannibalism, but on the contrary faded legends of a civilization anterior to the glories of Tyre and Sidon. They were a noble, simple stock, half children, half lions.

To crown their perverseness, all the tribes appealed to Christian ethics and the justice of their cause, though united under a paynim Sultan whose polygamy, it was felt, made such protestations unbecoming and even indecent. Moreover, these guileless people seemed to be aware (oh those Continental intriguers with their rival missionaries!) that they had sympathizers in Europe, and even a spokesman in Britain's own Council Chamber, a great chief, who had abdicated from his headship rather than send his troops out against them. Altogether the contest boded to be longer and bloodier than had been foreseen, the Teutonic military ad-



venturer, Paul Haze, having done his work almost as well as the missionaries, while the possibilities of European complications at some stage of the struggle had contributed to embitter the *Mirror's* man in the street. Marshmont had been a straw fighting against a current. His speech to his constituents had met little favor in his own constituency (where the Tory squire was still paramount), and had raised a storm of hostility without; his protest in the Parliament, which had met to vote supplies, did nothing to diminish them, finding few supporters outside the seasoned members of the Peace Party, and evoking many catcalls and cries of "Shame" and "Order," besides being interrupted and damped by the Tory cheers acclaiming the news just arrived of the defeat of the blind Radical. Marshmont's mixture of moral arraignment with punctilious arithmetic in this speech won him the nickname of the Prophet Petty Cash; a title lending itself felicitously to the pictorial grotesqueries of the caricaturist.

The outcast Prophet Petty Cash in his hundred shapes became better known to the mob than the Right Hon. Thomas Marshmont had ever been in the fullest glory of his ministerial career. And what wounded him more deeply, Midstoke—Midstoke itself—at a mass-meeting, had proclaimed its confidence in the Government and broken the heads of the dissenting few. Marshmont, at a safe distance, had only his heart broken. Although the Radical M.P. who had not been asked to take the chair at the Bryden Memorial Meeting had occupied it at this, Marshmont did not suspect the man's good faith. He put down the collapse of the centre of Radicalism to Broser's absence, and did not know that Broser had inspired the explanation.

Allegra had been looking forward to the humors of the Mayoral Banquet by way of relief, so surfeited had she been with these horrors and those of her imagination. Ever since the night of the burnt moths, the thought of war had been a pictured chaos of atrocities, and now that she was able definitely to visualize Tom and Colonel Orr-Stenton in the thick of the *mêlée*, the wounds—of which she read with morbid fascination—were felt through her own body, sometimes so vividly that they might have left stigmata. Nor did she suffer less for the Novabar-

bese, whose cause—on her father's authority—she esteemed the more righteous. All this made her pale and sleepless, her mouth had lost its trick of humor, the sun had gone out of her eyes. She longed to return home, and hence this fête-day had been a point of light for the further reason that it marked the term of her stay at Rosmere. Sunday would see the Duke enduring the religious supplement of the civic ceremonies, but after Monday, Rosmere would return to the tourist.

Allegra looked down on six long tables agleam and aglow with glass and silver and fruit and flowers, and tall loving-cups and racing trophies, and bordered by rows of heads, in various stages of baldness, with here and there a uniform blazing amid the black dress-coats. Overhead stretched a florid white and gold ceiling, but the wall panels were blank, "evidently designed," said Minnie, "to be filled some day with bad frescoes." Over the lintel of the central doorway ran the inscription in Old English lettering, "In God we trust." At the farthest extremity of the room was a platform with what seemed to Allegra a large Christmas tree, on which men-toys dangled, as if for the edification of a nursery of giants, but suddenly, with a burst of music, it turned into a medley of palms and chrysanthemums, half concealing, half revealing, an orchestra.

"Ha, there's father!" And Minnie's face wrinkled in a broad smile.

"Where?" cried Allegra, craning her head over the grille.

Following the angle of Minnie's neck and shoulder, Allegra discovered the little man shrinking shyly into the recesses of a great chair of state, but with his furred robe of office thrown back as though it stifled him. Over his head rose from behind his chair an infinitely grander being, all gold lace, and shouldering a gilded mace like a sceptre.

"Who is that?" she whispered.

"That's the toast-master," said Lady Sheen gravely. The Countess was the very antithesis of Lady Minnie; placid, platitudinarian, and with a sneaking affection for High-Church practices.

Allegra's glance met Minnie's and Allegra stifled a laugh. When she became aware that she must not laugh, because somebody had just started speaking, her desire to laugh became hysterical, and she was glad when a great guffaw of



amusement enabled her to work off her emotion politely.

At first she could scarcely catch the words of the speakers or concentrate her attention on their banal verbiage, but gradually it was borne in upon her that her expectations of petty civic humors were to be balked, that she was to hear nothing but braggart allusions to the Flag and Novabarba. It was not only that the Army and Navy toast was drunk with deafening enthusiasm—for this was natural with a Major-General and an Admiral brought over from Rosmere; it was not only that the Major-General declared that never had Britain had so brave an army as to-day, while the Admiral, with the cocksure cheeriness which Allegra was learning to associate with Admirals, certified that England's fleet could beat back the Armadas of Europe; every one of the speakers went out of his way to mention the War, and Britain's honor. Both occurred even in the toast of the Town Clerk, together with the recapitulation of stale newspaper anecdotes illustrative of British valor, and the Town Clerk in replying said that England would not falter in her imperial mission, no, though a thousand Prophets of Mammon counted the Petty Cash, and a thousand Quakers stuffed their ears to History's trumpet-call with their own cotton—an allusion to some manufacturing members of the Peace Party that was vastly enjoyed. The trumpet-call itself was sounded by the orchestra between the speeches, and the war-drum was banged with savage gusto, and there was a great glow of patriotism and champagne.

At Midstoke, Allegra had gained her first perception of the forces that were with her father; at King's Paddock, she realized sensuously for the first time the forces against, and their crushing predominance was intensified by the bitter recollection that even Midstoke had failed him. Britain's blood was up, a speaker cried, and for one mad moment of delirious defiance to United Europe, Allegra almost seemed to see it staining red those white-and-black uniforms of peace. The next moment her own blood glowed furiously in her veins. The speaker had passed on to taunt her father; he declared that but for Marshmont's known sympathy the Novabarbes would not have had the courage to go on fighting: such a man was a traitor to his country; on

his head lay the blood of the slaughtered English soldiers.

On *his* head—her father's head? Oh infamy! Oh thrice-accursed British Pharisaism! Her hands gripped the gallery bar frenziedly, her eyes shot sparks, her throat ejaculated hoarsely, "Liar!" But her cry was drowned in the vast roar of approval; and Minnie, amused and dismayed, pulled her back, saying, with a smile, "Women may not speak."

"I shall speak," hissed Allegra, white-hot. "They sha'n't lie about my father."

"You mustn't annoy mine."

Allegra's eye turned involuntarily to the Mayor's chair. The poor Duke was writhing nervously, waiting for the rattle and the roar to subside. But they rose again and again, mingled with cries of "Down with traitors." And then somebody called for three groans for the Prophet Petty Cash, and the festive company became a patriotic fog-horn. It was Midstoke reversed with a vengeance. There, she had been elated by noise, had built dreams on breath. Oh how foolish! And now—women might not speak! Oh for a moment of Broser! Oh for his strenuous voice to thunder against these bloodthirsty guzzlers, these defamers of a great soul who had given up all to follow the God their lintel paraded and their groans denied! England's imperial mission? England's providential destiny? What did it all mean? Was it to multiply Midstokes through the world, people the grassy spaces of the planet with famished factory girls, or even well-fed Aldermen? If an apple was rotten at the core, its swelling to the size of a melon did not make it greater. Nay, were not swellings the signs of disease? What was this vaunted England? Was it something apart from the millions seething in its slums, or rotting in its honeysuckled cottages, or even swilling champagne in its banqueting halls? She could not understand. Was it not sufficient of a mission—enough to task the finest hearts and brains—to set things straighter at home? That was all her father preached. And for this he was to be called traitor, hooted like a felon, caricatured, pursued with hue-and-cry! Heaven save England from her patriots, he had cried in Parliament, and it was this phrase, she felt sure, that England could not forgive him; this phrase that rankled in the breasts of the speakers to-night and poisoned their



complacency, while it envenomed their utterances.

The Duke's evident uneasiness on her behalf—he now seemed to be instructing the gilded toast-master to cry “Order”—softened Allegra's anger. The Duke at least was a gentleman. By the time the speaker was able to resume, she had simmered down to disdain. She borrowed an opera-glass which the Countess had brought with her. That beef-faced, low-browed bourgeois her father's censor!

So far from giving up India, as these false prophets counselled, Britain, he was crying, would never sleep till the Union Jack waved over every inch of Novabarba.

“Does he mean one flag per inch?” whispered Minnie, who had begun to sketch him on a scrap of paper.

But Allegra was now too fascinated to reply. She was watching the red fleshy back of his neck bulging out, in the stress of his emotion, against his high shirt-collar like a purple wen, and she was wondering if he would die then and there of patriotic apoplexy. Rather to her relief, he sat down uninjured, his wen subsiding peacefully. And then an agreeable interlude was provided by a company of mummers, who came by ancient custom to present an address to his Worship. But these, too, were heralded by patriotic strains from a street band, and masqueraded mainly as soldiers and sailors. They halted awkwardly before the mayoral chair, playing their parts with the uncouthness of an inartistic race; some achieved clumsily a military or nautical salute, the highest reach of their invention.

But now the toast of the evening approached, and the toast-master in his most impressive tones begged silence for it. The Dean of Mossop proposed it to a running fire of cheers. He had a spacious countenance, bushed in white. He said, on account of the lateness of the hour, and the well-known modesty of his Grace, he would not praise their new Mayor, but just ask them to drink the toast. Besides, everybody knew that for a combination of manly and statesmanly qualities the Duke of Dalesbury was unsurpassed in his generation; that, setting an example to the peerage of devotion to the City as well as to the State, he had added the responsibilities of the Civic Council to the burden of the House of Lords; that in an

age in which the upper classes did not always remember the motto, *Noblesse oblige*—

“Thank heaven, the cloven hoof of radicalism at last!” whispered Allegra.

“No; the aureole of the Church,” Minnie reminded her.

—that in an age in which the domestic virtues were flouted by some so-called leaders of society, the Duke, by his shining example of matrimonial stability and felicity, was in the strictest sense a pillar of State and Church; that his world-wide reputation for philanthropy was supplemented, he might even say hall-marked, by a local reputation for goodness of heart, for personal interest in the humblest of his cottagers; that amid all these diverse interests and occupations he had yet found time to win another reputation as an authority upon art and history; that whatever rôle he had hitherto filled, he had filled brilliantly; and who could doubt, therefore, but that in the capacity of Mayor of their ancient borough, their noble friend would add new lustre to his name and the annals of King's Paddock? Since all men knew these things, why should he, the Dean, take up their time with recapitulating them? No; he would spare the noble Mayor's blushes. He would not say that—

Here began a new list of virtues. Had a degenerate posterity forgotten the very vocabulary of virtue, it might have been reconstructed in its entirety from the exhumed description of the Duke of Dalesbury by the Dean of Mossop on the memorable occasion of his Grace's assumption of the mayoralty of the ancient borough of King's Paddock. Allegra fretted impatiently. Much as she liked the Duke, it seemed to her that larks fell into his mouth roasted; that he was complimented on the cooking of them, and thanked for consuming them. But she forgave the Duke his good fortune when she found that in his reply he carefully neglected Novabarba, save by a back-handed allusion. Although men might differ—and differ honestly, he said with emphasis—about foreign politics, there could be no two opinions on the home politics of King's Paddock. (Here came a Latin-sounding quotation which Allegra did not understand, but which everybody else applauded.) The historic glories of its medicinal springs must be restored, and to this end the beautiful orchestra



they had heard to-night should play all the season in the public gardens—at his expense. And in the perfervid cheers hailing the happy prospects of a rejuvenated King's Paddock, Novabarba and the Empire were forgotten.

Nor was Allegra wholly cheated of the anticipated humors, though they came a day after the fair. The world was just revelling in the early developments of photography, and a shrewd King's Paddock photographer, foreseeing an immense demand, had begged the Duke to honor him with a sitting in his Mayoral robes. This the Duke had shudderingly declined: once in his life he had donned his Peer's robes, and then relapsed with relief into his dressing-gown. He had taken to his bed to avoid wearing his coronet at the Queen's coronation, and loyally hoped there would be no other coronation in his lifetime. The brave Admiral nevertheless displayed at Rosmere a photograph of "Our noble Mayor" bought in the town. Under pressure the photographer confessed that the head had been got from a miniature, while somebody had sat in the robes for the body.

"Why, that's one man for Elijah, and another for his mantle," said Allegra, laughing.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

##### WAR.

"WE sha'n't wait any longer," said Mrs. Marshmont decisively, as she got up from her dog-armed easy-chair. She was a radiant figure in a red dinner gown, from which her shoulders rose in almost arrogant beauty. Nor were her four daughters less dazzling in their several frocks. Allegra, happy to be home again, and magnetized afresh by her mother, nestled in blue near the parental red. Lord Arthur Pangthorne was to come to dinner and be broken to his future father-in-law, who, all unaware of the reason, had promised faithfully to escape from the House of Commons. So far neither male had appeared, though the dinner hour had gurgled softly from the infantine interior of the colossal allegorical clock. Mrs. Marshmont's temper always spoiled synchronously with the dishes, and the better the dinner the worse her temper.

"But, mother," urged Mabel, whose beautiful face had grown whiter and whiter with each tick of the clock, "we can't begin without Arthur."

"And pray who is your Arthur that he should be more important than your father? If we can begin without the one, we can begin without the other."

"Let us wait five minutes longer," pleaded Allegra. She was quite anxious to see the young gentleman who had bowled over Mabel.

"No; now is the time for Mabel to teach her sweetheart a lesson. I have had to suffer this all my life from your father."

"He has had more important business to attend to," said Allegra gently.

"More important, Miss Impudence! And what can be more important than a man's own household? I hope *you* may never come to marry a politician!"

"I hope I may," slipped from Allegra's tongue.

"Then marry one with sense—not one who ruins his wife and children to gratify his selfish ideas. And with his throat in that state, too! I don't know how we're to live."

"We are all going to earn our own livings," said Allegra gravely.

"Earn your livings!" screamed Mrs. Marshmont, genuinely shocked. It was the day when women were divided into ladies, housewives, and servants.

"I shall open a school for languages," said Dulsie.

"You!" cried her mother seriously. "What girls would obey you?"

"I shouldn't teach girls," Dulsie replied gravely. "Young men."

Mrs. Marshmont gasped.

"By correspondence," Dulsie added suavely.

"And mother could give Shakspearean readings," said Mabel, brightened by her sister's humor.

"No," corrected Joan, who was doing Berlin-wool-work. "'How does the water come down at Lodore?'" She winked at Mabel to keep it up and gain time.

"Arthur will earn *my* living," said Mabel.

"I didn't know he could earn his own," snapped her mother.

"Well—he has an allowance."

"It doesn't allow for two."

"Wait till Arthur becomes an M. P.," she replied incautiously.

"I will not wait another moment," said Mrs. Marshmont, sweeping doorwards.

"Listen!" said Joan. "What's the newsboy calling?"

"I hear no newsboy," said her mother.

"I made sure I heard him," and Joan approached the window and gazed out on the empty road and the lights of the river twinkling brilliantly in the frosty November air.

"Do let's send out and get a paper, mother," said Mabel, catching up the cue. "There may be a British victory by now."

"There will be no British victories this week," said Mrs. Marshmont gloomily. "If things go wrong on a Monday, they go wrong all the week."

"But you don't suppose the English generals will sit down a whole week under their thrashing," Joan urged.

"Tom's regiment was never thrashed," said Mrs. Marshmont indignantly.

The war had ceased to be a dangerous domestic topic. Before the first battle, Mrs. Marshmont had lived in a state distressing to herself, and still more to her family. But when Tom's regiment came out of it with only one man killed and one wounded, and neither of them Tom, Mrs. Marshmont began to perceive that battle and sudden death are not synonymous. When he emerged unscratched from the second, and received a bullet in Gwenny's Bible during the third, Mrs. Marshmont's conviction that he bore a charmed life grew bullet-proof, and his joyous letters to her turned her thoughts from winding-sheets to medals.

"No," assented Allegra, who was as proud as her mother of Tom's prowess, despite all her theories and imaginative sufferings. "Tom has been lucky enough to be in all the wins, and out of all the losses."

"It is extraordinary," complained Mrs. Marshmont, breaking out in a new place, "that Tom can go to war and get never a scratch, while my poor rat goes to a haunt of peace and gets killed!" She spoke as if both halves of the proposition were grievances alike, and even Joan was disconcerted by this flank movement and might not have known how to turn it, had not a double knock at the door set all hearts jumping. In another minute Gwenny appeared with a telegram. "For Miss Mabel," she said, "and I've come to say my dinner can't wait any longer."

The girl tore it open, trembling, then passed it to her mother, who read aloud in tragic accents:

"Awfully sorry prevented coming dinner awful family row they are awfully annoyed at your governors speeches against the war my governor threatens cut off allowance its simply awful shall try to come in later no more imagine the rest as wires are so awfully public besides being expensive Arthur."

"There! and what did I tell you?" said Mrs. Marshmont. "Your father is not content with ruining my happiness, he will ruin my children's too." She spoke impersonally as if they had all elected a father and foisted him on her.

"And a very good thing for Mabel!" said Joan.

"You will please mind your own business. You ought to be in the nursery with your doll," and Mabel burst into tears.

"My poor lamb!" The mother was at her side instantly, pressing her to her bosom, regardless of both their toilets.

"And you with your doll ought to be in the nursery," retorted Joan.

"Is there any answer?" interrupted Gwenny impatiently. "The boy is waiting."

"Let him wait. Haven't we been waiting hours?" said Mrs. Marshmont incoherently.

"When young people once get following one another," said Gwenny sternly, "it always plays the mischief with meal-times."

"Following one another!" cried Allegra. "What a beautiful phrase!"

Dulsie laughed: "You are ignorant, Ally. That's Welsh for 'engaged'! A Welsh officer told me."

"The boy need not wait, Gwenny," said Joan. "There is no answer."

Mabel started out of her mother's arms as if to protest, but not bethinking herself of anything to say, she let Gwenny depart.

"And we need not wait either," said Mrs. Marshmont, leading the way firmly. "Your father promised me to come, but it's no use relying on *his* sense of honor. Come, my poor Mabel, there is some nice lobster soup."

"All is lost save lobster," said Dulsie dramatically.



"But listen!" said Joan, still at her window. "There is some street row."

Even poor Mabel suppressed a smile—Joan's inventiveness was too audacious. Ere Mrs. Marshmont had reached the door, however, it became evident that Joan was speaking the truth. Shrieks, groans, whistles, hoots, dulled and stifled the sense of the articulate cries that seemed blent with them. All ran to the window, and Allegra was about to throw up the sash. Joan's hand restrained hers. "We shall all catch our death of cold, you idiot." In the dim light they could just descry through the glass the figure of a man followed by a menacing gang. In another instant, as he came through their own gate, a cry broke from Allegra's lips.

"It's father!"

Simultaneously with her cry came the crash of a stone at their window—provoked by the galaxy of beauty so radiantly revealed. Mabel shrieked and Dulsie fell back, trembling violently.

"Cowards!" their father's voice rang out, heard clearly through the broken pane. "Attacking women." He had turned and faced them, brandishing his great stick, as they followed him up the drive, and they shrank back, as louts without a leader will always shrink before a defiant eye, and perhaps with some vague British instinct against trespassing on private property.

"Yah! Petty Cash!" they groaned as in farewell. But a jocose rough in the middle, to whom the eye was invisible, gave a violent shove to those in front of him, so that they toppled upon Marshmont, who thrust them back with the ferrule of his stick. Then the hustling mob, howling obscenely against traitors and Prophets of Petty Cash closed upon him, and Allegra felt herself being bruised and trampled upon as she gazed paralyzed upon this unexpected scene. But ere she could move or speak, a beautiful red-robed bare-shouldered figure burst upon the gravel path, and into the heart of the affray, and dragging back the ex-Minister, confronted the mob, with her white bosoms panting indignantly, and her hands and voice raised like a tragedy queen's.

"Brutes! You call yourselves Englishmen! Fifty to one! Fight fair, you hounds of hell!"

The roughs cowered before the blaze of beauty and wrath—fascinated like all

animals by this strange creature; the more respectable of the crowd drew back in sudden shame. Allegra was irresistibly reminded of the hare-and-hounds episode, which had united these two ill-matched lives, and she wondered at this curious complex development of Fate's freakishness, as she watched her mother pass majestically into the house with her rescued husband, who had hastily thrown his scarf round her shoulders. She ran down into the hall, to find her mother unexpectedly sobbing over him, wiping blood from his face with her dainty lace handkerchief, and mingling little pitiful love-murmurs with her sobs, while the maid-servants and the page-of-all-work stood gaping.

"It is nothing, darling, it is nothing," he kept protesting laughingly. "Do let me run up and dress for dinner."

"There is no dinner," she sobbed vaguely. "Lord Arthur hasn't come. Oh my poor lambkin!"

"Lord Arthur?" he repeated inquiringly.

"Never mind now—nothing matters now. You are safe, that is all I want. But how they have gashed you!"

He laughed. "Why, this is not a patch—literally—on what I used to get in my early days. Makes me feel quite young again."

"They used to hunt you like this! and I knew nothing of it? Ah, now I know why you used to cut yourself so often in shaving!"

"Why should I bother you with trifles? But London is becoming quite provincial. This never happened to me before in London. It must be those caricatures. Bolt the door somebody," he said, as the groans for the Prophet Petty Cash recommenced outside.

"It serves you right—you shouldn't fly in everybody's face. No wonder they fly in yours. You object to war, and you get it at your own door."

"As long as I don't get it inside my door," he laughed, kissing her. "Come, dear, you shall help me dress. Don't look so glum, Allegra. Go and tell the girls I'll be ready in a jiffy."

Allegra ran up with a lighter heart, and found Dulsie and Mabel sitting white-faced on the sofa, grasping each other's hand desperately. "Father's all right," she panted. "Mother saved his life. But where is Joan?" she said in alarm.

"Upstairs, shutting all the front shutters," Mabel moaned.

She glanced at the now shuttered window. "Have they been throwing more stones?" One smashed against the shutter as she asked, and the shattered glass rattled behind it. Her alarm returned. "The dining-room!" she cried.

"They're always shut before we feed," Dulsie wailed.

"Are they?" Allegra had never noticed it. She ran down to make sure, and found Joan instructing the page-boy to slip out by the back-garden door and run to the police station.

"And don't dodge any policemen you meet on your way, you little idiot. Send them here too."

"Yes, miss."

"Hi! Come back—you can't go without your overcoat in this weather!"

Despite the weather the crowd still lingered, and seemed to be swollen momentarily, especially by shrill-voiced boys. And presently, as the four young ladies waited in the drawing-room amid a hail-storm of stones and the ceaseless tinkle of falling glass, the crowd struck up a patriotic chorus:

"Rule, Britannia. Britannia rules the waves.  
Britons never—never—never—shall be slaves."

"Methinks they protest too much," said Dulsie, who had recovered her spirits under the expectation of Joan's police. "I hope the Bobbies will make a good many slaves to-night."

"Yes—they ought to get hard labor, the brutes," said Joan viciously. "But I suppose the police are waiting till the last pane in the house is smashed. And that's your Demos, Allegra, that you'd like to see governing England."

"It's misgovernment that has made them what they are! There must be Free Education. Their souls must be—"

"Their souls! They've got no souls."

"Oh, really, Joan. Every human being has a soul—a spark of God."

"A spark of God!" Joan snorted. "These beery savages! Listen to 'em."

"But surely you don't believe God has left Himself out of any soul?"

"He has left Himself out of mine," said Joan calmly.

"What!" Allegra stared at her in horror. "You don't believe in God?"

"I hear the word often enough—I see no signs of the reality."

"And the immortality of the soul?"

"On a par with Gwenny's hell. We're just a lot of little ants running about."

"Then how can you live on?" Allegra asked, awe-stricken.

"Oh, I can just run about with the rest. Go to the ant and be wise—isn't that what Gwenny says?"

"You silly children!" interrupted Dulsie. "This isn't the time to talk theology."

"What then is it the time to talk?" Joan retorted scathingly. "Man?"

Here the great clock chirped nine.

"No—dinner!" laughed Dulsie. "I've forgotten I'm starving."

"I couldn't have eaten anything, anyhow," whimpered Mabel, prostrate on the sofa. "Now—I think I'll go to bed."

A terrific rat-a-tat-tat and a ringing at the bell resounded even above the patriotic clamor. Mabel sprang up, glowing with life. "There's Arthur. He said he'd try to come!" Then, with a change of voice, "Oh, I hope they won't hurt him."

"Not if they know he's a Lord," said Joan sarcastically.

The knocking went on and on, as if keeping time with the crowd's

"Tow, row, row, row, row,  
Of the British Grenadiers."

"Well, why don't they open the door?" cried Mabel impatiently.

"I suppose they're afraid," said Joan.

"They think it's only the roughs."

"He'll go away," Mabel whined.

The ringing recommenced.

"I'll run down and let him in," said Allegra, with an impulse of girlish curiosity and sisterly kindness.

"No," said Joan. "You may get hurt."

But Allegra was already half down the stairs. She pushed through the trembling maid-servants. "Who is it?" she cried cautiously through the door.

"Only me," came a strong voice. Allegra's heart leapt up. She felt a sudden sense of security. Here was re-enforcement, here safety.

She opened the door and Broser slipped in, accompanied by a waft of cold air and a louder burst of song. He shot the bolts again swiftly, hardly looking at her and not even removing his hat till the door was secured.

Meantime she saw that his hands were



scratched, his face was flushed and perspiring, his tie and collar were crumpled. She took his umbrella and his hat and his overcoat. They had never spoken to each other before, but this was no time for conventionalities.

"I hope you are not hurt?" she said.

"This is nothing to the football scrimmages at Midstoke. I see they've broken your windows. I hope that's all?"

"Practically all. Only Petty Cash," said Allegra with a bright smile.

"Ruffians!" He clinched his fist and looked dangerous. She noticed there was a telegram in his hand. "For your father," he said, smoothing it out. "The boy gave it me at the gate—he couldn't get through—fortunately he knew me. I'll run up to the study at once. Nine o'clock, your father told me I was to knock off some letters."

Allegra smiled. Her mother had plotted clumsily. Lord Arthur would not have seen much of his future father-in-law.

"He hasn't dined yet—he is dressing. You must dine with us." She thought: "Lucky there's Lord Arthur's cover."

"In this state?" he queried ruefully, looking into the hall mirror. "Not dressed, and not straightened out—and to tell the truth, not hungry. Mrs. Broser and I dine at seven."

"Then you can call it supper." She rather wondered at her own insistence, especially as her mother had not yet invited Mr. Broser to her London table.

"It depends on whether your father has work for me to do," he replied.

"Well—you must wait for him in the drawing-room, anyhow," she said, turning to mount the stairs and catching sight of the impatient Mabel at their head. "It's only—it's Mr. Broser," she called up. Poor Mabel disappeared. From without came the stentorian chant:

"Britannia, the pride of the ocean,  
The home of the brave and the free."

"How long have they been howling?" asked Broser.

"It seems an eternity—but I suppose it's only a bad quarter of an hour. We have sent for the police."

"They deserve a cavalry regiment. How did it begin?"

"They seem to have followed father." His face of horror pleased her. She assured him hastily: "He's only a little cut about the face."

He looked thunders. "Was it those blackguards in the garden?" He made as if to unbolt the door.

"No, no," she cried, torn between alarm and admiration.

His hand dropped. "England shall rue this," he muttered.

The sentiment did not seem to her disproportionate to the occasion or the speaker, set as it was to the turbulent music without. She tingled with electrical excitement, feeling herself in the thick of history and face to face with an immortal who would make it. Her eyes shone, her breast heaved.

"You do not know my name, Mr. Broser," she said gayly, as they mounted the stairs. "I have the advantage of you."

He laughed. "You have many advantages over me, but not that. Do you suppose I did not hear of Allegra all day long at The Manor House?"

Her name in his mouth gave her a curious thrill. "Ah," she smiled, "but I've seen you and you've never seen me!"

"What! How about Midstoke station? And do you think I didn't take another peep at you in the Town Hall?"

"How silly I am! Of course!" She blushed deeply, remembering he had started the cheers for her when the train came in. And from without, in strange ironic contrast, came the rousing chorus:

"Hurrah for the red, white, and blue!  
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!  
Thy banners make tyranny tremble  
When borne by the red, white, and blue."

"You hear," he said. "They are cheering again for you. The red, white, and blue."

She flushed deeper, becoming conscious that she wore a blue frock and a pretty one.

"Then the other line's for *you*," she retorted.

"Thy banners make tyranny tremble."

"Thank you! I wish they did."

Mr. Broser certainly did not make Joan tremble. She inquired sternly: "Why didn't you go for the police?"

Disconcerted, he stammered that he ought to have done so. Then he pleaded the telegram.

There seemed now a vast multitude in the street, augmented by curiosity and the love of fun, not dangerous, yet not to be easily dispersed, even if the police were

already there, as was probable. The melody changed to "God save the Queen."

"Ah, thank Heaven!" cried Dulsie. "They are winding up."

"I'm afraid they're only beginning," said Broser. "Ah, here is the hero-martyr," as husband and wife came in. "How do you feel, sir?"

"Hungry. We shall have a musical dinner," said Marshmont, smiling through sticking-plaster.

"You'll have a ruined dinner," Mrs. Marshmont burst forth. "You ruin everything with your politics."

Allegra's face became one glow of anger and shame. Could her mother not restrain herself even in the presence of this outsider? Must she humiliate the Prophet before his own disciple?

"I think, mother," she said quietly, "this must be the proudest moment of father's life." She took her father's hand, and as she felt its warm response, a wave of passionate happiness swept away her anger. He withdrew his hand to receive the telegram from Broser. The crowd had returned to its

"Tow, row, row, row, row,  
Of the British Grenadiers."

"That's appropriate, anyhow," laughed the ex-Minister, as he tore open the telegram, "for I heard a rumor in the lobby as I left the House—I don't know how true it is—that the Grenadiers—" He paused, and the flesh of his face changed almost to the hue of the plaster.

Mrs. Marshmont gave a terrific shriek: "My boy is dead!"

"No, no," he stammered, trying to hide the telegram. Then, hopelessly, "It is very good of the War Office to let us know."

The spiritual darkness that can be felt descended on the room. Fear for the mother strengthened the rest. There was one breathless moment in which they waited for her shrieks. But no shrieks came. She sank down on her arm-chair, moaning dazedly: "My Tom, my baby-boy." She had been immeasurably more violent at the death of the rat, yet nobody felt this calmer mood a relief.

Her husband, the tears rolling down his cheeks, knelt at her side. "He died bravely, Mary," he said hoarsely. "In an unrighteous cause—but he helped to end the war, thank God. He fell in the last victorious charge. It is all over."

"Yes, it is all over," she repeated dazedly. "How hot it is!"

Then her eyes closed and her head fell back.

"Open the window! Give her some air!" said her husband. He picked up a fleecy shawl and threw it over her, Broser ran to pull back the shutters, Allegra darted in futile search of smelling-salts, and Joan turned the gas lower. "What are you doing, Joan?" inquired her father.

"Won't attract stones, keeps the room cooler," she replied laconically.

Broser had no need to raise the window-sash: the cold air dashed through every broken pane. A dull red glare leapt up fitfully without. Dulsie and Mabel shrieked, and Mrs. Marshmont opened her eyes.

"It's nothing," Broser reassured them bitterly from the window. "They are only burning you in effigy, sir."

"Ah, the witches!" said Mrs. Marshmont. "I knew one who made an image of a man in wax and burnt it. She lived in a hut in the mountains, and a stream danced down past her door. How cold it is! *Y mae hiraeth arnaf am fy ngwlad!*" (There is a longing on me for my country.)

The mood of the crowd outside seemed to have changed. Its vocal unanimity had lapsed into a disordered rumor, through which now penetrated the jubilant antiphonal cries of two news-venders. "The Sultan killed." "Complete Rout of the Enemy." "Dragoons in at the Death." "End of the War." For an instant longer the dull chaos continued, then it evolved into a mighty cheer, renewed again and again, till the house seemed to shake in a gale. And then "God save the Queen" started afresh, really a finale this time, for the gratified mob began to move off as they sang. Mrs. Marshmont, too, rose and began to walk to the door, like a somnambulist. The others gazed after her, scarce daring to address her, as though to wake her were fatal.

"Where are you going, sweetest?" her husband whispered.

"To the nursery, *f'anwylyd*," she answered.

They all followed her, breathless, up the stairs and into the statesman's study with its litter of Blue Books and papers. The bullfinch set up an ecstatic piping at



sight of its master, but none heeded it. Mrs. Marshmont went over to the faded rocking-horse in the corner, and stooped to caress its ragged mane.

"He rode on you," she said, "my little Tom." Suddenly she caught sight of the tin soldiers underneath it, and with a cry of rage she stamped on them, making the horse rock violently. "You killed him!" she said. "You killed my Tom!"

They could not tell whether this was sanity or insanity. Her husband encircled her waist with his arm.

"Come, darling, you must come away."

She threw off his arm violently and he staggered against the table.

"Murderer!" she screamed. "You let him go. You sent him to the shambles. And you, you pack of girls, why do *you* stand round me? Do you come to gloat over my grief? To exult that you are alive, while my boy is dead? I hate you." She burst through them, and flung open the window; and leaning out above the deserted garden behind the house, shrieked into the blackness of the night: "Tom! Tom!"

Joan flew to her, and clutched her gown. "You will fall out!" she cried.

Mrs. Marshmont turned fiercely on her, and thrust her against the high nursery fender, bruising her side.

"I don't want *you*. I want my son. What right have all of you to be alive and my boy dead? Bring me my son!"

"Yes, mother," said Joan, bravely mastering the pain of her bruise. "We will send for Jim."

"Yes, bring me Jim! Quick! quick! or your father will be killing him, too. Go, why don't you go?"

Gweny came and took her hands and held them, murmuring to her in Welsh. Mrs. Marshmont broke into sobs, and then the two women wept in each other's arms.

"And this is war," murmured Allegra, too numbed to cry. The images of a dashing young Dragoon overflowing with life and gayety, and of a distorted dead lump, strove with each other.

"Yes, multiplied by thousands," said a deep-toned tremulous voice at her ear. She turned and saw that tears were rolling down Broser's face. To see a man weep loosened her own tears, and unconsciously her hand went out to his, with a little pressure, half of gratitude, half of consolation.

"But please God, we shall make an end of war," she said, while the walls with their childish pictorial scraps blotted themselves out in mist.

His clasp became as the iron grip of a solemn compact. "Yes, we shall make an end of war."

The bullfinch gushed out its little heart in joyous appeal. Outside, the National Anthem was dying away in the distance.

"Send her victo-rious,  
Happy and glo-rious."

The bell rang again. It was Lord Arthur, bringing the eager flush of young love into the house of death.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## AFTER RAIN

BY HELEN HAY

THE country road at lonely close of day  
Has rest awhile from the long stress of rain;  
Dripping and bowed, the green walls of the lane  
Reflect no glistening light; no colors gay  
Has dying summer left; the sky is gray,  
As though the weeping had not eased the pain.  
The autumn is not yet, and all in vain  
Seems summer's life—a blossom cast away!  
The air is hushed, save in the emerald shade  
The rain still drops, and stirs each fretting leaf  
To soft insistence of its little grief;  
The hopeless calm all thought of life denies;—  
But hark! and now through silence, unafraid,  
A robin ripples to the chilly skies.

# TO-DAY'S SCIENCE IN EUROPE

BY HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS, M.D.

## II.—PROFESSOR ERNST HAECKEL AND THE NEW ZOOLOGY



### I.

HE train crept on its tortuous way down the picturesque valley of the little Saale. At last we saw three quaint old castles high above us on a jutting crag, in one of which, as we knew from our Baedeker, Goethe once lived. "Jena!"

called the guard, and the scramble for "luggage" began, leaving us for the moment no place for other thoughts than to make sure that all our various parcels were properly dragged out along with ourselves. Five minutes' drive, and we are in the true Jena, with the real flavor of mediævalism about us. Now, sure enough, we are in the dream-city.

A dream-city it truly seems when one comes to wander through its narrow, tortuous streets, between time-stained walls, amidst its rustic population. Coming from Berlin, from Dresden, from Leipsic—not to mention America—one feels as if he had stepped suddenly back two or three centuries. There are some evidences of modernity that mar the illusion, to be sure; but the preponderance of the old-time emblems is sufficient to leave the mind in a delightful glow of reminiscences. As a whole, the aspect of the central portion of the village—of the true Jena—cannot greatly have changed since the days when Luther stopped here on his way to Wittenburg; surely not since 1662, when the mighty young Leibnitz, the Aristotle of Germany, came to Jena to study under Weigel, the most famous of German mathematicians of that century.

If one follow a band of basket-laden

women, he will find that their goal is that focal point of every old-time city, the market-place. There arrived, he will witness a scene common enough in Europe, but hardly to be duplicated anywhere in America. Hundreds of venders of meat, fish, vegetables, cloths, and household utensils have their open-air booths scattered all across the wide space; and other hundreds of purchasers are there as well. Quaint garbs and quainter faces are everywhere, and the whole scene seems quite in keeping with the background of fifteenth-century houses that hedges it in on every side. Could John the Magnanimous, who rises up in bronze in the centre of the market-place, come to life, he would never guess that three and a half centuries have passed since he fell into his last sleep.

It was this same John the Magnanimous—or rather his fleshly prototype—who founded the institution which gives Jena its fame and distinguishes it from all the other quaint hypnotic clusters of houses that nestle similarly here and there in other picturesque valleys of the father-land.

If you would enter one of the old buildings, there is naught to hinder. Go into one of the lecture-halls which chances at the moment to be unoccupied, and you will see an array of crude old benches for seats, that look as if they might have been placed there at the very inaugural of the institution. The boards that serve for desks, if you scan them closer, will be found scarred all over with the marks of knives, showing how some hundreds of successive classes of listeners have whiled away the weary lecture hours. Not a square inch can you find of the entire desk surface that is unscarred.

If one would woo a new sensation, he has but to seat himself on one of these puritanical old benches, and conjure up in imagination the long series of pro-





MARKET-PLACE, JENA

fessors that may have occupied the raised platform in front, recalling the manner of thought and dogma that each laid down as verity. Series number one appears clad in the garb of the sixteenth century, with mind just eagerly striving to peer a little way out of the penumbra of the Renaissance. The students who carve the first gashes in the new desks will learn, if perchance they listen in intervals of whittling, that this world on which they live is perhaps not flat, but actually round, like a ball. It is debatable doctrine, to be sure; but we must not forget that Signor Columbus, recently dead, found land off to the west, which is probably a part of the Asiatic Continent. If the earth is indeed a ball, then the sun and stars whirl clear around it in twenty-four hours, travelling thus at an astonishing speed, for the spheres in which they are fastened are situated hundreds of miles away. The sun must be a really great ball of fire—perhaps a mile even in diameter. The

moon, as is plain to see, is nearly as large. The stars, of course, are only sparks, though of great brilliancy. They are fixed in a different sphere from that of the sun. In still other spheres are the moon and a small set of large stars, called planets, of which latter there are four, in order that, with the sun, the moon, and the other stars, there may be made seven orders of heavenly bodies—seven being, of course, the magic number in accordance with which the universe is planned.

This is, in substance, the whole subject of astronomy as that first professor must have taught it, even were he the wisest man of his time. Of the other sciences, except an elementary mathematics, there was hardly so much as an inkling taught that first class of students. You will find it appalling, as you muse, to reflect upon the amazing mixture of utter ignorance and false knowledge which the learned professor of that day brought to the classroom, and which the “educated” student



carried away along with his degree. The one and the other knew Greek, Latin, and Bible history and doctrine. Beyond that their minds were as the minds of babes. Yet no doubt the student who went out

share which the successive generations of Jena professors have taken in the great upward struggle. But we must not pause for that here. Our real concern, despite the haunting reminiscences, is not with



JENA

from the University of Jena in the year 1550 thought himself upon the pinnacles of learning. So, after all, it seems that the subjects of John the Magnanimous have changed more than a little during the three hundred and odd years that John himself, done in bronze, has been standing out there in the market-place.

## II.

Had one time for it, there would be real interest in noting the steps by which the mental change in question has been brought about; in particular, to note the

the Jena of the past, but with the Jena of to-day; not with the ghosts, but with the living personality who has made the Jena of our generation one of the greatest centres of progress in human thought in all the world. Jena is Jena to-day not so much because Guericke and Fichte and Hegel and Schiller and Oken taught here in the past, as because it has for thirty-eight years been the seat of the labors of Germany's greatest naturalist—one of the most philosophical zoologists of any country or any age, Professor Ernst Haeckel. It is of Professor Haeckel



and his work that I chiefly mean to write; and if I have dwelt somewhat upon Jena itself, it is because this quaint, retired village has been the theatre of Haeckel's activities all the mature years of his life, and because the work he has here accomplished could hardly have been done so well elsewhere; some of it, for reasons I shall presently mention, could hardly have been done elsewhere at all—at least, in any other university.

It was in 1861 that young Dr. Haeckel came first to Jena as a teacher. He had made a tentative effort at the practice of medicine in Berlin; then very gladly had turned from a distasteful pursuit to the field of pure science. His first love, before he took up the study of medicine, had been botany, though pictorial art, then as later, competed with science for his favorable attention. But the influence of his great teacher, Johannes Müller, together with his medical studies, had turned his attention more directly to the animal rather than vegetable life, and when he left medicine, it was to turn explicitly to zoology as a life study. Here, he believed, he should find a wider field than in art, which he loved almost as well, and which, it may be added, he has followed all his life as a dilettante of much more than amateurish skill. Had he so elected, Haeckel might have made his mark in art quite as definitively as he has made it in science. Indeed, even as the case stands, his draughtsman's skill has been more than a mere recreation to him, for without his beautiful drawings, often made and reproduced in color, his classical monographs on various orders of living creatures would have lacked much of their present value.

Moreover, quite aside from these merely technical drawings, Professor Haeckel has made hundreds of paintings purely for recreation and the love of it, illustrating—and that, too, often with true artistic feeling for both form and color—the various lands to which his zoological quests have carried him, such as Sicily, the Canaries, Egypt, and India. From India alone, after a four months' visit, Professor Haeckel brought back two hundred fair-sized water-colors; a feat which speaks at once for his love of art and for his amazing industry.

I dwell upon this phase of Professor Haeckel's character and temperament from the very outset because I wish it

constantly to be borne in mind, in connection with some of the doctrines to be mentioned presently, that here we have to do with no dry-as-dust scientist, cold and soulless, but with a broad, versatile, imaginative mind, one that links the scientific and the artistic temperaments in rarest measure. Charles Darwin, with whose name the name of Haeckel will always be linked, told with regret that in his later years he had become so steeped in scientific facts that he had lost all love for and appreciation of art and music. There has been no such mental warping and atrophy in the mind of Ernst Haeckel. Yet there is probably no man living to-day whose mind contains a larger store of technical scientific facts than his; nor a man who has enriched zoology with a larger number of new data, the result of direct personal observation in field or laboratory.

How large Haeckel's contribution in this last regard has been can be but vaguely appreciated by running over the long list of his important publications, though the list includes more than one hundred titles, unless it is understood that some single titles stand for monographs of gigantic proportions, which have involved years of labor in the production. Thus the text alone of the monograph on the radiolarians, a form of microscopic sea animalcule, is a work of three gigantic volumes, weighing, as Professor Haeckel laughingly remarks, some thirty pounds, and representing twelve years of hard labor. This particular monograph, by-the-by, is written in English (of which, as of several other languages, Professor Haeckel is perfect master), and has a history of more than ordinary interest. It appears that the radiolarians were discovered, about a half-century ago, by Johannes Müller, who made an especial study of them, which was uncompleted at the time of his death, in 1858. His monograph, describing the fifty species then known, was published posthumously. Haeckel, on whom the mantle of the great teacher was to fall, and who had been Müller's last pupil, took up the work his revered master had left unfinished as his own first great original "arbeit." He went to Messina, and was delighted to find the sea there replete with radiolarians, of which he was able to discover one or two new species almost every day, until

he had added 150, all told, to Müller's list, or more than triple the whole number previously known. The description of these 150 new radiolarians constituted Haeckel's first great contribution to zoology, and won him his place as teacher at Jena in 1861.

Henceforth Haeckel was, of course, known as the greatest authority on this

that voyage. Murray showed Haeckel a little bottle containing water with a deposit of seeming clay or mud in the bottom.

"That mud," he said, "was dredged up from the bottom of the ocean, and every particle of it is the shell of a radiolarian."

"Impossible!" said Haeckel.



OLD UNIVERSITY BUILDING  
BY THE POWDER-TOWER, JENA

particular order of creatures. For this reason it was that Professor Murray, the naturalist of the famous expedition which the British government sent around the world in the ship *Challenger*, asked Haeckel to work up the radiolarian material that had been gathered during

"Yet true," replied Murray, "as the microscope will soon prove to you."

So it did, and Professor Haeckel spent twelve years examining that mud under the microscope, with the result that before he had done he had discovered no fewer than four thousand new species of radiolarians, all of which, of course, had to be figured, described, and christened. Think of baptizing four thousand creatures—finding a new, distinct, and appropriate Latin name for each and every one, and that, too, when the creatures themselves are of microscopic size, and



the difference between them often so slight that only the expert eye could detect it! Think, too, of the deadly tedium of labor in detecting these differences, in sketching them, and in writing out to the length of three monster volumes technical dissertations upon them!

To the untechnical reader that must seem a deadly, a veritably mind-sapping, task. And such indeed it would prove to the average zoologist. But with the mind of a Haeckel it is far otherwise. To him a radiolarian or any other creature is of interest, not so much on its own account as for its associations. He sees it not as an individual, but as a link in the scale of organic things, as the bearer of a certain message of world history. Thus the radiolarians, insignificant creatures though they seem, have really taken an extraordinary share in building up the crust of the earth. The ooze at the bottom of the sea, which finally becomes metamorphosed into chalk or stone, is but the aggregation of the shells of dead radiolarians. In the light of such a rôle the animalcule takes on a new interest.

But even greater is the interest that attaches to every creature as regards its place in the organic scale of evolution. What are the homologies of this form or that? What was its probable ancestry? What gaps does it bridge? What can it tell us of the story of animal creation? These and such like are the questions that have been ceaselessly before Haeckel's mind in all his studies of zoology. Hence the rich fountain of philosophical knowledge that has welled up from what otherwise might have been the most barren of laboratory borings. Thus from a careful investigation of the sponge Haeckel was led to his famous gastrea theory, according to which the pouchlike sponge animalcule—virtually a stomach without members—is the type organism on which all higher organisms are built, so to speak—that is, out of which all have evolved.

This gastrea theory, now generally accepted, is one of Haeckel's two great fundamental contributions to the evolution philosophy with the history of which his life work is so intimately linked. The other contribution is the theory, even more famous and now equally undisputed, that every individual organism in its embryological development

rehearses in slurred but unmistakable epitome the steps of evolution by which the ancestors of that individual came into racial being. That is to say, every mammal, for example, originating in an egg stage, when it is comparable to a protozoon, passes through successive stages when it is virtually, in succession, a gastrula, a fish, and an amphibian or a reptile before it attains the mammalian status, because its direct ancestors were in succession, through the long geological ages, protozoons, gastrulæ, fishes, and amphibians or reptiles before the true mammal was evolved. This theory cast a flood of light into many dark places of the Darwinian philosophy. It was propounded in 1866 in Professor Haeckel's great work on morphology, and it has ever since been a guiding principle in his great philosophical studies.

It was through this same work on morphology that Haeckel first came to be universally recognized as the great Continental champion of Darwinism—the Huxley of Germany. Like Huxley, Haeckel had at once made the logical application of the Darwinian theory to man himself, and he sought now to trace the exact lineage of the human family as no one had hitherto attempted to fathom it. Utilizing his wide range of zoological and anatomical knowledge, he constructed a hypothetical tree of descent—or, if you prefer, ascent—from the root in a protozoon to the most recent offshoot, man. From that day till this, Haeckel's persistent labors have been directed toward the perfection of that genealogical tree.

This work on morphology was much too technical to reach the general public, but in 1868 Haeckel prepared, at the instigation of his friend and confrère Gegenbaur, what was practically a popular abridgment of the technical work, which was published under title of *The Natural History of Creation*. This work created a furor at once. It has been translated into a dozen languages, and has passed through nine editions in the original German. Through it the name of Haeckel became almost a household word the world over, and subject for mingled applause and opprobrium—applause from the unprejudiced for his great merits; opprobrium from the bigoted because of the unprecedented candor with which he followed the Darwinian hypothesis to its logical goal.

The same complete candor of expression has marked every stage of the unfolding of Professor Haeckel's philosophical pronouncements. This fact is the more remarkable because Professor Haeckel is, so far as I am aware, the only famous scientist of our generation—if not, in-

science everywhere, as I know from private conversations; but they, unlike myself, are not free to speak the full truth as they see it. I myself would not be tolerated elsewhere. Had I desired to remain in Berlin, for example, I must have kept silent. But here in Jena one is free."



HAECKEL'S LABORATORY, JENA

deed, of any generation—who has felt at liberty to announce, absolutely without reserve, the full conclusions to which his philosophy has carried him, when these conclusions ran counter to the prevalent prejudices of his time. Some one has said that the German universities are oases of freedom. The remark is absolutely true of Jena. It is not true, I believe, in anything like the same degree, of any other German university, or of any other university in the world. One thing before others that has endeared Jena to Haeckel, and kept him there in the face of repeated flattering calls to other universities, is that full liberty of spirit has been accorded him there, as he knew it would not be accorded elsewhere. "When a man comes into the atmosphere of Jena," says Professor Haeckel, "he perforce begins to think; there is no escape from it. And he is free to let his thoughts carry him whithersoever they honestly may. My beliefs," he added, "are substantially the beliefs of my colleagues in

And he smiles benignly as he says it. The controversies through which he has passed and the calumnies of which he has been the target have left no scars upon this broad, calm spirit.

### III.

It is indeed a delightful experience to meet Professor Haeckel in the midst of his charming oasis of freedom—his beloved Jena. To reach his laboratory you walk down a narrow lane, past Schiller's house and the garden where Schiller and Goethe used to sit, and where now the new observatory stands. Haeckel's laboratory itself is a simple oblong building of yellowish brick, standing on a jutting point of land high above the street-level. Entering it, your eye is first caught by a set of simple panels in the wall opposite the door, bearing six illustrious names: Aristotle, Linné, Lamarck, Cuvier, Müller, Darwin—a Greek, a Swede, two Frenchmen, a German, and an Englishman. Such a list is signifi-



cant; it tells of the cosmopolitan spirit that here holds sway.

The ground-floor of the building is occupied by a lecture-room, and by the zoological collection. The latter is a good working collection, and purports to be nothing else. Of course it does not for a moment compare with the collections of the museums in any large city of Europe or America; nor, indeed, is it numerically comparable with many private collections, or collections of lesser colleges in America. Similarly, when one mounts the stairs and enters the laboratory proper, he finds a room of no great dimensions and nowise startling in its appointments. It is admirably lighted, to be sure, and in all respects suitably equipped for its purpose, but it is by no means so large or so luxurious as the average college laboratory of America. Indeed, it is not to be mentioned in the same breath with the laboratories of a score or two of our larger colleges. Yet, with Haeckel here, it is unquestionably the finest laboratory in which to study zoology that exists in the world to-day, or has existed for the last third of a century.

Haeckel himself is domiciled, when not instructing his classes, in a comfortable but plain room across the hall—a room whose windows look out across the valley of the Saale on an exquisite mountain landscape, with the clean-cut mountain that Schiller's lines made famous at its focus. As you enter the room, a big robust man steps quickly forward to grasp your hand. Six feet or more in height, compactly built without corpulence, erect, vigorous, even athletic; with florid complexion and clear, laughing, light blue eyes that belie the white hair and whitening beard; the *ensemble* personifying at once kindness and virility, simplicity and depth, above all, frank, fearless honesty, without a trace of pose or affectation—such is Ernst Haeckel. There is something about his simple, frank, earnest, sympathetic, yet robust, masculine personality that reminds one instantly, as does his facial contour also, of Walt Whitman.

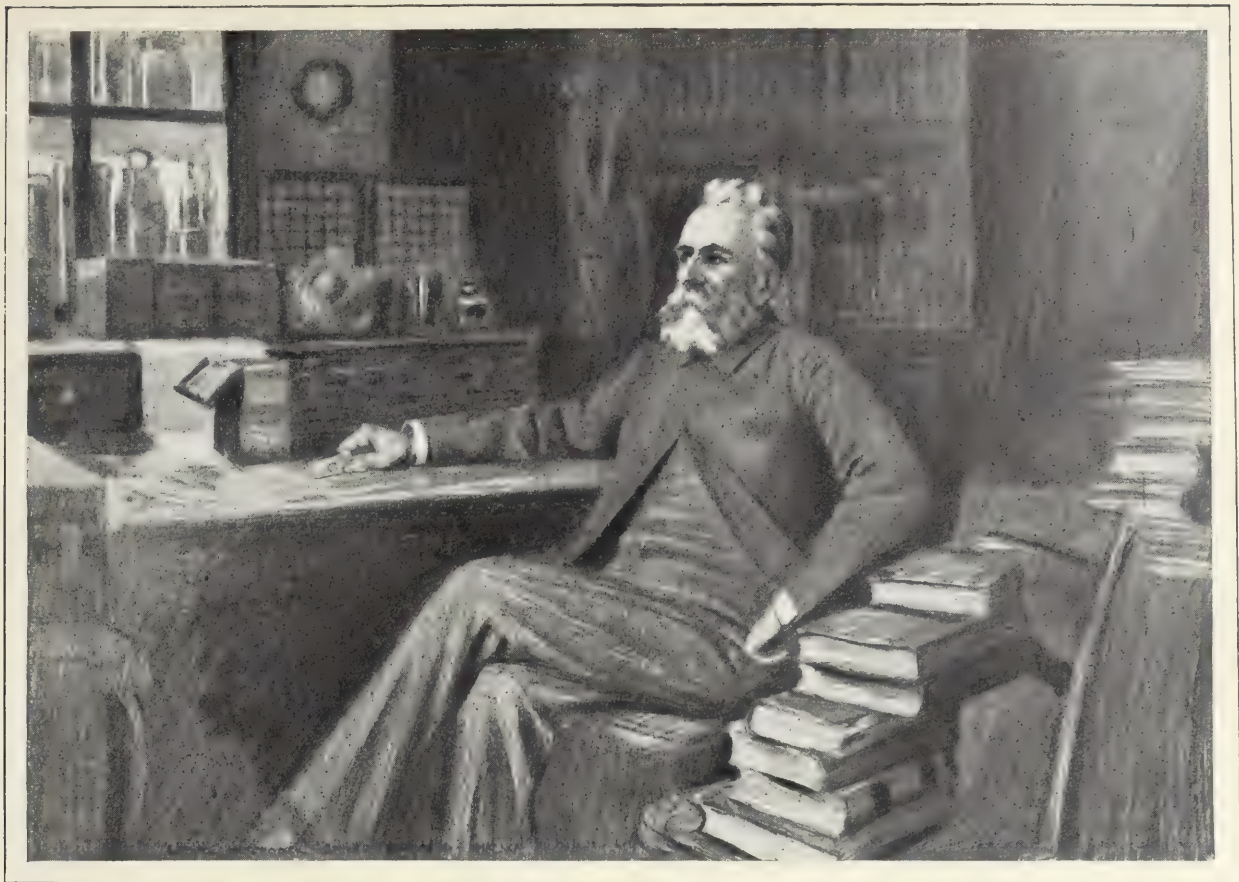
A glance about the room shows you at once that it is a place for study, and also that it is the room of the most methodical of students. There are books and papers everywhere, yet not the slightest trace of disorder. Clearly every book and every

parcel of papers has a place, and is kept in that place. The owner can at any moment lay his hand upon anything he desires among all these documents. This habit of orderliness has had no small share, I take it, in contributing to Professor Haeckel's success in carrying forward many lines of research at the same time, and carrying all to successful terminations. Then, too, there goes with it, as a natural accompaniment, a methodical habit of working, without which no single man could have put behind him the multifarious accomplishments that stand to Professor Haeckel's credit.

Orderliness is not a more pronounced innate gift with Professor Haeckel than is the gift of initial energy to undertake and carry on work which leads to accomplishment—a trait regarding which men, even active men, so widely differ. Professor Haeckel holds that whatever his normal bent in this direction, it was enormously strengthened in boyhood by the precepts of his mother—from whom, by-the-bye, he chiefly inherits his talents. "My mother," he says, "would never permit me to be idle for a moment. If I stood at a window day-dreaming, she would always urge me to be up and doing. 'Work or play,' she would urge, 'but do not stand idle.' Through this reiterated admonition physical activity became a life-long habit with me, and work almost a necessity of my being. If I have been able to accomplish my full share of labors, this is the reason. I am never idle, and I scarcely know the meaning of *ennui*."

This must not be interpreted as meaning, however, that Professor Haeckel takes up a task and works at it all day long unceasingly. This is not the German method of working, and in this regard Professor Haeckel is a thorough German. "When I was a young man," he says, "I at one time, thanks to the persuasions of some English friends, became a convert to the English method of working, and even attempted to introduce it into Germany. But I soon relinquished it, and lapsed back into our German method, which I am convinced will produce better results for the average worker. The essential of this method is the long mid-day rest, which enables one late in the afternoon to begin what is virtually a new day's work, and carry it out with vigor and without undue fatigue.





HAECKEL IN HIS STUDY

Thus I, who am an early riser, begin work at five in summer and six in winter, after the customary light breakfast of coffee and rolls. I do not take a second breakfast at ten or eleven, as many Germans do, but work continuously until one o'clock, when I have dinner. This with me, as with all Germans, is the hearty meal of the day. After dinner I take a half-hour's nap; then read the newspaper or chat with my family for an hour, and perhaps go for a long walk. At about four, like all Germans, I take my cup of coffee, but without cake or other food. Then at four, having had three full hours of brain rest and diversion, I am ready to go to work again, and can accomplish four hours more of work without undue fatigue. At eight I have my rather light supper, and after that I attempt no further work, giving the evening to reading, conversation, or other recreation. I do not retire till rather late, as I require only five or six hours' sleep."

Such is the method of labor division that enables not Professor Haeckel only, but a host of other German brain-workers, to accomplish enormous labors, yet to thrive on the accomplishment, and to

carry the ruggedness and health of youth far into the decades that are too often, with our own workers, given over to decrepitude. Haeckel at sixty-five looks as if he were good for at least a score of years of further effort. And should he fulfil the promise of his present ruggedness, he will do no more than numbers of his colleagues in German universities have done and are doing. Witness, in illustration, Rudolph Virchow, who, at seventy-eight, talked of coming to America "one of these years, when ocean travel has been made more expeditious"; or A. von Kolliker, who, at eighty-two, still teaches at Würzburg; or the veteran of them all, Bunsen, who made his fame so many decades ago that now, at ninety, he must feel sometimes as if he were his own great-grandson. When one runs over the list of which this is only a reminder, and considers at the same time the amount of the individual output of the best German workers, he is led to feel that Professor Haeckel was probably right in giving up the continuous-day method of labor and reverting to the German method.

In addition to the original researches that Professor Haeckel has carried out, to



which I have already made some reference, there has of course been all along another large item of time consumption to be charged up to his duties as a teacher. These, to be sure, are somewhat less exacting in the case of a German university professor than they are in corresponding positions in England or America. Thus, outside the hours of teaching, Professor Haeckel has all along been able to find about eight hours a day for personal original research. When he told Professor Huxley so in the day of their early friendship, Huxley exclaimed: "Then you ought to be the happiest man alive. Why, I can find at most but two hours a day to use for myself!"

So much for the difference between German methods of teaching, where the university professor usually confines his contact with the pupils to an hour's lecture each day, and the English system, according to which the lecturer is a teacher in other ways as well. Yet it must be added that in this regard Professor Haeckel is not an orthodox German, for his contact with his students is by no means confined to the lecture hour. Indeed, if one would see him at his best, he must go not to the lecture-hall, but to the laboratory proper during the hours when Professor Haeckel personally presides there, and brings knowledge and inspiration to the eager band of young dissectors who gather there. It will perhaps seem strange to the reader to be told that the hours on which this occurs are from nine till one o'clock of a day which is perhaps not devoted to class-room exercises in any other school of Christendom whatever—namely, the Sabbath. It is interesting to reflect what would be the comment on such a procedure in London, for example, where the underground railway trains even must stop running during the hours of morning service. But Jena is not London, and, as Professor Haeckel says, "In Jena one is free. It pleases us to have our Sabbath service in our tabernacle of science."

All question of time aside, it is a favored body of young men who occupy the benches in the laboratory during Professor Haeckel's unique Sunday morning service. Each student has before him a microscope and a specimen of the particular animal that is the subject of the morning's lesson. Let us say that the subject this morning is the crayfish. In

addition to the specimens with which the students are provided, and which each will dissect for himself under the professor's guidance, there are scattered about the room, on the various tables, all manner of specimens of allied creatures, such as crabs, lobsters, and the like. There are dissected specimens also of the crayfish, each preparation showing a different set of organs, exhibited in preserving-fluids. Then there are charts hung all about the room illustrating on a magnified scale, by diagram and picture, all phases of the anatomy of the subjects under discussion. The entire atmosphere of the place this morning smacks of the crayfish and his allies.

The session begins with a brief off-hand discussion of the general characteristics and affinities of the group of arthropoda, of which the crayfish is a member. Then perhaps the professor calls the students about him, and gives a demonstration of the curious phenomena of hypnotism as applied to the crayfish, through which a living specimen, when held for a few moments in a constrained attitude, will pass into a rigid "trance," and remain standing on its head, or in any other grotesque position, for an indefinite period, until aroused by a blow on the table, or other shock. Such are some of the little asides, so to speak, with which the virile teacher enlivens his subject and gives it broad human interest. Now each student turns to his microscope and his individual dissection, and the professor passes from one investigator to another, with comment, suggestion, and criticism; answering questions, propounding anatomical enigmas for solution—enlivening, vivifying, inspiring the entire situation.

As the work proceeds, Professor Haeckel now and again calls the attention of the entire class to some particular phase of the subject just passing under their individual observation, and, in the most informal of talks, illustrated on blackboard and chart, clears up any lurking mysteries of the anatomy, or enlivens the subject with an incursion into the physiology, embryology, or comparative morphology of the parts under observation. Thus by the close of the session the student has acquired something far more than a mere first-hand knowledge of the anatomy of the crayfish—though that in itself were much. He has gained an insight also into a half-dozen allied subjects. He has learned to





CLASS-ROOM. HAECKEL'S LABORATORY

look on the crayfish as a link in a living chain—a creature with physiological, psychological, ontological, affinities that give it a human interest not hitherto suspected by the novitiate. And when the entire series of Sunday morning “services” has been carried through, one Order after another of the animal kingdom being similarly made tribute, the favored student has gone far toward the goal of a truly philosophical zoology, as different from the old-time dry-bones anatomy as the living crayfish is different from the dead shell which it casts off in its annual moulting-time.

#### IV.

What, then, is the essence of this “philosophical zoology,” of which Haeckel is the greatest living exponent and teacher, and of which his pupils are among the most active promoters? In other words, what is the real status, and the import and meaning—the *raison d'être*, if you will—of the science of zoology today?

To clear the ground for an answer to that question one must glance backward, say half a century, and note the status of the zoology of that day, that one may see how utterly the point of view has changed

since then; what a different thing zoology has become in our generation from what it was, for example, when young Haeckel was a student at Jena back in the fifties. At that time the science of zoology was a conglomeration of facts and observations about living things, grouped about a set of specious and sadly mistaken principles. It was held, following Cuvier, that the beings of the animal kingdom had been created in accordance with five preconceived types—the vertebrate, with a spinal column; the articulate, with jointed body and members, as represented by the familiar crustaceans and insects; the molluscan, of which the oyster and the snail are familiar examples; the radiate, with its axially disposed members, as seen in the star-fish; and the low, almost formless protozoon, most of whose representatives are of microscopic size. Each of these so-called classes was supposed to stand utterly isolated from the others, as the embodiment of a distinct and tangible idea. So, too, of the lesser groups or orders within each class, and of the still more subordinate groups, named, technically, families, genera, and, finally, the individual species. That the grouping of species into these groups was more or less arbitrary was of



course to some extent understood; yet it was not questioned by the general run of zoologists that a genus, for example, represented a truly natural group of species that had been created as variations upon one idea or plan, much as an architect might make a variety of houses, no one exactly like any other, yet all conforming to a particular type or genus of architecture—for example, the Gothic or the Romanesque. That each of the groups defined by the classifiers had such status as this was the stock doctrine of zoology, as also that the individual species making up the groups, and hence the groups themselves, maintained their individual identity absolutely unaltered from the moment of their creation, throughout all successive generations, to the end of their racial existence.

Such being the fundamental conception of zoology, it remained only for the investigator to study each individual species with an eye to its affinities with other species, that each might be assigned by a scientific classification to the particular place in the original scheme of creation which it was destined to occupy. Once such affinities have been correctly determined and interpreted for all species, the zoological classification would then be complete for all time. A survey of the completed schedule of classification would show at a glance the details of the preconceived system in accordance with which the members of the animal kingdom were created—and zoology would be a “finished” science.

In the application of this relatively simple scheme, to be sure, no end of difficulties were encountered. Each higher animal is composed of so many members and organs, of such diverse variations, that naturalists could never agree among themselves as to just where a balance of affinities between resemblances and differences should be struck; whether, for example, a given species varied so much from the type species of a genus—say the genus Gothic house—as to belong properly to an independent genus—say Romanesque house—or whether, on the other hand, its divergencies were still so outweighed by its resemblances as to permit of its retention as an aberrant member of genus number one. Perpetual quibbling over these matters was quite the order of the day, no two authorities ever agreeing as to details of classification. The sole

point of agreement was that preconceived types were in question—if only the zoologists could ever determine just what these types were. Meantime the student who supposed classifications to be matters of moment, and who laboriously learned to label the animals and birds of his acquaintance with an authoritative Latin name, was perpetually obliged to unlearn what he had acquired as a new classifier brought new resources of hair-splitting pursuit of a supposed type or ideal to bear on the subject. Where, for example, our great ornithologists of the early part of the century, such as Wilson and Audubon, had classed all our numerous hawks in a genus *Falco*, later students split the group up into numerous genera—just how many it is impossible to say, as no two authorities agreed on that point. Wilson, could he have come back a generation after his death, would have found himself quite at a loss to converse with his successors about the birds he knew and loved so well, using their technical names—though the birds themselves had not changed.

Notwithstanding all the differences of opinion about matters of detail, however, there was nevertheless substantial agreement about the broader outlines of classifications, and it might fairly enough have been hoped that some day, when longer study had led to finer discrimination, the mysteries of all the types of creation would be fathomed. But then, while this hope still seemed far enough from realization, Charles Darwin came forward with his revolutionizing doctrine—and the whole time-honored myth of “types” of creation vanished in thin air. It became clear that the zoologists had been attempting a task utterly Sisyphean. They had sought to establish “natural groups” where groups do not exist in nature. They were eagerly peering after an ideal that had no existence outside their imagination. Their barriers of words could not be made to conform to barriers of nature because in nature there are no barriers.

What, then, was to be done? Should the whole fabric of classification be abandoned? Clearly not, since there can be no science without classification of facts about labelled groupings, however arbitrary. Classification, then, must be retained, perfected; only in future it would be remembered that any classification must be more or less arbitrary, and in a



sense false; that it is at best only a verbal convenience, not the embodiment of a final ideal. If, for example, we consider the very "natural" group of birds commonly called hawks, we are quite justified in dividing this group into several genera or minor groups, each composed of several species more like one another than like the members of other groups of species—that is, of other genera. But in so doing we must remember that if we could trace the ancestry of our various species of hawks we should find that in the remote past the differences that now separate the groups had been less and less marked, and originally quite non-existent, all the various species having sprung from a common ancestor. The genera of to-day are cousin groups, let us say; but the parents of the existing species were of one brood, brothers and sisters. And what applies to the minor groups called genera applies also, going farther into the past, to all larger groups as well; so that in the last analysis, all existing creatures being really the evolved and modified descendants of one primordial type, it may be said that all animate creatures are, as Lamarck long ago claimed, only varieties of a single kind. In this broadened view the details of classification cease to have the importance once ascribed to them, and the quibblings of the classifiers seem amusing rather than serious.

Yet the changed point of view left the subject by no means barren of interest. For if multitudinous creatures of the living world are but diversified twiglets of a great tree of ascent, spread by branching from a common root, at least it is worth knowing what larger branches each group of twiglets—representing a genus, let us say—has sprung from. In particular, since the topmost twig of the tree is represented by man himself and his nearest relatives, is it of human interest to inquire just what branches and main stems will be come upon in tracing back the lineage of this particular offshoot. This attempt had perhaps no vast vital importance, in the utilitarian sense in which these terms are oftenest used; but at least it had human interest. Important or otherwise, it was the task that lay open to zoology, and apparently its only task, so soon as the Darwinian hypothesis had made good its status.

The man who first took this task in hand, and who has most persistently and

wisely followed it, and hence the man who became the recognized leader in the field of the new zoology, was, as I have already intimated, Professor Haeckel. His hypothetical tree of man's lineage, tracing the ancestry of the human family back to the earliest geological times and the lowest orders of beings, has been familiar now for just a third of a century. It was at first confessedly only a tentative genealogy, with many weak limbs and untraced branches. It was improved from time to time as new data came to hand, through studies of paleontology, of embryology, and of comparative anatomy. It will be of interest, then, to inquire just what is its status to-day, and to examine briefly Professor Haeckel's own most recent pronouncement regarding it.

Perhaps it is not worth our while here to go too far down toward the root of the genealogical tree to begin our inquiry. So long as it is admitted that the remote ancestry is grounded in the lowest forms of organisms, it perhaps does not greatly matter to the average reader that there are dark places in the lineage during the period when our ancestor had not yet developed a spinal column—when, in other words, he had not attained the dignity of the lowest fish. Neither, perhaps, need we mourn greatly that the exact branch by which our reptilian or amphibian non-mammalian ancestor became the first and most primitive of mammals is still hidden in unexplored recesses of early strata. The most patrician monarch of to-day would not be greatly disturbed as to just who were his ancestors of the days of the cave-dweller. It is when we come a little nearer home that the question begins to take on its seemingly personal significance. Questions of grandparents and great-grandparents concern the patrician very closely. And so all along the question that has interested the average casual investigator of the Darwinian theory has been the question as to man's immediate ancestor—the parents and grandparents of our race, so to speak. Hence the linking of the word "monkey" with the phrase "Darwinian theory" in the popular mind; and hence, also, the interpretation of the phrase "missing link" in relation to man's ancestry, as applying only to our nearest ancestor, and not to any other of the gaps in the genealogical chain.



What, then, is the present status of Haeckel's genealogical tree regarding man's most direct ancestor? From what non-human parent did the human race directly spring? That is a question that has proved itself of lasting and vital human interest. It is a question that for a long time was answered only with a hypothesis, but which Professor Haeckel to-day professes to be able to answer with a decisive and affirmative citation, not of theories, but of facts. In a word, it is claimed that man's immediate ancestor is now actually upon record; that the much-heralded "missing link" is missing no longer.

The principal single document, so to speak, on which this claim is based consists of the now famous skull and thigh-bone which the Dutch surgeon Dr. Eugene Dubois discovered, about five years ago, in the tertiary strata of the island of Java. Tertiary strata, it should be explained, had never hitherto yielded any fossils bordering on the human type; but this now famous skeleton was unmistakably akin to the human. The thigh, in particular, taken by itself, would have been pronounced by any competent anatomist to be of human origin. Unquestionably the individual who bore it had been accustomed to take an erect attitude in walking. And yet the skull was far inferior in size and shape to that of any existing tribe of man; was, indeed, rather of a simian type, though, on the other hand, of about twice the capacity of the skull of any existing ape. In a word, it seemed clear that the creature whose part skeleton had been found by Dr. Dubois was of a type intermediate between the lowest existing man and the highest existing man-apes. It was, in short, the actual prototype of that hypothetical creature which Haeckel, in his genealogical tree, had christened *Pithecanthropus*—the ape-man. As such it was christened *Pithecanthropus erectus*, the erect ape-man.

Now the discovery of this remarkable form did not make Professor Haeckel any more certain that some such form had existed than he was thirty years before, when he christened a hypothetical subject with the title now taken by a tangible claimant. But after all there is something very taking about a prophecy fulfilled, and so the appearance of *Pithecanthropus erectus* created no small sen-

sation in the zoological world. He was hailed by Haeckel and his followers as the veritable "missing link," and as such gained immediate notoriety. But on the other hand a reactionary party at once attacked him with the most bitter animadversions, denouncing him as no true ancestor of man, with a bitterness that is hard to understand, considering that the origin of man from *some* lower form has long ceased to be matter of controversy. "*Pithecanthropus* is at least half an ape!" they cried, with the clear implication of "anything but an ape for an ancestor!"

I confess I have always found it hard to understand just why this peculiar aversion should always be held against the unoffending ape tribe. Why it would not be quite as satisfactory to find one's ancestor in an ape, as in the alternative lines of, for example, the cow, or the hippopotamus, or the whale, or the dog, or the rat, has always been a mystery. Yet the fact of this prejudice holds. Probably we dislike the ape because of the very patency of his human affinities. The poor relation is objectionable not so much because he is poor as because he is a relation. So perhaps it is not the apeness, so to speak, of the ape that is objectionable, but rather the humanness. In any event the aversion has been matter of common notoriety ever since the Darwinian theory became fully accepted; it showed itself now with renewed force against poor *Pithecanthropus*. A half-score of objections were launched against him. It is needless to rehearse them now, since they were all met valiantly, and the final verdict saw the new-comer triumphantly ensconced in man's ancestral halls, as the oldest sojourner there who has any title to be spoken of as "human." He is only half human, to be sure—a veritable ape-man, as his name implies—but exactly therein lies his altogether unique distinction. He is the embodiment of that "missing link" whose non-appearance had hitherto given so much comfort to the sceptical.

Perhaps some crumbs of comfort may be found by the reactionists in the fact that it is not held by Professor Haeckel, or by any other competent authority, that the link which *Pithecanthropus* supplies welds man directly with any existing man-ape—with gorilla, chimpanzee, or orang. It is held that these high-



1.

2.

3.

4.

No. 1. Modern human skull.

No. 2. *Pithecanthropus Erectus*. The portion above the dotted line is the only portion known, that below being restored.

No. 3. Skull of adult male gorilla.

No. 4. Skull of gibbon.  
(*Hylodactylus*.)





est existing apes are side branches, so to say, of the ancestral tree, who developed, in their several ways, contemporaneously with our direct ancestors, but are not themselves directly of the royal line. The existing ape that has clung closest to the direct ancestral type of our own race, it appears, is the gibbon—a creature far less objectionable in that rôle because of the very paucity of his human characteristics as revealed to the casual observer. Gibbonlike fossil apes are known, in strata representing a time some millions of years antecedent to the epoch of *Pithecanthropus* even, which are held to be directly of the royal line through which *Pithecanthropus*, and the hypothetical *Homo stupidus*, and the known *Homo neanderthalensis*, and lastly, proud *Homo sapiens* himself, have descended. Thus Professor Haeckel is able to make the affirmation, as he did last year before the International Zoological Congress in Cambridge, that man's line of descent is now clearly traced, from a stage back in the eocene time when our ancestor was not yet more than half arrived to the ape's estate, down to the time of true human development. "There no longer exists," he says, "'a missing link.' The phyletic continuity of the primate stem, from the oldest lemurs down to man himself, is a historical fact."

It should perhaps be added that the force of this rather startling conclusion rests by no means exclusively upon the finding of *Pithecanthropus* and the other fossils, nor indeed upon any paleontological evidence whatever. These of course furnish data of a very tangible and convincing kind, but the evidence in its totality includes also a host of data from the realms of embryology and comparative anatomy—data which, as already suggested, enabled Professor Haeckel to predicate the existence of *Pithecanthropus* long in advance of his actual discovery. Whether the more remote gaps in the chain of man's ances-

try will be bridged in a manner similarly in accord with Professor Haeckel's predications, it remains for future discoveries of zoologist and paleontologist to determine. In any event, the recent findings have added an increment of glory to that philosophical zoology of which Professor Haeckel is the greatest living exponent.

This tracing of genealogies is doubtless the most spectacular feature of the new zoology, yet it must be clear that the establishment of lines of evolution is at best merely a preparation for the all-important question, Why have these creatures, man included, evolved at all? That question goes to the heart of the new zoological philosophy. A partial answer was of course given by Darwin in his great doctrine of natural selection. But this doctrine, while explaining the preservation of favorable variations, made no attempt to account for the variations themselves. Professor Haeckel's contribution to the subject consisted in the revival of the doctrine of Lamarck—that individual variations, in response to environmental influences, are transmitted to the offspring, and thus furnish the material upon which, applying Darwin's principle, evolution may proceed. This Lamarck-Haeckel doctrine was under a cloud for a recent decade during the brief passing of the Weismannian myth, but it has now emerged, and stands as the one recognized factor in the origin of those variations whose cumulative preservation through natural selection has resulted in the evolution of organic forms.

But may there not be other factors, as yet unrecognized, that supplement the Lamarckian and Darwinian principles in bringing about this marvellous evolution of beings? That, it would seem, is the most vital question that the philosophical zoology of our generation must hand on to the twentieth century. For to-day not even Professor Haeckel himself can give it answer.

## LONELINESS

BY FRANCES BACON PAINE

THE greatest height of loneliness and loss is not  
 To stand alone and look ahead through empty years—  
 But side by side to live with one who does not know  
 The burden of your silences, your grief of unshed tears.



# THE DRAWER

## THE DESPERATE JIM PANTHER

BY HAYDEN CARRUTH

ONE of the stories which Mr. Milo Bush used to tell was concerning a certain Jim Panther, who formerly infested the town. That such a man had actually existed I know to be a fact, but I cannot vouch for all of the details of Mr. Bush's narrative. It sounded reasonable, however, as he told it—though, for the matter of that, everything he told sounded reasonable, even when it related to how he (the speaker) had formerly earned his living by work.

"This here Jim Panther," Mr. Bush would begin, "was enterprising as a hen with one chicken. Always up to some money-making dodge. Honest as a sorrel hoss, but just naturally a business man. When the panic struck the town and two faro banks closed, and people lost confidence, and Deacon Tupper was detected using a false crown in his hat when taking up the collection Sunday morning, Jim kep' right on and never squealed. Sold an Eastern man who wanted a farm the land which had been reserved for the Pleasant Prospect Cemetery, and got an Englishman into a poker game, and—well, the next day you might 'a' hung that Britisher over a clothes-line and put two tramps a-walloping him with these here rattan carpet-beaters, and they couldn't 'a' pounded a penny out of him. Jim Panther never set around and croaked about the tariff, or said that the government ought to make buckwheat cakes legal tender.

"You see, in them days there was a good many Eastern tourists and suchlike out here, and a genyooine live town with live folks in it being new to them, they gawked around a good deal and asked questions, and got in the way, and wondered at this and that. They was great hands to buy things to take home—Injun fixings, and big hats, and bear-skins, and Mexican spurs, and other stuff. Jim had been running a small Injun-scalp factory for some time as a kind of a side issue, but competition was brisk and prime scalps got down to sixty cents apiece. Besides, some man went to putting celluloid scalps on the market instead of the genyooiner horse-hide scalp, and this spoiled the business. So Jim set to thinking, and talked matters over with his brother Bill and the city marshal. The next day he blossomed out wearing a red shirt, and a big hat, and a gun in his belt as big as a j'int of stove-pipe, and with thirty-nine notches

filed in the barrel. Then he stood about on the corner and looked gloomy and disappointed, and peered up and down the street as if he was looking for the feller that had said he wasn't a gentleman and an honest citizen.

"Well, we seen our duty and we done it, as Judge Parker used to say in his Fourth-of-July speeches. Of course the tourists begun to ask questions—you *can't* shut off a tourist's questioner. 'W-w-ot is the person on the corner armed with the large pistol?' they would say. 'Oh,' we says, keerless-like, 'that's only Rattlesnake Jim.' 'Er-er, wot is them notches on the barrel of his weepoon?' the tourist would go on. 'Oh,' says we, 'just where he's kep' count of the men he's shot, that's all.' 'How—how many?' says the tourist. 'Thirty-nine,' says we; 'but don't speak of it, 'cause he don't want nothing said till he's made it an even forty.' Then the tourist would go off and tell the other tourists, and soon they all was talking about Rattlesnake Jim, from Bender's Flat, and wondering if he'd get his man before supper. By-and-by Jim stuck a file behind his ear just to have it handy for the next notch, and the fool tourists got more interested.

"In a hour or so Jim's brother comes loafing down the street with another big gun. Soon as they see each other they both yells, and yanks out their weepoons, and they go bang! right together, and Jim flops down on his back, and the brother travels off rapid. The marshal steps up, puts his hand on Jim's heart, rises solemn, takes off his hat and lays it on Jim's breast to cover the wound, and says in a choky voice: 'Gents, the bravest man that ever looked throo a collar is no more. No more, gents! Rattlesnake Jim is dead,' and he mops his eyes with his elbow. Then he stoops over again, and picks up the weepoon and runs his thumb along the barrel, and then goes on: 'Thirty-nine, feller-citizens. And he longed to make it forty. Truly, *truly*, death loves a shining mark! He was my friend, gents. After life's fitting fever he sleeps like a top!' and here he busts out and regularly boo-hoos for a minute or two. Then he goes on: 'But Rattlesnake Jim was a poor man; poor, but honest. He gave much in charity but kep' little for himself. He often said to me, "Old hoss, when I am gone sell my effects and give me decent burial." This



small gun is his only effect, gents. Does any gent wish to buy it?" You ought to see them tourists wade in. Inside of a minute one of 'em walked off with it for \$50, while we carried Jim to his room at the hotel, where he set up and ordered refreshments for the bearers, and sent for a bottle of arnica to rub on his elbow where it hit the sidewalk as he fell. Two days after he was shot again, and after that died regular three times a week. He might 'a' got rich if he'd stuck to it and worked. But he couldn't stand prosperity. Insisted on having a hair mattress to fall on to, and got so he kep' on smoking his cigar while he was a-laying there dead, and kicked 'cause the marshal's tears spattered on it and put it out."

#### A TIMELY SUGGESTION

At a camp meeting there were elderly women sitting at the front in oak-split rocking-chairs. We found out later that they comprised the choir, for when the parson gave out the hymn, "Oh, for a thousand tongues to praise," one of these elderly females tried to "raise" the tune.

"Oh—for—a—" She had struck the high C, and her voice cracked; she cleared her

throat and began again, "Oh—for—a—thou—" and she was an octave low, while her voice sounded as if it was lost in her boots. Just then a defunct stock-broker in the crowd of listeners jumped to his feet and cried out, "Start her at *five hundred*, old lady, and see if you can't shove her off."

#### THE LITTLE ONES

"My dear, you have been very naughty; you must ask God to make you a good child," said a fond mother, on bidding her little girl good-night.

The next morning the child announced,

"Mamma, I asked God last night to make me a good child, and He answered me."

"How did He answer you?"

"Why, He said, 'Great Scott! I know many little girls worse than you are!'"

Another child had been warned by his mother not to ask a visitor why he had only one eye, or one leg, as he had already done this, to the great confusion of the unfortunate guest.

*Little boy (musing).* "Can I say anything, mamma, if he hasn't any head?"

*Mother.* "Yes; in that case you can ask all you choose."



#### TIME TO TALK

MRS. DIMPLETON. "Mrs. Von Blumer has had trouble with her servants."

MRS. KINGLEY. "Are you going over to talk to her about it?"

MRS. DIMPLETON. "No. I am going to wait until I have trouble of my own."



#### EDGAR AND HIS NEW PICTURE-BOOK

"The walrus hath two great teeth growing from its mouth and down;  
The goat hath two teeth quite as large that start up from its crown."

#### A GOOD REASON

IN an old New England town a couple celebrated recently their golden wedding. In addition to some strictly appropriate golden gifts they received many articles of silver, among them no less than thirteen berry-spoons, which made an imposing array when laid out in a row for inspection and admiration.

A neighbor went home and told his wife that "Folks must have thought Rufus and Abigail had darned big mouths."

#### PRESENCE OF MIND

IF there be one thing that I more than another admire, it is the having one's wits about one—perhaps because I never had mine. To be possessed only of *l'esprit d'escaliers* is simply an aggravation.

As illustrative of ready-witted men I recall an incident that I have often told but never published. Let me do that now in justice to one that is gone.

In company with the late J. R. Osgood I once of an evening dropped in at Wallack's old Fourteenth Street theatre. We could get no seats, as there was standing room only. At the end of the first act two orchestra seats were vacant in front, and we walked down and took them. Barely were we seated when two gentlemanly-looking young men came down the aisle and addressed me.

"Beg pardon, but have you checks for those seats?"

I was on the point of rising when Osgood replied, "No. Have you?"

They hadn't. It was merely a bit of supreme bluff. But how few would have had the readiness to meet and parry it.

JOHN PAUL.

#### BRINGING THEM TO ORDER

"CORPOREAL punishment is out of date, eh?" began Boggles, reflectively. "Well, maybe it is—maybe it is. But I often wonder how the old-time pedagogue would have got along without it. Why, thirty or forty years ago the teacher who set out to run a district school by moral suasion alone, with birch gads and other instruments of torture barred out, would have wound up in a hospital or a lunatic asylum inside of a week!

"It required physical force and plenty of it at that time to successfully carry a school through the prescribed term. The winter terms, when the larger boys—who were kept at work during the summer—attended, were, of course, the worst, and at the little roadside caravansary of knowledge where I acquired the few hunks of education I've got inside of my noddle, and the scars that adorn the outside of it, I have known of three or four teachers being turned out by the scholars in one winter.



"Some of them taught from three to four weeks, and some of them only that number of days, before they found themselves reposing in a snow-bank outside and the school-house door locked behind them. I have a pretty fair recollection, however, of one able-bodied pedagogue who came along one winter, after several others had been compelled to walk the plank, as it were, and grabbed right hold where they had left off, and brought order out of chaos in a most peremptory and forthwith manner.

"His name was William J. Stebbins—commonly known as Stebbins or 'Bill,' whichever came the handiest—and he was a six-footer, a boxer, and a gentleman of grit and ready resources, who would not have hesitated to tackle anything from a side-hill plough to a cyclone.

"When Stebbins took possession of the school-room from which his latest predecessor had taken an unceremonious departure (assisted by some of the larger boys) only the day before, it was quite evident that he meant business from the word go. He didn't bluster around and begin to preach or lay down a long set of rules and regulations, but calmly removing his coat, and replacing it

by a tight-fitting jacket which displayed his muscular development to the best advantage, he stepped out in front of the blackboard, and quietly announced:

"'Young ladies and gents, 'specially the gents, I feel that it's only fair and square to inform you on the start that this here arena of knowledge will be run strictly accordin' to the Marquis of Queensbury's rules hereafter, and no gougin' or hittin' below the belt will be allowed. I may not know much about handlin' a birch rod, but when it comes to boxin' I can hit harder and quicker and in more places at once than any man in sixteen counties; and if any gent desires anything in that line, all he's got to do is to toss a spit ball in the ring or start a disturbance of any kind, and I will strive in my humble way to accommodate him.

"'That's all, young ladies and gents, 'specially the gents, as I said before. And now Reading Class No. 1 will please advance from their corner and grapple with their first lesson.'

"Reading Class No. 1 obeyed in silence, and Stebbins, during the balance of the term, had the most orderly school ever known in that district."

WILL S. GIDLEY.

## THE PERFIDY PRACTISED BY SIMPLE SIMON

BY GUY WETMORE CARRYL

CONVENIENTLY near to where  
Young Simple Simon dwelt  
There was to be a county fair,  
And Simple Simon felt  
That to the fair he ought to go  
In all his Sunday clothes, and so,  
Determined to behold the show,  
He put them on and went.  
(One half his clothes were borrowed, and the  
other half were lent.)

He heard afar the cheerful sound  
Of horns that people blew,  
He saw the horses swing around  
A circle, two and two,  
He saw balloons arise, and if  
He scented with a gentle sniff  
The smells of pies, what is the dif-  
ference to me or you?  
(You cannot say my verse is false, because I  
know it's true.)

As Simple Simon nearer came  
To these attractive smells,  
Avoiding every little game  
Men played with walnut shells,  
He felt a sudden longing rise;  
The sparkle in his eager eyes  
Betrayed the fact he yearned for pies.  
The eye the secret tells.  
('Tis known the pie of county fairs all other  
pies excels.)

So when he saw upon the road,  
Some fifty feet away,  
A pieman, Simple Simon strode  
Toward him, shouting, "Hey!  
What kinds?" as lordly as a prince.  
The pieman said, "I've pumpkin, mince,  
Blueberry, apple, lemon, quince,"  
And, showing his array,  
He added: "Won't you try them, sir?  
They're very nice to-day."

Now Simon's tastes were most profuse,  
And so, by way of start,  
He ate two cakes, a charlotte-russe,  
Two buns, the better part  
Of one big gingerbread, a pair  
Of lady-fingers, an éclair,  
And six assorted pies, and there,  
His hand upon his heart,  
He paused to choose between an apple dump-  
ling and a tart.

Observing that upon his tray  
The goods were growing few,  
The pieman cried, "I beg to say  
That patrons such as you  
One does not meet in many a moon.  
Pray, won't you try this macaroon?"  
But, guile suspecting, changed his tune  
And added, "What is due,  
I beg respectfully to say's a dollar twenty-  
two."



Then Simple Simon put a curb  
 Upon his appetite,  
 And turning with an air superb,  
 He suddenly took flight,  
 While o'er his shoulder this absurd  
 And really most offensive word  
 Was all the trusting pieman heard  
 To soothe his bitter plight:  
 "Perhaps I should have said before your  
 pies are out of sight."

The moral is a simple one,  
 But still of consequence,  
 For Simple Simon's sense of fun  
 Was certainly immense.  
 Though, blaming his deceitful guise,  
 You scorn him with reproving eyes  
 And with the pieman sympathize,  
 Yet was the latter dense:  
 For only they eat tarts and pies who haven't  
 any cents.



## A PATRIOT'S REQUEST

"I HAD been instructed to report, by sunrise, at General Stonewall Jackson's headquarters for special courier duty," said Captain D——, "and repairing thither, found the general and staff in the saddle, ready to move to the front. I was ordered to follow; and the general, mounted on 'old Sorrel,' pulled his cap visor down, and set off at a sharp gallop, with the rest of us at his heels. The army was in motion, and the road frequently so crowded with troops as to render it necessary for us to make a detour to one side. And as we were dashing through a field of oats, I observed a fat old farmer, with flaming countenance, making his way from his house to the road-side to intercept us. As we rode up, he opened the vials of his wrath and rated us roundly for 'a-rid-in'' through his oats. The general mildly replied that he regretted the necessity for riding through the field, but that the road was blocked with soldiers, and it was important for us to reach the front. But old Hayseed's dander was up, and he would accept no apology; and declaring that 'ef old Stonewall himself were to ride through them oats' he would report him, demanded the general's name. 'I am General Jackson,' was the reply. 'Not Stonewall!' said the old fellow, dubiously. 'I am sometimes so called.' 'Well, general,' said the farmer, his voice trembling with emotion, 'I had no idee it was you when I spoke rough like I did; an' I axes a thousand pardons; an' I'll take it as a partickler favor ef you 'ill jess trample down all them oats.' The general again expressed regret for the injury done, and pressed on, leaving the persistent old soul insisting that he should 'trample down all them oats.'"

## THE COCKTAIL IN ENGLAND

IN these days of boat-races and the Monroe doctrine, international complications abound. The following instance came to my notice at Oxford as an answer to the innocent question of why Binks was not rowing as usual in his college eight.

"All on account of your extraordinary American drinks," my host answered. "You see, if there's anything Binks likes better than rowing seven fellows into a fainting-fit, it's putting down Scotch and soda. Last year, however, he had just heard about American drinks, so after our Bump supper and one or two minor affairs of the kind, he came round to our place to get Jones to make him some. He said he didn't believe the Yankee drinks were any harder to carry than Scotch and soda.

"It happened that Jones, who runs the bar, wasn't in just then; and my own experience with American drinks was limited to the night after the last 'varsity race, which I spent at the Empire Theatre. The bar-keeper there has a list of eleven drinks, and, as I told Binks, only the first three or four of them are good. After that, you know,

they get so incongruous. I hoped this fact would get me rid of him, for I had a lot of reading on; but thanking me for my advice, he said that if Jones didn't mind he *would* stick to the first three or four. At this, to get him to go, I got out Jones's book, *The Barkeeper's Vade-Mecum*, by John Collins, and read him all the names. He thought them all over, and said that he would stick to Honey-moon Cocktails, Astral Flights, Three Yards of Red Flannel, and Corpse Revivers.

"In making up the first drink I got along all right until I came to the gin. There didn't seem to be any gin in Jones's whole collection of spirits. However, as Jones had all sorts of bottles, from Elliman's Embrocation to pickled zoological specimens, I kept hunting till I found what I wanted.

"When Binks tasted the cocktail he made a wry face and said, 'It's bloody.' Then he swallowed it with the air of pulling fifty strokes to the minute. I thought that it had done for him, but he only said he hoped the Astral Flights would taste better. These, you know—I don't need to tell any American—come in tumblers, and are made of gin. Binks stuck to his glass as if he were rowing a four-mile race, and when he finished it he looked as if he had the mulligrubs. 'It's worse,' he said. 'I'm going home.'

"When Jones came in at midnight and found the bottles, I didn't lose much time in getting to Binks's bedside. With a wrench and a groan the poor fellow said that he was feeling better, and then went off into a lot of mad stuff about rowing and drinks. It seemed to comfort him to reflect that we can still lick the Yankees at Henley even if we can't stand their drinks. You see, what I had taken for Jones's gin was only his photographic developer. And that's why Binks hasn't been rowing in the eight."

JOHN CORBIN.

## A BACKWOODS PHILOSOPHER

IN one of the back counties of Virginia there lives a worthy couple, whom we will call Peter and Mandy Jones. Peter owned a small farm a few miles from the village, which was the capital of the county, and where Peter spent the greater part of his time, to the neglect of his farm duties, and to the great distress of his worthy spouse he generally returned home in a state of intoxication. On one occasion while he was absent in the town on a drunken spree, his cows were attacked by disease and all of them died. Upon his return home his wife informed him of the death of the cows, and hoping to impress upon him a great moral lesson, said, "Now, Pete, those cows dying that way was a judgment of the Lord agin' you for your wicked, drunken doings." Pete meditated for a moment, and then replied,

"Well, Mandy, ef the Lord was a judgment agin' me and is willin' to take it out in cows he is welcome to 'em." And he arose and went to town to get drunk again.



ABER-7

## THE GOLFER'S CALENDAR—JULY

Listen to the records tumbling!

'Tis the Kalends of July,

And the Champion bee is bumblng

As the "gutties" homeward fly.



## A SUFFICIENT REASON

SEVERAL years previous to the late disturbance of the friendly relations between the North and South an impecunious Virginia Colonel came to Washington and obtained from the then President an appointment—a “sin-e-cu-ree,” as he termed it. The duties were nominal, the salary liberal, and the colonel contentedly waxed old and fat. But the breaking out of war rudely and sadly disturbed his dream of lifetime ease and plenty. He deemed it his duty to link his fortune (?) with the Confederacy, resigned, and hurried back to his childhood's home.

Too aged and broken to be of service, without money or influence, simply a burden, his presence was not looked upon with favor, and the lines of his life grew exceedingly hard. About all he possessed was pride. Of that he had an unlimited stock. Yet somehow he managed to survive until the close of the “onpleasantness.” Then the change of affairs and the administration left him hopeless, and he suffered exceedingly for his customary corn-bread, bacon, and whiskey—the last most of all.

Ragged, dirty, and nearly starved, he chanced to meet an officer wearing the blue who had known him during his official career, was greeted kindly and advised to return to Washington and seek employment—he being literally homeless.

“I will give you transportation,” said General ——. “The government will not be hard upon so aged and infirm a man; you still have some friends in the city, and it is the best thing you can do.”

“Can't do it, sah,” was answered firmly and sternly.

“Why can't you, Colonel?”

“I wouldn't dare to go, sah.”

“You need have no fear. No one will harm you. All you will have to do is to take the required oath, to be perfectly safe.”

“Dursent do it, sah,” was repeated with emphasis.

“Who are you afraid of?”

“No one you ever knew, sah, but”—dropping his voice into the most mysterious of whispers—“but of George, sah; George!”

“George?” questioned the General, thinking of all high in power. “Who are you talking about, Colonel?”

“George Washington, sah. When I die, if he has ever heard of my taking the oath he will kick me out of heaven; 'deed he will, sah!”

WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL.

## A THRIFTY SOUL

HANNEHEGAN presides over the portals of a large concern, where visitors come merely out of curiosity, and it is his duty to show them about. One day he had been particularly polite in explaining things to a party of gentlemen, and one of them suggested as they were leaving that Hannehegan should accompany them “and have something.”

Hannehegan shook his head sadly. “Sure,

sir,” he said “oi can't lave me post of juty—but,” he added, as a bright idea occurred to him, “yer moight lave ther proice of it wid me, sir.”

## THE TONGUE

ACCORDING TO RABBI SIMEON

## I

“Go, bring me from the crowded street  
The choicest morsel man may eat;  
Prepare it for my mid-day meal,  
Let this thy skill and taste reveal!”  
Thus, to his servant, spake the sage,  
Renowned for wisdom in his age.

## II

The willing slave, no longer young,  
Went forth and purchased only tongue;  
Prepared the meal, without a word,  
And bore it to his gracious lord.  
He, silent, ate; and eating, thought  
It strange that only tongue was brought.

## III

The morrow came: “Go, bring me, sure,  
The vilest dish thou canst procure;  
Prepare it for my mid-day feast,  
My mandate change not in the least!”  
Thus, to his servant, spake the sage,  
Renowned for wisdom in his age.

## IV

Again the crowded street was sought,  
Again tongue—only tongue—was bought;  
Prepared again with skilful hands,  
This servant filled his lord's commands.  
The master ate; and eating, thought  
It strange that tongue again was brought.

## V

“How is it”—thus at length he speaks—  
“Thou dost indulge such senseless freaks?  
I ask the *best*, and tongue receive;  
The *worst*, and tongue again you give;  
I cannot, surely, understand  
How this agrees with my command.”

## VI

“My lord! for wisdom world-renowned,  
I pray thee think; where can be found  
A thing so good, so pure, forsooth,  
As the *good tongue*, the tongue of truth?  
And what so bad, so vile, so mean,  
As the *bad tongue*, impure, unclean?”

## VII

“Both good and bad they are, my lord,  
And thus have I obeyed thy word.”  
The master gravely bowed his head:  
“'Tis even thus; thou hast well said;  
In high or low, in old or young,  
The best—the worst—is found in tongue.”

HARVEY WENDELL.







RELDENTING.

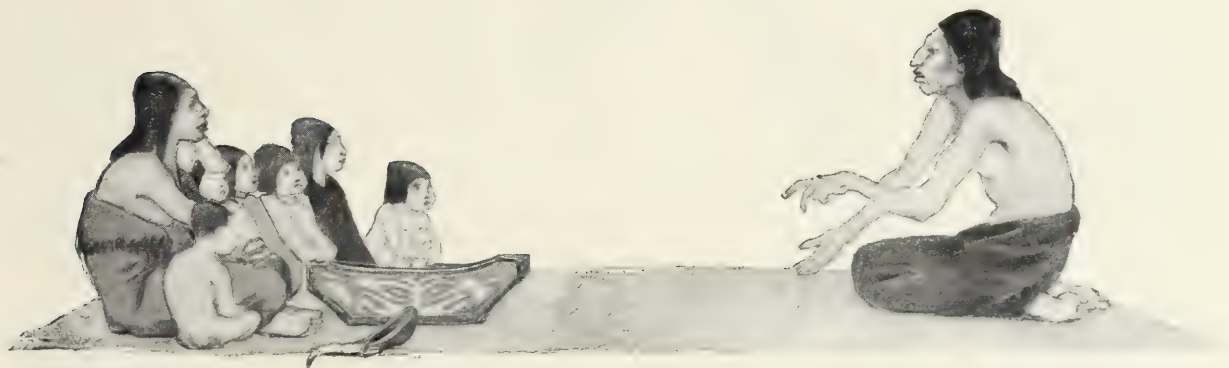
THEN THEY WENT SEAWARD

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*Handing down a Bluejay Legend*

## THE PUNISHMENT OF THE STINGY

A BLUEJAY STORY

BY GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL

ON the shores of the ocean which washes our northwest coast live many tribes of a hardy, seafaring people. Their houses stand along the beach just above high-water mark, and behind them the wooded mountains rise sharply. The waters at their feet yield them the chief share of their living. The salmon that each year come to the rivers to spawn, the great shoals of little herrings that visit the beach, the halibut that lie at the bottom far at sea, the seals, the sea-lions, the porpoises, and the whales, all provide something toward the tribe's support. Or, if for a while all these fail, there are flat-fish on the shoals, clams in the mud flats, and mussels clinging to the rocks. In the stories told by this race of seafarers, the incidents have to do with the common events of their lives, and the scenes are laid on

the water or at the water's edge. They treat of the hunting of the sea-lion, of the catching of the salmon, most often of the search for food. The Bluejay stories to be related here are very old, and date from a period when men and animals were far more closely related than they seem to be to-day; when, as the tales clearly show, each could understand the other's language, and when friendly intercourse between them was common. Although in recent years all the conditions of the lives of these people have changed, stories such as these may still be heard, if one can gain the confidence of the aged men and women who yet retain this legendary lore.

At Sea Side lived many people—a big village. Their houses were on the bank, and, below, the wide beach sloped down





AT LAST HE SAW A BALD-HEADED EAGLE

to the salt water. Under the bank the canoes rested on the beach above high-water mark. Beyond was the sea.

One day the Chief of the village died. He had one son, a big boy just growing up to be a man. It was winter, and the people had hardly anything to eat. They looked along the beach for food cast up by the sea, but they could find nothing. They were hungry, and did not know what they should do. Mussels and roots were their only food.

One day a hunter said to the men: "Everybody get ready; let us go out to sea. Perhaps there we may find something to eat; even if we kill nothing, we can at least gather mussels."

So all the men got ready, and they started out to sea in two canoes. After they had gone some distance they came to a small island, and saw there some sea-lions, and the hunter speared one, and it jumped out to the water and swam strongly, and then it died and floated on

the water. They dragged it up on the shore near by, and Bluejay said, "We will boil it here." So they made a fire there and singed it and cut it up and boiled it. Then Bluejay said: "Let us eat it here. Let us eat all of it, and not take any of it home with us." So these people ate there. The Raven wished to take home some of the meat to give to persons who were hungry, and hid a piece in his mat and carried it to the canoe, but Bluejay ran down and took the meat and threw it into the fire and burned it. After they had eaten all they wanted, they made ready to go home. They gathered mussels, large and small. In the evening they came to the village, and Bluejay called out to his wife, "Stikuá, come and get your mussels." There was a noise of many feet as Stikuá and the other women came running down to get their mussels, and carried them up to the houses.

The Raven took care of the Chief's son. That night the boy said to him, "To-morrow I want to go with you." Bluejay said: "What are you going to do? The waves will carry you away. You will be washed away. I was almost washed away."

Early the next morning the men made ready to go hunting again. They went down to the beach and got into the canoes, and the boy also went down to the beach. He intended to go with them, and as they were pushing off he tried to get into one of the canoes. Bluejay said to him: "Go up to the houses. Go up to the houses." The boy went, as he had been told, but he felt very sorry, and then Bluejay said, "Quick, let us leave him." The people began to paddle.

At length they reached the land where they had been the day before. It was a rocky island. The hunter went ashore and speared a sea-lion. They hauled it to the shore and pulled it up on land, and then pulled it up away from the beach. Bluejay said, "We will eat it

all here, or else our Chief's son will always be wanting to come with us." So now they singed the sea-lion, and cut it up and boiled it there. Then, when what they were cooking was ready, they ate plenty. The Raven tried to save one piece of the meat. He tied it in his hair, intending to hide it, but Bluejay took it out and threw it into the fire and burned it. When they started home they gathered mussels, and at evening they got home. Before they landed, Bluejay called out loud, "Come, Stikuá, and get your mussels." There was a noise of feet running, and Stikuá and her children came running to the beach with all the other women. Then they carried the mussels up to the houses. Bluejay said to the men who had been with him, "Do not tell the Chief's son, any of you, for if you do he will always go with us."

That night the boy said, "To-morrow I am going with you"; and Bluejay said to him: "What are you going to do? You may drift away. You may be overwhelmed by the waves." The boy said, "I will go with you."

On the third morning they rose early and went to the beach, and the boy also went to the beach, and took hold of the

side of the canoe to get in. Bluejay said: "What are you doing here? Go to the houses." The boy cried, but he went back. Then Bluejay said to the others, "Quick, paddle; we will leave him behind." Then the people paddled away. At length they arrived at the rock of the sea-lions, and the hunter went ashore. He speared a large sea-lion, and pretty soon it floated dead on the water. They pulled it in to the shore and up on the beach, and then they hauled it up above the beach, and singed and cut it up and boiled it there. When it was done they ate it, and Bluejay said: "We will eat it all. We will not tell any one, for fear that our Chief's son should want to come with us." After all had eaten enough, a little meat was still left. The Raven tried to hide a piece of it. He tied it to his leg and put a bandage over it, and said that his leg was broken. Bluejay burned all the meat that was left over. He said to the Raven, "I want to see your leg." He seized the Raven's leg and untied it, and found the piece of meat that the Raven had tied to it and burnt it. Toward evening they gathered mussels, and then they went home.

When they were nearly at their home



THE BIRD CAME DOWN



Bluejay called out, "Stikuá, your mussels." There was a noise of feet, and Stikuá and the women ran to the beach. They carried the mussels up from the beach and ate mussels all night. The boy said, "To-morrow, I think, I shall surely go along with you." Bluejay said to him: "What are you going to do? You will drift away. I should have drifted away twice if I had not caught hold of the canoe."

Early the next morning they made themselves ready, and the boy got up and made himself ready. Then the people hauled their canoes down to the water and got into them. The boy tried to get into a canoe too, but Bluejay took hold of him and threw him into the water. He stood in the water up to his waist. He took hold of the side of the canoe, but Bluejay hit his hands to make him let go. For a long time he held on, and cried and cried, but at last he let go and went up to the house. Then Bluejay and the other people paddled away. After a while they reached the rock where the sea-lions lived, and the hunter went ashore and speared a sea-lion and it jumped into the water, and soon floated there dead. Then they towed it to the beach and pulled it up and singed it, and cut it up and boiled it. Bluejay said, "We will eat it here." They ate for a long time and ate half of it, and then they were satisfied. They were so full that they went to sleep. After a while Bluejay awoke and burned all the meat that was left. Toward evening they gathered mussels and then started home.

When they were near the shore, Bluejay called out to his wife, "Come and get your mussels, Stikuá," and they heard the noise of feet running down to the shore. Then they carried up the mussels from the beach. That night the boy said, "To-morrow I shall go with you"; and Bluejay said to him: "What are you going to do? We may be thrown into the water and you may drown."

Early the next morning the men made ready to start. The boy also got up and made himself ready. Then Bluejay and the people hauled the canoes down to the water and got into them. The boy tried to get into the canoe, but Bluejay threw him into the water, and they pushed off.

The boy caught hold of the side of the canoe and held it. He stood there in the water up to his armpits, and tried to get into the canoe, but Bluejay hit his hands and made him let go. The boy cried and cried. Bluejay and the people paddled away.

After a little time the boy went up to the beach, feeling very sad, and trying to think what he should do. At last he went into the house, and took his arrows and started, walking along the shore. He walked around a point, and saw a black eagle, and shot it. He skinned it and tried to put the skin on his body, but it was too small. It did not reach down as far as his knees. He took it off and left it there and went on. After a while he saw another eagle, and he shot it, and it fell down. Its head was partly white. He skinned it and put the skin on his body, but it was too small. It reached down only a little below his knees. Then he took it off and left it lying there, and went on a long way. At last he saw a bald-headed eagle. He shot it, and it fell down. Then he skinned it and put the skin on himself. Even this was too small, but it nearly fitted him. Then he tried to fly. At first he could only fly downward. He could not rise in the air. He tried again, and this time he found that he could turn, so he kept on trying, and pretty soon he could fly well.

Now he flew toward the village, and when he had come near to the point he smelled smoke, and in that smoke he smelled fat cooking. So before he got to the village he turned and flew out to sea, following the smell of the smoke. Pretty soon he came to the rock of the sea-lions, and there he saw the men of his village. He lit on a tree far off and watched them, looking down on them below. He saw that they were cooking, and when the meat was done he saw them eating. When they had nearly finished eating, he flew toward them, and he thought, "I wish Bluejay would see me." Bluejay did see the bird flying, and he said, "Ha! a bird is coming to get food from us." The boy flew around them once, and then again. Five times he circled around them, all the time coming lower. Bluejay took a piece of meat and threw it out, and said to the bird, "I



FIVE TIMES THE BIRDS FLEW AROUND THE ROCK

give you this to eat; take it." The bird came down, and grasping the piece of meat, flew away. Then said Bluejay, "Why, that bird has feet just like a person!"

When Bluejay and the people had finished eating they went to sleep. Again the Raven hid a piece of meat. Toward evening Bluejay awoke, and then the people ate again, and afterward Bluejay burned what they had left. Then they gathered mussels and started to go home. When they were close to the houses Bluejay called out, "Ah, Stikuá, get your mussels." All the women ran down to the beach with a noise of feet and carried up the mussels.

When the boy got home he at once lay down. That evening the people tried to wake him, but he did not arise.

The next morning, as soon as it became day, early, they began to get ready, and again they hauled their canoes into the water. The Chief's son still lay in bed. He did not try to go with them, and they started off. After a while the sun rose. Then the boy got up. He called together all the women and children and said to them: "Quick, wash

yourselves. Hurry; don't be lazy." They all washed themselves. Then he said, "Quick, comb your hair." They did so. Then he put down a plank on the ground and took a piece of meat from under his blanket, and said to them, "All your husbands eat a great deal of this meat every day." He put two pieces of the meat side by side on the plank. Then he cut off a piece of the meat and greased the heads of all the women and the children. Then he pulled out of the ground the wall planks of the houses and sharpened them. If a wall plank was wide, he split it. He sharpened all of them. The Raven's house was the last house in the village. He did not pull down its planks. He fastened the planks on to the backs of the women, and said to the women, "Now go to the beach and swim toward the sea, and as you go, swim five times around that rock and then go out to sea. After this you shall be killer whales. When you find sea-lions you shall always kill them, but do not give any of them to stingy people. When you kill a good whale you shall eat it, but do not give any of it to stingy people. I shall take these children with me. They shall live



on the sea and be my relations." Then he began to split sinews; he split a great many of them. He threw down the sinews that he had split on the stones where the people used to gather their mussels, and said to the mussels, "After this when Bluejay and these others go to take up you mussels you shall always be tied fast to the rocks."

Now the women went down to the water's edge and swam about, and began slowly to jump out of the water. Five times they swam backward and forward before the village; then they went seaward, swimming very fast. They kept on to the island where Bluejay and his fellows were cooking their food. Bluejay said to the men, "What is this that is coming?" The men looked at the things that were coming, and saw the women often jumping out of the water. Five times they swam around that rock, then they went out to sea. After a while birds came flying after them toward the sea—birds with red bills, just as if blood were on their beaks. They kept following one another, many of them. Bluejay said: "Do you see these birds, how they keep coming? Where do they come from?" Then the Raven said, "How is it that you do not recognize these as your children?" Five times the birds flew around the rock, just as the women had gone around it, and then they flew away out to sea.

While Bluejay and his people were eating the meat that they had killed, that hunter said: "Quick, let us go home. I am afraid that we have seen bad spirits. We never before saw anything like this at this rock." Then they gathered some mussels, and put in the canoes the meat

that was left and carried it with them. Just at evening they came to the village, and Bluejay called out, "Ah, Stikuá, come and get your mussels." There was no noise of people running. Five times he called to her, but no one came. It was all still. They went up on the beach, and then they saw that no one was there, and that the walls of the houses had disappeared. Then they began to cry, and Bluejay cried too. Some one said to him, "Be quiet, Bluejay; if you had not been bad, our Chief would not have done this to us."

Now they made only one house for all; all lived together. Only the Raven, who had been kind-hearted, had a house to himself. He often went along the beach looking for food, and was lucky, for sometimes he found a sturgeon; or again he went along the beach looking for food and he found a porpoise. Bluejay often went along the beach trying to find food, but he was always unlucky, for he found nothing, and often, while he was looking, suddenly it would begin to hail big hailstones. Often he went out to gather mussels and tried to break them off from the rocks, but he could not do it. They were stuck fast to the stones. So he gave up and went home. He cried a great deal. Often the Raven looked for food along the beach and found a seal. The others had nothing to eat except roots.

Thus these men who had not brought food to their families had now lost their women and children, their houses had been pulled down and taken away, and they had nothing to eat. So their Chief punished them for being stingy.



BLUEJAY OFTEN WENT ALONG THE BEACH TRYING TO FIND FOOD

# ENGLISH AND AMERICAN ELECTIONS

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

PEOPLE are never quite themselves at moments of political excitement.

They come together in crowds, and talk too much and too feverishly for Reason to hold her own, and observations drawn from their conduct when a Parliament is to be elected or a President chosen are a poor guide to their intelligence in quieter times. An onlooker, indeed, who has no personal interest at stake, who can see both sides of the question without being attracted to either, had better, if he wishes to keep whole his faith in popular education, do anything rather than follow a political campaign. The gallery arguments, so fervently trumpeted, so hungrily and satisfactorily swallowed, the mob oratory, the garish distortions, the small clevernesses—all the stock in trade of your ordinary politician the world over—ask of their listeners some responsive material to be worked on, some deposit of passion, prejudice, sentiment, or self-interest to be brought with violence to the surface. On a detached spectator, weighing what he sees and hears with the aloofness that has no place in politics, they are thrown away. The right spirit of degradation is not in him. Who ever really *felt* an allusion to a flag not his own? Corpulence in spectacles, bursting incontinently into a delirium of flag-waving, is a pleasing sight only when one shares the emotion that provokes it. Impartiality must be excused for yawning. To its cold curiosity talk is but a tinkling cymbal, and political talk something worse, where there is no logic. It lacks the transforming essence that turns half-truths into maxims and bluster into patriotism, and lacking it, sits in forlorn wonder that men can be so imposed upon. No, one must not look for the summing up of a country's intelligence in general elections or Presidential campaigns. What one may look for, what one may fairly hope to deduce from the conduct of such things, is some index to the national feeling for law, or its reverse. It is a moderately reasonable supposition that if the

character of a people has in it a large element of rebelliousness, that element will show itself more prominently at a time of national commotion than when public affairs are too dull to stir men's thoughts; and if the temper of a commonwealth is essentially orderly, there can hardly be a better proof of the fact than that an election should fail to disturb it.

If this be so, an American campaign is the best testimony to the American respect for law. It is very difficult to get it into a European head that Americans have a respect for law. Whatever merits may be allowed to the American type of democracy, that of conservatism, of a sense of the value of stability and permanence in social and political institutions, is usually denied to it, and with vigor. It is the misfortune of a three years' residence in the States that I find myself driven from that gratifying illusion. I begin, on the contrary, to believe that Americans are the only rational conservatives on this earth; that in no other land but theirs is a right feeling for law and order, for capital and property, so thoroughly ingrained. The difficulty with many European critics is that they confuse respect for law with respect for the statute-book. A great many measures are adopted both by Congress and in the State Legislatures which are never meant to be enforced, which are afterwards killed by popular common-sense. There is a wide gulf in America between passing a bill and making it operative. The one process does not follow upon the other in the heedlessly mechanical fashion of older countries. There is an interval for deliberation, during which public opinion, more or less unconsciously, pronounces for or against its enforcement. Mr. Kipling, in his rhymed *précis* of the American character—one of his most remarkable bits of writing—puts this down to the “cynic devil in his blood,”

That bids him flout the law he makes,  
That bids him make the law he flouts.

I believe, rather, it is a sign of the politi-





A DRIVE BEHIND COACHMEN

cal genius of the American people both that such measures should be passed, and being passed, should be straightway forgotten. The time and trouble spent in getting them adopted, and the complaisance shown by Legislatures towards their supporters, make an invaluable safety-valve for a host of cranks, faddists, and wildly philanthropic reformers, who need the freest field to be rendered harmless; and the same sterling mixture of good sense and good-humor that sees the folly of opposing their doctrines sees also the still grosser folly of putting them into practice. This is what foreigners find it hard to understand. In Europe a law becomes part of the frame-work of government and society the moment it is passed; in America not until it is enforced. Americans have a kindly suspicion that most laws are to be held pleasant jests until proved otherwise. The proof of their seriousness lies in their enforcement. The American will not obey till he is told to obey; but when he is told to obey, when a brisk little man with a

gray mustache comes before him with official cap and official papers demanding compliance, he surrenders at once and without conditions. At times, as the landing-stages of New York can bear witness, his submission is almost abject. He will yield where Englishmen would start a riot. But it is all a part of his reverence for the *chose jugée*, of his conviction that the first duty of the citizen is to obey the law. When he has obeyed it, he can set out to alter it, he can "do his kicking" if he likes; but he must earn the right to protest by first paying homage to "the majesty of the people." American conservatism is not the brand we know in England. It is not the property of a single party; it is not the result of instinct, tradition, birth, or temperament; it is most potent where the English variety is least so—in politics; and it is least active in commerce and industry, in the affairs of ordinary daily life, where English conservatism almost monopolizes the field. From reactionism it is as free as American radicalism—if one may give an Eng-



lish label to an embryonic tendency in American politics—is free from the taint of socialism; and it preserves this happy status of strength without tyranny, because it is the product of reason and experience, of practical good sense, of the great diffusion of private property, and of the cautiousness and habits of legality and deliberation fostered in a people that live under a written and all but immutable Constitution. It is one of the most encouraging and least expected developments of American democracy. European inquirers spend many anxious years in search for a word, not to sum up America—that would need a dictionary—but to denote something equally applicable all over the States. One might proffer conservatism as the most significant and pervading fact of American public life. I wish, at any rate, that I could feel as certain of the future of any European institution as I do that no man will ever be three times President of the United States.

Americans prove the innate moderation of action and temperament that underlies their often violent speech more than anywhere else in a political campaign; and as campaigns are conducted in the States, they could not well have a broader field for the display of their real qualities. The area of a Presidential contest is a continent; the voters are numbered in millions; the issues to be decided, if not always intrinsically great, are great by the volume of human feeling they arouse; the campaign is waged for four solid months from press and platform, in gigantic mass-meetings, in parades, processions, and pamphlets, with every stimulus to excitement and even passion. Moreover, Americans take naturally to this sort of thing. Their emotions are quickly and strongly stirred. They revel in a Presidential election as an Englishman revels in the finish of a finely fought boat-race. It is their one national sport, and the keen enthusiasm with which they follow it is more than proportionate to the great prize to be won, or the competitors who are striving to win it, or even the immense area over which the game is played. Here, if anywhere, disorder were excusable; yet, while of course there are some individual instances of violence, the habitual self-restraint, good-humor, and fairness of the ordinary citizen make of the election of the Chief Magistrate a most decent and

impressive proceeding—far more decent and impressive, to my mind, than the election of an English Parliament.

It was my fortune to follow the Presidential campaign of 1896 from start to finish. I was told, and believed it without difficulty, that not since the war had there been such stirring times. Wherever I travelled, along the Atlantic seaboard or two thousand miles inland, there were the same signs of tumultuous anxiety, hope, fear, and earnestness that marked the home-rule crisis in England twelve years ago—the same excitability, but not the same disorderliness. I do not know precisely how many meetings were broken up, how many platforms stormed, speakers howled down, and heads broken before the Irish question was settled. These arguments were so common as to be almost tiresome. Certainly there was nothing like the diffused moderation of behavior that obtained everywhere in America in '96. When Mr. Gladstone's conversion to the Nationalist cause was made known, there was a very considerable "enemy's country" in which even his age and career would not have saved him from insult, and possibly not from mobbing. Mr. Bryan was as safe from anything of the kind in New York, which did not believe in him, as in the Far West, which talked and thought of him as a second Messiah. If I remember rightly, he was only once interfered with on his Eastern tour. Some Yale boys forgathered at a meeting in New Haven and successfully competed even with his resonant voice. Nothing was more remarkable to an Englishman, even in that remarkable campaign, than the instant condemnation of these frolicsome undergraduates by public opinion everywhere, and by newspapers of every class and of every shade of political sympathy. In England the affair would have been laughed at and forgotten within twenty-four hours.

All through American campaigns one finds this same insistence on regularity and method. From the primaries to the State, and thence to the national conventions, and onwards to the polling-booth, the hugest and most complex electoral machinery yet fashioned by man moves with as little friction as a Broadway cable-car. It might even seem to be made of like materials. One would not be surprised at being shown into some



vast and glittering power-house, alive and whirring with dynamos, wheels, ball valves, bands, and pistons, and told: "This is our machine for turning out Presidents. It runs all the time, and drops a President into this little box once every four years." The marvel really is, as one comes to look closely at the actual system and note the passions and rivalries that threaten to disrupt it, not that it should work so smoothly, but that it should work at all. Take, for instance, a national convention. Nine hundred odd delegates, who have never worked together in their lives, few of whom are personally acquainted with a score of their colleagues outside their own State contingent, meet to perform the two most momentous and delicate duties that can fall to a political party—the selection of its candidate and the enunciation of its principles. Their deliberations are not even made easier by being held *in camera*. A coliseum is hired or built, and America invited to watch the contest. Twenty, thirty, and even forty thousand people crowd the galleries, closing by the magnetic excitability of mere numbers the last hope of calm discussion. As ballot after ballot is taken, and now one candidate and now another candidate is seen to be making headway, and the forces of a third are wavering, and those of a fourth have already deserted their favorite and gone over to a stronger faction, and emissaries and aides-de-camp are rushing about the floor entreating, bargaining, rallying support for the dark horse they are soon to spring on the convention, as each name and each speech is hailed with the long rolling cheers of a passion-wrought multitude, and one section after another, backed up by its supporters in the galleries, strives with voice and flag and banner to give the impression of overwhelming strength, as the prize to be battled for seems better worth the winning, and the contestants grow more feverishly strenuous the longer its fate is unsettled, until at last nature itself begins to cry out for some climax that will bring rest to the blurred brain and ragged nerves and end this torture of suspense—looking down on this seeming whirlpool of primitive delirium, what is it, one asks, that saves it from the disordered frenzy of a mere mob? Nothing but the American instinct for legality, for doing things according to rule, for

observing the letter, even where they neglect the spirit, of the game they are playing. Time after time the huge gathering seems stumbling towards confusion, but always the abiding sense of the necessity for fair dealing pulls it back from the precipice. The formulæ of combat are scrupulously observed. The chairman, if he is a man of sound voice and nerve, is deferred to like the Speaker in the House of Commons, and often after the wildest and noisiest of scenes, when one would think that reason had been finally dethroned and that some trial of the personal prowess of the rival parties was the only solution possible, one may listen to a quiet ten minutes' debate on a point of order so fine and abstract that the stiffest stickler for etiquette might well pass it by. If America had a court, it would be an odd compound of personal tumult with the rigidest *protocole* conceivable.

This same grafting of emotionalism upon a bed-rock of orderliness is to be found on a smaller scale at public meetings. In public meetings, too, one may come across some of the choicest differences between the conduct of political campaigns in England and the United States. Of the two an English meeting is, I think, somewhat the livelier. The audience, of course, is insignificant compared with the throngs that fill Madison Square Garden or Carnegie Hall. Fifteen hundred people make a large gathering even for a city in England. Twice that number would be almost a record assembly. In country districts, where large buildings are scarce, the size of the audience is limited to the capacity of the local school-house or the upper room in the village inn. But whether in town or country the enthusiasm generated by mere numbers is usually absent. Nor is much effort made to stimulate that enthusiasm by decorating the hall with the national flag or portraits of favorite leaders. Until the speeches begin the audience sits in a silence that would confirm the companionable American's worst fears of English reserve. It has no union-jacks to wave, and never thinks of singing patriotic songs. In one of Mr. Jacobs' sea-yarns an old tar on the eve of wooing a young girl is advised to send her a nosegay. "I won't do nothing so darned silly," is the stalwart answer. The average Englishman would say pretty



much the same if invited to use the national flag as a party emblem. To flaunt the union-jack at a Liberal or Conservative meeting would appeal to him as a piece of foolishness tinged with sacrilege. Americans do not feel this, partly because they are used to seeing the stars and stripes wherever they turn, on public schools, hotels, dry-goods stores, in shop windows, on the stall of an Italian fruit-seller, over the door of a Chinese laundry, at the stern of the fussy, spitting little tugboats that rush up and down the rivers, and partly because, with their keen turn for dramatic effects and the practical bias of the national intellect, they like, whenever possible, to visualize their ideas and emotions. Patriotism in America is taught as a school subject as regularly and methodically as arithmetic or geography. A boy of ten knows the words and airs of more patriotic songs than an Englishman hears in a lifetime. The national flag is placed in his hands as soon as he enters the kindergarten, and it reappears at all public meetings, dinners, and celebrations as naturally as "The Queen" upon an Englishman's toast list or the regimental colors in the officers' mess-room. It is the first and most obvious duty of a campaign-manager to see that every seat at a meeting has on it a two-cent banner, and that somewhere in the galleries a band is tuning up for "Columbia" and "Yankee Doodle."

Lacking such entertainment, and being, indeed, temperamentally disinclined for it except upon rare and wholly national occasions, an English audience has to fall back on campaign leaflets and the evening newspapers for its amusement. These it reads with much quiet perseverance, laying them aside only to greet with cheers and catcalls the entrance of some well-known local leader. It is not until the big guns appear on the platform that any real enthusiasm is shown. Just when an American audience is settling down to listen decorously, an English audience wakes up to its duty of "making things hum." A political meeting in the States is like a Scotch concert on St. Andrew's day—the liveliest part of it is over and done with before the official performance has begun. On that day of days Scotchmen march in good time upon the doomed building, and sing through all the ballads they find on the

programme, and as many more as memory or imagination may suggest. It is so with Americans awaiting the coming of their orators. The audience provides its own entertainment. One after the other, from "When we were marching through Georgia," down to that stupendous plagiarism, "My Country, 'tis of thee," all the national airs are taken up and sung with a force that makes the plaster on the walls quiver. Thousands of flags shoot out at their conclusion to add to the full volume of emotion, and the grand burst of cheers that rounds them off has hardly died away before the band gives the key for another song. Sometimes in the lull are heard variations of those melodious war-cries and challenges with which Yale and Cornell have paralyzed Father Thames. I met them first during the last Presidential election. Twenty thousand people were crowding the vast hall on Madison Square. The walls and pillars were hung with the red, white, and blue, and portraits of the Republican candidates. Here and there men were standing on their seats addressing those around them. The inevitable band could just be heard making ready in the galleries. Suddenly from a far-away bench came a big voice, "What's the matter with McKinley?" Everybody for a moment stood at attention; the impromptu orators stepped from their chairs; the band ceased its scrapings; and with one voice rolled back the slow, singsong answer, "He's all right!" "Who's all right?" demanded the big voice. "McKinley!" yelled the twenty thousand, backing its opinion with rattling volleys of cheers. The thing was very typical—typical in its triviality, its effectiveness, in the enthusiasm it set a-blazing, in the orderliness it exacted from the audience to allow question and response to be given without interruption.

But the after-math is disappointment. Where feeling runs so high and is so easily evoked, some amount of disorder might be thought its natural product. However, one's expectancy goes unrewarded. No distraction is at hand or allowed to appear offering moments of escape from the oratorical cataract. When the meeting has actually opened, all turbulence is at end. The American love of systematic order steps in with the declaration that what has been arranged shall be carried out even as it was arranged.



The time for private initiative, for personal excursions, is over; the ceremony has begun, and the local constabulary will take charge of him who disturbs its harmony. Not that the audience has exhausted itself. Every point is seized upon and cheered with an intensity that puts an English burst of approval into the shade. The flag-waving and the intervals of vocal patriotism continue to the end. But of the kind of disturbance that is the salt of an English meeting there is none, and the reasons for its absence lie too deeply rooted in the national character and political system to be lightly delved for. Even as it is, I see looming before me the paralyzing problem of the strength of party spirit in England and America. Let me escape before even a hint of its existence appears on these tranquil pages. This much may perhaps be ventured—that in America, by almost universal custom, a Republican only attends Republican meetings, and a Democrat only those where he can be sure of hearing his opponents soundly pummelled. Hardly any one presents himself at a party gathering in search of convictions; these he is already possessed of; what he is on the lookout for is some one who will take those convictions for granted and proceed at once to lash them into enthusiasms. This helps to make America what it is—the paradise of the political speaker. The people in front of him are all of his way of thinking, and whatever he says “goes.” He is never interrupted, or howled down, or forced to explain things, or dragged into an argument. He would be as surprised as a parson in his pulpit to have any of his statements questioned. Moreover, if there is a minority that disagrees with him, it keeps its sentiments to itself. Minorities are taught to do that in most departments of American public life, but at party meetings their mere presence is only tolerated on conditions of monastic silence. Freedom of speech is allowed only when the thing spoken does not run counter to the opinions of the majority. The interrupter is shown no mercy. Policemen descend upon him the moment he opens his mouth, and he is bundled out of the hall as an offence to public decency and good manners. The speaker, in fact, is the despot of the meeting. The audience, like the spectators in a theatre, are assembled to witness a performance and not to

take part in one. The entertainment provided for them may be good or bad, but except by leaving the hall they have no means of protesting. Whatever is placed before them they must accept and make the most of. Such is the custom of the country, and its effect on the conduct of political meetings is everything that is orderly, respectable—and dull.

In England things are far otherwise. If an English audience does not like a speaker or the manner of his speech it tells him so at once. That saves a lot of time, and teaches a public man to respect his listeners. The curse of political meetings in England, and not in England only, is the chairman, usually some local magnate, who *will* try and stand for half an hour between the audience and the speaker of the evening. The audience tolerates it for ten minutes and then tells him to “Shut up!” If he declines to, the audience grows humorously critical, and the speech proceeds under a fire of chaff and commentary. In cases of peculiar obstinacy an immense coughing and shuffling of feet and sticks raise an uproar that is bound sooner or later to carry its point. The chairman may feel a trifle indignant, but he has learnt a useful lesson, and next time he will do better. Englishmen will not put up with a man who bores them. As soon as they have had enough of his eloquence the fact is made clear with a singular absence of bashfulness. It may not be a good advertisement for our national manners, but it keeps a meeting lively, which is much, and it puts an effective stop on pompous dullards, which is more. Nothing like this treatment of public speakers exists in America. I sometimes wish it did. What Mr. Howells calls the “inexorable hospitality” of Americans is extended even to cover orators. The bigger the bore the more courteous and attentive seems to be the hearing he receives. The audience sits and suffers uncomplainingly, hoping for the end, but too polite to hasten it.

To the deference yielded to these “bosses” of eloquence may be attributed in part that note of exaggeration which American speakers rarely escape. It is not good for oratorical style that orators should go unchallenged. Human nature, especially that part of it that is found on political platforms, cannot withstand the temptations of too much power. The absence of all criticism and corrective re-





THE AUDIENCE GROWS HUMOROUSLY CRITICAL



straint, the consciousness that whatever is said will be applauded, and the more strongly it is put the louder will be the applause, must inevitably make a man reckless in speech and thought. A great many American speakers win their spurs at anniversaries, Fourth of July celebrations, and other patriotic festivities, and there could hardly be a worse school for oratory. The bombast and florid rhetoric peculiar to such events are too easily acquired to be readily outgrown. It is unfortunate that these public occasions, such as they are, should have so much to do with setting the standard of speech-making throughout the country. The debates in Congress are followed with too little interest to have any effect in raising or lowering the public taste. The political orator is therefore left pretty much to his own devices, and the result is not always happy. His education is rarely above that of the average man in the audience he is addressing; and even if it is, he is at some pains to show that it is not. Where he fails, his triteness of matter and the too ambitious efforts of his kind to cover poverty of thought with gaudy rhetoric are usually responsible. From these particular faults English speakers, I imagine, are rather more free. A certain cautiousness and moderation of speech is forced upon them by the vigilant and instantaneous opposition they are sure to encounter when their enthusiasm goes beyond the frontiers of truth; and a man who is obliged to stop and think what he will say is very likely to pay attention to how he will say it. Moreover, Parliamentary debates, reported almost verbatim and widely read, have established a certain model of excellence which all orators more or less deliberately try to speak up to. The model, to be sure, is not the best of its kind, but it has undoubtedly encouraged a stately and dignified style of oratory, whose faults are not so much those of exuberance and "tallness" as of a starched and too formal prolixity. Public speaking in England is still, in the main, the exercise of the upper classes; except at some Radical meetings, where a loquacious gas-fitter or cobbler, whose "native eloquence" is the subject of determined compliment from the M. P. in whose support it is poured forth, is thrown in now and then by way of contrast or relief; and this reservation of the platform to men of

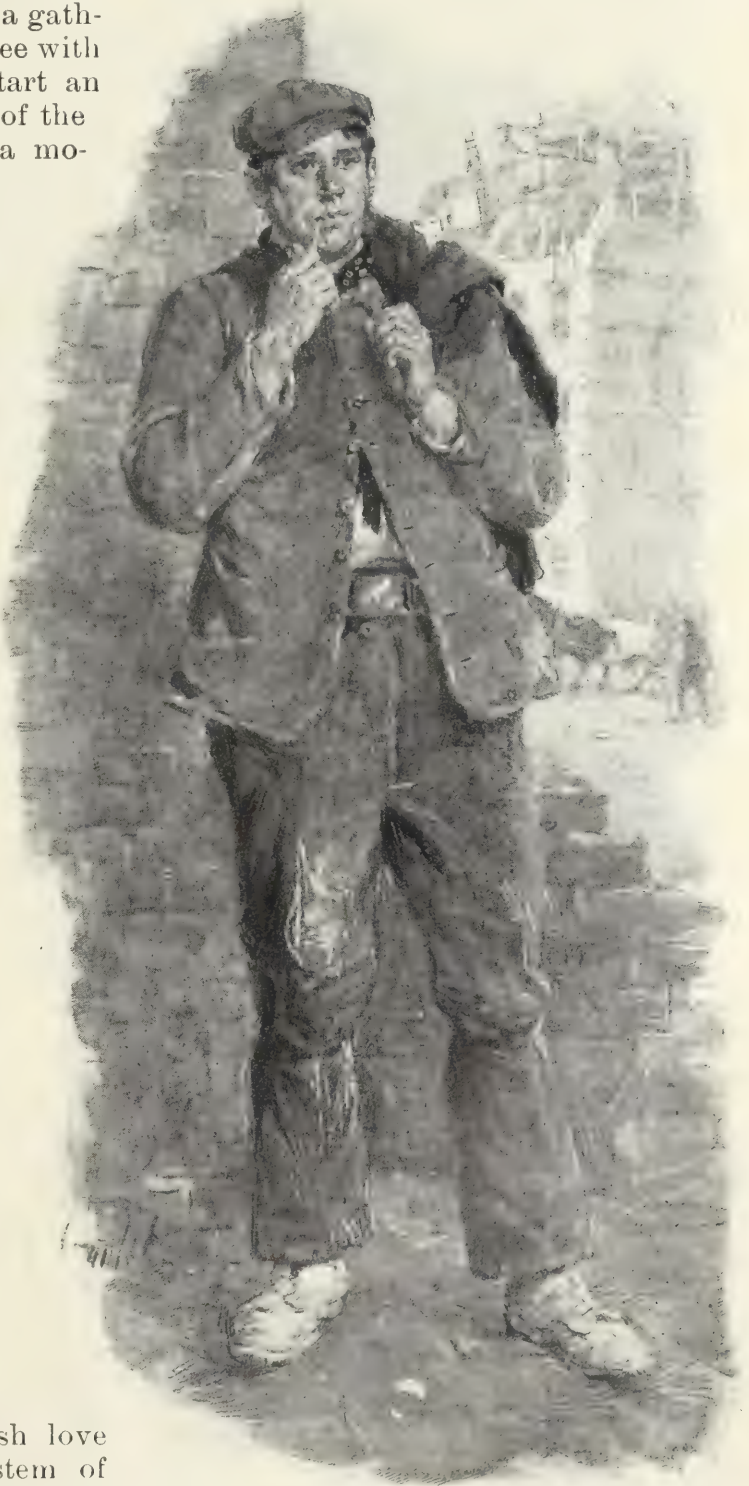
good education counts for something in preserving a high level of thought and literary style. The displeasing qualities of English speakers come usually from a want of sympathy between themselves and their audience, from a not infrequent note of pomposity or condescension, and from the national habit of spoiling sound thoughts by a prosy and pointless way of putting them. They are not so well versed in the mechanics of their craft as most American orators. The latter feel the pulse of the audience more exactly, and are more quickly sensitive to any falling off of enthusiasm. They never take on the tones of a professor addressing his class. When they can abstain from attempting cerulean heights, the feeling of perfect equality and sympathy between those on the platform and those around it gives a fresh, colloquial turn of expression that often atones for commonplace thought. In short, they are more effective; and if it is an effectiveness sometimes purchased at the cost of things better worth having—reason, moderation, elevation of thought, and dignity of sentiment—it is but one more proof that even in a democracy human nature has its weaker side. The average man any day and anywhere would far rather listen to commonplaces neatly turned than to originality badly expressed. Oratory in England has not yet been popularized. Some suggestion of class privilege, the pride of Sir Oracle commanding silence, still hovers around it. It is a better educational tonic than the American variety, but of a heavier flavor. The *cultor infrequens* of English political orators runs considerable risk of being instructed, and more of being bored. In America there is not much danger of either fate. And as the ordinary citizen's horror of boredom is somewhat greater than his love of instruction, it has been found necessary in England for the audience to provide the amusement while the speaker dispenses the profit.

Among these agents of liveliness, with whom the platform distributors of light and leading wage deathless war, gratitude must give the first place to the British working-man. Trade unions and compulsory education have not yet flattened out all his old individuality. He may in time become, like others before him, a phonograph for half-baked newspaper oracles, a Gatling gun of formulæ and re-



ceived opinions, a precise grammarian, and a spick-and-span mechanism of Board-school uniformity. If so, good-by to much of the humor and variety of English life! But for the present he is still "a character"; he does his own thinking, and fashions his own ideas as well as his own language; he bristles with the oddest quaintnesses, with refreshing points of ignorance, with bumps of native originality. It is his grand talent for disputation that brings these qualities into public notice. Nothing pleases him better than to attend a gathering of political opponents, disagree with all that is said, and, if need be, start an opposition meeting in the centre of the hall. His disapproval is not of a morose or silent nature. He owes it to himself that his views should be expounded fully and *coram populo*. He asks questions and insists upon their being answered, and the speaker often obliges him with crushing effect. A few moments of self-communion and he is up again. He has heard something that cannot be allowed to pass unchallenged. "What I says is this," he begins. "What's the 'Ouse of Lords ever done for the pore working-man?" and so on till the chairman soothes him down, or the speaker demolishes him with a popular retort, or the interrupter subsides of his own accord, conscious of having done enough in one evening for his own enjoyment and the cause of free speech. The audience follows these contests with supreme zest and good-humor. Its sympathies are with the speaker and against the alien objector, but the latter is allowed a generous license of opposition. Of course a too noisy or persistent questioner has to be roughly silenced at times, but it is not often the custom becomes a nuisance. If he fails to respond to the chairman's appeal "to the British love of fair play," the American system of quelling disturbances is employed. I remember such a case in the last general

election. A Parliamentary candidate, now a member of Lord Salisbury's government, happened in the course of his speech to mention the year 1792. A laboring-man arose in the body of the hall and insisted on knowing, before they went any further, who was King or Queen of England at that time. The speaker, obviously uncertain as to whether it was George III. or George IV., refused to answer. The son of toil was not to be put



THE BRITISH WORKING-MAN





THEY GO CANVASSING

off so easily; he repeated his question and demanded a reply. Nothing would move him—not the authority of the chair, not the jeers of the crowd, not the efforts of those nearest him to pull him back into his seat; until light was thrown on the point he had raised he was prepared to stand there, as he said, “till it’s time to vote!” The chairman ruled out the question as beside the mark, but the inquiring scholar would not budge. The future M. P. grew angry and flustered; the crowd showed signs of rallying to the interrupter’s support. For nearly five minutes the meeting was in an uproar, but eventually the working-man’s thirst for historical knowledge had to go unsatisfied, unless the policeman who threw him out was able to quench it.

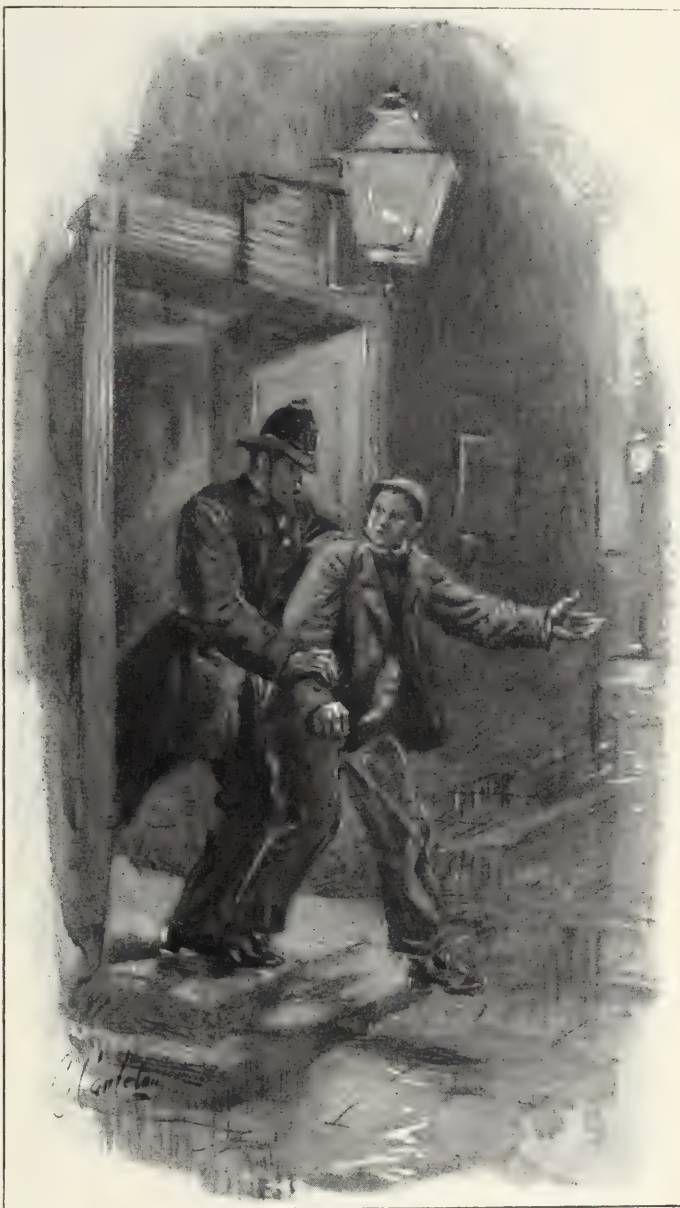
No public man in England, no man, at least, who is loved and admired enough to be disliked, can hope to escape such experiences. The man who asks questions and insists on their being answered is a familiar presence at all party meetings. One of England’s many debts to Scotland is the loan of the expressive word used to

describe him. He is known as the heckler. The speaker is not allowed to disregard him. If a statement is disputed, it is the orator’s place to make it good. Any member of the audience may rise to his feet and shout out a contradiction whenever he feels like it, and by the custom of English public life the speaker is expected to make some reply on the spot. He is not, of course, bound to, but unless he has forgotten all the impromptus that shrewd men carry about with them for such emergencies, he usually does. Especially is this so in the case of a Parliamentary candidate. It is the privilege of any voter present to get up and catechise the candidate on every article of his political faith, and the impression a man makes is very largely determined by his bearing under this cross-examination. Sometimes paper and pencils are handed round after the candidate’s address, and the electors in the hall invited to write down any question they please. It is held to be only fair that a voter should know just what measures are favored by the man for whom he is thinking of casting his ballot. An American who is



running for Congress or the State Assembly can refer inquirers, if there are any, to the platform adopted by the nominating convention of his party. No such easy way of escape is open to the English candidate. He draws up his own platform, and runs on it to suit himself. Of course, in general principles—politicians everywhere being a gregarious race—it agrees with the address issued to the electors by his party leader; but in smaller matters of policy, which are often the ones that appeal most to individual voters, it may differ completely. Mr. Gladstone's Midlothian manifestoes struck for many years the key-note for all Liberal candidates throughout the kingdom; but that did not prevent his nearest and most valued follower, Mr. John Morley, from repudiating one of the chief planks in his leader's platform. The heckler, therefore, serves a useful political end in extracting from a new and unknown candidate some statement of his views on particular measures; and a very pleasing and democratic sight it is to see him fly for even higher game, to watch him disputing with a cabinet minister as to England's policy in Egypt, or inquiring into his votes in the past session, or asking him to explain his absence from the House when such and such a bill—in which he had seemed so interested at the last election—was up before it. There is a real political value in meeting these inquiries frankly and in good part, as Mr. Gladstone discovered a few years ago. The Grand Old Man was so badgered by a persistent Scotch farmer—the first heckler was a Scotchman, and no doubt the first Scotchman was a heckler—that he lost his temper and refused to reply, thereby driving away many votes, and all but finding himself unseated at the poll. And not a little of Lord Palmerston's hold over the common people was due to his genial reception of a famous butcher at Tiverton, whose shrewd Radicalism inspired "Pam" to some of his most jaunty sayings. A speaker with his wits about him can score heavily and to his own profit

with the multitude from the average heckler. Mr. Chamberlain was always a dangerous man to cross in debate, but the personal feeling against him was so bitter for years after his withdrawal from the ranks of the Separatists that many



THE POLICEMAN WHO PUT HIM OUT

an unhappy man was driven to tilt against his shield. It was delicious to watch Mr. Chamberlain's handling of the situation. He would pause when the interruption grew serious, and give the heckler a chance to make himself well heard. "Now if you will allow me, I will ask that gentleman to get upon a chair, that we may all have the pleasure of seeing him." A dozen anxious hands would hoist the objector into unwelcome prominence. "Now, sir," came the clear,



passionless voice, "will you kindly speak up? I should be sorry if any one missed what you have to say." The heckler, now quite unnerved, would stammer out something, and Mr. Chamberlain, listening with a malicious smile, would quietly readjust his eye-glass, and turning to the audience, fling out a reply—cool, cutting, and decisive.

One cannot pretend that all this is very dignified, but it has its usefulness as a demonstration of the rebelliousness of the English people. A certain class feeling is often at the bottom of such heckling and interruptions as occur. The man on the platform asking the suffrages of the masses is the man to whom these same masses doff their caps most days in the year. They do not resent his candidature, but the love of sport prompts them to make the most of the one occasion when their usual relations are reversed, when they are the masters and he the supplicant for their favors. It illustrates, too, the national—doggedness an Englishman would naturally write, but others might find a different word. Americans are said to be an unreverential people, but they dearly worship a majority. In a company of six people you have only to show an American that five are against him to convince him that he is wrong. That is just when an Englishman becomes finally certain he is the only sane person in the room. The joy of having every one opposed to you is the mainspring of the fascination of heckling. Moreover, as a feature of English elections, the custom is typical of the haphazardness and lack of settled method which distinguish the conduct of our political campaigns. The electoral system itself is not free from this air of desultoriness, compared, at least, with the finished methods of selecting representatives in the States. In England there are no primaries and no conventions, and only the shadow of a machine. Nominations are made sometimes by the local Liberal or Conservative associations, and sometimes by the party headquarters in London. The men who invite a candidate to stand are almost without exception in politics "for their health." They have no favors to ask and no pledges to exact. As a rule, they are men of good social and business standing, with a natural inclination towards a representative of their own position. It sounds somewhat unctuous to say their

only desire is to put forward a candidate whose character or commercial prominence or experience in the thousand and one departments of municipal life is a guarantee that he will be a credit to the constituency; but such, generally speaking, is the fact, and I think the *personnel* of the House of Commons proves it. If a local candidate is available, they approach him first of all. If the district happens to be bare of merchants or lawyers or landed gentry who are willing to run for Parliament, a deputation is sent up to the central office in London and some outsider agreed upon. In England it is not necessary for a man to be born or to reside in the locality he wishes to represent. A Birmingham man can sit in the House of Commons as member for any town, borough, or county that will have him; and it often happens that the people are called upon to vote for a candidate whom they have never seen or heard of before his arrival in their district, and of whom they know nothing except that he calls himself a Liberal or Conservative.

By the side of the complex and legally prescribed machinery that has to be set at work in America for the choice of aspirants to all and every office, nothing could well seem more casual. This note of improvisation clings to every stage of the contest. The fine points of electioneering and organization, known by instinct to every campaign-manager in America, are still undreamt-of by English wire-pullers. I am not in the least regretting this. American methods might, and probably would, bring out a heavier vote, but how many things not quite so desirable would they bring in? However, we are becoming Americanized with reasonable speed, and in time may agree to exchange our Hooleys for your Hannas. As things are at present, a Parliamentary candidate, after receiving his invitation to stand, issues a public letter of acceptance in which his political faith is defined and his views on the questions of the day touched upon. These he expounds more fully at a general meeting of the electors, who pass resolutions confirming his nomination. A committee-room is hired and an election-agent appointed, by whom and through whom all the expenses of the fight, which the law tries to regulate, but not always with the best success, must be paid. It takes





THE CANDIDATE IS KEPT PRETTY BUSY

Americans one day to vote for a President and four months to talk about it. In England it takes about three weeks to elect a Parliament—that is the usual interval between the publication of the first returns and the last—but only a little over a fortnight to prepare for it in each division. The candidate is therefore kept pretty busy. He speaks on an average from four to six times a day, and shares with his agent in the task of issuing leaflets and manifestoes and directing the management of the campaign. Luckily English constituencies are small. Few of them have as many as twenty thousand electors, and in the majority not more than six or seven thousand votes are cast altogether. It is therefore possible for an active man to make himself well known throughout the district in a few days. An imported candidate comes into contact with possible supporters chiefly through the agency of public meetings. Victory or defeat in most English constituencies hangs on the inclinations of a

few hundred wobblers, men without any very definite sympathies, who vote Liberal one year and Conservative the next, as chance circumstances may guide them. These men are greatly influenced by the bearing, personality, and powers of speech of a new candidate, and they make up their minds about him and the cause he is fighting for by attending his meetings and listening to his speeches. That is one of the reasons why stump-oratory in England is directed as much towards converting the waverers as towards urging on the faithful; and the knowledge that there are men in the audience who can be won over by argument moderates a speaker's party spirit, makes him willing to reason, and forces upon him a temperate attitude towards his opponents.

Of actual electioneering there is little that would not make an American politician ashamed of his profession. Judged by the *finesse* of even the worst-managed campaign in the States, England has still to learn the alphabet of the art of win-



ning votes. Indeed, it would be difficult to convince an American wire-puller that an election without parades, torch-light processions, fireworks, bands, campaign ditties, the national flag, "straw" votes, "wash" bets, the maledictions of rival bosses, and hourly newspaper interviews can be really an election at all. And yet the dismaying fact remains that in England we do somehow manage to carry on representative government without these aids to reflection. Electioneering among us does not stray beyond the commonplace lines of canvassing, holding meetings, issuing pamphlets, and making the streets hideous with posters and placards. Much even of what there is is purely voluntary. Anybody who has the time and inclination can take a hand in it. There is no trained army of workers such as exists in America, ready at any moment to start in and "boom things right along." A Parliamentary candidate has to rely on chance enthusiasts to get his canvassing done, and usually among the first to volunteer for the work are the wives, daughters, and sisters of his prominent supporters. This amazes Americans, who cannot without some effort think of Tammany Hall similarly overrun. There was a time when women played a really distinguished part in English public life. When they founded salons and mapped out policies and made themselves a power among the actual rulers of the land. The reigns of Anne and the four Georges are full of dashing tales of petticoat diplomacy. Even as late as the thirties Holland House was still a shrine to the Whigs, and Lady Blessington gave counsel and aid to their rivals at Gore Court. But advancing Liberalism, by transferring the balance of power to the middle, and later on to the working classes, has destroyed their gracious influence. Women no longer lead in politics. They have left the elected to serve the electorate, and deserted the lobby to cluster round the polling-booth. Even as redeemed by the Primrose League, the squalid tactics of modern electioneering seem but a sorry exchange for the brilliancy of the old position and the old intrigues. Possibly it is the fault of misdirected energy. A very fascinating and accomplished lady, the sister of the only statesman whom Greece has produced in the last three decades, proved for many years that a salon is still a pos-

sibility, and some woman may yet arise in England to revive for her sex their ancient vantage-ground. Meanwhile, no sooner is a candidate's banner hoisted than from suburb or country-side the fair enthusiasts for "The Cause" troop down to his headquarters and sit there from ten in the morning till six at night, mailing circulars, directing wrappers, doing the clerical work of the campaign. Not a few push their political zeal even further. They go out canvassing. A card is given them with the names of all the voters in a certain street written on it. Each of these voters is visited, argued with, harangued, coaxed, and deluged with leaflets, till, in despair of ever being able to get back to work again, the worthy mechanic or green-grocer, or whoever the victim may be, has to yield to his pertinacious inquisitor. If the work is well done, as it usually is, the candidate knows just who are for him and who against, and who are wavering and worth visiting again, and who want to be fetched to the polls on election day. A drive from his workshop to the polling-booth behind coachmen in livery is one of the inducements to vote that the British working-man is least insensible to. Election day is not a public holiday as it is in the States, and laborers have often to be dragged from their business to the ballot-box and rushed back again. Some of the carriages are hired, but most, especially when the candidate is a Conservative of high standing, are lent by friends and supporters, and an odd sight they make dashing up to the polling-booths with their unaccustomed cargoes just before closing-time. I remember a pony-trap, driven by a girl of twenty-three, that raced through the narrow streets of a manufacturing district in the Pittsburg of England with such fascinating effects that over forty votes were credited to its energy. During election-time society almost ceases to exist except as a vast electioneering machine. The dissolution of Parliament makes a desert of the West End. Honorable members leave their town houses and flee fearfully to their constituencies, taking with them their families and as many friends as they can lay hands on to give the British laborer and working-man one glorious fortnight of somewhat bewildering sovereignty. If you are a devotee of The Cause, and can make a speech, and know the arts where-





THEY MADE THE STREETS HIDEOUS WITH POSTERS

by the wives of rural butchers are won over to guide their lords to the true political faith, there is no country house where you will not be welcomed. But it is not the sort of hospitality to be accepted lightly. Life for the moment is an endless political debate. You shoot not, neither do you ride; grudgingly to

even the most ardent canvasser is vouchsafed his afternoon cup of tea. Who knows, intimates the air with which your hostess pours it out, but that the Radical fishmonger, almost persuaded, may even as you drink it be slipping back into the abyss? Banishment to him who talks, before the day's work is done and the

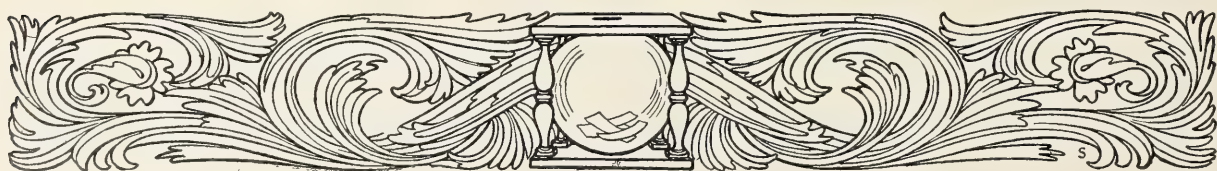


billiard-room at last unlocked, of Ranclagh or Hurlingham, of Goodwood or the Thames. Let your words be of death duties and disestablishment and the iniquities of both, if you would move these Amazonian hearts.

Americans who know the self-absorption of New York society at all times and under whatever public stress must follow with some astonishment the fashionable earthquake that heralds in an English election. Nowhere are politics and society so completely divorced as in the States, and to foreign eyes at least the estrangement takes something away from the picturesqueness of a Presidential campaign. But the supreme genius of the American people for organization is able in a measure to make good the loss. No one knows quite so well as an American campaign-manager how to appeal to the five senses, and few could turn their knowledge to more effective use. No device is too trivial to be adopted if it will help to make people think that his party is bound to head the poll. The maxim on which he bases everything is that nothing succeeds like success, and all his efforts are accordingly bent towards creating the impression of confidence, overwhelming strength, and perfect assurance of victory. Hence processions and parades with banners, flags, and music day and night for four whole months. Hence the formation of innumerable clubs and associations based on every possible division of occupation, nationality, and race, each with its own insignia and decorations—Polish clubs, Irish clubs, German clubs, clubs for lawyers, hide and leather men, dry-goods clerks, drug-store assistants. Hence the announcements that President A. of such and such a college or the Rev. B. of such and such a church is "out" for the candidate. Hence the taking of census after census among clerks and employes in large business firms and factories. Hence the publication, and presumably the manufacture, of extravagant betting odds. Hence, too, a fearsome and titanic feud carried on in the press between rival organizers—a war of charges, challenges, forecasts, esti-

mates, recriminations, counterblasts, and innuendoes without end. The candidate is almost forgotten in the devouring interest that centres on his manager—strange contrast with our English system, where not one man in eight ever even hears the name of an election-agent. The visitor cannot help being impressed with, even when he is obliged to smile at, the barbaric ingenuousness of these appeals. I can never forget the last day of October, 1896, when, as the climax to a passionate campaign, New York closed up its stores and workshops, and threw its whole strength into a triumphant demonstration of faith. One hundred and twenty thousand men—merchants, lawyers, publishers, railroad potentates, the heads of every trade and profession—tramped between a million spectators over five miles of Broadway pavements to testify their belief in honest money. In the line I was permitted to join were the chiefs of one of the largest publishing firms in the country, the editors of two famous journals, an ex-cabinet minister, and an author and artist of international fame—all bearing the stars and stripes, and decorated with horrifying "gold bugs," and fantastic badges, ribbons, and flowers of the same inspiring hue.

Of the many thousands who must have watched that procession without sympathizing with its purpose, not one ventured by so much as a jeer to interrupt its march. It summed up in itself all the characteristics, good and bad, of American electioneering; and outside the States I do not suppose that anything like it would be possible. In England, at any rate, it would be simply unimaginable. It might begin as a parade, but it would certainly end as a riot. One could not help wondering whether the result obtained was worth all the time, money, and effort spent in producing it. But Americans, beyond question, are without rivals in the art of directing campaigns, and one must be satisfied with thinking that they know quite well what they are about when they select "booming" as their favorite weapon of offence.



# ELEANOR\*

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

## PART II

### CHAPTER XV.

"CAN you stand this heat?" said Lucy, anxiously.  
"Oh, it will soon be cooler," was Eleanor's languid reply.

She and Lucy sat side by side in a large and ancient landau; Mrs. Burgoyne's maid, Marie Véfour, was placed opposite to them, a little sulky and silent. On the box, beside the driver of the lean brown horses, was a bright-eyed, neatly dressed youth, who was going with the ladies to Torre Amiata.

They had just left the hill town of Orvieto, had descended rapidly into the valley lying to the southwest of its crested heights, and were now mounting again on the farther side. As they climbed higher and higher, Lucy, whose attention had been for a time entirely absorbed by the weariness of the frail woman beside her, began to realize that they were passing through a scene of extraordinary beauty. Her eyes, which had been drawn and anxious, relaxed. She looked round her with a natural and rising joy.

To their left, as the road turned in zigzag to the east, was the marvellous town which the traveller who has seen Palestine likens to Jerusalem, so steep and high and straight is the crest of warm brown and orange precipice on which it stands, so deep the valleys round it, so strange and complete the fusion between the city and the rock, so conspicuous the place of the great cathedral, which is Orvieto, as the Temple was Zion.

It was the 6th of June, and the day had been very hot. The road was deep in thick white dust. The fig-trees and vines above the growing crops were almost at a full leafiness; scarlet poppies grew thick among the corn; and at the dusty edges of the road wild roses of a color singular-

ly vivid and deep, the blue flowers of love-in-a-mist, and some spikes of wine-colored gladiolus struck strangely on a Northern eye.

Then, as the road turned back again—behold! a great valley, opening out westward, beyond Orvieto—the valley of the Paglia; a valley with wooded hills on either side, of a bluish-green color, with hill towns and slim campaniles and winding roads; and through it all the swinging loops and reaches of a full brown river. Heat everywhere!—on the blinding walls of the buildings, on the young green of the vineyards, on the yellowing corn, on the beautiful ragged children running barefoot and bareheaded beside the carriage, on the peasants working among the vines, on the drooping heads of the horses, on the brick-red face of the driver.

"If madame had only staid at Orvieto!" murmured Marie the maid, looking back at the city and then at her mistress.

Eleanor smiled faintly and tapped the girl's hand.

"*Rassure-toi*, Marie! Remember how soon we made ourselves comfortable at the villa."

Marie shook her much-becurled head. Because it had taken them three months to make the Marinata villa decently habitable, was that any reason for tempting the wilderness again?

Lucy, too, had her misgivings. Nominally she was travelling, she supposed, under Eleanor Burgoyne's chaperonage. Really she was the guardian of the whole party, and she was conscious of a tender and anxious responsibility. Already they had been delayed a whole week in Orvieto by Eleanor's prostrate state. She had not been dangerously ill, but it had been clearly impossible to leave doctor and chemist behind and plunge into the wilds. So they had hidden themselves in a little

\* Begun in January number, 1900.





THE LOGGIA

[SEE PAGE 351]



Italian inn in a back street, and the days had passed somehow.

Surely this hot evening and their shabby carriage and the dusty unfamiliar road were all dream-stuff—an illusion from which she was to wake directly and find herself once more in her room at Marinata, looking out on Monte Cavo?

Yet, as this passed across Lucy's mind, she felt again upon her face the cool morning wind, as she and Eleanor fled down the Marinata hill in the early sunlight, between six and seven o'clock,—through the streets of Albano, already full and busy, along the edge of that strange green crater of Aricia, looking up to Pio Nono's great viaduct, and so to Cecchina, the railway station in the plain.

An escape!—nothing else; planned the night before, when Lucy's strong common-sense had told her that the only chance for her own peace and Eleanor's was to go at once, to stop any further development of the situation, and avoid any fresh scene with Mr. Manisty.

She thought of the details—the message left for Aunt Pattie that they had gone into Rome to shop before the heat; then the telegram “Urgente,” despatched to the villa after they were sure that Mr. Manisty must have safely left it for that important field-day of his clerical and Ultramontane friends in Rome, in which he was pledged to take part; then the arrival of the startled and bewildered Aunt Pattie at the small hotel where they were in hiding; her conferences—first with Eleanor, then with Lucy.

Strange little lady, Aunt Pattie! How much had she guessed? What had passed between her and Mrs. Burgoyne? When at last she and Lucy stood together hand in hand, the girl's sensitive spirit had divined in her a certain stiffening, a certain diminution of that constant kindness which she had always shown her guest. Did Aunt Pattie blame her? Had she cherished her own views and secret hopes for her nephew and Mrs. Burgoyne? Did she feel that Lucy had in some way unwarrantably and ambitiously interfered with them?

At any rate, Lucy had divined the unspoken inference, “You must have given him encouragement!” and behind it—perhaps—the secret ineradicable pride of family and position that held her no fit-

ting match for Edward Manisty. Lucy's inmost mind was still sore and shrinking from this half-hour's encounter with Aunt Pattie.

But she had not shown it. And at the end of it Aunt Pattie had kissed her ruefully with tears—“It's *very* good of you! You'll take care of Eleanor!”

Lucy could hear her own answer—“Indeed, indeed, I will!”—and Aunt Pattie's puzzled cry, “If only some one would tell me what I'm to do with *him!*”

And then she recalled her own pause of wonder as Aunt Pattie left her—beside the hotel window, looking into the narrow side street. Why was it “very good of her”?—and why, nevertheless, was this dislocation of all their plans felt to be somehow her fault and responsibility—even by herself? There was a sudden helpless inclination to laugh over the topsy-turviness of it all.

And then her heart had fluttered in her breast, stabbed by the memory of Eleanor's cry the night before: “It is of no use to say that you know nothing—that he has said nothing. *I* know. If you stay, he will give you no peace—his will is indomitable. But if you go, he will guess my part in it. I shall not have the physical strength to conceal it—and he can be a hard man when he is resisted! What am I to do? I would go home at once—but—I might die on the way. Why not?”

And then, in painful gasps, the physical situation had been revealed to her—the return of old symptoms and the reappearance of arrested disease. The fear of the physical organism alternating with the despair of the lonely and abandoned soul—never could Lucy forget the horror of that hour's talk, outwardly so quiet, as she sat holding Eleanor's hands in hers, and the floodgates of personality and of grief were opened up before her.

Meanwhile the patient, sweating horses climbed and climbed. Soon they were at the brow of the hill, and looking back for their last sight of Orvieto. And now they were on a broad table-land—a bare, sun-baked region where huge flocks of sheep, of white, black, and brown goats, wandered with ragged shepherds over acres of burnt and thirsty pasture. Here and there were patches of arable land



and groups of tilling peasants in the wide untidy expanse; once or twice, too, an *osteria*, with its bush or its wine-stained tables under the shadow of its northern wall. But scarcely a farmhouse. Once, indeed, a great building like a factory or a workhouse, in the midst of wide sun-beaten fields. "Ecco! la fattoria," said the driver, pointing to it. And once a strange group of underground dwellings, their chimneys level with the surrounding land, whence wild swarms of troglodyte children rushed up from the bowels of the earth to see the carriage pass, and shriek for *soldi*.

But the beauty of the sun-scorched upland was its broom! Sometimes they were in deep tufa lanes—like English lanes, save for their walls and canopies of gold; sometimes they journeyed through wide barren stretches, where only broom held the soil against all comers, spreading in sheets of gold beneath the dazzling sky. Large hawks circled overhead; in the rare woods the nightingales were loud and merry; and goldfinches were everywhere. A hot, lonely, thirsty land—the heart of Italy—where the rocks are honeycombed with the tombs of that mysterious Etruscan race, the Melchisedeck of the nations, coming no one knows whence, "without father and without mother"—a land which has to the west of it the fever-stricken Maremma and the heights of the Amiata range, and to the south the forest country of Viterbo.

Eleanor looked out upon the road and the fields with eyes that faintly remembered, and a heart held now, as always, in the grip of that *tempo felice* which was dead. It was she who had proposed this journey. Once in late November she and Aunt Pattie and Manisty had spent two or three days at Orvieto with some Italian friends. They had made the journey back to Rome, partly by *vetturino*, driving from Orvieto to Bolsena and Viterbo, and spending a night on the way at a place of remote and enchanting beauty which had left a deep mark on Eleanor's imagination. They owed the experience to their Italian friends, acquaintances of the great proprietor, whose agent gave the whole party hospitality for the night; and as they jogged on through this June heat she recalled with bitter longing the

bright November day, the changing leaves, the upland air, and Manisty's delight in the strange unfamiliar country, in the vast oak woods above the Paglia, and the marvellous church at Monte Fiascone.

But it was not the agent's house, the scene of their former stay, to which she was now guiding Lucy. When she and Manisty, hurrying out for an early walk before the carriage started, had explored a corner of the dense oak woods below the *palazzo* on the hill, they had come across a deserted convent, with a contadino's family in one corner of it, and a ruinous chapel with a couple of dim frescoes attributed to Pinturicchio.

How well she remembered Manisty's rage over the spoliation of the convent and the ruin of the chapel! He had gone stalking over the deserted place, raving against "those brigands from Savoy," and calculating how much it would cost to buy back the place from the rascally Municipio of Orvieto, to whom it now belonged, and return it to its former Carmelite owners.

Meanwhile Eleanor had gossiped with the *massaja*, or farmer's wife, and had found out that there were a few habitable rooms in the convent still, roughly furnished, and that in summer people of a humble sort came there sometimes from Orvieto for coolness and change—the plateau being 3000 feet above the sea. Eleanor had inquired if English people ever came.

"*Inglese! no!—mai Inglese!*" said the woman, in astonishment.

The family were, however, in some sort of connection with a hotel proprietor at Orvieto, through whom they got their lodgers. Eleanor had taken down the name and all particulars in a fit of enthusiasm for the beauty and loneliness of the place. "Suppose some day we came here to write?" Manisty had said vaguely, looking round him with regret as they drove away. The mere suggestion had made the name of Torre Amiata sweet to Eleanor thenceforward.

Was it likely that he would remember?—that he would track them? Hardly. He would surely think that in this heat they would go northward. He would not dream of looking for them in Italy.

She too was thinking of nothing—no-

thing!—but the last scenes at the villa and in Rome, as the carriage moved along. The phrases of her letter to Manisty ran through her mind. Had they made him her lasting enemy? The thought was like a wound draining blood and strength. But in her present state of jealous passion it was more tolerable than that other thought which was its alternative—the thought of Lucy surrendered, Lucy in her place.

“Lucy Foster is with me,” she had written. “We wish to be together for a while before she goes back to America. And that we may be quite alone, we prefer to give no address for a few weeks. I have written to papa to say that I am going away for a time with a friend, to rest and recruit. You and Aunt Pattie could easily arrange that there should be no talk and no gossip about the matter. I hope and think you will. Of course if we are in any strait or difficulty we shall communicate at once with our friends.”

How had he received it? Sometimes she thought of his anger and disappointment with terror, sometimes with a vindictive excitement that poisoned all her being. Gentleness turned to hate and violence,—was it of that in truth, and not of that heart mischief to which doctors gave long names, that Eleanor Burgoyne was dying?

They had turned into a wide open space crossed by a few wire fences at vast intervals. The land was mostly rough pasture, or mere sandy rock and scrub. In the glowing west, towards which they journeyed, rose far purple peaks peering over the edge of the great table-land. To the east and south, vast woods closed in the horizon.

The carriage left the main road and entered an ill-defined track leading apparently through private property.

“Ah! I remember!” cried Eleanor, starting up. “There is the *palazzo*—and the village.”

In front of them, indeed, rose an old villa of the Renaissance, with its long flat roofs, its fine *loggia*, and terraced vineyards. A rude village of gray stone, part, it seemed, of the tufa rocks from which it sprang, pressed round the villa, invaded its olive-gardens, crept up to its very walls. Meanwhile the earth grew

kinder and more fertile. The vines and figs stood thick again among the green corn and flowering lucern. Peasants streaming home from work—the men on donkeys, the women carrying their babies—met the carriage and stopped to stare after it, and talk.

Suddenly from the ditches of the roadside sprang up two martial figures.

“Carabinieri!” cried Lucy, in delight.

She had made friends with several members of this fine corps on the closely guarded roads about the Alban lake, and to see them here gave her a sense of protection.

Bending over the side of the carriage, she nodded to the two handsome brown-skinned fellows, who smiled back at her.

“How far,” she said, “to Santa Trinità?”

“*Un miglio grasso* [a good mile], signorina. *E tutto*. But you are late. They expected you half an hour ago.”

The driver took this for reproach, and with a shrill burst of defence pointed to his smoking horses. The carabinieri laughed, and diving into the field, one on either side, they kept up with the carriage as it neared the village.

“Why, it is like coming home!” said Lucy, wondering. And indeed they were now surrounded by the whole village population, just returned from the fields—pointing, chattering, laughing, shouting friendly directions to the driver. “Santa Trinità!” “Ecco!—Santa Trinità!” sounded on all sides, amid a forest of gesticulating hands.

“How could they know?” said Eleanor, looking at the small crowd with startled eyes.

Lucy spoke a word to the young man on the box.

“They knew,” he says, “as soon as the carriage was ordered yesterday. Look! there are the telegraph wires! The whole country-side knows! They are greatly excited by the coming of *forestieri*—especially at this time of year.”

“Oh! we can’t stay!” said Eleanor, with a little moan, wringing her hands.

“It’s only the country people,” said Lucy, tenderly, taking one of the hands in hers. “Did you see the Contessa when you were here before?”

And she glanced up at the great yellow mass of the *palazzo* towering above



the little town, the sunset light flaming on its long western face.

"No. She was away. And the *fattore* who took us in left in January. There is a new man."

"Then it's quite safe!" said Lucy, in French. And her kind deep eyes looked steadily into Eleanor's, as though mutely cheering and supporting her.

Eleanor unconsciously pressed her hand upon her breast. She was looking round her in a sudden anguish of memory. For, now they were through the village, they were descending—they were in the woods. Ah! the white walls of the convent—the vacant windows in its ruined end—and at the gate of the rough farm-yard that surrounded it the stalwart *capoccia*, the grinning, harsh-featured wife that she remembered.

She stepped feebly down upon the dusty road. When her feet last pressed it Manisty was beside her, and the renewing force of love and joy was filling all the sources of her being.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

"CAN you bear it? Can you be comfortable?" said Lucy, in some dismay.

They were in one of the four or five bare rooms that had been given up to them. A bed with a straw palliasse, one or two broken chairs, and bits of worm-eaten furniture filled what had formerly been one of a row of cells running along an upper corridor. The floor was of brick and very dirty. Against the wall a tattered canvas, a daub of St. Laurence and his gridiron, still recalled the former uses of the room.

They had given orders for a few comforts to be sent out from Orvieto, but the cart conveying them had not yet arrived. Meanwhile Marie was crying in the next room, and the *contadina* was looking on astonished and a little sulky. The people who came from Orvieto never complained. What was wrong with the ladies?

Eleanor looked round her with a faint smile. "It doesn't matter," she said, under her breath. Then she looked at Lucy.

"What care we take of you! How well we look after you!"

And she dropped her head on her hands in a fit of hysterical laughter—very near to sobs.

"I!" cried Lucy. "As if I couldn't

sleep anywhere, and eat anything! But you—that's another business. When the cart comes, we can fix you up a little better—but to-night!"

She looked, frowning, round the empty room.

"There is nothing to do anything with—or I'd set to work right away."

"Ecco, signora!" said the farmer's wife. She carried triumphantly in her hands a shaky carpet-chair, the only article of luxury apparently that the convent provided.

Eleanor thanked her, and the woman stood with her hands on her hips, surveying them. She frowned, but only because she was thinking hard how she could somehow propitiate these strange beings, so well provided, as it seemed, with superfluous *lire*.

"Ah!" she cried, suddenly, "but the ladies have not seen our *bella vista!*—our *loggia!* Santa Madonna! but I have lost my senses! Signorina! *venga — venga lei.*"

And beckoning to Lucy, she pulled open a door that had remained unnoticed in the corner of the room. Lucy and Eleanor followed. Even Eleanor joined her cry of delight to Lucy's.

"Ecco!" said the *massaja*, proudly, as though the whole landscape were her chattel,— "Monte Amiata! Selvapendente—the Paglia—does the signora see the bridge down there?—*veda lei*, under Selvapendente? Those forests on the mountain there—they belong all to the Casa Guerrini—*tutto, tutto!* as far as the signorina can see! And that little house there, on the hill—that *casa di caccia*—that was poor Don Emilio's, that was killed in the war."

And she chattered on, in a *patois* not always intelligible even to Eleanor's trained ear, about the widowed Contessa, her daughter, and her son—about the new roads that Don Emilio had made through the woods; of the repairs and rebuilding at the Villa Guerrini—all stopped since his death; of the Sindaco of Selvapendente, who often came up to Torre Amiata for the summer; of the nuns in the new convent just built there under the hill, and their *fattore*—whose son was with Don Emilio after he was wounded, when the poor young man implored his own men to shoot him and put

him out of his pain—who had staid with him till he died, and had brought his watch and pocket-book back to the Contessa—

“Is the Contessa here?” said Eleanor, looking at the woman with the strained and startled air that was becoming habitual to her, as though each morsel of passing news only served somehow to make life’s burden heavier.

But certainly the Contessa was here! She and Donna Teresa were always at the villa. Once they used to go to Rome and Florence part of the year, but now—no more!

A sudden uproar arose from below—of crying children and barking dogs. The woman threw up her hands. “What are they going to do with the baby?” she cried, and disappeared.

Lucy went back to fetch the carpet-chair. She caught up also a couple of Florentine silk blankets that were among their wraps. She laid them on the bricks of the *loggia*, found a rickety table in Eleanor’s room, her travelling-bag, and a shawl.

“Don’t take such trouble about me!” said Eleanor, almost piteously, as Lucy established her comfortably in the chair, with a shawl over her knees and a book or two beside her. Lucy, with a soft little laugh, stooped and kissed her.

“Now I must go and dry Marie’s tears. Then I shall dive down stairs and discover the kitchen. They say they’ve got a cook, and the dinner ’ll soon be ready. Isn’t that lovely? And I’m sure the cart ’ll be here directly. It’s the most beautiful place I ever saw in my life!” said Lucy, clasping her hands a moment in a gesture familiar to her, and turning towards the great prospect of mountain, wood, and river. “And it’s so strange—so strange! It’s like another Italy! Why, these woods—they might be just in a part of Maine I know. You can’t see a vineyard—not one. And the air—isn’t it fresh? Isn’t it lovely? Wouldn’t you guess you were three thousand feet up? I just know this—we’re going to make you comfortable. I’m going right down now to send that cart back to Orvieto for a lot of things. And you’re going to get ever, ever so much better, aren’t you? Say you will!”

The girl fell on her knees beside Elea-

nor, and took the other’s thin hands into her own. Her face, thrown back, had lost its gayety; her mouth quivered.

Eleanor met the girl’s tender movement dry-eyed. For the hundredth time that day she asked herself the feverish, torturing question—“Does she love him?”

“Of course I shall get better,” she said, lightly, stroking the girl’s hair; “or if not—what matter?”

Lucy shook her head.

“You must get better,” she said, in a low, determined voice. “And it must all come right.”

Eleanor was silent. In her own heart she knew more finally, more irrevocably, every hour, that for her it would never come right. But how say to Lucy that her whole being hung now—not on any hope for herself, but on the fierce resolve that there should be none for Manisty?

Lucy gave a long sigh, rose to her feet, and went off to household duties.

Eleanor was left alone. Her eyes, bright with fever, fixed themselves, unseeing, on the sunset sky, and the blue, unfamiliar peaks beneath it.

Cheerful sounds of rioting children and loud-voiced housewives came from below. Presently there was a distant sound of wheels, and the *carro* from Orvieto appeared, escorted by the whole village, who watched its unpacking with copious comment on each article, and a perpetual scuffling for places in the front line of observation. Even the *padre parroco* and the doctor paused as they passed along the road; and Lucy, as she flitted about, caught sight of the smiling young priest, in his flat broad-brimmed hat and caped soutane, side by side with the meditative and gloomy countenance of the doctor, who stood with his legs apart, smoking like a chimney.

But Lucy had no time to watch the crowd. She was directing the men with the *carro* where to place the cooking-stove that had been brought from Orvieto, in the dark and half-ruinous kitchen on the lower floor of the convent—marvelling the while at the *risotto* and the *pollo* that the local artist, their new cook, the sister of the farmer’s wife, was engaged in producing, out of apparently nothing in the way either of fire or tools. She was conferring with Cecco, the little



man-servant, who, with less polish than Alfredo, but with a like good-will, was running hither and thither, intent only on pleasing his ladies, and on somehow finding enough spoons and forks to lay a dinner table with; or she was alternately comforting and laughing at Marie, who was for the moment convinced that Italy was pure and simple Hades, and Torre Amiata the lowest gulf thereof.

Thus, under the soft, fresh evening, the whole forlorn and ruinous building was once more alive with noise and gayety, with the tread of men carrying packages, with the fun of skirmishing children, with the cries of the cook and Cecco, with Lucy's stumbling yet sweet Italian. Eleanor only was alone—but how terribly alone!

She sat where Lucy had left her, motionless, her hands hanging listlessly. She had been always thin, but in the last few weeks she had become a shadow. Her dress had lost its old perfection, though its carelessness was still the carelessness of instinctive grace, of a woman who could not throw on a shawl or a garden-hat without a natural trick of hand that held even through despair and grief. The delicacy and emaciation of the face had now gone far beyond the bounds of beauty. It spoke of disease, and drew the pity of the passer-by.

Her loneliness grew upon her, penetrated and pursued her. She could not resign herself to it. She was always struggling with it, beating it away, as a frightened child might struggle with the wave that overwhelms it on the beach. A few weeks ago she had been so happy, so rich in friends—the world had been so warm and kind!

And now it seemed to her that she had no friends; no one to whom she could turn; no one she wished to see, except this girl—this girl she had known barely a couple of months—by whom she had been made desolate!

She thought of those winter gatherings in Rome which she had enjoyed with so keen a pleasure; the women she had liked, who had liked her in return, to whom her eager wish to love and be loved had made her delightful. But beneath her outward sweetness she carried a proud and often unsuspected reserve. She had made a *confidante* of no one.

That her relation to Manisty was accepted and understood in Rome; that it was regarded as a romance, with which it was not so much ill-natured as ridiculous to associate a breath of scandal—a romance which all kind hearts hoped might end as most of such things should end—all this she knew. She had been proud of her place beside him, proud of Rome's tacit recognition of her claim upon him. But she had told her heart to nobody. Her wild scene with Lucy stood out unique, unparalleled in the story of her life.

And now there was no one she craved to see—not one. With the instinct of the stricken animal, she turned from her kind. Her father? What had he ever been to her? Aunt Pattie? Her very sympathy and pity made Eleanor thankful to be parted from her. Other kith and kin? No! Happy, she could have loved them; miserable, she cared for none of them. Her unlucky marriage had numbed and silenced her for years. From that frost the waters of life had been loosened, only to fail now at their very source.

Her whole nature was one wound. At the moment when, standing spellbound in the shadow, she had seen Manisty stooping over the unconscious Lucy, and had heard his tender breathless words, the sword had fallen, dividing the very roots of being.

And now—strange irony!—the only heart on which she leaned, the only hand to which she clung, were the heart and the hand of Lucy!

"Why, why are we here?" she cried to herself, with a sudden change of position and of anguish.

Was not their flight a mere absurdity?—humiliation for herself, since it revealed what no woman should reveal, but useless, ridiculous, as any check on Manisty! Would he give up Lucy because she might succeed in hiding her for a few weeks? Was that passionate will likely to resign itself to the momentary defeat she had inflicted on it? Supposing she succeeded in despatching Lucy to America without any further interview between them—are there no steamers and trains to take impatient lovers to their goal? What childish folly was the whole proceeding!

And would she even succeed so far?

Might he not even now be on their track? How possible that he should remember this place—its isolation, and her pleasure in it! She started in her chair. It seemed to her that she already heard his feet upon the road.

Then her thought rebounded in a fierce triumph, an exultation that shook the feeble frame. She was secure! She was intrenched, so to speak, in Lucy's heart. Never would that nature grasp its own joy at the cost of another's agony. No! no! she is not in love with him!—the poor hurrying brain insisted. She has been interested, excited, touched. That he can always achieve with any woman, if he pleases. But time and change soon wear down these first fancies of youth. There is no real congruity between them—there never, never could be.

But supposing it were not so—supposing Lucy could be reached and affected by Manisty's pursuit, still Eleanor was safe. She knew well what had been the effect, what would now be the increasing effect of her weakness and misery on Lucy's tender heart. By the mere living in Lucy's sight she would gain her end. From the first she had realized the inmost quality of the girl's strong and diffident personality. What Manisty feared she counted on.

Sometimes, just for a moment, as one may lean over the edge of a precipice, she imagined herself yielding, recalling Manisty, withdrawing her own claim, and the barrier raised by her own vindictive agony. The mind sped along the details that might follow—the girl's loyal resistance—Manisty's ardor—Manisty's fascination—the homage and the seduction, the quarrels and the impatience with which he would surround her—the scenes in which Lucy's reserve mingling with her beauty would but evoke on the man's side all the ingenuity, all the delicacy of which he was capable—and the final softening of that sweet austerity which hid Lucy's heart of gold.

No!—Lucy had no passion!—she would tell herself with a feverish, an angry vehemence. How would she ever bear with Manisty—with the alternate excess and defect of his temperament?

And suddenly, amid the shadows of the past winter Eleanor would see her-

self writing, and Manisty stooping over her,—his hand taking her pen, his shoulder touching hers. His hand was strong, nervous, restless like himself. Her romantic imagination that was half natural, half literary, delighted to trace in it both caprice and power. When it touched her own slender fingers, it seemed to her they would but just restrain themselves from nestling into his. She would draw herself back in haste, lest some involuntary movement should betray her. But not before the lightning thought had burnt its way through her—'What if one just fell back against his breast—and all was said—all ventured in a moment! Afterwards—ecstasy, or despair—what matter!'

When would Lucy have dared even such a dream? Eleanor's wild jealousy would secretly revenge itself on the girl's maidenly coldness, on the young stiffness Manisty had once mocked at. How incredible that she should have attracted him!—how impossible that she should continue to attract him! All Lucy's immaturities and defects passed through Eleanor's analyzing thought.

For a moment she saw her coldly, odiously, as an enemy might see her.

And then!—quick revulsion—a sudden loathing of herself—a sudden terror of these new meannesses and bitterness that were invading her, stealing from her her very self, robbing her of the character that unconsciously she had loved in herself, as other people loved it—knowing that in deed and truth she was what others thought her to be, kind, and gentle, and sweet-natured.

And last of all—poor soul!—an abject tenderness and repentance towards Lucy, which yet brought no relief, because it never affected for an instant the fierce tension of will beneath.

A silvery night stole upon the sunset, absorbed, transmuted all the golds and crimsons of the west into its own dimly shining blue.

Eleanor was in bed; Lucy's clever hands had worked wonders with her room; and now Eleanor had been giving quick, remorseful directions to Marie to concern herself a little with Miss Foster's comfort and Miss Foster's luggage.

Lucy escaped from the rooms littered with trunks and clothes. She took her



hat and a light cape, and stole out into the broad passage, on either side of which opened the long series of small rooms which had once been Carmelite cells. Only the four or five rooms at the western end, the bare "apartment" which they occupied, were still whole and water-tight. Half-way down the passage, as Lucy had already discovered, you came to rooms where the windows had no glass and the plaster had dropped from the walls, and the ceilings hung down in great gaps and rags of ruin. There was a bay-window at the eastern end of the passage, which had been lately glazed for the summer tenants' sake. The rising moon streamed through on the desolation of the damp-stained walls and floors. And a fresh upland wind was beginning to blow and whistle through the empty and windowless cells. Even Lucy shivered a little. It was perhaps not wonderful that the French maid should be in revolt.

Then she went softly down an old stone staircase to the lower floor. Here was the same long passage, with rooms on either side, but in even worse condition. At the far end was a glow of light and a hum of voices, coming from the corner of the building occupied by the *contadino*, and their own kitchen. But between the heavy front door, that Lucy was about to open, and the distant light was an earthen floor full of holes and gaps, and on either side—caverns of desolation—the old wine and oil stores, the kitchens and wood-cellars of the convent, now black dens, avoided by the cautious, and dark even at mid-day because of the rough boarding-up of the windows. There was a stable smell in the passage, and Lucy already knew that one of the farther dens held the *contadino's* donkey and mule.

"Can we stay here?" she said to herself, half laughing, half doubtful.

Then she lifted the heavy iron bar that closed the old double door and stepped out into the court-yard that surrounded the convent, half of which was below the road as it rapidly descended from the village, and half above it.

She took a few steps to the right.

Exquisite!

There opened out before her a little cloister, with double shafts carrying Románesque arches; and at the back of

the court, the chapel and a tiny bell-tower. The moon shone down on every line and moulding. Under its light, stucco and brick turned to ivory and silver. There was an absolute silence, an absolute purity of air; and over all the magic of beauty and of night. Lucy thought of the ruined frescoes in the disused chapel, of the faces of saints and angels looking out into the stillness.

Then she mounted some steps to the road, and turned downwards towards the forest that crept up round them on all sides.

Ah! was there yet another portion of the convent?—a wing running at right angles to the main building in which they were established, and containing some habitable rooms? In the farthest window of all was a light, and a figure moving across it. A tall black figure—surely a priest? Yes!—as the form came nearer to the window, seen from the back, Lucy perceived distinctly the tanned head and the soutane.

How strange! She had heard nothing from the *massaja* of any other tenant. And this tall gaunt figure had nothing in common with the little smiling *parroco* she had seen in the crowd.

She moved on, wondering.

Oh, these woods! How they sank, like great resting clouds below her, to the shining line of the river, and rose again on the farther side! They were oak woods, and spoke strangely to Lucy of the American and English north. Yet, as she came nearer, the moon shone upon delicate undergrowth of heath and arbutus, that chid her fancy back to the "Sartanian land."

And beyond all, the blue mountains, ethereally light, like dreams on the horizon; and above all, the radiant serenity of the sky.

Ah! there spoke the nightingales, and that same melancholy note of the little brown owl which used to haunt the olive-grounds of Marinata. Lucy held her breath. The tears rushed into her eyes—tears of memory, tears of longing.

But she drove them back. Standing on a little cleared space beside the road that commanded the whole night scene, she threw herself into the emotion and poetry which could be yielded to without remorse, without any unnerving of the will.

How far, far she was from Uncle Ben, and that shingled house in Vermont! It was near midsummer, and all the English and Americans had fled from this southern Italy. Italy was at home, and at ease in her own house, living her own rich immemorial life, knowing and thinking nothing of the foreigner. Nor, indeed, on those uplands and in those woods had she ever thought of him—though below in the valley ran the old coach road, from Florence to Rome, on which Goethe and Winckelmann had journeyed to the Eternal City. Lucy felt as though, but yesterday a tourist and stranger, she had now crept like a child into the family circle. Nay, she had raised a corner of Italy's mantle, and drawn close to the warm breast of one of the great mother-lands of the world.

Ah! but feeling sweeps fast and far, do what we will. Soon she was struggling out of her depth. These weeks of rushing experience had been loosening soul and tongue. To-night how she could have talked of these things to one now parted from her, perhaps forever! How he would have listened to her—impatiently often! How he would have mocked and rent her! But then the quick softening—and the beautiful kindling eye—the dogmatism at once imperative and sweet—the tyranny that a woman might both fight and love!

Yet how painful was the thought of Manisty! She was ashamed—humiliated. Their flight assumed as a certainty what, after all, let Eleanor say what she would, he had never, never said to her—what she had no clear authority to believe. Where was he? What was he thinking? For a moment, her heart fluttered towards him like a homing bird.

Then, in a sharp and stern reaction, she rebuked, she chastened herself. Standing there in the night, above the forests, looking over to the dim white cliffs on the side of Monte Amiata, she felt herself, in this strange and beautiful land, brought face to face with calls of the spirit, with deep voices of admonition and pity that rose from her own inmost being.

With a long sigh, like one that lifts a weight, she raised her young arms above her head, and then brought her hands down slowly upon her eyes, shut-

ting out sight and sense. There was a murmur—

"Mother!—darling mother!—if you were just here—for one hour—"

She gathered up the forces of the soul.

"So help me God!" she said. And then she started, perceiving into what formula she had slipped, unwittingly.

She moved on a few paces down the road, meaning just to peep into the woods and their scented loneliness. The night was so lovely she was loath to leave it.

Suddenly she became aware of a point of light, and the smell of tobacco.

A man rose from the way-side. Lucy stayed her foot, and was about to retreat swiftly, when she heard a cheerful—

"Buona sera, signorina!" She recognized a voice of the afternoon. It was the handsome carabinieri. Lucy advanced with alacrity.

"I came out because it was so fine," she said. "Are you on duty still? Where is your companion?"

He smiled, and pointed to the wood. "We have a hut there. First Ruggieri sleeps—then I sleep. We don't often come this way; but when there are *forestieri*, then we must look out."

"But there are no brigands here?"

He showed his white teeth. "I shot two once with this gun," he said, producing it.

"But not here?" she said, startled.

"No—but beyond the mountains—over there—in Maremma." He waved his hand vaguely towards the west. Then he shook his head. "Bad country—bad people—in Maremma."

"Oh yes, I know," said Lucy, laughing. "If there is anything bad here, you say it comes from Maremma. When our harness broke this afternoon, our driver said, '*Che vuole!* It was made in Maremma!' Tell me, who lives in that part of the convent—over there?"

And turning back, she pointed to the distant window and the light.

The man spat upon the road without replying. After replenishing his pipe, he said, slowly, "That, signorina, is a *forestiere* too."

"A priest—isn't it?"

"A priest—and not a priest," said the man, after another pause.



Then he laughed, with the sudden *insouciance* of the Italian.

"A priest that doesn't say his mass!—that's a queer sort of priest—isn't it?" he said.

"I don't understand," said Lucy.

"*Perdio*, what does it matter?" said the man, laughing. "The people here wouldn't trouble their heads, only—But you understand, signorina"—he dropped his voice a little—"the priests have much power—*molto, molto!* Don Teodoro, the *parroco* there,—it was he founded the *cassa rurale*. If a *contadino* wants some money for his seed-corn—or to marry his daughter—or to buy himself a new team of oxen—he must go to the *parroco*. Since these new banks began, it is the priests that have the money—*capisce?* If you want it you must ask them! So you understand, signorina, it doesn't profit to fall out with them. You must love their friends, and—" His grin and gesture finished the sentence.

"But what's the matter?" said Lucy, wondering. "Has he committed any crime?" And she looked curiously at the figure in the convent window.

"*E un prete spretato, signorina.*"

"*Spretato?*" (unpriested—unfrocked). The word was unfamiliar to her. She frowned over it.

"*Scomuniato!*" said the *carabiniere*, with a laugh.

"Excommunicated?" She felt a thrill of pity, mingled with a vague horror.

"Why?—what has he done?"

The *carabiniere* laughed again. The laugh was odious, but she was already acquainted with that strange instinct of the lower-class Italian which leads him to make mock of calamity. He has passion, but no sentiment; he instinctively hates the pathetic.

"*Chi sa, signorina?* He seems a quiet old man. We keep a sharp eye on him; he won't do any harm. He used to give the children *confetti*,—but the mothers have forbidden them to take them. Gianni there"—he pointed to the convent, and Lucy understood that he referred to the *contadino*—"Gianni went to Don Teodoro, and asked if he should turn him out. But Don Teodoro wouldn't say Yes or No. He pays well,

but the village want him to go. They say he will bring them ill luck with their harvest."

"And the *padre parroco?* Does he not speak to him?"

Antonio laughed.

"When Don Teodoro passes him on the road he doesn't see him—*capisce, signorina?* And so with all the other priests. When he comes by they have no eyes. The bishop sent the word.

"And everybody here does what the priests tell them?"

Lucy's tone expressed that instinctive resentment which the Puritan feels against a ruling and dominant Catholicism.

Antonio laughed again, but a little stupidly. It was the laugh of a man who knows that it is not worth while even to begin to explain certain matters to a stranger.

"They understand their business—*i preti!*"—was all he would say. Then—"Ma!—they are rich—the priests! All these last years—so many banks—so many *casse*—so many *società!* That holds the people better than prayers."

When Lucy turned homewards she found herself watching the light in the far window with an eager attention. A priest in disgrace?—and a foreigner? What could he be hiding here for?—in this remote corner of a district which, as they had been already told at Orvieto, was Catholic—*fino al fanatismo?*

The morning rose, fresh and glorious, over mountain and forest.

Eleanor watched the streaks of light that penetrated through the wooden sunshutters grow brighter and brighter on the whitewashed wall. She was weary of herself, weary of the night. The old building was full of strange sounds—of murmurs and resonances, of slight creepings and patterings, that tried the nerves. Her room communicated with Lucy's, and their doors were provided with bolts, the newness of which, perhaps, testified to the fears of other summer tenants before them. Nevertheless, Eleanor had been a prey to starts and terrors, and her night had passed in a bitter mingling of moral strife and physical discomfort.

Seven o'clock striking from the vil-

lage church. She slipped to her feet. Ready to her hand lay one of the soft and elegant wrappers—fresh, not long ago, from Paris—as to which Lucy had often silently wondered how any one could think it right to spend so much money on such things.

Eleanor, of course, was not conscious of the smallest reproach in the matter. Dainty and costly dress was second nature to her; she never thought about it. But this morning, as she first took up the elaborate silken thing, to which pale girls in hot Parisian work-rooms had given so much labor of hand and head, and then caught sight of her own face and shoulders in the cracked glass upon the wall, she was seized with certain ghastly perceptions that held her there motionless in the semi-darkness, shivering amid the delicate lace and muslin which enwrapped her. Finished!—for her—all the small feminine joys. Was there one of her dresses that did not in some way speak to her of Manisty?—that had not been secretly planned with a view to tastes and preferences she had come to know hardly less intimately than her own?

She thought of the face of the Orvieto doctor, of certain words that she had stopped on his lips because she was afraid to hear them. A sudden terror of death, of the desolate, desolate end swept upon her. To die, with this cry of the heart unspent, untold forever! Unloved, unsatisfied, unrewarded—she whose whole nature gave itself—gave itself perpetually, as a wave breaks upon a barren shore. How can any God send human beings into the world for such a lot? There can be no God. But how is the riddle easier, for thinking Him away?

When at last she rose, it was to make quietly for the door opening on the *loggia*.

Still there, that radiant marvel of the world!—this pageant of rock and stream and forest—this pomp of shining cloud, this silky shimmer of the wheat, this sparkle of flowers in the grass—while human hearts break, and human lives fail, and the graveyard on the hill yonder packs closer and closer its rows of metal crosses and wreaths!

Suddenly, from a patch of hay-field on the farther side of the road, she heard

a voice singing. A young man, tall and well made, was mowing in a corner of the field. The swaths fell fast before him; every movement spoke of an assured rejoicing strength. He sang with the sharp stridency which is the rule in Italy—the words clear, the sounds nasal.

Gradually Eleanor made out that the song was the farewell of a maiden to her lover who is going for winter work to the Maremma:

The laborers go to Maremma—

Oh! 'tis long till the days of June,  
And my heart is all in a flutter  
Alone here, under the moon.

O moon!—all this anguish and sorrow!

Thou know'st why I suffer so—

Oh! send him me back from Maremma,  
Where he goes, and I must not go!

The man sang the little song carelessly, commonly, without a thought of the words, interrupting himself every now and then to sharpen his scythe, and then beginning again. To Eleanor it seemed the natural voice of the morning—one more echo of the cry of universal parting, now for a day, now for a season, now forever—which fills the world.

She was too restless to enjoy the *loggia* and the view—too restless to go back to bed. She pushed back the door between her and Lucy, only to see that Lucy was still fast asleep. But there were voices and steps downstairs. The farm-people had been abroad for hours.

She made a preliminary toilet, took her hat, and stole down stairs. As she opened the outer door the children caught sight of her, and came crowding round, large-eyed, their fingers in their mouths. She turned towards the chapel and the little cloister that she remembered. The children gave a shout and swooped back into the convent. And when she reached the chapel door, there they were on her skirts again, a big boy brandishing the key.

Eleanor took it and parleyed with them. They were to go away and leave her alone—quite alone. Then when she came back they should have *soldi*. The children nodded shrewdly, withdrew in a swarm to the corner of the cloister, and watched events.

Eleanor entered. From some high lunette windows the cool early sunlight came creeping and playing into the little



whitewashed place. On either hand two cinquecento frescoes had been rescued from the whitewash. They shone like delicate flowers on the rough, yellowish-white of the walls—on one side a martyrdom of St. Catharine, on the other a crucifixion. Their pale blues and lilacs, their sharp pure greens and thin crimsons, made subtle harmony with the general lightness and cleanness of the abandoned chapel. A poor little altar with a few tawdry furnishings at the farther end, a confessional-box falling to pieces with age, and a few chairs—these were all that it contained besides.

Eleanor sank kneeling beside one of the chairs. As she looked round her, physical weakness and the concentration of all thought on one subject and one person made her for the moment the victim of an illusion so strong that it was almost an "apparition of the living."

Manisty stood before her, in the rough tweed suit he had worn in November—one hand, holding his hat, upon his hip, his curly head thrown back, his eyes just turning from the picture to meet hers—eyes always eagerly confident, whether their owner pronounced on the affinities of a picture or the fate of a country.

"School of Pinturicchio certainly!—but local work. Same hand—don't you think so?—as in that smaller chapel in the cathedral. Eleanor! you remember?"

She gave a gasp, and hid her face, shaking. Was this haunting of eye and ear to pursue her now henceforward? Was the passage of Manisty's being through the world to be—for her—in-  
effaceable?—so that earth and air retained the impress of his form and voice, and only her tortured heart and sense were needed to make the phantom live and walk and speak again?

She began to pray—brokenly and desperately, as she had often prayed during the last few weeks. It was a passionate throwing of the will against a fate, cruel, unjust, intolerable—a means not to self-renunciation, but to a self-assertion which was in her like madness, so foreign was it to all the habits of the soul.

"That he should make use of me to the last moment, then fling me to the winds—that I should just make room,

and help him to his goal, and then die meekly out of the way! No! He too shall suffer!—and he shall know that it is Eleanor who exacts it!—Eleanor who bars the way!"

And in the very depths of consciousness there emerged the strange and bitter recognition that from the beginning she had allowed him to hold her cheaply; that she had been content—far, far too content—with what he chose to give; that if she had claimed more, been less delicate, less exquisite in loving, he might have feared, regarded her more.

She heard the chapel door open. But at the same moment she became aware that her face was bathed in tears, and she did not dare to look round. She drew down her veil, and composed herself as she best could.

The person behind, apparently, also knelt down. The tread and movements were those of a heavy man—some countryman, she supposed.

But his neighborhood was unwelcome, and the chapel ceased to be a place of refuge where feeling might have its way. In a few moments she rose and turned towards the door. She gave a little cry. The man kneeling at the back of the chapel rose in astonishment and came towards her.

"Madame!"

"Father Benecke! *you* here," said Eleanor, leaning against the wall for support—so weak was she, and so startling was this sudden apparition of the man whom she had last seen on the threshold of the glass passage at Marina, barely a fortnight before.

"I fear, madame, that I intrude upon you," said the old priest, staring at her with embarrassment. "I will retire."

"No, no," said Eleanor, putting out her hand, with some recovery of her normal voice and smile. "It was only so—surprising, so—unexpected. Who could have thought of finding you here, father?"

The priest did not reply. They left the chapel together. The knot of waiting children in the cloister, as soon as they saw Eleanor, raised a shout of glee, and began to run towards her. But the moment they perceived her companion, they stopped dead.

Their little faces darkened, stiffened,

their black eyes shone with malice. Then suddenly the boys swooped on the pebbles of the court-yard, and with cries of "*Bestia! bestia!*" they flung them at the priest over their shoulders, as they all fled helter-skelter, the brothers dragging off the sisters, the big ones the little ones, out of sight.

"Horrid little imps!" cried Eleanor, in indignation. "What is the matter with them? I promised them some *soldi*. Did they hit you, father?"

She paused, arrested by the priest's face.

"They?" he said, hoarsely. "Did you mean the children? Oh no, they did no harm."

What had happened to him since they met last at the villa? No doubt he had been in conflict with his superiors and his Church. Was he already suspended?—excommunicate? But he still wore the soutane?

Then panic for herself swept in upon and silenced all else. All was over with their plans. Father Benecke either was, or might at any moment be, in communication with Manisty. Alas, alas!—what ill luck!

They walked together to the road—Eleanor first imagining, then rejecting, one sentence after another. At last she said, a little piteously,

"It is so strange, father—that you should be here!"

The priest did not answer immediately. He walked with a curiously uncertain gait. Eleanor noticed that his soutane was dusty and torn, and that he was unshaven. The peculiar and touching charm that had once arisen from the contrast between the large-limbed strength which he inherited from a race of Suabian peasants, and an extraordinary delicacy of feature and skin, a childish brightness and sweetness in the eyes, had suffered eclipse. He was dull-ed and broken. One might have said almost that he had become a mere ungainly, ill-kept old man, red-eyed for lack of sleep, and disorganized by some bitter distress.

"You remember—what I told you and Mr. Manisty, at Marinata?" he said at last, with difficulty.

"Yes. You withdrew your letter?"

"I withdrew it. Then I came down

here. I have an old friend—a canon of Orvieto. He told me once of this place."

Eleanor looked at him with a sudden return of all her natural kindness and compassion.

"I am afraid you have gone through a great deal, father," she said, gravely.

The priest stood still. His hand shook upon his stick.

"I must not detain you, madame," he said suddenly, with a kind of tremulous formality. "You will be wishing to return to your apartment. I heard that two English ladies were expected—but I never thought—"

"How could you?" said Eleanor, hurriedly. "I am not in any hurry. It is very early still. Will you not tell me more of what has happened to you? You would"—she turned away her head—"you would have told Mr. Manisty?"

"Ah! Mr. Manisty!" said the priest, with a long, startled sigh. "I trust he is well, madame?"

Eleanor flushed.

"I believe so. He and Miss Manisty are still at Marinata. Father Benecke?"

"Madame?"

Eleanor turned aside, poking at the stones on the road with her parasol.

"You would do me a kindness if for the present you would not mention my being here to any of your friends in Rome, to—to anybody, in fact. Last autumn I happened to pass by this place, and thought it very beautiful. It was a sudden determination on my part and Miss Foster's—you remember the American lady who was staying with us?—to come here. The villa was getting very hot, and—and there were other reasons. And now we wish to be quite alone for a little while—to be in retirement even from our friends. You will, I am sure, respect our wish?"

She looked up, breathing quickly. All her sudden color had gone. Her anxiety and discomposure were very evident. The priest bowed.

"I will be discreet, madame," he said, with the natural dignity of his calling. "May I ask you to excuse me? I have to walk into Selvapendente to fetch a letter."

He took off his flat beaver hat, bowed low, and departed, swinging along at a great pace. Eleanor felt herself repulsed.



She hurried back to the convent. The children were waiting for her at the door, and when they saw that she was alone they took their *soldi*, though with a touch of sulkiness. And the door was opened to her by Lucy.

"Truant!" said the girl, reproachfully, throwing her arm round Eleanor. "As if you ought to go out without your coffee! But it's all ready for you on the *loggia*. Where have you been? And—why!—what's the matter?"

Eleanor told the news as they mounted to their rooms.

"Ah! *that* was the priest I saw last night!" cried Lucy. "I was just going to tell you of my adventure. Father Benecke! How very, very strange! And how very tiresome! It's made you look so tired."

And before she would hear a word more Lucy had put the elder woman into her chair in the deep shade of the *loggia*, had brought coffee and bread and fruit from the little table she herself had helped Cecco to arrange, and had hovered round till Eleanor had taken at least a cup of coffee and a fraction of roll. Then she brought her own coffee, and sat down on the rug at Eleanor's feet.

"I know what you're thinking about!" she said, looking up with her sweet, sudden smile. "You want to go—right away!"

"Can we trust him?" said Eleanor, miserably. "Edward doesn't know where he is—but he could write, of course, to Edward at any moment."

She turned away her face from Lucy. Any mention of Manisty's name dyed it with painful color—the shame of the suppliant living on the mercy of the conqueror.

"He might," said Lucy, thinking. "But if you asked him? No; I don't believe he would. I am sure his soul is beautiful—like his face."

"His poor face! You don't know how changed he is."

"Ah! the *carabiniere* told me last night. He is excommunicated," said Lucy, under her breath.

And she repeated her conversation with the handsome Antonio. Eleanor capped it with the tale of the children.

"It's his book," said Lucy, frowning. "What a tyranny!"

They were both silent. Lucy was thinking of the drive to Nemi, of Manisty's words and looks; Eleanor recalled the priest's last visit to the villa and that secret storm of feeling which had overtaken her as she bade him good-bye.

But when Lucy speculated on what might have happened, Eleanor hardly responded. She fell into a dreamy silence from which it was difficult to rouse her. It was very evident to Lucy that Father Benecke's personal plight interested her but little. Her mind could not give it room. What absorbed her was the feverish question: Were they safe any longer at Torre Amiata, or must they strike camp and go farther?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## IN A HANSOM

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

THERE were two men in the cab as it turned into Fifth Avenue and began to skirt the Park on its way down town. One of them was perhaps fifty; he had grizzled hair, cold gray eyes, and a square jaw. The other appeared to be scant thirty; he had soft brown eyes, and a soft brown mustache drooped over his rather irresolute mouth. The younger man was the better-looking of the two, and the better dressed; and he seemed also to be more at home in New York,

while the elder was probably a stranger in the city—very likely a Westerner, if the black slouch hat was a true witness.

They sat side by side in silence, having nothing to say, the one to the other. The shadows that were slowly stretching themselves across the broad walk on the Park side of the avenue shivered as the spring breeze played with the tender foliage of the trees that spread their ample branches almost over the wall. The languid scent of blossoming bushes was borne fitfully

beyond the border of the Park. To the eyes of the younger of the two men in the hansom the quivering play of light and shade brought no pleasure; and he had no delight in the fragrance of the spring-time—although in former years he had been wont to thrill with unspoken joy at the promise of summer.

The elder of the two took no thought of such things; it was as though he had no time to waste. Of course he was aware that winter followed the fall, and that summer had come again in its turn; but this was all in the day's work. He had the reputation of being a good man in his business; and although the spring had brought no smile to his firm lips, he was satisfied with his success in the latest task intrusted to him. He had in his pocket a folded paper, signed by the Governor of a State in the Mississippi Valley, and sealed with the seal of that commonwealth; and in the little bag on his knees he carried a pair of handcuffs.

As the hansom approached the Plaza at the entrance to the Park, the gray-eyed Westerner caught sight of the thickening crowd, and of the apparent confusion in which men and women and children were mixed, bicycles and electric cabs, carriages and cross-town cars, all weltering together; and he wondered for a moment whether he had done wisely in allowing so much apparent freedom to his prisoner. He looked right and left swiftly, as though sizing up the chances of escape, and then he glanced down at the bag on his knees.

"You needn't be afraid of my trying to run," said the younger man. "What good would it do me? You've caught me once, and I don't doubt you could do it again."

"That's so," returned the other, with just a tinge of self-satisfaction in his chilly smile. "I shouldn't wonder if I could."

"Besides, I don't want to get away now," insisted the first speaker. "I've got to face the music sooner or later, and I don't care how quick the brass band strikes up. I want to take my punishment and have it over. That's what I want. I'm going to plead guilty and save the State the trouble of trying me, and the expense too. That ought to count in cutting down the sentence, oughtn't it?

And then I shall study the rules of—of that place, and I mean to learn them by heart. There won't be anybody there in a greater hurry to get out than I, and so I'm going to be a model of good conduct."

"It ain't every fellow that talks like that who's able to keep it up," commented the officer of the law.

"I guess I can, anyhow," replied his prisoner. "I've made up my mind to get this thing over as soon as possible, and to have a little life left for me when I'm let out."

The elder man made no answer. He thought that his companion was sincere and that there would be no attempt to escape, whatever the opportunity. But his experience trained him to take no chances, and he did not relax his vigilance.

A horn sounded behind them; and a minute later a four-in-hand passed with tinkling chains and rumbling wheels. The top of the coach was filled with elaborately attired men and with girls in all the gayety of their spring gowns; and they seemed to be having a good time. They did not mean to hurt him; they did not know, of course; but just then their mirth smote him to the heart.

Fifth Avenue is an alluring spectacle late in the afternoon of the first Saturday in June; and when the hansom-cab topped the crest of a hill, the two men could see far down the vista of the broad street. The roadway was a solid mass of vehicles in ceaseless motion; and the sidewalks were filled with humanity. To the man who was being taken to his trial the bright color and the brisk joyousness of the scene were acutely painful. Of the countless men and women scattered up and down the avenue in the glaring sunshine, how many knew him to call him by name and to take him by the hand? More than a hundred, no doubt, for he had been popular. And how many of them would give him a second thought after they had read of his arrest and of his trial and of his sentence?

How many of them would miss him?—would be conscious even of his absence? And he recalled the disgust of a friend who had gone around the world, and had come back after a year or more with picturesque stories of his wanderings in far countries, only to have the first man he met in his club ask him casually where



he'd been "for the last week or so." And now he too was going to a strange land; and he foresaw that when he returned—if he ever got back alive!—he would not know what to answer if any one should inquire where he had been for the last week or so. The world was a bitterly selfish place where men had no time to think except of themselves. If a fellow could not keep up with the procession, he had to drop out of the ranks and be glad if the rest of them did not tramp over him. He knew how hard he had tried not to be left behind, and how little the effort had profited him.

With an aggressive movement that made his companion even more alert than usual, the brown-eyed young man shook himself erect, as though to cast behind him these evil thoughts. It was a beautiful day, and flowers blazed in the broad windows of the florists—roses and carnations and lilacs. There were lilacs also in the arbitrary hats the women were wearing, and the same tint was often echoed in their costumes. He had always been attentive to the changes of fashion—always subject to the charm of woman. As he was borne down the avenue by the side of the man in whose custody he was, it struck him that this year the girls were prettier than usual, younger, more graceful, more fascinating, more desirable. He followed with his eyes first one and then another, noting the sweep of the skirt, the curve of the bodice, the grace of gesture, the straggling tendril of hair that had escaped upon the neck. For a brief moment the pleasure of his eye took his thoughts away from his future; and then swiftly his mind leaped forward to the next spring, when no woman's face would chance within the range of his vision, and when the unseen blossoming of nature would bring only impotent desire. What zest could there be in life when life was bounded in a whitewashed cell?

At Thirty-fourth Street the hansom was halted to let a funeral cross the current of the avenue. An open carriage came first, its seats covered with flowers, tortured into stiff set pieces; the white hearse followed, with a satin-covered coffin visible through its plate-glass sides; and then half a dozen carriages trailed after. The prisoner in the hansom no-

ticed that the shades were drawn in the one that followed the hearse; it bore a grief too sacred for observation—a mother's, no doubt. He was suddenly glad that his parents had both died when he was yet a boy. To be alone in the world, with no family to keep him warm with tolerant affection—this had often saddened him; now at last he rejoiced at it. When a man is on his way to prison to serve a term of years, the fewer those who cherished him, the luckier for them. That he loved a woman—that indeed he was going to jail because of his love for her—this might add poignancy to his pain; but he felt himself manly for once in trying to believe it was better now that she did not love him, that she did not even know of his love for her.

In time the hansom turned from Fifth Avenue into Broadway; it went on down town past Union Square with its broad trees, and past Grace Church with its grateful greenery; but the younger of the two men was no longer taking note of what sped before his gaze. He was wondering what the woman he loved would think when she would hear of his going to prison—whether she would care very much—whether she would suspect that his crime was due to his passion for her. That, of course, she could not guess—that he had yielded to the temptation to lay hands on what was not his, solely because he wanted more money to place at her feet. For himself, he had been making enough; but for her he must have more. He could not have ventured to invite her to give up anything for his sake. He wanted to be able to offer her all she had been accustomed to have—and more too, were that possible. He was conceited enough ordinarily, he feared; and yet when he thought of her he felt so humble that he had never dared to dream of going to her empty-handed—of asking her to make any sacrifice in loving him. He had never told her of his love, and perhaps she did not even guess it; and yet women are swift to discover a thing like that. It might be that she had seen it; and that when others should speak of him as he knew he deserved to be spoken of, she might come to his defence and find some word of extenuation for his misdeed. This possibility, remote as it was, gave him pleasure; and he





THE GIRLS WERE PRETTIER THAN USUAL



smiled at the suggestion as it came to him.

From this day-dream he was aroused as the driver of the hansom jerked the horse back on his haunches to avoid running down a little old woman, who was trying to cross Broadway with a bundle of sticks balanced on her head. As the animal almost touched her she looked up, and her glance crossed that of the prisoner. He perceived instantly that she was an Italian, that she was not so old as she looked, and that she had been beautiful not so long ago. Then he wondered whether any man had done wrong for her sake—whether or not two of her lovers had fought in the soft Sicilian moonlight and one had done the other to death. Well, why not? There were worse things than death, after all.

As they went on farther and farther down town, Broadway began to seem emptier. It was the first Saturday in June, and the most of the stores were closed. When they drew near to the City Hall, the great street, although not so desolate as it is on a Sunday, lacked not a little of its week-day activity. It was as though a truce had been proclaimed in the battle of business; but the forts were guarded, and the fight would begin again on the Monday morning.

After the hansom passed the Post Office the buildings on the right and the left raised themselves higher and higher, until the cab was at last rolling along what might be the bottom of a canyon. And it seemed to him that the cliff-dwellers who inhabited the terraces of this man-made gorge, and who spent the best part of their lives a hundred feet above the level of the sidewalk, were no peaceable folk withdrawn from the strife of the plains; they were relentless savages ever on the war-path, and always eager to torture every chance captive. Wars may be less frequent than they were and less cruel, but the struggle for existence is bitterer than ever, and as meanly waged as any Apache raid.

The young man in the hansom felt his hatred hot within him for those with whom he had meant to match himself. He had been beaten in the first skirmish, and yet—but for the one thing—he could hold himself as good as the best of them. How many of the men under the shadow

of Trinity were more honest than he? Some of them, no doubt—but how many? How many names now honorable would be disgraced if the truth were suddenly made known? How many of those who thought themselves honest, and who were honest now, had in the past yielded to a temptation once, as he had done, and having been luckier than he in escaping detection then, had never again risked it? That was what he had intended to do; he knew himself not to be dishonest, although the alluring opportunity had been too much for him. If only he could have held on for another day, all would have been well—no one would have had cause ever to suspect him; and never again would he have stepped aside from the narrow path of rectitude.

There was no use in repining. Luck had been against him, that was all. Some men had been guilty of what he had done, and they had been able to bluff it out. His bluff had been called, and he was now going to jail to pay his debt of honor. Perhaps the copy-book was right when it declared honesty to be the best policy. And yet he could not help feeling that fate had played him a mean trick. To put in his possession at the same moment a large sum of money and the information that the most powerful group of capitalists in America had determined to take hold of a certain railroad and re-establish it, and to have thus the possibility put before him at the very hour when he had discovered that perhaps he had a chance to win the woman he loved if only he could approach her on an equality of fortune—this temptation just then was too great to withstand. He had yielded, and for a little while it had seemed as though he was about to succeed. Twenty-four hours more and he could have put back the money he had borrowed—for so he liked to look on his act. That money once restored, he would have waited patiently for the rest of his profit. Thereafter he could have afforded to be honest; he was resolved never to overstep the law again; he would have kept the letter of it vigorously—if only he had escaped detection that once.

But blind chance smote him down from behind. Suddenly, without an hour's warning, the leader of the group of sustaining capitalists dropped dead; his

heart had failed, worn out by the friction and the strain. The market broke; and all who had bought stocks on a margin were sold out instantly and inexorably. Then the supporting orders came in and prices were pushed up again; but it was too late. Two days before, or a day after, that capitalist might have died without having by his death unwittingly caused an arrest. And as the hansom rolled on toward the Battery the prisoner had again a resentment against the capitalist for choosing so unfortunate a day to die.

Now the end had come; of course he had been unable to replace the money he had taken, and there was nothing for him to do but to fly. But instead of going to Canada, and hiding his trail, and then slipping across to Europe, he had been foolish enough to come here to New York to have another glimpse of the woman for the love of whom he had become a thief. Once more luck had been against him; as it happened, she had gone out of town for Decoration day; and instead of taking ship to Europe, he had waited. Only that Saturday morning he had met her brother and had been told of her return to town. But when he was about to call on her that afternoon, the gray-eyed man had called on him; and here he was on his way to his trial, and he had not seen her, after all.

Then he went back to the last time he had had speech with her. It was during one of his frequent visits to New York, and he had dined at the club with her brother, who had told him that she was going to the play that night with her mother. So he had betaken himself to the theatre also, and he had gazed at her across the house; and then he had put her and her mother into their carriage; and the old lady had asked him to dinner the next evening. He had supposed it was an eleventh-hour invitation and that he was to fill the seat of some man who had unexpectedly backed out; but none the less he had accepted with obvious pleasure. And it was from a few casual words of her father's, after dinner, that he got the first inkling of the railroad deal; and then, before the time came for him to go, he had been fortunate enough to have her to himself for a quarter of an hour. She had been gra-

ciousness itself, and for the first time he had begun to have hope. He could not recall what he had said, but his memory was clear as to how she had looked. He could not remember whether he had allowed her even a glimpse of his deep passion. It might be that she had guessed it, although she had made no sign; he knew that women were as keen as they were inscrutable.

The hansom was at last under the ugly frame-work of the Elevated almost at the South Ferry gate. The tide was coming in strongly, and there was a salt savor in the breeze that blew up from the lower bay. The prisoner relished it as he filled his lungs with the fresh air; and then he asked himself how long it would be before that saline taste would touch his nostrils again.

As the cab drew up, the elder of the two men in it laid his hand on the arm of the younger.

"I can trust you without the wrist-lets, can't I?" he asked.

The other flushed. "Put them on if you want," he answered, "but you needn't. I'm not going to make a fool of myself again. I've told you I'm going to plead guilty and do everything else I can to get the thing over as soon as possible."

The gray-eyed man looked at him firmly.

"You're talking sense," he declared. "I'll trust you."

As they were about to step out, their horse was somewhat startled by an electric automobile that rolled past clumsily and drew up immediately in front of them.

The prisoner stood stock-still, with his foot vainly reaching out for the sidewalk, as he saw the brother of the woman he loved help her out of the vehicle. Then the brother asked a newsboy to point the way to the boat for Governors Island; and she went with him as the urchin eagerly guided them. She did not look around; she never saw the man who loved her; and in a minute she turned the corner and was out of sight.

The officer of the law tapped his prisoner on the arm again.

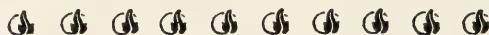
"Come on," he said. "What's the matter with you? Have you seen a ghost?"



# Among CENTRAL AFRICAN SAVAGES



by Captain M. S. WELLBY.



WHILE travelling last year along the vast expanse of unknown country lying between the Abyssinian capital and the White Nile, I came into daily and

hourly contact with the very remarkable tribes which live in those unknown regions.

Between Adis Abbaba and the remarkable devil-infested country of Walamo I had a somewhat exciting experience. Our caravan had reached the shores of Lake Lamina, by whose waters we had camped. Clouds of flesh-colored birds and herds of ponderous hippo were to be seen, and, to our great surprise, we discovered close to our camping-ground a couple of native canoes. Looking far out into the lake, we could see a very strange island. It seemed to rise, a mass of rocks, abruptly from the water's edge, and assuredly demanded exploration. So I gathered together my fleet of three boats. In the canvas boat I took Shahzad Mir, and in the two canoes put a Somali and a Soudanese. We first of all rowed and paddled towards a long big island which intervened between us and the remarkable island we were bound for. Here we found the canoes too heavy for transportation to the other side, and as a paddle round the island would have taken up too much time, we left them on the shore where we landed, and

contented ourselves with only carrying the canvas boat across. Having done this, I embarked with my Somali, and left Shahzad Mir and the Soudanese on the long island, telling them to watch and be ready to meet us on our return.

We could only discover one spot suitable for landing, at the northern extremity, as elsewhere rocks and euphorbia rose precipitately from the water's edge; and at this little harbor, to our intense surprise, we found at least a score of canoes hauled up on to the land and leaning up against the rocks. These at once told us the island was inhabited. Besides the canoes we could see no other signs of life, and were full of expectations as to what was in store for us. So, having carefully landed, we loaded our rifles, and with our eyes and ears on the *qui vive*, began to cautiously ascend the rocks by a narrow pathway. We had only proceeded in silence a few hundred yards when we were suddenly brought to a standstill by hearing somebody "call" from above. It was an ominous "call," and came as a warning to us. "Yussuf," I said, turning to my companion, "we must not leave our boat with nobody to look after it; we want another man." So we there and then retraced our steps, unloaded, and re-embarked.

By this time the sun was about to set, and I commenced leisurely paddling back, enjoying the intense stillness of the evening, when suddenly a canoe with three



savages shot round the northern corner, followed by another, and still another. There were six of them in all, and there could be no doubt about it, they were after us. Without more ado, I pulled for all I was worth, knowing that help was awaiting us on the long island. It was a stern-chase, and the canoes gained but slightly on us. Nearer and nearer we came to the island, and our hopes rose accordingly. A broken oar or damaged rowlock would have meant disaster, and such a catastrophe was not altogether impossible, as I was pulling hard for so frail a craft. "Can't you see Baba now?" I asked Yussuf—Baba being the name by which they all called Shahzad Mir, my Indian surveyor. "No," he replied, after a pause—"Gallas, all Gallas." I turned my head, and, true enough, saw naked savages running through the bushes and along the sandy shore, but no sign of Baba or the Soudanese. I rowed to within fifty yards of the shore, still in hopes of seeing them somewhere. But I was doomed to disappointment; there were only savages, who, as they ran, shouted aloud, "He! he! he!" and brandishing their spears, beckoned to others who were coming up from behind. Yussuf grimly shook his head, and quietly muttered, "Baba mota" (dead). Seeing that matters were becoming grave, and that the savages were

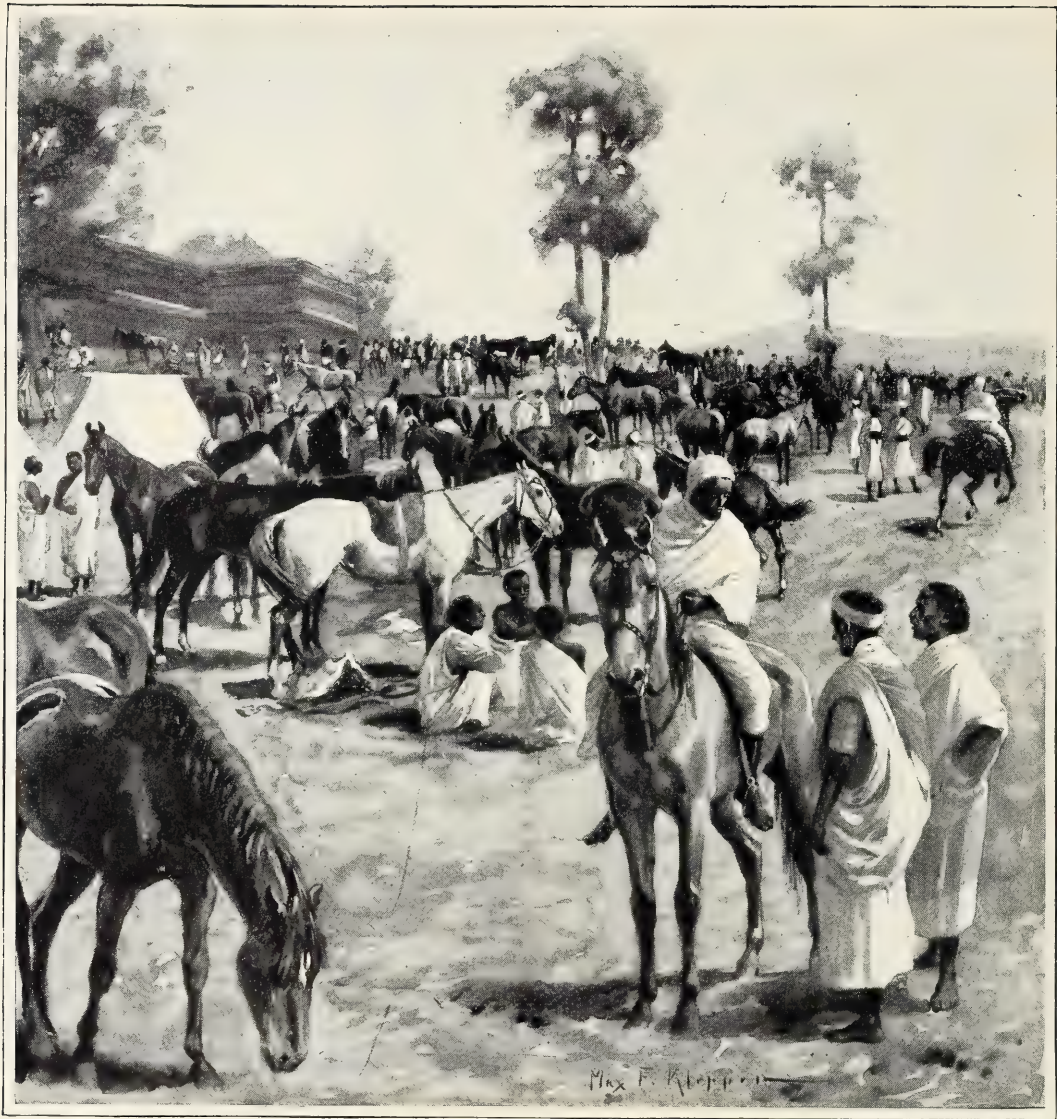
confident of effecting our capture and death, I told Yussuf to call to them—for he knew the Galla dialect—that I should fire unless they cleared off. On hearing these words the savages yelled and redoubled their antics. So, dropping the oars for a second, I seized a carbine and fired. As one man they all fell to the ground in an instant, flat as a pack of cards—quite a theatrical performance. Without a moment's pause I resumed the oars, convinced that our only chance of escape lay in getting round the island.

The pull seemed interminable. The pursuing canoes were drawing closer. The savages on shore were again becoming threatening. It was almost dark, and the hippos, as is usual at this hour, were grunting and snorting around us. "Now direct me to the light of the camp," I said to Yussuf, as we at length rounded the island. There was no reply for a minute, and then, to my amazement, the silence of the evening was broken by his cry of "Safer yellum—Baba mota" (There is no camp, and Baba is dead). We could see no camp lights at all, and I rowed on mechanically for the shore, my spirits sinking to zero, when Yussuf roused me by exclaiming: "Ashkar! ashkar!" (Your men! your men!) Looking round, I could just distinguish a crowd of black forms standing by the water's



MARKET-DAY AT WALAMO





HORSE-MARKET, ADIS ABBABA

edge. My joy lasted but a few moments, for on drawing nearer my companion hoarsely whispered in my ear, "Khoi! khoi! *hullu* Galla; safer yellum—Baba mota!" (Stop! stop! they are *all* Gallas; there is no camp—Baba is dead). It then flashed across my mind that these wild and independent sayages of Lamina had surprised and taken my camp in my absence. It was a crushing blow—all my faithful servants had been killed without a fight; my own plans had been completely shattered. I cursed and prayed as I hastily turned the boat, resolved to have a last pull for it to the southern end of the island, and then endeavor to escape to the mainland under cover of darkness. I had just got the boat round, when a cry from the shore reached us. It was my boy Mohammed's voice, and it turned out that, after all, the dark group of figures on the shore were my own ashkar. They

were all standing by the edge of the lake, in awe and bewilderment; they had already given us up as lost, but had been without any means whatever of coming to our aid. As they rushed forward, knee-deep in the water, eagerly pressing around to hear what had taken place and to help me from the boat, two shots were fired from the long island. "Come along, Mohammed," I cried, "and be quick; rifles and ammunition"—for Mohammed was a quick and fearless lad. In a few seconds more I was again pulling for the long island, straining to the utmost, whilst Mohammed kept up a fusillade as a signal to friend and foe that help was at hand. "Out you jump, Mohammed," I cried, as the boat grounded, and we were standing on the island, confronted by Baba and the Soudanese, who, though unable to keep their appointment, had managed to avoid the ambushes and keep the savages



at bay by boldly confronting them. The two canoes I found just as we had left them, and thus my little flotilla was enabled to sail back to our camp on the main shore in the same order as we had previously set out.

After a long and waterless march we reached the district of Walamo, one of the most beautiful parts of Abyssinia. The place had an evil reputation, and my native escort did not think I would be permitted to enter the devil-infested zone.

Our first glimpse of Walamo was at Damota, a fine hill with its base covered with trees, where the Abyssinians have planted a post, the headquarters of the Walamo district. In addition to the usual crops, Walamo grows more particularly banana-palms, tobacco, limes, ginger, raspberries, and a delicious vegetable called godari. When riding it is always advisable to keep to the tracks, for, in addition to the rivulets being often difficult to cross, there still exist everywhere the "chambetta." These are successive rows of little pits dug in close proximity to one another, and resembling our military obstacles. They were constructed by

the Gallas of Walamo to baffle King Menelek's cavalry when he overran the country about four years ago, and, to judge from their awkward-looking appearance, they must have done good work. Leaving our camp by a grove of palms, I strolled off to the gobyeh, or market, where business was in full swing. But I attracted so much attention that buying and selling for the time being ceased, as all flocked to look at so novel a sight as an Englishman. The people had erected temporary stalls by sticking branches of trees into the ground, and squatting alongside of them, displayed their goods for sale.

These consisted chiefly of dhura or mashillah, barley, ginger, onions, skins, talla or beer gombos, ghi, buttons and beads (chiefly blue ones), cattle, sheep, goats, and ponies. A purchase was made by means of "dormas." A dorma is a thin piece of iron with one end bent, measuring about two feet long and one inch broad. Fifteen of them go to a dollar. For every transaction a small tax is exacted, in the shape of either a pinch of cotton or a piece of ginger—or zingerbil, as it is called. From the mar-



HOUSE AT WALAMO—DEVIL-INFESTED REGION



ket I cantered over to the post at Damota Hill, half a dozen miles distant. Here resided two Galla shums (officials), secure within a strong stockade, within which I found Gallas and Abyssinians living amicably together, and jointly administering justice throughout the district. In spite of the luxuriance and rich beauty of Walamo, it seems to be a generally accepted fact that the natives of Walamo are capable of imparting a devil, or jinn, to the bodies of strangers who come there, more especially if they are permitted to be present while the stranger partakes of food. Curiously enough, on returning from my visit to the stockade, I found one of my Somalis in a very remarkable condition. His look was that of a wild man. At times he would talk and rave utter nonsense, now and then ejaculating the word Walamo; at others he shook from head to foot.

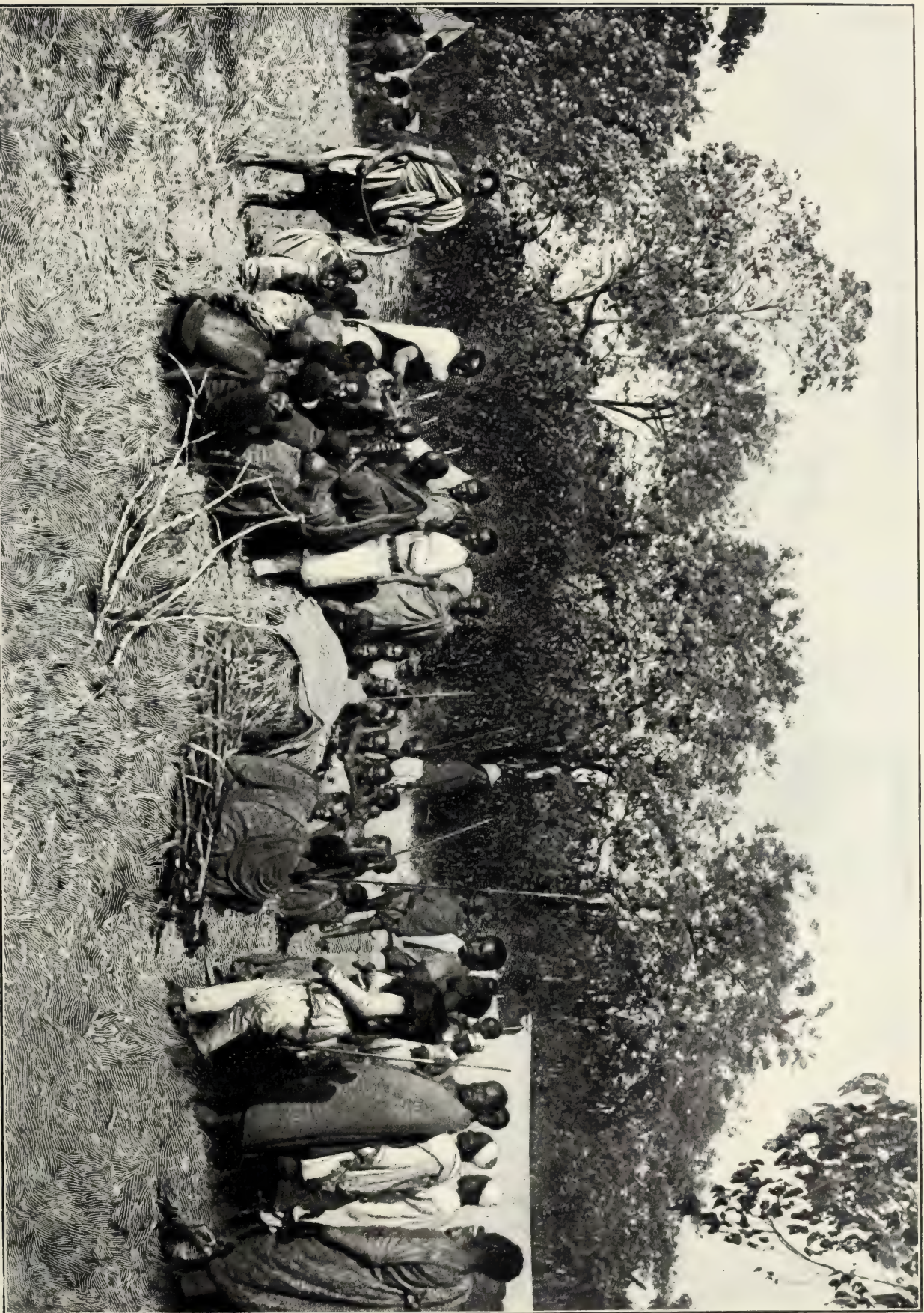
As far as I could learn from the man afterwards, he had seen, in the bushes, close to our camp, no end of Walamo savages, armed with knives, who had suddenly made a rush at him from all sides. I administered some tea and a strong aperient, and afterwards a tonic, and on the next day the victim was on a fair way to recovery, and I thought little more about him, till one morning as we were on the march he suddenly drew a knife and rushed about, crying out that he was going to kill them all, meaning the men that he had seen in the bush. He was possessed of such strength that it took five men to catch him and bring him quietly along. Strange to say, on camping at the end of our march he set about unloading in the usual way, as though nothing had happened to him; but for some weeks he was liable to attacks from the Walamo jinn, when he became decidedly dangerous. Of course my followers maintained that he was possessed of a Walamo devil. I therefore had misgivings as to the effect it would have on their minds, and in order to prove to them the absurdity of it all, I told them that I myself would purposely eat a meal before the natives of Walamo, and they might then see that no devil would seize me. I put my little table outside my tent and called for breakfast, and finished my meal much to my own gratification, but to the great displeasure

of my followers. Now comes the strange part of it all. The next day I felt strangely unwell, and was altogether "off color" and "off food." I felt I was undergoing the tortures of a bad sailor on a rough sea. This, too, was the only day I felt unwell through the whole of my journey; but I took good care to keep my ailings to myself. It has been suggested to me that poison was placed in my food, but this I can most emphatically deny. A few days later—one evening—one of my Soudanese was possessed of the "Walamo devil." He struggled in the most violent manner, and shaking his head, called aloud, "Walamo! Walamo! Walamo!" On his recovery he affirmed that he knew the Walamo native who had caused his madness; the man was a grass-cutter, and had seen him in the act of eating a piece of bread.

It is a curious fact that my Abyssinians, who alone were acquainted with the powers of the Walamo devils, were the only ones who escaped their influence. Possibly the cause may be put down to the condition of the water of these regions, which is undoubtedly impregnated with certain metals. While this might affect the Soudanese or Samolis or myself, it would in no way hurt my Abyssinians. With regard to my own peculiar condition, it has been suggested to me that at the time of my famous meal I was undergoing great mental strain. I must say, however, that during the breakfast I was unaware of this, as at that time I regarded the Walamo devils and their craft as being well inside the sphere of imagination.

Some most remarkable people are to be found round the great Lake Rudolf, which, properly speaking, should be called Lake Gallop. The Asilli, with their sub tribes or divisions who live round the lake shores, have some curious religious beliefs, which are, I presume, common to other tribes in this region. They consider the heavens to be their god, whom they worship by the name of Wak. They also imagine that whenever it thunders a white man has been born. They argue that a white man has no parents, but is born by thunder, and therefore when a white man chooses he can cause rain to fall, which would explain the whimsical





PAYING WALAMO NATIVES FOR SUPPLIES



fact that they frequently asked me to let them have some rain. This notion of a white man's birth is probably the result of their never having been fortunate enough to set eyes on a white woman; but when they do, their belief in our powers of producing rain may receive a severe shock. Their own priest, whom they call Dobie, resides in the midst of the hills, and can also bring rain, because, they say, the rains belong to him. There is only one other man who can accomplish this useful feat, namely, the priest's son; so when the priest dies his son will still be able to supply their wants in this respect. They say that when the priest is in a bad humor he declines to send them rain. They also say that when a marriage takes place amongst the Asilli, the priest speaks a few comforting words, and receives ghi, honey, and sheep in return for his kindness. It would appear that the Asilli priest holds a paramount position amongst his people that many of us might envy.

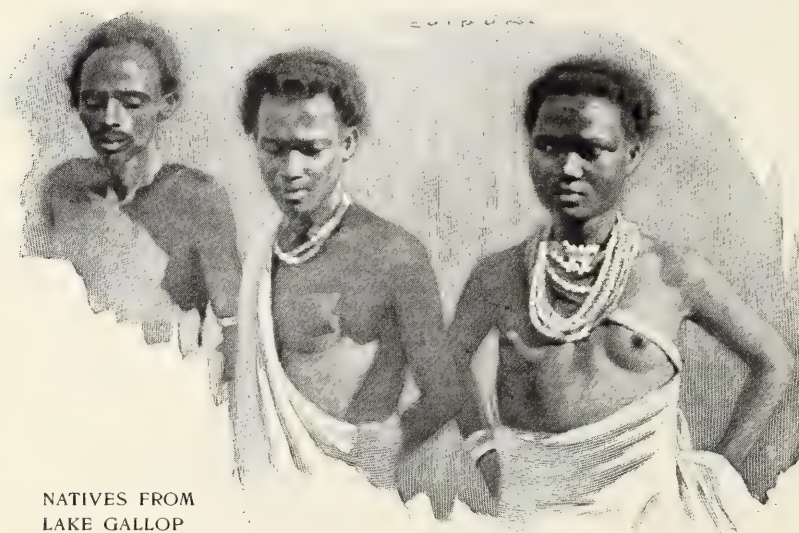
The Asilli adorn themselves with small copper ear-rings, and wear round the

these they wear ivory round the arms, red and blue beads round the neck, but, practically speaking, no clothing. They also carry a knife, also of local manufacture—secured in a leather sheath and fastened to a leather strap round the neck.

While on the shores of Lake Rudolf, and enjoying a much-needed rest, I decided to organize an elephant-hunt. We were not long in finding perfectly fresh tracks, and as we followed them up we came upon quite recent droppings, and finally to a great tusker. He was standing all alone, and as he faced us exhibited a fine pair of tusks, but for some unknown reason he moved off before I could get sufficiently close to fire; so we resumed our tracking, and after a while came upon a herd of over twenty elephants, some of whom had enormous tusks. I carefully approached to within a dozen yards of them, and then waited for a fine fellow, whom I had my eye on, to give me a chance of firing a side shot at his head. Then I fired both barrels in rapid succession, but the big brute only winced considerably and shambled

off with the rest. There was a terrible stampede and a crashing of jungle as they strove to escape down one of the roads they themselves had made through the thick brush. They were so crowded together that they were unable to move at all quickly, whilst I, running after them, was very soon so close to the rearmost elephant that, had I a lance in my hand, I could easily have pricked his haunches, or with a sword I fancied I could have executed the Arab trick of severing the sinew,

whereas a rifle-shot from behind would have been absolutely useless. I might as well have blazed into a rampart of earth, for all the damage that would have resulted. Presently an opening in the jungle afforded me a chance of getting on their flank, when I again fired, at only a few yards' distance, at the head of one of the largest elephants in the herd, yet again without killing him. The herd, upon this second onslaught, split into two parties; so, calling my men, I took



NATIVES FROM  
LAKE GALLOP

neck, wrists, and upper arms many iron, brass, or copper rings. On noticing an Asilli warrior with at least half a dozen iron rings round his neck, suggesting a high and fashionable collar of unbearable weight, I asked him if he did not find such an ornament very heavy and uncomfortable. "Oh yes, indeed, we do," he replied, "but still we like them." Each of these rings round the neck, which are the work of native artificers, is valued at the price of a cow, and in addition to



a couple of them and pursued one half, and gave instructions to the other three to follow up the second half, in hopes of finding the wounded ones dead. I was intently bent upon tracking, when, looking up, I saw a single elephant standing alone; and as I was trying to get close enough for a shot, he, without rhyme or reason, raised his trunk, and trumpeting aloud, rushed straight at me. I fired both barrels of my rifle at his head, the second one at only a distance of half a dozen yards, and then ran for it. Luckily for me, the elephant labored under a mistake, for imagining I had a third barrel, he at the same instant turned and fled too. Although we tracked him till after sunset, when darkness frustrated our efforts, we met with no success, and, thoroughly disappointed and disheartened, we had nothing left but to make our way back to camp.

Near the lake we found masses of camel bones, all accumulated close together within a limited area. I could find no explanation for the curious circumstance. Some of my men offered a suggestion that certain Shangkallas had stolen camels from some tribe or other and had rested there to eat them; others, again, urged that a traveller must have gone this way and had also grown hungry, and cut up all his camels for food; but his appetite must have been abnormal, and, with no wood at hand, his dinner barbarous; besides, no sane man would have brought camels by such a road when he might have travelled round the hills. Still, it is curious that so many camels should have succumbed at the same spot; and yet again no sane man either would have camped on a sloping mass of brown and black edged stone. To stop and eat camels in such a stony desert must have

caused the death of the owner as well as of the camels. My own opinion is that the camels, having covered part of the stony zone, died at the disheartening prospect of more stones ahead, in spite of all they had already crossed. I have a



VIEW ACROSS LAKE GALLOP,  
SOMETIMES CALLED LAKE RUDOLF

still more remarkable statement to make—that two of my cows selected this very spot whereon to end their travels, for they simply lay down and died, apparently without any cause. I speak of this in hopes that a warning may be given to future travellers intending to try this route. I know that I myself felt so exasperated at these everlasting stones that I almost envied the fate of my two cows. Close by the water's edge walked a fine rhinoceros, followed by her youngster, nibbling at the grass and enjoying an evening ramble. They were quite unsuspecting of any danger, and allowed me to approach within an easy range of them before they were aware of my immediate presence. I had shot them both—with my binocular camera! Just then they discovered my game, and immediately made all haste to hide themselves under the waves of the lake, as though objecting, like many civilized beings, to the operation of being "took."

Before leaving the neighborhood of the lake I climbed over a difficult and stony spur and came upon Telekis Volcano. There were two tracks to choose from; one ran round the lava, and the other across it. The former, though the longer



of the two, was far better suited to our laden animals, and we took it. We found an immense field of black molten lava, highly resembling coke in appearance; and curiously enough, this entire mass of igneous matter ended with such neat and abrupt edges that it appeared to have been shovelled three or four feet high by men. I concluded that the burning substance must have been poured forth like liquid lead over the surface of the ground, and suddenly cooled just as we had seen it. We noticed several trees knocked over by the hot lava, the upper limbs of which were protruding. They did not appear to have been long in this position, and this, added to the fact that the road running round the lava appeared to have been recently made, led me to believe that the volcano must have been in action at no very distant date, say within the last three or four years; but this, I own, is purely supposition on my part. After circumventing this field of lava, we camped at the southwest corner of the lake—our very last halt by the edge of this beautiful water.

I will close this article with a brief account of my meeting with the wonderful Turkana giants, whom I met during my wanderings in this part of Africa. We had been travelling all night—eagerly pressing forward to some place where we hoped to find water—and in the morning reached the edge of a forest, where we

found fresh tracks of camels and footprints of savages. As we penetrated farther into the wood, we caught sight of several Turkana men moving through the bushes. They appeared to be filled rather with fear and curiosity than with any intention of hostility; and shortly afterwards we found Shahzad Mir and his party. They were camped inside a zareba, close to the sandy bed of a river, where stood various pools of water, and with them were camels, sheep, and donkeys, and two Turkana women. The Turkana warriors, who strolled about the bushes in groups of four and five, were men of prodigious size, many of them perfect giants in their build, and with a mass of thick, carefully woven hair hanging over their broad shoulders right down to the waist. They carried extraordinarily long spears, and were magnificent specimens of savage strength. Shadzad Mir had no trouble whatever with these people; he had marched straight across the valley, and having come across two women with sheep, donkeys, and camels, had taken the entire party into his zareba. Later in the day the men had appeared, and no doubt were hanging around in alternate hope and fear as to the fate of their wives. The two Turkana women were elderly souls, each blessed with a bright little infant, and were extremely frightened on first seeing me. It was quite clear they

thought their last hour was at hand, and it was only by making them some trifling presents every time I came across them that by degrees I conquered their fear. At first they could scarcely believe that the beads I gave them were really to be their own. By degrees the despairing look that overspread their countenances gradually lifted. When it



REMARKABLE ACCUMULATION OF CAMEL BONES, LAKE RUDOLF



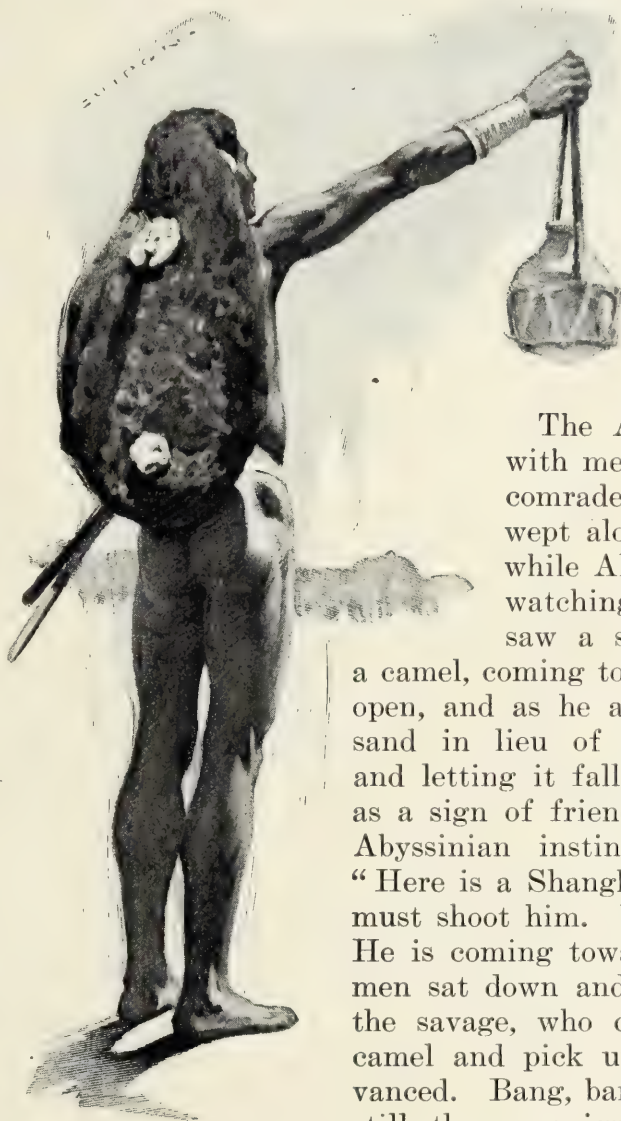
was time for them to leave us, I returned them all their donkeys and half their sheep, and at the same time gave them donkeys in exchange for the camels and sheep we were, in a way, appropriating. When, in addition to this, I helped them myself to load the animals with the goods I had given them, then they entirely changed, and their true and natural characters shone forth. They talked and laughed most cheerily, and were quite loath to depart. I had explained to them over and over again, by signs, at my numerous interviews, that I required lory (or camels), and was ready to pay well for them, and that I had no intention or desire whatever of harming anybody or taking anything without payment.

One afternoon I was sitting alone writing in my tent, 104 in the shade, when my head Soudanese ran to me saying he had heard a shot fired. "Oh," I said, "I don't think anything is the matter, but take a couple of men and go and see what is the meaning of it." He had no sooner left me than I heard a shot myself, then another, and another. They came from the direction of where the animals were feeding, and I felt then that something had gone wrong. So, without more ado, I shouted to two of the men to follow me, and to the rest to remain in camp ready for any emergency, and seizing my rifle, ran off to learn the cause. I had not gone far when I met an Abyssinian,

Solon by name, running along with a broken and blood-stained spear, which he held in one hand, whilst blood was running from the other. He was so terribly excited that I left him to harangue the hills, and hurrying onwards as fast as I could, soon reached the scene of the firing, and saw two men lying on the ground a dozen yards apart, and on drawing close I found one of them to be an Abyssinian, Aheddy by name. He lay perfectly dead, with his head buried on his folded arms, and a deep spear-thrust through the chest. And a few yards off lay the dead body of a naked savage, speared in the neck and several times through the ribs.

The Abyssinians who were with me, on seeing their dead comrade, fell upon him and wept aloud. It appeared that while Aheddy and Solon were watching over the mules they saw a single savage, leading

a camel, coming towards them across the open, and as he approached picking up sand in lieu of grass, holding it up and letting it fall again to the ground, as a sign of friendship. Then the true Abyssinian instinct was to the fore. "Here is a Shangkalla," they said; "we must shoot him. What else can we do? He is coming towards us." So the two men sat down and commenced firing at the savage, who continued to lead the camel and pick up the sand as he advanced. Bang, bang, went the guns, but still the poor ignorant savage, always dropping the sand, drew closer and closer, till he was within a few yards of them. Neither he nor the camel had so far been touched. Then Aheddy, finding him within arm's-length, laid his hands on the Shangkalla's shoulders, and the latter, quite rightly, fearing treachery, plunged his spear into the chest of the Abyssinian. Solon at once, casting aside his rifle, fought out a death-struggle with the savage to gain possession of the spear from the lifeless body. The two men were seen by others—who had left the



A TURKANA GIANT





RHINOCEROS BIRDS

camels and were running up to the scene—to writhe and struggle on the ground in a deadly embrace. It was so willed that Solon should be the victor, for, having gained the weapon, he plunged it again and again through and through the body of his foe. So fiercely had he grasped the blade that one of his own hands had almost been severed. Leaving the dead body of the brave savage to the care of his tribe—for I concluded they had probably watched the scene from the adjoining hills—I left the Abyssinians weeping over the body of their dead brother, telling them to bring it away and bury it, for I was anxious to quit the scene.

After a long and trying journey, a recital of which would fill volumes rather than pages, I successfully accomplished my object in crossing unknown Abyssinia and getting into touch with the Anglo-Egyptian forces on the Nile. Seven months after I had last seen an English face we sighted the fort of Nasser, which I quite expected to find occupied by French troops. Words would fail to express the gratification I felt when a Britisher rushed into my zareba, and before I had recovered from my surprise my hands were cordially grasped by Lieutenant MacEwen, a British commander of an Anglo-Egyptian fort.

## SONG

BY ROBERT LOVEMAN

OVER the sea we go,  
Over the sea of life,  
Past reefs of want and woe,  
Through blinding fogs of strife.

O happy sea and wind,—  
Soon, soon, we will forget  
The islands far behind,  
Those islands of regret.

# THE MANTLE OF ELIJAH\*

BY ISRAEL ZANGWILL

## BOOK I

### CHAPTER XVII.

#### DARK DAYS.

A SEVERE cold, caught by Mrs. Marshmont in her bare-shouldered sortie, helped the household to tide over the first days of bereavement. The bustle of doctors and medicines, as for a physical ill, was a diversion even to the patient. But the mind remained dazed, and apt to brood on the dead. Even the fetching of Jim from school did not rouse her as had been anticipated, and she remained indifferent to Connie and the bonny infant, whose recent advent had made her a grandmother. One happy break in her stagnation had come when the heart-felt letter of condolence from her Majesty was read to her; and she had almost as much pride in the unexpected letter from the Duchess of Dalesbury, envying her the noble son she had borne for her country's service. This, the first overture from her husband's family, probably helped to save Mrs. Marshmont's reason, and she faithfully drank the accompanying six bottles of port-wine and six bottles of tar-water, and ordered her mourning dress to be made from the great piece of black silk. The Duchess gave funeral-presents as other people give birthday and wedding presents. She also put up a brass in Hazelhurst church to the memory of the young hero, whom, however, she insisted on spelling Marjorimont. His old school-fellows put up another tablet at Harrow, and as John Bull could afford to be generous in victory, there was a reaction in Marshmont's favor. "Tom has died for father," thought Allegra, striving to extract some comfort as she read Tom's letters, which came with weird regularity for a few weeks after his death, and had to be kept from the poor woman to whom they were addressed. Their enthusiasm for England's empire renewed Allegra's feeling

of the perversion of heroic forces. Another Marjorimont had also died, in the interests of British West Novabarba, Limited, no less a person than the Viscount of that name, the heir of the Earldom of Yeoford, leaving an old father and a young son to lament him.

"If poor Stanley had not had a little boy," the Duchess wrote to Allegra, "your father would have become the heir. The poor Earl, your father's uncle and mine, has taken his little grandson to live with him. That young life is more precious than ever now, but I pray God the old Earl will live many a long year, for I hate to see baby Earls. Yet even a baby Earl is better than no Earl. And no Earl is better than no baby . . . I mean if it happened to be a girl. I could wish my darling Minnie had been a boy, but it is useless repining."

That last sentence was a side-light upon the Duchess, revealing a flaw in the perfection of her contentment. Allegra liked her aunt better for this shade of nearness to common humanity; though it was not till years later that she understood how the Duchess lived under the shadow of a possible eclipse, should the Duke die. Not only his love, but Rosmere and the other beautiful places would be taken from her; such are the risks and drawbacks of Duchesdom.

All through Mrs. Marshmont's illness, Broser proved himself an indefatigable handy man about the house, so that even Joan's prejudices began to melt. He hovered around Thomas Marshmont as protectively as Marshmont around his wife. Mabel one day declared that the bullfinch was growing jealous of Broser.

"Look how it hisses at him and flutters its feathers."

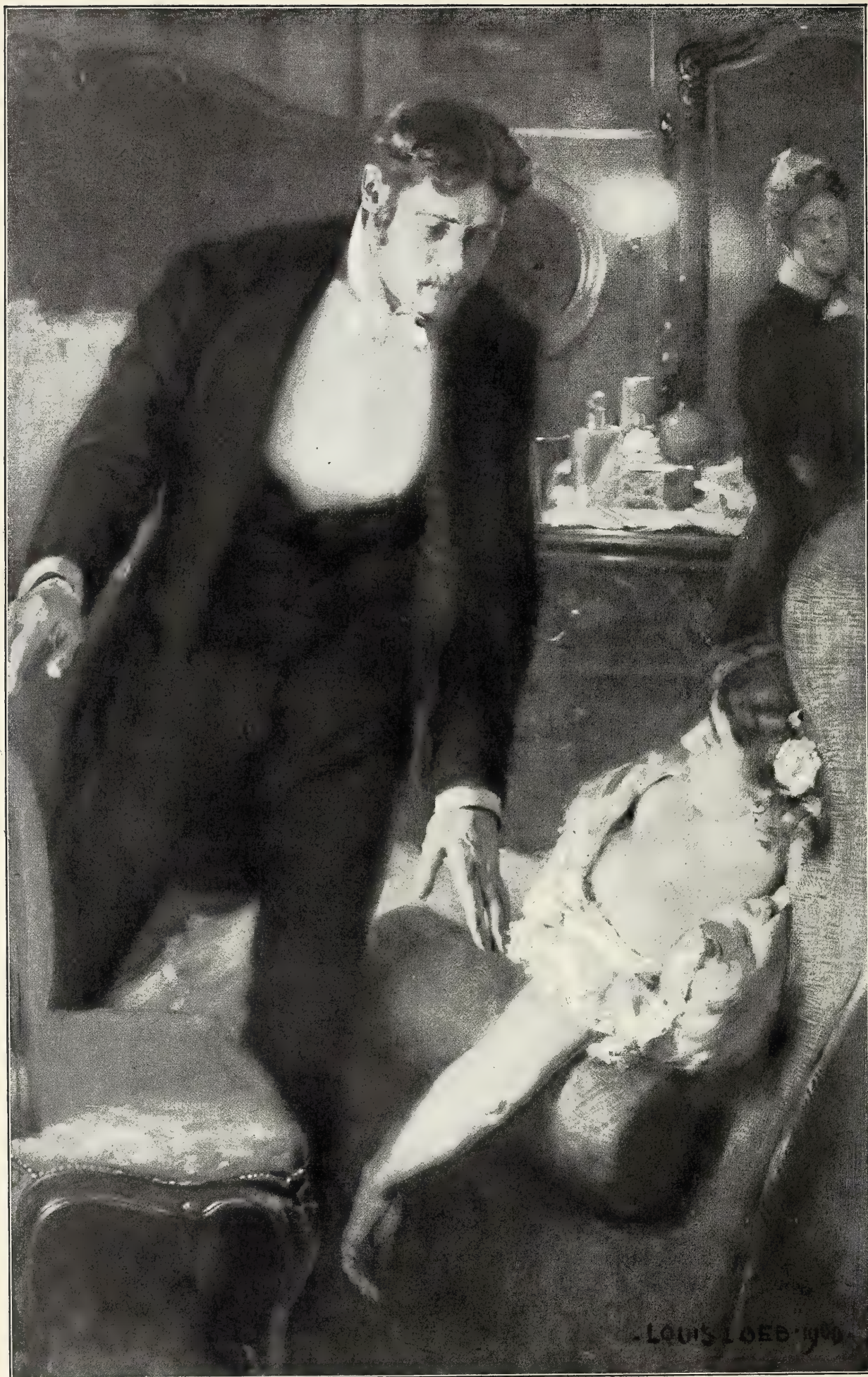
"That's not from jealousy," Dulsie said promptly. "It's because Broser's masquerading as father."

And indeed, in the almost constant at-

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"I CAN'T, BOB, I CAN'T"

[SEE PAGE 388]



tendance of the ex-Minister at his wife's bedside—a devotion that was facilitated by the arrival of the Parliamentary recess—Marshmont's political position necessarily devolved upon his secretary. Broser received his master's constituents, and answered most of his letters on general principles, without even troubling the poor bedside watcher. Marshmont's own nerves were breaking down, his throat was growing worse, and more twinges of his hereditary gout were being paid over to him, but with some vague, remorseful sense of having sacrificed his wife to his career, he now felt he must sacrifice his career to his wife. He tried to combine the two ideals by scribbling a political pamphlet in the sick-room, and this Allegra copied out neatly in the study, verifying the figures and the quotations by the aid of Mr. Broser. This throwing together of the twain in the garret kindled Gwenny's concern. She spoke of it to the father at last.

"The mistress would not like it," she said, "if she knew."

"What are you talking about, Gwenny? She's quite a child."

"Then she'd be better at a Children's Communion. But she's no child, and she's quite taken with that young man."

"Pooh, pooh! He's a married man with children."

"The Devil isn't only at the ear of bachelors."

Marshmont smiled sadly. "Mr. Broser knows how to deal with devils."

"Yes, he'd outdevil 'em," admitted Gwenny.

"You're getting a foolish old thing, Gwenny. Mr. Broser is a gentleman."

"If he was a lady, I wouldn't have spoken," and tossing her head, Gwenny retired to the kitchen to pray for the Devil's discomfiture. Probably she mixed him up with Mr. Robert Broser.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

##### BOB BROSER.

MR. ROBERT BROSER, with whom this history is increasingly concerned, had at least one quality in common with Joan. His vision of life was simple and direct. Change as it might from year to year, it was never blurred by doubts or metaphysics, or even by remembrance of its own

mutations, or by expectation of future developments. When he married Susannah Clagg, it was perfectly clear to him that he was doing exceedingly well in loving a richly dowered young lady of higher social position than his own, for though to the aristocrat in his balloon all these midland middle-class manufacturing families might have appeared monotonously flat, yet to themselves they were an Alpine world, chaotically peaked. In the social atlas of Midstoke all these heights and valleys lay marked with that microscopic exactitude which makes a mountain out of every mole-hill. No consideration of birth, connection, calling, or income was too minute for registration, and Broser, as the son of one of those geniuses of the soil who are born in a hut, spend their days in a factory built by themselves, and end them in a mansion built by a nobleman, was hampered in his aspirations by his father's aspirates. If the young bridegroom on the day he scaled one of the higher peaks of Midstoke was aware that elsewhere in the great wonderful world were Himalayas that outdid even the highest of his Alps, these ranges had not come under his own eye, nor challenged his own foot.

He lived four years of ample satisfaction with his Susannah, marred only by the death of one of the four children she bore him. Then the demon of unrest entered into his soul.

Old Broser had kept his boys down almost to his own early pecuniary level, much as in higher circles a man who has suffered tortures as a fag, sends his sons to the same public school. Besides, the old peasant had in exaggeration the general Midstoke desire to "cut up well," and the imaginary posthumous satisfaction of dazzling Midstoke by the revelation of his hoard overcame even his repugnance to the Legacy Duties, which would make his death so expensive.

Now realizing that he had not to wait until his father's death for financial independence, Broser began to grow tired of his prosaic position in his father's business, and in the petty church and parochial matters of Midstoke, and to yearn for a larger field for his militant instincts. He had always been connected with a local Radical association, and now he began to push himself forward more and



more in its affairs. Even Susannah's people were Radicals, having, like the rest of Midstoke, succumbed to the spell of Bryden, and realized that the manufacturers were left out of the distribution of political power. When but a lad, Broser had thrown himself headlong into the Cause, steeped himself in polemic literature, discovered his grievances, and added to them by daily study, till he grew to hate bitterly the classes that had monopolized power. For as, after his marriage, his social vision widened, and the Himalayas dawned upon his ken, their soaring summits seemed to abase him to the plain, and forgetting his own peak, he demanded that every hill should be laid low and every valley exalted; yea, even that the crowded apex of all should be smitten to the dust. Monarchy was an outworn superstition. Divine right was only an impertinent synonym for human wrong. It was human right that must be the watchword of the future. The peerage was a brainless diseased crew, descended from royal favorites. The House of Lords was a relic of mediæval barbarism. The House of Commons was the happy hunting-ground of the idle rich, to the exclusion of the world's workers. The Army and Navy were run as branches of Society, and the governmental departments were constellations of cousins. For the poor man only one function—to pay for it all. The social system was simply disguised slavery. The helotry was the depository of virtue. But the People would no longer be content with virtue's reward. Bryden's prophetic vision had reached to one man, one vote—there lay the last horizon of Radicalism. Broser and the boon companions of his political intoxication saw endless perspectives of Progress, even unto that last utopian Holland dotted with grazing equals.

For himself, too, Broser began to see perspectives of Progress—beyond this narrow provincial society which had begotten him and had so satisfied his energies that he had never been to London, except as a youth in his teens to see the Great Exhibition. It was from this very narrowness, this intense living, that, all unsuspecting, he drew the strength which now drove him forward to impose himself upon a wider world. But Broser was not

so popular with his colleagues as he was with his audiences, who had only to sway to his intellect and emotion. His colleagues had to bend to his will. He was a screw-steamer amid sailing-vessels, ploughing his way straight ahead regardless of wind or weather. It was as President of the Young Men's Radical Association that he had proposed the vote of thanks to Marshmont, though the meeting was really under the auspices of an older organization. But years before, when a famous writer had come to read from his works before this same Y. M. R. A., Broser, who was then only a member of the Committee, equally insisted on making the speech which should introduce the writer to the audience. His claim was that he was President of the Literary Section, and as such practically the President on this literary occasion. But the real President of the Association refused to surrender his privilege of introducing the great man. It was a nice point. Weeks of excited wrangling throughout the Club heralded the coming of the star, and even when he came, the point had not been decided. Broser and the President were still arguing it when the celebrity stood on the small stage behind the curtain. Before it, the audience was stamping its feet with impatience. The disputants appealed to the celebrity.

"But it is too delicate a question for me to decide," he said, in dismay.

"But surely it is obvious," cried Broser, "that the President of the Literary Section—"

"But the reading is for the whole Club, not for the Literary Section only," said the President. "Everybody expects me to introduce you, sir."

The clapping and stamping became louder.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," appealed the celebrity, "don't make me lose my reputation for punctuality."

"Yes, the Club must not lose its reputation for punctuality," said Broser to the President. "The curtain must be rung up instantly. Have the goodness to walk to the wing, Mr. President, leaving me to be discovered with our illustrious guest."

"I shall do no such thing. On such red-letter occasions the President must

surely be in the chair. The position of our guest demands no less."

"Oh, I shall not be insulted," said the celebrity genially. Then, quaking under the President's eye, "I mean, don't consider me in the least."

"It will be a great blow to the Literary Section if I don't preside," said Broser.

The celebrity had a happy thought.

"Well, why can't one of you introduce me at the beginning and the other thank me at the end?"

The waiting public became clamorous.

"Our audiences don't like to be kept waiting after the reading," said the President.

"They don't seem to relish it before," said the celebrity grimly.

"Then suppose we neither take the chair," Broser suggested sulkily. The celebrity in his relief at the suggestion overlooked the grammatical inelegance of the President of the Literary Section.

"Even that would be better than the President seeming to fail in respect," said the President of the Association in general.

"It seems to me a fair compromise," observed the celebrity anxiously, for the audience was by now furious.

"Very well," said Broser. "We'll both leave the stage. Ring up."

The man at the right wing began to pull up the curtain. The President hurried to the left wing. As the curtain rose, Broser was discovered in the centre of the stage. The celebrity hovered in the background. As soon as the applause died down, Broser introduced the great man in a few brief phrases, and went off to join the fuming President at the wing.

"But you did introduce him!" hissed the latter.

"I suggested neither of us should occupy the chair," replied Broser coolly. "I am not occupying it. It is yawning vacantly—thanks to your obstinacy."

"But you introduced him."

"Those few words cannot be considered a speech. I had to throw overboard all that the Literary Section expected me to say about our illustrious visitor." And he looked so aggrieved that the President felt apologetic. But his rage returned the next morning when he found that the newspapers reported that

Mr. Robert Broser "introduced the famous writer in a few well-chosen words."

Nor was Broser more popular with the members for Midstoke. The great Bryden had politely rejected all his social overtures, without, however, diminishing Broser's admiration for his eloquence and comparative boldness, and Mrs. Broser subscribed handsomely to the bust. When the Right Honorable Thomas Marshmont came to Midstoke to unveil it, Broser was thrilled with the greatness of the man and the hour, and strove enthusiastically to secure an important speech in so momentous a ceremonial. When he offered his fealty to the Minister and besought the great man to use him, his desire thus to get into touch with the great world was redeemed from sordidness by the halo which surrounded this world, as of a rallying-ground for the forces which move mankind, and which he would use to lift the People. For indeed there were wings under his provincial frock-coat, aquiver to burst their sheath and spread to the breeze of adventure. It was not, however, till he had forced himself upon the gentle Marshmont and accompanied him to the Manor House that he began to be aware that his Susannah would burden those wings oppressively on their upward strain. A certain gaucherie stamped her as other clay than the radiant Dulsie and Mabel, and though her anæmic personality, as neutral as the tint of her pale hair, had hitherto satisfied his need of an idolatress needing protection, he began to feel that an idolatress at home but an idol abroad were the happier combination. Her worshippers would have supplemented his, and her known worship of him would have exalted his public personality, besides adding a subtle sweetness to her private incense. And apart from this, there was the necessity for adequate behavior in the higher social groups among which his mission for human brotherhood would take him. He himself was equal to any fate, had boundless intelligence and adaptability, but how about poor Susannah? Broser had moments of heart-sickness in the thought of how his life-work might be impeded by her.

His father had not brought him up to the cult of the morning tub, yet when he



had found a cold-water bath in his room at the Manor House, he had instantly understood—where Susannah would have betrayed herself—and, even before he had schooled himself to endure it, he had had the wit to splash the water over the floor with his hands, so that the servants should not suspect.

When it was settled by the doctors that Marshmont must take Mrs. Marshmont abroad to divert and rouse her mind, Broser with vague foresight of diplomatic circles had likewise the wit to throw cold water on his wife's enthusiasm for foreign travel, pleading the children. When Marshmont in his turn declared that he would not need Mr. Broser, as he must devote himself body and soul to his wife, Broser proved to him that this was the very reason he, Broser, was needed. The great leader must not let go the thread of politics. It would save him from depression, and the country from degeneration.

Nevertheless Marshmont, in his dejection at the death of Tom and the backsliding of the Radical party, and in the uncertainty of the duration of his wife's illness, did offer to resign his seat, but, in the glow of the reaction, his constituents refused to let him go. And so Thomas Marshmont M. P. travelled hither and thither on the Continent, and Broser developed into an admirable courier, who, though he had not the gift of tongues, was never dumfounded or discountenanced, but ploughed his solid British way through mediæval cities, ancient catacombs and complicated currencies. He packed the luggage and took the railway tickets and was never cheated at the booking-offices, even in Italy. He made the journey as smooth as a good sea-passage, though Gwenny, who acted as the invalid's maid, refused to budge from her prejudices against him. But over Marshmont his ascendancy grew, the more subservient he became. To the filial note of the young man, the elder responded with the paternal. He tried to mend the gaps in Broser's culture, to direct his reading in English, to improve his style and his taste, and generally to teach him—what others accused Marshmont himself of forgetting—that the humanities were as important as books of information.

By which teaching the late President

of the Literary Section of the M. Y. M. R. A. profited eagerly. In particular he skimmed the English poets from Chaucer to Deldon, so as to have to pretend less before Allegra's allusions. But even more profitable was the teaching which he received as unconsciously as it was given. His manners improved by involuntary assimilation; and his private voice grew distinct from his public voice. Add the equally unconscious broadening given by travel, and Broser's tour will be seen well worth his railway and hotel bills. Broser himself felt more than ever equipped for membership of the House of Commons.

#### CHAPTER XIX.

#### "THE HOUSE."

UNTIL he came to London from the Manor House, Broser had never seen the House of Commons. On the night of Marshmont's impeachment of the Government he saw it for the first time and in all its feverous glory. And his emotion was one of surprise at the smallness of the historic chamber.

Is this the mighty ocean,—is this all?

A small oblong room, with rows of dark green benches neatly parted in the middle, crowded with men, lolling and wearing their hats as in a tap-house. Why, to speak here was nothing, to one who had forced his personality upon the ultimate bench of great halls. One could hold this in the hollow of one's hand. The Prime Minister? Just that gray-haired gentleman sitting by the table! The Treasury Bench—was it only a common form, on which you sprawled, nursing your knee? And the Opposition? You just sat on the other side of the table and shook your fist across? If you were a Minister, you rose and looked disdainful: you took a step forward and banged a brass-bound box on the table. Why, in these small spaces politics was almost a personal encounter: it had nothing of the rotund magnificence of platform publicity. And as the speaking went on, as these London gladiators buffeted one another, as historic names turned out to be channels for "hems" and "ha's," and historic gray-beards mumbled and stumbled, poring painfully over pages of notes, the provincial heavy-weight in the gallery look-



ed down on it all with an actual sense of superiority, in lieu of the awe he had expected to feel. And when they did get a man who could speak,—when Marshmont rose to his feet to denounce the Novabarbese campaign,—lo! these cowardly champions of War howled him down; hitting him below the belt, so to speak. Broser's blood boiled. O to be in Marshmont's place down there! How he would smite these Philistines hip and thigh!

Parliament had for years been in his mind as a final ambition. Now the dream-like remoteness of it faded: it became a workaday thing, a practical possibility on the near horizon. Bah! he could easily dazzle and amuse some constituency into electing him. And then—look out, you down there! He grasped his umbrella tighter, as great streams of energy ran through his every limb. The Front Bench did not seem so far ahead. These old fogies and middle-aged nonentities on the back benches, one could brush them aside as one sweeps through a crowd to catch a train. And the immemorial corruptions, how he would sweep through them, too! Nothing should awe him any more, not the Throne itself. He had seen what this Parliament was—just the debating society of the Midstoke Young Men's Radical Association over again, and far less brilliant, instructive, and expeditious. The Association settled the country's affairs in a fourth of the time. Ay, the House was a "soft job," as they said up North. And, unknown to himself, a smile of complacency softened his strong features.

His chance came sooner than even he had dared to expect. One of the members for Midstoke—he who had presided at the War-Demonstration—applied for the Chiltern Hundreds, having been appointed to a Colonial post in recognition of his services during the crisis. The news reached Broser in Naples, where Mrs. Marshmont had had a relapse, literally brought on by the bare ribs and sore flanks of the unhappy cab-horses that toiled under the radiant blue. But in a few days Broser had persuaded everybody that they were longing to return to England.

"O to be in England, now that April's here!"

he read to them from Browning—one of the few lines he understood. Gwenny needed no such reminder of the superiority of England. The images of Catholicism had combined with the discomforts of hotel life and long railway journeys to disgust her with travel. Gwenny understood pauper emigration, but the rich nomad puzzled her.

"Oh, ma'am," she said to Mrs. Marshmont, "I can't understand why people *with* money should want to travel."

Broser admitted candidly that he himself was bitten by the idea of going back to restore Midstoke to its senses. He would put up for the vacancy: otherwise—who knew?—a Tory might even creep in. Unless, of course, Marshmont could not spare him temporarily.

"But, my dear Broser, I must come down and help you."

"No, no, sir; you have already done more than I can ever repay."

But Mrs. Marshmont pined for the English country-side, and the old war-horse, her husband, yearned for battle, and shared Broser's fears for the metropolis of Radicalism.

So they all went home, and the name of Broser became temporarily famous as that of the most startling of the triangular duellists in a fiercely contested election. For a section of the Radicals, mistaking dislike of Broser's personality for distrust of his too advanced programme, brought forward a more moderate candidate in opposition, and this split in the camp giving the Tory minority the very chance Broser had professed to dread, a Tory candidate was put up in the hope the two Radicals would neutralize each other. The more moderate Radical styled himself in his election address, "a humble follower of Bryden." As Broser styled himself "a humble follower of Marshmont," the latter had the pain and bewilderment of feeling himself somehow opposed to his old comrade-in-arms, as well as entangled with opinions more iconoclastic than he had ever professed. But he was borne along, on the current of Broser's and Allegra's enthusiasm.

For Allegra, who had reattached herself to her father's person, drove about the fiery, sooty town, canvassing dubious voters and preaching the doctrine of Broser to them with a convincing play



of pretty eye and lip. She felt that at last she had entered the world of action, and was no longer open to Joan's scorn for the unpractical. Midstoke itself with its slag heaps and its polluted river, into which steam-jets hissed from factory walls, grew dearer and diviner than Rosmere—from this strenuous ugliness should spring the Future's gospel of Light. Even the h-less old Broser was glorified to her eyes, as the rugged progenitor; though she found it difficult to persuade him that there was something after all in his Bob's opinions. The world was all right, he argued obstinately: a man with gumption could always get on, while loafers and drinkers must go to the wall. In the stress of all these polemics, Allegra's shyness began to wear off; by the end of the campaign she could almost have spoken at the hustings. She was not allowed to go to the meetings, for they were often riotous.

When the poll was declared, alas! the Tory was on top and Broser at the bottom! The seat was lost to the party, Marshmont's prestige was seriously undermined, and Mrs. Marshmont's condition had grown worse than ever through this ill-advised return to England. But no one thought of blaming Broser. Everybody was too busy condoling with him and admiring the brave face he put on misfortune, and his proud prophetic speech to the crowd. "I am young," he said. "The abuses I challenge are old. Yet neither I nor they can wait. If not from Parliament, then from the house-tops I will cry against them, till they crumble. Midstoke, to which Bryden and Marshmont brought the sacred torch of light, has chosen darkness. But the light will shine on, and in shining burn away the historic shams, the antiquated feudalisms which stifle and cripple us.

"Ay, it must come! The Tyrant's throne  
Is crumbling, with our hot tears rusted;  
The Sword earth's mighty have leant on  
Is canker'd, with our heart's blood  
crusted.

Room! for the men of Mind make way!

Ye robber Rulers, pause no longer;

Ye cannot stay the opening day:

The world rolls on, the light grows  
stronger,

The People's Advent's coming."

"Yes, the future is yours," cried Allegra, rapt from her gloom.

This proved to be Marshmont's last public campaign for more than a year. Worried by money affairs and his wife's tragic helplessness, which but for Joan's cheerful activity would have made his home utterly unendurable, he seldom went to the House, unless for an important division. His pioneering had to be done by the pen, and Fizzy had induced him to let the *Morning Mirror* have the first benefit of his pamphlets instead of publishing them at once independently. Fizzy's cheques in payment were as handsome as his adjectives, but whilst he did not repudiate all responsibility for the latter, he declared that complaints against the former must be addressed to his Editor. "You don't suppose an Editor would overpay a contributor! It is you, my dear fellow, who are ignorant that your stuff is worth its weight in gold. You are like the late Sultan of Novabarba, poor chap, who gave away a province for a pound of tea or a barrel of beer. Some day you would be finding it out, and you would begin to kick. Then I should send out my office-boys against you, and annex all your other pamphlets. No, no, don't let us lay the train of war."

A by-product of this generous policy was Mabel's marriage to Lord Arthur Pangthorne, in defiance of the heads of both families: to wit, the Marquis, and Joan. Fizzy further found a place for the bridegroom as assistant bailiff on his estates, for the young aristocrat had had some experience on the broad lands that would come to his brother, and preferred the post to sheep-farming in New Zealand.

"Younger sons are the salt of the peerage and the salvation of the system," said Fizzy at the wedding-breakfast. "If the estate was left to the eldest son, and the title to the youngest, we should have a House of Lords which even I shouldn't want to sweep away."

This wedding brought a needed touch of color into the life of the Marshmonts, and proved better than Italy for Mrs. Marshmont. She tried to disguise it from Joan, but she was vastly proud of having given birth to a Lady Arthur, and her retrospective vision saw this child of hers as if gilded from the cradle. She felt Lord Arthur more as a son than



Connie's husband, and had wild unspoken hopes that a grandson of hers would some day somehow arrive at the Marquisate.

As if this influx of new blue blood had tinged Broser's thoughts too, he expressed a wish to see a famous political salon—like Lady Ruston's. That lady had been excessively amiable to Marshmont since he had retired from the Ministry, and readily sent Broser a card at his request. Besides, she had a faint curiosity to see the roaring Radical of nine days' notoriety. Both Marshmont and Broser forgot about Mrs. Broser, while Lady Ruston remembered to forget her, having had experience of the wives of rising politicians. But she found one peep at the newfangled monster enough: he was not to her sensitive nostrils. Poor Lord Ruston, however, with his muddled memory for faces, and that incapacity to recognize his own henchman which sometimes changed the history of England, imagined that the young man strutting about so masterfully must be a son of one of his tame Dukes.

"How is your father?" he asked. It was his stock question for young men, though occasionally he blundered upon an orphan. The gratified Broser replied that his father was perfectly well, and would be delighted to hear that Lord Ruston had inquired after him.

"Well, we old fellows—a fellow feeling, eh?" said the great man with genial vagueness.

"I trust your lordship does not suffer from age," replied Broser with his best society manner.

He was proud and flattered, yet at the same time his critical eye was analyzing this historic person, without whom no Cabinet was complete, and seeing only an amiable nonentity whom he was sure he could smash in fair debate. As Lord Ruston turned away to welcome a new guest with a non-committal remark about the weather, Broser felt angry to think how this titled mediocrity had found all gates flying open before him, while he, Broser, was rejected of the town he had served so faithfully.

Ah, those miserable Midstokers. How they would gnash their teeth when the Right Hon. Robert Broser was sitting for a constituency which was other than

theirs! But never would he go back to them, never, though seven manufacturers plucked at his coat tails. Let them live on the memory of their Bryden. Yes, perhaps it was better he should stamp himself upon a virgin town. It would not do for a young author to settle at Stratford-on-Avon.

Nevertheless, when the opportunity came, Broser was glad enough to divide the honors with Marshmont. For it was as the junior member for the Hazelhurst district that Broser forced the portals of the House. The death of the Tory squire from apoplexy had given the chance of converting the whole constituency to Radicalism. The squire's election had been a form of feudal homage to his family. But he left no heir, and the new Tory candidate represented only political opinions. Marshmont's local influence and Allegra's sweet smiles were enough to secure the victory, denied at Midstoke; and sponsored by such celebrities as William Fitzwinter and the ex-Minister, Robert Broser M. P. stalked proudly past the Sergeant-at-arms, and took the oath of fealty to that Majesty it was understood he purposed to destroy. For his platform had already attracted some attention, grace mainly to his having contested two by-elections: when the super of the general election occupies the centre of the stage. And, thrilling with this dramatic self-consciousness, feeling every inch the "Fighting Bob" he had already been nicknamed, Broser made his first appearance in the historic Chamber much as young author or painter enters his first salon. The hostess, past whose gracious vision all the gods of the era have defiled, looks with kindly curiosity at the young man, but he enters with the conviction that she is abased at his feet and that every eye is watching his entry.

But Broser had made up his mind that his maiden speech should be Amazonian. He would not catch the Speaker's eye coyly. Not for him the perfunctory applause of an encouraging House. He would be a personality from the start. Of course he would follow Marshmont—even in the sense of letting him speak before him, but, though he would mount on Marshmont's shoulders, it must be seen from the first that he had a head of his own.



Fortune favored him. There was a question of a Parliamentary grant to a relative of the Crown. Broser girded up his loins to smite the Court hip and thigh. He would unveil the expense of keeping a Royal Family. He would crystallize the vaporous Republicanism that floated up from the lowly places of the People. He would import into English politics the French or American accent.

He arranged to give his first London party in honor of his first speech, and carefully instructed Mrs. Broser how to comport herself. The good creature was ready enough to be rid of her provincialisms, save in the matter of Sunday, at the loose observance of which in metropolitan Radical circles she remained obstinately shocked. In Midstoke the sexes had a way of accentuating themselves by separation. The women would herd at one end of the drawing-room, the men at the other, or quite by themselves in a card-room or a smoking-room. When the Brosers received, the host had been the pervasive spirit, not the hostess. At the Rustons' Broser had observed with astonishment the deference paid to the Lady. He was sorry he had not taken his wife about, so that she should observe the deportment she was now called upon to imitate.

"Don't be surprised if gentlemen converse with you," he warned her, "and try to say something sensible in return."

"But I don't know anything about politics," said Mrs. Broser timidly.

"Well, talk about me. That will always interest them."

"And must I stay *all* the time at the top of the stairs?"

"Yes, and smile all the time."

"All the time?" she repeated in alarm.

"On everybody and at everything!"

"And mustn't I go down a few steps even to meet the Marshmonts?"

"Good gracious, no! That you must do only to the Prince of Wales. And *he's* not likely to come—after my speech!" He laughed sardonically.

"I should like to see the Prince of Wales," said Mrs. Broser irrelevantly.

"Pooh!" said her husband. "Do you suppose he looks any different from me? A fig for your Royalties!"

And this was the text of his sermon

to the House. But after the first few sentences, even the indulgent kindness of the House to a new-comer gave way to a growing sense of outrage. Interruptions, groans, hisses, cries of "'Vide, 'Vide," sprang up to divert the roaring stream of oratory. But over all these hinderances Broser passed, foaming; stirred to fresh vigor. He must shout to the House, if only that Allegra, up there behind the grille, should not be cheated out of hearing him. They should not brow-beat him, these fossilized representatives of the comfortable classes. He knew their prejudices. Marshmont, who had no glory even in the war of words, to whom it was a pain to provoke well-meaning folk, had done his best to moderate his disciple. But Broser, despite his residuum of reverence for his Master, felt there was need of a terrible truthful Goth to trample through their lace-work of conventions. He was not to be bamboozled by their stained-glass windows, their mediæval mummeries of robe and wig and hour-glass, of ushers and Black Rods, of swords and maces, and cocked hats. The hot blood of the downtrodden glowed in him: he felt himself the incarnation of the People, rising in leonine majesty and shaking the bars of its cage. In truth Broser was the conduit through which there at last arrived in the House that crude flood of thought that had carried the intelligent artisan off his feet: all that irreverent challenging of Throne and Church which divided with sensational crimes the columns of the People's journals; all the righteous resentment of the scandals of high life and extravagances of Courts in implicit contrast with the blameless purity of the British working-man; all that stream of pamphlets and leaflets and poems and pasquinades which had become the scriptures of a discontented Demos, the gospels of a movement not without religious sincerity.

But even Broser with all the strength of his lungs and of his apostolic conviction could not outbellow the throat of the House, and the cock-crow of a young Tory blood threw everybody into convulsions. In vain Broser gesticulated and thundered: Parliament, he found, was not the Midstoke Y. M. R. A. There was borne in upon him a gloomy percep-

tion that he had underrated the forces of the fossils. But, he told himself, they were underrating him, too; they should yet hang upon his lips.

He went on impatiently to the end, through all the clamor, though in pure pantomime, and resumed his seat amid a pandemonium of derisive cheers. Yet he was not utterly cast down. A copy of his speech—minus only the few impromptus, extorted by opposition, but in compensation punctuated with "Cheers"—was already in type at the *Morning Mirror* and *Hazelhurst Herald*, and the country would hear it all the same. That the House dared not hear it was a triumph, not a defeat.

## CHAPTER XX.

## MRS. BRÖSER AT HOME.

Mr. and Mrs. Broser dined earlier than usual on the evening of their first London reception. It was the Saturday evening following the great unheard speech. Mrs. Broser had begged for Wednesday—the other political vacation—so that the festivities might not brim over into the Sunday, but Broser had replied that she must do as Lady Ruston did. Old Broser—tickled by Lord Ruston's solicitude as to his health—had parted with a bin of his oldest port for the occasion—and indeed would have come up himself to witness its imbibition, had Bob taken the hint as readily as the bin. The old fellow had become a Town Councillor, as though catching ambition from his son, and was prepared to follow sympathetically his boy's career, at Mrs. Broser's expense. But Bob was satisfied he should follow it at a distance. He was sipping some of the port now, holding it up to the light to admire its color, and letting it linger voluptuously upon his palate, for he loved the best in wines, cigars, meats, and fine linen, his taste in such things needing little refinement by London society standards. But he still cherished a fear of those standards, and was plaguing his wife all through dinner with questions as to whether this or that was duly arranged. He did not observe how ill she looked under the strain and anxiety of this momentous evolution.

The children still sat at table with

them, Bobby prisoned in his high baby-chair, and the twins, Polly and Molly, aged seven. Mrs. Broser studied their rations carefully, and with morbid solicitude cut up their food and her own prandial enjoyment. They were not handsome, even as children. Little Bobby had his father's high forehead and massive jaw, Polly and Molly had pale faces and strawy hair, and eyes like slits. But to Mrs. Broser they were marvels of beauty and intelligence. Bobby's pugnacious obstinacy she considered manly spirit, while she never ceased to wonder over Polly's and Molly's premature remarks about adult things, which she mistook for signs of genius, when they were merely precociously commonplace.

To-night the children's normal behavior seemed to their tensely strung father intolerable naughtiness, and he threatened that they should never be allowed to eat with their parents again.

"Then we'll give dinner parties ourselves, in the nursery," said Molly.

Mrs. Broser laughed, but her lord frowned at her.

"You've brought up these children very badly, Susannah."

"They have been hearing so much of this party," she said apologetically.

"I shall stand at the head of the stairs," said Polly.

Mrs. Broser smiled with pleasure. "There! she catches up everything."

"Yes, they listen to everything," he growled.

"Well, you were angry because they wouldn't listen to you in Parliament," Molly protested.

At this point Bobby choked, and had to be slapped on the back. He had taken the opportunity surreptitiously to swallow something beyond his years.

"Greedy! Greedy!" said the mother admiringly, when he was better.

After these terrible infants were packed off to bed, Mrs. Broser retired to array herself for the great evening. Broser, who was already in his dress clothes, with a gardenia in his button-hole, marched up and down the reception-rooms, feverish with energy and far-reaching meditation. The rooms looked well to his eye—he had taken a house in a fashionable London square, and added imitations of the Marshmont drawing-room to his



Midstoke furniture. He could not find so florid a clock, having to content himself with as tiny a dial, hidden between a erablike foundation and a crown of three Cupids playing with pigeons. Nor could he parallel Mrs. Marshmont's easy-chair with the canine arms. But the aquiline sideboard was easy to emulate, and the general effect of the rooms was similar. The flowers scattered everywhere to-night filled his heart with gay images. And so he paced and paced, lost in brilliant reverie.

The chirping of the hour behind the little dial roused him, and he wondered impatiently why Mrs. Broser was not ready. In half an hour guests might begin to arrive, and it was her duty to be dressed in that wonderful new dress, and to give a last look round and final directions to the servants. He waited five minutes more, then he burst into her room without knocking.

"My dear Susannah!" rushed remonstrantly from his lips, ere he perceived that she had been taken ill, half-way through her toilet, and was lying prostrate in her arm-chair by the fire, groaning, with her maid standing by, frightened.

"What's the matter?" he said in a tone softer but still remonstrant.

"It's my liver again, I suppose," she moaned apologetically.

"You mustn't give way to fancies," he said encouragingly.

Mrs. Broser burst into tears. "Oh Bob dear! It has been coming on all day."

"Why didn't you tell me? Why didn't you send for the doctor?" He turned on the maid. "Why didn't you go for the doctor, Clara? Don't you know Mrs. Broser has to receive her guests?"

"I can't, Bob, I can't. Oh!"

"But you must, old lady. Take a dose of salts or something—you'll be all right."

"Can't you do without me? They won't miss me. Let me go to bed."

"Go for the doctor, Clara. He'll pull you round. I know, I've often had to have a pick-me-up just before speaking."

"No, don't go, Clara. I know exactly what he'll say. I've been disobeying all his directions these last two days. He'll only scold me."

"Well, make an effort, dearest. Do, for my sake." He picked up the wonderful new dress. "There, dear! I do so want to see how pretty you look in it!"

A light leaped into Mrs. Broser's eyes, but died out in a spasm of pain. She hid the tempting frock from her vision, covering her face with her hands, and rocked herself, moaning hysterically, "I can't. I can't."

"Help her on with it, Clara. Come, Susannah, just pull yourself together."

She shook her head and sobbed out: "Don't you think I want to see all your friends, dear? Oh, it is very hard on me."

"But you mustn't desert me like this, darling. It will be so awkward to receive everybody myself, when they're expecting a pretty hostess, and such a nuisance to explain to everybody you're not well. Just fancy what a heap of questionings I shall have to endure. Come, Susannah, don't spoil my evening. Brace up." He raised her gently, and put the frock on her clumsily. Instinctively she adjusted it, and then the maid fastened it.

"That's all right, you see," he said, kissing her. "Look—look at yourself. Fancy my doorway without that charming figure. Bathe her eyes, Clara."

Invigorated and magnetized by his rude healthy energy, Mrs. Broser ceased to sob aloud: only her breast heaved and fell while the maid ministered to her. Once or twice she drew in her breath sharply, as if at a spasm. Then, when she was all tricked out, and Broser was surveying her complacently, she collapsed suddenly, and fell across the bed, moaning afresh.

"I can't," she sobbed, "I can't."

Broser was in despair. He had set his mind on paralleling the Ruston reception just as he had paralleled the Marshmont furniture. And without a hostess, his party was spoiled. "My poor Susannah! Wait a little! Wait a little! You will feel better. Give her a dose of her medicine, Clara."

Clara measured out various fluids with teaspoons, and Broser, dismissing her, forced the sufferer to swallow the mixture.

"There!" he said. "I'm sure you feel better. You mustn't give way to these morbid fancies, darling. Come, stand

up. That's right! I couldn't bear you to be away at the beginning of my social career. It would be such a bad omen. Think of it all, Susannah—this is just the opening out. Who knows how high I shall go? How would you like to have me Prime Minister of England?"

Susannah smiled through her tears: "I'm afraid I sha'n't live to see that."

"Don't be so sure. The House is simply a mass of mediocrities. In ten years' time—where will they be? As forgotten as their mediæval superstitions, as dead as Royalty. In ten years England will be a Republic. The forces are gathering. I hear the rumble of doom. And Prime Minister of England—think what that will mean then."

She gazed at him in open-eyed wonder, yet with more of admiration than incredulity. He had got to London, he was a Member of Parliament. Yes, this glorious giant with whom Heaven had blessed her—who knew where he would end? And he, swollen by his fantasy, half believed the things he said to inspire her, allowed latent thought to express itself, as it sometimes comes to the surface in dreams.

It was a curious gathering at which he gazed complacently an hour or so later—a rally of the revolutionary elements in London that he had knocked up against in his preliminary survey of the field of action: a few M. P.'s, three editors of small rival socialist organs, two freethinking journalists who alternated between heavy metaphysics and jocose blasphemies, and occasionally debated in public with platform Christians; some Continental exiles, one Russian Prince with a high forehead and an imposing black beard; odd British minor poets and musicians, a comedian accenting each feeble jest with the wink of the conscious wit, and other drifting Bohemians. Despite his glimpse of the Ruston salon, these were still the luminaries of his own world, the London stars of his years of provincial enthusiasm, and his superfine shirt front expanded with pride as he looked round his rooms and saw how they were all come to twinkle in his honor. Yea, even the great Deldon himself—who had shone in the Ruston firmament—was here, connecting the two circles. Ladies, it is true, were in a

marked minority, the womenkind of many of the guests being not producible. And as Broser glanced at Mrs. Broser, awkward and anæmic at the head of her stairs, grasping the balustrade as if to steady herself, and deserted by her male guests as thoroughly as at Midstoke, his satisfaction waned, and he almost regretted he had produced her instead of adopting the pretext of her illness. And when he caught sight of Allegra surrounded by a galaxy, which included even Deldon, his dissatisfaction with Susannah was dashed with a shade of self-discontent. Why could he not have waited for one of those beautiful brilliant girls who matched his destiny? Together, they would have had the world at their feet, and trampled on it. True, he could not have hoped for an Allegra at this stage of his career, aware though he was of the girl's interest in it and him, but he might have fought to merit such a mate. That star could have shone over his forward path. Now, however high he went, there would always be a drag upon him. That insignificant Susannah with her insipid conversation would have to do the honors of his household, even when he should be a Cabinet Minister. Well, well, he must bear it: he could not hide her away, now he had shown her. And after all she was a docile little person. See how she stood there, doing her best for him, though she was probably still unwell. He was really very fond of her, and when everybody was gone, he would tell her so, and she would cling to him, murmuring words of adoration.

Deldon was not the only man in Allegra's magnetized group. *The Professor* was there, too, and the *Frau Professorin*, as the Otto Ponts, the German doctor of Philosophy and the partner of his home and opinions, were known among their comrades. They had both migrated from the Father-land, where the police objected to their socialistic opinions. They spoke admiringly of England and its freedom, much to Allegra's surprise, for, since the Novabarba war, she had come to think her country a synonym for brutality and oppression. There was only a slight German accent in their tones, but a good deal in their thinking. They philosophized and generalized and



pigeon-holed the universe. They saw everything in large cycles as points of a mathematical progression. Withal a keenness of intellect, a large breath of encyclopedic knowledge, emanated from both, while the woman gave in addition the sense of a warm heart. They seemed to speak every European language and be familiar with every literature. These were new persons to Allegra, and proportionately delightful. Listening to them one might learn much more quickly than from books. You touched a button and they responded. They pleased her, too, by their regard for Broser as the coming man, though their own opinions went over beyond Broser's, and made her wonder what perspectives were left. They had no religion but humanity, she perceived, but for that they seemed to work fanatically, addressing labor meetings, organizing clubs, carrying out fatiguing lecture tours, even as far as America, like mediæval zealots imposing upon themselves the penance of the pilgrimage. Engrossed by these wonderful persons, Allegra almost forgot to worship at the shrine of Deldon. Was it that since she had canvassed voters and copied out pamphlets, her admiration had somewhat shifted in the direction of the practical? The Poet of the People, however, seemed content to worship at her shrine instead, and begged permission to send her a copy of his new book: a privilege which set Allegra's poetic pulses leaping again.

It was past midnight. The party was at its zenith. The refreshments had refreshed it, and the friendly babble had reached that steady roar which signifies success. The string quartet in a recess had, partly in disgust, partly in neglect, given up attempting to send their tinkle through the din. A few late-comers in the shape of writers on the great People's Weeklies were still arriving, and explaining that they had just put their papers "to bed." And poor Mrs. Broser, scandalized by their Sunday labors and her own Sunday enjoyment, obediently smiled and smiled her ghastly smile, twinges of physical pain aggravating those of her conscience. Of a sudden the guests and the staircase began to whirl round her. With scarcely a cry she loosed her grip on the balustrade, swayed, and pitched

head-forward down the stairs. An ascending Sunday editor arrested her bumping descent, and her bruised unconscious face smiled faintly upon the new-comer, the muscles stretched for hours having scarcely relaxed.

The exclamations of alarm, the agitation about the doorway, soon dominated the din, and in the sudden comparative silence the startled musicians awoke to their duty and started a gay air from a Donizetti opera. No one hushed them down, and it was as to a maladroit melodramatic accompaniment that Broser bent over his wife's body, in wild alarm.

"She should have let Clara go for the doctor," he thought. "I was a fool not to have insisted upon it." He was vastly relieved when, under the ministrations of Professor Otto Pont—who, it appeared, added medicine to his other acquirements—poor Susannah opened her eyes and automatically put on her smile.

She was removed to her bed-room, her own doctor was sent for to assist Pont, and the party broke up in confusion and condolence.

"Oh, Bob," she moaned, as she lay with bandaged head. "God has punished me for breaking the Sabbath."

"Nonsense, my poor Susannah. At that rate we should all have been punished. You just lie quiet, dear. Dr. Wedsmore will soon be here."

Her hand stole out of the coverlet and took his. "You are not angry with me, darling, for spoiling your—" She gasped: a spasm of pain curtailed the sentence.

"I'm not going to die, Bob?" she whispered, with the first horrible suspicion of the truth.

"Die? No, no." His hearty contempt of the idea cheered her.

"I want to see you Prime Minister."

"You shall, old lady. Now lie still."

Dr. Wedsmore held out but little hope to the horror-stricken husband. She had been greatly weakened by child-bearing, and he had warned her, he said, against overstrain.

"If she had only told me!" moaned Broser.

"Women don't tell their husbands everything," said the doctor.

"Yes, but I was not an ordinary husband. I thought there was such confi-

dence between us. I told her everything—even to my mildest indisposition.”

As early as Tuesday the children were brought to the bedside, that they might say “Good-by” while their mother was still conscious.

The poor woman had no illusions by this time; except a curious one which she confessed to her husband on the Monday night. Her imagination had been greatly exercised by all she could extract from her husband about this mysterious House of Commons, to whose headship he was to rise, and the cry of “Who goes home?” with which the attendants closed the House in the dead of night had impressed her vividly. Now it haunted her sick fancy, nullified every reassurance that she would get well.

“I’m going home,” she said obstinately. “I hear the voices calling ‘Who goes home? Who goes home?’”

Broser shivered. He had a sense of noises hushed, lights going out, the stepping into the cold dark.

“You must get it out of your head, you foolish baby,” he said tenderly. “You’re only remembering what I told you about the House—the attendants crying out so that members in olden times might go home together as a protection against footpads. It’s only a silly survival—and just as silly in your mind, dear.”

“I wish *we* could go home together, Bob,” she said wistfully.

He shuddered. “Don’t think of such things, Susannah. We are not going home at all—we are going to stay in the House, and be Prime Minister. Eh?”

“No; I hear them calling. ‘Who goes home? Who goes home?’ But I shall find little Susie at home, thank God. I did not thank Him when He took her. But now I see His goodness. How lonely I should have been!”

When she took farewell of her living little ones, Broser broke down and blubbered like a child, while the children themselves were comparatively stoical.

“Bobby will be good, and never be noisy on Sunday,” she admonished the youngest. “Then God will bless him. My darlings, I will think of you all day in Heaven.”

“You mustn’t go there yet, mother,” said Polly. “We are not grown up yet.”

“Nurse will smack us,” added Molly. “You mustn’t go, mother.”

“It is God’s will, darlings. He does all things for the best. ‘Our Father which art in Heaven—Thy will be done’ don’t you remember?”

“‘Thy Kingdom come’—you’ve left that out, mother,” said Molly.

“Because that’s where mother’s going—isn’t it, mother?” said Polly.

Mrs. Broser smiled a last wan smile of admiration of her children’s prodigious intellects. Then her eyes closed. She had exhausted her last reserve of energy.

Bobby howled with his usual suddenness. “Muvver!” he screamed, “Muvver! Take me wif oo!”

Her voice seemed to come from afar. “No, dear; you must stay with father.”

“No! No! Don’t want faver!”

Broser wiped his eyes. “You deserve their love, Susannah.”

She put out a blind hand. “Dearest, don’t let them forget me.”

His voice choked. “How can they forget you? How can I forget you?”

There was a long pause. Her strength ebbed away momentarily. Then her resignation broke down too, in a heart-cry:

“I *should* have liked to see you Prime Minister, Bob.”

“Yes.” His great tears rained upon her face. The pathos of the thought seemed intolerable. That he should fight and fight and win, and she not be there to see! Success seemed suddenly empty. The world was a great hollow place, full of the echoes of weeping.

“Don’t cry, Bob,” she said brokenly. “You have always been so good to me. God bless you, sweetheart.”

She lived through the night, but this was the last thing she said.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### THE WORLD AND THE FLESH.

BROSER mourned for his wife. There was scarcely a day in which he did not remember her virtues. The children were almost uncontrollable. The twins with true democratic instinct treated their nurses and governesses as equals; they conversed like commonplace middle-aged women; but the commonplace middle-aged women they addressed mistook this premature mediocrity for impertinence,



as their poor mother had mistaken it for brilliance. Bobby's perverseness took the form not of talk, but of action. He did what he liked, and kicked and clawed at opposition. He had developed his howls into a system of tyranny. Altogether the father wondered what impish ancestral strain could have crept into the blood of the sainted Susannah.

Then there was the house-management, and even the care of his wardrobe. Although the wealth she had left him permitted an extravagant establishment, no hireling could replace the touch of a vanished hand. Nor could he distract his great career by personal attention to domestic details. The very intensity with which Broser lamented his late partner suggested her rapid replacement. That was no disloyalty to her memory, he told himself: rather, a testimonial to the gap she had left in his life.

One Sunday night over the port he was bewailing the woes of the widower to Professor Otto Pont. The philosopher and his whilom admirer had become friends since the night when Otto Pont had ministered to the stricken Susannah. They had soon changed rôles. Otto was now the admirer, and Broser the admired. In fact, Broser had constituted Pont his confessor, to whom he confessed all his virtues. The Professor was a *pro tem*. substitute for the lost Mrs. Broser: never tiring to hear of his ambitions and to applaud his successes, and superior to Allegra—who also officiated at the shrine—by being available at all hours. Besides, to the Professor he could avow all his paternal goodness under the trials inflicted by Susannah's children: an aspect his delicate prevision of possibilities kept from Allegra's attention. Broser's nature, for all its surface gnarl, needed the waft of the censers, as a weak woman needs the smelling-salts. He must have a dresser to prepare him for the scene, and a gallery to play to. The admiration of the German Encyclopædia was peculiarly fortifying, inasmuch as Broser in his Midstoke days had gaped at the marvellous erudition of this pillar of the freethinking press. To be felt by this philosophic prophet as the man of the future made Broser feel himself the man of the present.

Pont's flattery was almost as pervasive

as the delicious smoke into which he converted Broser's cigars. One might, indeed, have fancied these aromatic clouds the literal incense. But the Professor had Broser's interests truly at heart. For had not his own become entwined with them? He knew more than many a college of Professors united, and he had written and lectured prodigiously, yet every silver hair in the venerable beard he caressed represented some sordid struggle for a shilling. For there was a leakage in him: that touch of fecklessness, of stupid dishonesty, which, like drink, ruins the greatest in the end.

He had sunk very gradually, always condemned to begin life anew among groups that had not yet found him out. His amazing versatility enabled him to seek his bread in a dozen intellectual directions, but as each environment found him out in turn, he was passed to another, and generally a lower. From writing for the highest magazines he had become a pseudonymous penny-a-liner, at which rate he was contributing articles on Astronomy to a science monthly, on "The Ethics of Pain" to a religious organ, and on "Comic Croquet" to a humorous journal. He was still only half-way on his downward career, and Broser, who took him at the old Midstoke valuation, had not yet found him out, which was not surprising, as the Professor had not found himself out yet. His decline was as gentle as a fluttering leaf's: no noise of scandal marked its stages. Those who found him out were too pained to tell him so to his face—so irradiate with intellect. To pluck such a beard were sacrilegious. Each in turn dropped him quietly, and he drifted farther. Sometimes a favoring wind lifted him again: managements, editors, secretaries, changed, and then he re-entered lost services—to be found out afresh.

He warned Broser not to remarry hurriedly. "This Indian summer of bachelorhood has its charms," he said poetically. "A widower is a bachelor with experience. He of all men should choose sagaciously. And while an ordinary man can perhaps afford to make himself a fool, not so the leader of a party. He has a duty to posterity—other people's posterity, I mean. Ha! Ha! The joke is good. *Nicht wahr?*" And he made a note of it

on his cuff for his comic weekly. It meant at least twopence to him.

"This is no matter for joking," said Broser; who, unaware of the contributions to the *Halfpenny Hornet*, was puzzled by the laughing-philosopher aspect of the great thinker. "It is precisely as the leader of a party that I feel the need of a political and social partner."

"I thought you said a nursery governess and housekeeper?" murmured Pont.

"That too. A good wife is a combination."

"Precisely. But where is such a prodigy to be found? A pair of scissors which is also a pen: a poem which is likewise a pudding. The wise man takes his ideal wife in sections."

"That may be all very well for you, you lucky dog." He knew that Mrs. Otto Pont was tied only by "the higher law" to her comrade, for the Professor had told him so. Pont combined with his pecuniary dishonesty a scrupulous intellectual honesty: it was one of the reasons why he had not yet found himself out. His right cheek was oddly pouched, the left eye looked young. His face did not belie him.

On receipt of the dual invitation to the memorable "At Home," he had written Broser privately to warn him that Mrs. Broser might object to Mrs. Pont. Broser, who was shocked himself, but who feared to appear provincial, said nothing to his wife, and wrote back that he was not fettered by mediæval prejudices of any description. All the same he felt that such open flouting of the conventions, while uninjurious to a German Professor living on the purlieus of the People, and having his sphere of action among the People, would not do for one destined to rise, and to work for the People from above. No, Broser's wife must be like Cæsar's.

"One may not realize the ideal," he said, "but one can idealize the real. And—without going far afield—Marshmont himself has some nice daughters."

"You are already too much mixed up with Marshmont."

Broser's heart felt of lead. In that moment he knew decisively that he desired Allegra; that the hopeful prospect of her was the sustainment of his days and the dream of his nights.

"How do you mean?" he murmured.

"Well—if I had dared, I would have suggested to you long ago to give up that secretaryship. It drags you down. It blunts your personality."

Broser had begun to think that too; but then the secretaryship was the "Open Sesamé" to Allegra's society.

"It would matter less if Marshmont were a rising force. He has played and lost. He had his chance and spoilt it."

"You mean by resigning?"

"Not entirely: had he been able to keep up the attack, that bold coup might have succeeded. But this illness of his wife—he has never recovered from it. You see how the *Ewigweibliche zieht uns hinab*, not up, as Goethe says. Marshmont was useful in his day, but his day is over. You agree?"

"Certainly. The more I probe his mind, the more I see that he is—at bottom—a Tory. The day will come when his enemies will be sorry they didn't stick him up as a dam."

"Just so. Ach, my friend, did I not always say—you and you alone have the true political insight?"

Broser's schoolboy flush under praise dyed his cheeks.

"To marry one of Marshmont's daughters," he went on, "would be fatal. The old man would expect you to support him—I mean politically. But perhaps also pecuniarily, *nicht wahr?* It's no secret that he has made ducks and drakes of his fortune. Some day the Bankruptcy Court—who knows? A ruined politician in every sense—*mein Gott*, that makes not a pleasant father-in-law. At present you can cut yourself apart from him at any moment. If I were you I would resign the secretaryship and take the first opportunity of voting in the opposite lobby, just to show that you are yourself."

"But I think I have shown that," Broser said, bridling up. "My speech on the Income Tax,—the House had to listen to that. Eh?"

"*Gewiss!* You show, but people don't see. To the world you are still Marshmont's man, only with a little more devil. What was it you said in a speech of yours—kiss the hem of Elijah's mantle? My friend, till you get a brand new mantle, you will be second-hand."



The Professor was only speaking Broser's own suppressed thoughts: the nebulous doubts which, together with the recentness of Susannah's death, had prevented him compromising himself verbally with Allegra. He had begun to see how greasy was the pole he had set himself so confidently to climb. His first impression of the House of Commons had been largely illusive. He had not gauged the pachydermatous forces of prejudice, the brute strength of supercilious stupidity. He had underrated these as much as he had overrated Marshmont's position. He had not understood the all-importance of social advantages, secret strings, feminine intrigues, back stairs. Frontal attacks on these hidden batteries were futile. The eagle no less than the dove needed the wisdom of the serpent. In his reaction against his provincial credulity, he exaggerated his London scepticism: listened to so much talk of the back door as to forget there were still people who marched up the grand staircase. The gossip he heard now seemed of itself to lift him to a higher social atmosphere: it was not the gossip of the masses. All the insinuations of the People's Press paled before the open talk of the Clubs and the lobby, and he was amused to see how between these social layers of scandal the capitalistic newspapers steered their bland and blameless way. Altogether he felt immensely more equipped with knowledge of the maze than his cicerone, Marshmont, and he had moderated his reverence for his whilom Elijah even as he had toned down his phrases to the ear of the House; recoiling to jump farther. For he had altered no jot of his programme; though he had begun to see it was not to be achieved solely by elephantine trampling. The Republic might be more than ten years in coming, but it would come. So corrupt an aristocracy must sap itself. Meantime he must not stamp himself with Marshmont's failure. His dissent from that gentleman's amiable compromises must be decisively indicated.

"But they are nice girls," he said ruefully.

"Nice girls. Who denies it? Dulsie—she is called Dulsie, *nicht*?—Dulsie is rather old, but the two younger ones are pretty. But prettiness—a politician can-

not marry for that. That would be no other than the Venusberg, what? You will have to keep the whole family—yes, and that Pangthorne couple, too. But you need all your money for the cause. It would be wiser to add to your sinews of war. A man of your position can pick where he will."

Broser shook his head modestly, so as to be contradicted in turn. But the Professor unexpectedly modified his statement.

"Well, of course, the range is limited at present. But every step you take in your career means a grade higher marriage possible." The Professor's Teutonic mind sometimes made his English cumbrous.

Broser was shaken. It was true. Once before he had jumped imprudently. Susannah had seemed to him as seductive and superior as Allegra now: would the day come when Allegra would seem second-rate, compared with what might have awaited him? Not in breeding and education, assuredly. Still, in position and prestige. A fallen Cabinet Minister, soon sank back to obscurity: he was like a Lord Mayor who had failed to get knighted. Yes, the Professor was right. The outsider could see the game. And Allegra took on a new aspect—changing from the inaccessible she, to the not-good-enough.

But the next time he saw her in the flesh, with her dancing eyes and grave winsome mouth, a sudden anger flamed in his breast against Marshmont for having squandered his fortune on behalf of watery political principles that made his daughter inadvisable. What made him angrier was the recollection that Allegra's political principles were entirely correct, modelled on his own. She shared his passion for the poor, for human brotherhood, for justice, ay, even for Republicanism. It was malicious of Providence to have dangled so ideal a helpmeet within his reach. Besides, had he the right to desert her? Did not her sweet face soften when he came in, beyond what mere comradeship would warrant? Why had she thrown herself so eagerly into the canvassing? A woman never espouses a cause, but a man, he told himself. "These pretty sensitive creatures have not our large self-sacrifice for ab-



stractions." Was she to lose the man she loved, the rise to political sovereignty hand in hand with him? Tears started to his eyes. Poor Allegra! Yes—and poor Bob, too, for she was an exquisite creature. The cause of the People was indeed exacting. Perhaps they could console themselves with a soul-union. She might become his Egeria. Under the rose, of course, for however pure their relations—and to the pure all things are pure—the blind world was always waiting to howl down its benefactors.

## CHAPTER XXII.

## EVE IN THE GARDEN.

By a curious coincidence the question of marrying Broser was startlingly obtruded upon Allegra's maiden consciousness just as Broser had decided to look elsewhere for his official partner.

The superior Jim had gone to Oxford, having scorned Cambridge, and Allegra had come up for Commemoration in the charge of Lord and Lady Arthur Pangthorne. She had snatched at this brief interlude in the domestic drama, which was growing daily more tragic, and in which Dulsie's international flirtations provided the only vein of comedy, unless Mrs. Marshmont's renewed outbreaks were to be taken gayly, in the spirit of Joan. From Joan herself Allegra had drifted away: alienated by Joan's humble unquestioning atheism and her frank wooing of William Fitzwinter M. P., though in charitable moments she suspected that Joan had really made her god of the brilliant Fizzy. Marshmont's throat had grown worse, though he taxed it less and less, and his gout defied all Joan's dietary solicitude, and worn out by his wife's trials and his own, he had reached a moody consciousness of the failure of his life-work and the futility of his sacrifices. His despair of the future exaggerated the barrenness of the past, saw even his one great historic measure corroded by gnawing heresies, the old vermin-plague of fallacies springing up afresh. He was spared the knowledge that Jim himself wrote satirical verses involving these very economic fallacies. But then Jim wrote satirical verses against everything in a learned, classical style, and, surrounded as ever

by affectionate cronies, believed with them that he was Aristophanes over again—only with better taste. "A genius need not cease to be a gentleman" was one of his dicta.

At the College Garden Party, Allegra was as surprised to see this superfine young gentleman bringing Lady Minnie strawberries and cream, as she had been to meet the Duchess again. She had always refused to revisit Rosmere, pleading home or political duties, and the Duchess had not followed up her letter to Mrs. Marshmont by a call, though Mrs. Marshmont still lived in hopes of it.

"A very ugly boy, your brother," was the Duchess's comment on her new nephew.

"Hush, he'll hear you," Allegra breathed.

"I've told him already," said the Duchess reassuringly. "I wonder who he takes after."

Allegra felt inclined to suggest some common ancestor for him and Minnie; but was content to make the suggestion "in her brain."

"I know who he's like!" the Duchess cried. "He's like poor Stanley's boy—the same turn-up nose; the same coarse—"

"Who's Stanley?" interrupted Allegra in terror.

"Oh Alligator! Forgotten your own cousin, Viscount Marjorimont, who was killed in Novabarba the same time as your brave Tom! Yes—if Stanley's little boy grows up to be Earl of Yeoford, he'll look exactly like your Jimmy—and I'm sorry for it!"

"Well, let us hope he'll grow to fit his name," said Allegra, smiling. And then suddenly strange tears came into her eyes at the beautiful day, the sunlit grass, the pretty faces and dresses, the old College walls, the old College elms, the play of dappled light through the branches upon the white table-cloths and the gleaming jugs and glasses. So lovely a world, but a worm at the heart of it! The Kingdom of God on earth so slow in arriving, for all Broser's prophet-thunders. Her brimming eyes rested on Mabel and Lord Arthur, and she wondered with a shade of envy at their perfect satisfaction with life and each other, as they ate their coffee-ices. Then she found



herself listening to Minnie's and Jim's emulous epigrams, quizzing their fellow-creatures. This, too, seemed to satisfy them; nor did they even appear to be aware that others might find equal amusement in themselves.

"What's become of that Bob?" the Duchess's strident voice broke in on her reflections.

"What bob?" said Allegra, startled. For a moment she thought the Duchess had descended to slang, and was speaking of a lost shilling.

"The fat boy in *Pickwick*."

Allegra got very red. "Oh, you mean Mr. Broser. He's an M. P. now."

"That I know. And I was very angry to hear that you canvassed for him. I felt like writin' a long letter to scold you."

"You did."

"Did I? I am so glad. I hope you never see him, now he has got what he wanted out of your father."

"You are unjust. He is still acting as father's secretary."

"Then I hope you keep him in his place."

"His place!" echoed Allegra angrily. "His place will one day be in the Cabinet!"

The Duchess smiled confidently. "The outlook for our dear country is not so bad as that, Alligator. We still require manners and education in our Ministers."

"You mean because Mr. Broser doesn't stick in Latin quotations—because his speeches deal with realities."

"When Latin quotations leave public life, England's greatness will be ended."

"But do you understand Latin?"

The Duchess flushed. "That is nothing to do with it. I insist on Latin in public life."

"And I insist on great hearts and big brains."

"Alligator!" screamed the Duchess. "If you go and marry that brute, I'll never forgive you."

Allegra felt the earth rocking, and she wished it were indeed from an earthquake, that she might be swallowed up.

Never had she consciously seen herself as anything but Broser's friend and humble coworker, and Broser's unceasing grief for his lost wife had made her vaguely figure him as a perpetual

widower, faithful to a precious memory. The Duchess had grossly destroyed her simple unconsciousness, set her cheeks burning with stranger fires than shame's. And amid all her agonized confusion rose her instinctive defiance of the Duchess. If only Broser should really ask her some day! What a noble mission were hers—the very mission she had come to crave: to surround a great strong soul with a mother's love. Ay, and she could be a mother to Broser's children, too: relieve him of the trials and burdens which she had divined beneath his stoical reticence. How she would atone vicariously for her own mother's superaddition of trials and burdens to those of his Promethean prototype. There was a fascination in this idea of satisfying a spiritual equation.

"Well, why don't you speak?" said the Duchess. "I do believe you'll throw yourself away like your father. You're all bewitched. As for Tom, he's a blind owl not to see what's goin' on. And you, Alligator! Isn't there enough of the Marjorimont blood in you to burn with shame at the thought of—"

"I don't know what you mean, Aunt Emma," she murmured, to silence her; "Mr.—, the gentleman you speak of, is inconsolable for his wife's death."

"He has the devil's own luck," the Duchess replied grimly. "Parvenu politicians may be divided into two classes: the lucky and the unlucky. The lucky are those whose wives die."

"I won't listen to such dreadful things, Aunt Emma. Where is your Christian charity?"

"It is the office of a Christian to foil the devil. But tell me—that I may sleep soundly—tell me what are *your* intentions?"

"My *intentions*?"

"Towards the inconsolable widower."

"My intentions are—strictly honorable!" And, mistress of herself again, Allegra smiled gayly in her aunt's face. The Duchess turned peevishly upon Minnie.

"Haven't you had enough strawberries yet?"

"But I have not had enough of my new-found cousin!" protested Jim.

"Ah! I don't wonder. She's better to look at than the lookin'-glass, eh? Minnie, speak to your misguided female

cousin. Jimmy, give me your arm and point me out the Dons."

"What's the matter, Ally?" asked Minnie, as the Duchess bore Jim away—to enlist him against her union with Broser, Allegra divined angrily.

"Nothing," she murmured.

"Has mother been telling you how superior she is?"

"No: only how inferior I am."

"Ah, there's her whole gamut."

"You've always been a puzzle to me, Minnie," Allegra said after a pause. "Do you—or do you not—share this superstition of the Marjorimont blood?"

Minnie assumed her enigmatic smile.

"Why should I share the superstition? Enough that I share the blood."

"Don't be such a sphinx, Minnie."

"Don't be such a stupid, Ally. If the world reverences the Marjorimont blood—how lucky for the Marjorimonts! Look sphinxlike, and say nothing. Don't blab, like mother."

"Then you don't believe it deserves reverence, really?"

"I don't say that. But it's not *my* business to reverence it. I *am* it. And I've got better work for my organ of veneration."

"I don't believe you've got any organ of veneration."

"And yet you've seen me copying old Masters by the hour! Oh, Ally, Radicalism has addled your brain."

"I would rather see you worshipping in the Temple of Humanity!"

"I don't think you've had any strawberries and cream, yet. Shall I get you some?"

"You're making fun of me."

"Never was more serious in my life—because I want some myself. Do cover my own absorption of another plateful."

When the Duchess returned from her round on Jim's arm, Allegra could not help fancying gratefully that Jim had risen superior even to the Duchess. At any rate the Duchess looked snubbed. But perhaps it was only by Allegra's imperturbable swallowing of strawberries.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

#### ELIJAH TRANSLATED.

IN the height of the following season London was visited by an epidemic of

home-grown cholera, which, not content with devastating its native slums, spread in the most exclusive quarters, to the disgust of the upper classes, who had a vague feeling that Nature had been converted to the new Radicalism. But Mr. Robert Broser did not trust his convert. He was one of the first to plan his exodus abroad. True, the Parliamentary session claimed him, but then—"the poor little children!" He could not risk the snuffing out of their brilliant promise, nor place the burden of them upon other shoulders. He went one forenoon to tell Marshmont so, and to resign his secretaryship "in consequence." It seemed a providential opportunity. Marshmont was practically extinct. And Allegra was prettier than ever. She occupied his thoughts to the exclusion of other possibilities; tempted him to forget them, and be content with her. Yes, the double cut must be made. He could correspond with Allegra; there was no need to eradicate pleasant potentialities. When he returned from the Continent he would be a free man, with his career before him.

He found Marshmont sitting in the sunlit nursery-study, with his head on the table. The whole attitude expressed despair, and the bullfinch perched on his arm seemed to droop in equal dejection. Broser's salutation of "Good-morning" went unheeded.

"Has anything happened, sir?" he said, alarmed.

Marshmont raised a white face. Broser's face blanched sympathetically. He foresaw he knew not what.

"Have you not heard?" said Marshmont.

"No—what?" Broser gasped.

"God laughs at me." And he let his head fall between his arms again. Was Marshmont going mad? If so, how lucky! Robert Broser was cutting himself away!

"My dear Mr. Marshmont," he said, infusing deep concern into his tones, "do tell me. Perhaps I can help—"

"No; I am beyond help. My career is at an end."

What new damage could have been done to the poor man's prestige, he wondered. Perhaps Robert Broser ought to have resigned earlier.

"How can you say that, sir?" he replied reproachfully. "A great leader—"



still in the prime of life!" It was an assurance he had often had to apply of late to his Chief's despondencies. This time Marshmont unexpectedly accepted it.

"That's the damnable irony of it. I am to be kicked up into the House of Lords." And with a passionate gesture he rose to his feet and shook off the bullfinch into the air.

"Eh?" Broser's cheeks took the hue of the bullfinch's breast, under the shock and the rush of thought. A lord for a father-in-law! A stumbling-block removed from his Parliamentary path! "The Premier has given you a peerage!" he cried confusedly.

"What an idea! As if I'd take it! No; it's this ghastly cholera. The old Earl of Yeoford and his grandson carried off in one day! Two buffers between me and the succession, and yet I was not safe."

"It wasn't in the papers!" breathed Broser, open-mouthed. An ancient peerage and a wealthy! Son-in-law of the Earl of Yeoford! Husband of the Lady Allegra! Better and better. Unless perhaps it was too late. That over-worldly German Professor had tried to stifle all his heart's best instincts. He should have proposed long ago.

"It 'll be in the evening papers," replied the Earl. "I had a wire to spoil my breakfast from my sister the Duchess of Dalesbury. She rushed down to nurse them both yesterday—foolhardy creature! But it was too late. I hope she goes scot-free, herself."

"I hope so too," said Broser fervently. He desired to keep a Duchess in the family. "I met her at Midstoke, if you remember, on the ever-memorable day of your great speech at the Bryden Memorial Meeting. A rare noble soul I thought her at the time—with such old-world courtesy. Ah! what an epoch that was in my life! What do I not owe to your lordship?"

"Lordship! Lordship!" cried the Earl angrily. "Leave that to the lackeys. A pretty lordship!" He threw off the bullfinch, which had returned to its perch on his person, and began to stride about the room. "All my life-work a failure—and—for ironic climax—the Earl of Yeoford!"

"But must you accept, sir?" said Broser sympathetically, seeing he had blundered.

"I cannot refuse either the estates or the title. My poor wife is delighted, and I dare not rob her of any gleam of hope or happiness life still holds for her. She has suffered enough from my career. It is not her fault that Fate flouts all my theories—makes me a laughing-stock."

"It is indeed a calamity for you, sir," said Broser, marvelling that the dregs of Marshmont's career should again seem precious wine as soon as the vessel had been shattered, and that the broad lands and revenues of the Earldom could bring no balm to the soul of the baffled politician. "It is a calamity for me no less," Broser went on. And his voice had genuine tremors—but of anxiety.

"I know—I know your sympathy for me." And Marshmont ceased in his stride to grasp his henchman's hand.

"It is not only that I shall lose my leader, my master—" Broser swallowed a lump. To have his hand held affectionately by an Earl gave him a real emotion. "You have always been a father to me. I had dared to hope you would have been so in a fuller sense. But now—it is too late."

"What do you mean?" The Earl looked at him with no gleam of perception.

Broser's cheeks published his discomfort in the fieriest of letters. His hand involuntarily loosed the Earl's.

"I love your daughter," he said in an unaccustomed whisper.

"You love—" The Earl was startled by this further turn of Fortune's wheel. He leaned his back against the high nursery guard and stared at Broser. "Which?"

"Which but the one with whom I have unfortunately collaborated in your work in this very room—to the destruction of all my future!"

"Allegra?"

"Allegra." Broser bowed his head. "I ought never to have told you. I know there is no hope for me."

"How do you know? Have you asked her?"

Broser's heart gave an exultant and astonished leap. But his head remained bent. His oratorical and dramatic

instinct mixed pictures and expressions from plays with his own emotion. "No—and I shall never ask her now. Yesterday perhaps—but now, with this fatal knowledge of her rank and riches! No, no. Please"—he clutched the Earl's hand again and wrung it—"please forgive this wretched confession. I was taken by surprise. Promise me Allegra shall never know."

"Certainly if you wish it." (Broser's blood ran cold.) "But faint heart never won fair lady." O great soul! O incomparable Elijah! In the glow of reaction Broser returned with a bound to his boyish worship. Ah, that miserable Otto Pont, fouling with cynical slaver our godlike humanity!

"Ah! sir," he cried, in a shaking voice, "you raise heavenly visions. But how can I hope for an angel?"

"That's the way to talk to Allegra." And the old smile of humor played for the first time round the new Earl's mouth.

"I have your permission to speak?"

"And my best wishes! It will give me a son in the House to carry on my ideas—now I am exiled."

"You had that all the same, sir!" said Broser in a choking voice, and for the moment he believed himself.

The Earl of Yeoford wiped his spectacles with his handkerchief, then blew his nose so vigorously that his delicate throat ached. "God bless you!" he faltered. "You give me fresh hope. You in the one House, I in the other—we may perhaps do something yet between us!"

"We shall pull down your House," said Broser, jovially. "I shall be the enemy at the gate—you the Samson within."

"But I am not blind," laughed the Earl. The bullfinch gave a sort of whistle, as if in question.

"No—I am that: love is blind," Broser laughed back.

"That is Allegra practising in the drawing-room," said the Earl. "You know she's had a musical fit of late."

On the stairs Broser met the Countess of Yeoford, all wreathed in smiles, and still beautiful despite all her sorrows.

"Have you heard the news, Mr. Broser?" she cried gayly.

"Yes, your ladyship," he replied promptly.

"I shall be presented again, and this

time the Queen will have to kiss my cheek!"

"It is a privilege greatly to be envied," he said gallantly. But the Countess's brain was too excited to grasp the compliment. She applied it naïvely to her new Court perquisites, and replied, with equally unconscious ambiguity: "Mr. Marshmont—I mean the Earl—doesn't seem to think so. He's all in the dumps. But I never saw the old Earl, or his grandson—so why should I pretend to grieve? I've never even seen the Duchess of Dalesbury, and I'm sure I don't want to. Are you looking for the girls? Lady Joan has run out to see about the mourning-dresses, and Lady Dulsie has rushed over to tell Lady Arthur Pangthorne what a fool she was not to wait, but you'll find Lady Allegra thumping away as usual in the drawing-room. Quite heartless, I call it."

Allegra ceased playing as he came in, and whirled round on her music-stool, but her face set sweeter music flowing within him. He seemed in a Southern land of sunshine and melody. The welcoming touch of her soft magnetic fingers—the daintily-fashioned hand of a lady of title—seemed an earnest of a lifetime of ecstasy.

"Have you seen father?" she said, a little anxiously. "He's shut himself up and won't have even me."

"I think I may say I left him better than I found him."

"I don't doubt. You always do him good. It is an odd ending for him."

"Don't say ending. It is a new beginning."

She shook her head. "You always called him Elijah, and Dulsie was saying how appropriate it is for him to be taken up to the House of Lords while yet alive. He feels it not as heaven, but as a living death."

"But that is morbid. Many a Prime Minister rules from the Upper House."

"I thought you were about to say from his urn. However, I will not pretend to be altogether sorry. The money is very nice for mother, and, after all, father's throat already incapacitated him from active service—not to say father's opinions." And she flashed her frank look at him, thrilling him. "He has done his work, and may well repose on his laurels



and have a little happiness. Fortunately Elijah's successor is in the field. He will alter the mantle to suit the times. But his prophetic vision will be the same."

He took the hand he had reluctantly let go. "Do you really regard me as the wearer of the mantle?"

"You know I have seen it round you always."

He plunged audaciously, but confidently. "Your father has seen even farther than that—into your future and mine." He sighed. "Would my prophetic vision were indeed the same!"

She flushed furiously under the startling significance of his gaze, the tightening of his hand-clasp.

"My father has seen—?" Her girlish bosom rose and fell painfully. Strange reminders of Fizzy in the Row, of the Admiral in the orchid-house, emanated from Broser's eager eyes, and made an under-current of discomfort beneath her astonishment and excitement. The play of emotion across her beautiful mobile face made him forget the exact point of his first attacking movement.

"Yes—your father surprised the secret I have hidden so long. He saw my fear of the Lady Allegra—the grand new creature." It was an even more effective line of attack. What could she do but laugh with embarrassment: "Oh, you can't be so absurd!"

"I am so absurd as to love you!" he said, with a hoarse undertone of despair. But he was far more confident than in his prior proposal to the father-in-law, and he tried to take her other hand. But she withdrew even the one he held. She had resolutely banished the Duchess's suggestion from her waking thoughts, yet she had always known that if the impossible happened, she would gladly say "Yes." But now that it had happened, she did not feel at all glad. Perhaps it was the suddenness of the crisis that gave her this sense of grave intensity, as of the threatened destruction of the world in which she had lived hitherto. Chaotic thoughts raced through her brain—incongruous memories of other dramatic episodes that had had this very room for theatre. She saw her mother walking across it like a somnambulist, while the mob howled without. And then—was it hallucination, or did she see her dead

brother Tom lounging against the mantel-piece, as on the night when he had first told his mother he must go a-soldiering? He seemed to wish to tell Allegra something, but he looked limp and helpless, just as she had found him under her mother's volleys. She shivered and Tom vanished, and she heard Broser saying, bitterly: "I told your father his vision of our future was colored by his own flattering wishes to have me for a son. I knew there was no hope for me. But I assured him I should be a son to him none the less."

The adroit removal of parental complications replaced these grim shadows of the past by a sudden vision of an open Paradise—her own chosen Paradise, not of idleness, but of noble joint labor. Why was she hesitating at the gate? Her eyes filled with religious tears. But he, disconcerted by her coyness, blundered.

"That night," he reminded her tenderly—"that night when your dear little hand stole into mine, and we vowed together to make an end of war—that was the night when I first dared to dream. The end of war, the beginning of love—was it not symbolical?"

Allegra's tears froze. "But you were married, then!"

He stammered, growing as uncomfortable as she. But the repartee of the trained Parliamentarian did not fail. "Yes, but—but—that was the first time I discovered I was *not* married: not married, as I now understand marriage. It was not the real marriage—the union of souls for great purposes."

Her subtle instinctive jealousy of the dead past was allayed, and, repentant of her rigidity, she let herself be drawn slowly into his arms, feeling a new painful hypnotic pleasure in surrendering to this fascinating masculine strength. Broser's pulses hammered furiously. To hold in his arms this exquisite palpitating being, so white, so warm! He drew her sweet young lips to his in a fiery kiss. She tore herself from his grasp, and stood, dazed, angry, happy, unhappy—flushing and fluttering deliciously to a lover's eye.

"Dearest Allegra," he said, with exultant tenderness, "your father was truly a prophet."

[END OF BOOK I.]





## WHILOMVILLE STORIES BY STEPHEN CRANE

### XIII.—A LITTLE PILGRIM

ONE November it became clear to childish minds in certain parts of Whilomville that the Sunday-school of the Presbyterian church would not have for the children the usual tree on Christmas eve. The funds free for that ancient festival would be used for the relief of suffering among the victims of the Charleston earthquake.

The plan had been born in the generous head of the superintendent of the Sunday-school, and during one session he had made a strong plea that the children should forego the vain pleasures of a tree, and, in a glorious application of the Golden Rule, refuse a local use of the fund, and will that it be sent where dire distress might be alleviated. At the end of a tearfully eloquent speech the question was put fairly to a vote, and the children in a burst of virtuous abandon carried the question for Charleston. Many of the teachers had been careful to preserve a finely neutral attitude, but even if they had cautioned the children against being too impetuous they could not have checked the wild impulses.

But this was a long time before Christmas.

Very early, boys held important speech together. "Huh! you ain't goin' to have no Christmas tree at the Presperterian Sunday-school."

Sullenly the victims answered, "No, we ain't."

"Huh!" scoffed the other denominations, "we are goin' to have the all-fired-biggest tree that ever you saw in the world."

The little Presbyterians were greatly downcast.

It happened that Jimmie Trescott had regularly attended the Presbyterian Sunday-school. The Trescotts were consistently undenominational, but they had sent their lad on Sundays to one of the places where they thought he would receive benefits. However, on one day in December Jimmie appeared before his father and made a strong spiritual appeal to be forthwith attached to the Sunday-school of the Big Progressive church. Doctor Trescott mused this question considerably. "Well, Jim," he said, "why do you conclude that the Big Progressive Sunday-school is better for you than the Presbyterian Sunday-school?"

"Now—it's nicer," answered Jimmie, looking at his father with an anxious eye.

"How do you mean?"

"Why—now—some of the boys what go to the Presperterian place, they ain't very nice," explained the flagrant Jimmie.

Trescott mused the question considerably once more. In the end he said: "Well, you may change if you wish, this one time, but you must not be changing to and fro. You decide now, and then you must abide by your decision."

"Yessir," said Jimmie, brightly. "Big Progressive."

"All right," said the father. "But remember what I've told you."

On the following Sunday morning Jimmie presented himself at the door of the basement of the Big Progressive



church. He was conspicuously washed, notably raimented, prominently polished. And, incidentally, he was very uncomfortable because of all these virtues.

A number of acquaintances greeted him contemptuously. "Hello, Jimmie! What you doin' here? Thought you was a Presperterian?"

Jimmie cast down his eyes and made no reply. He was too cowed by the change. However, Homer Phelps, who was a regular patron of the Big Progressive Sunday-school, suddenly appeared and said, "Hello, Jim!" Jimmie seized upon him. Homer Phelps was amenable to Trescott laws, tribal if you like, but iron-bound, almost compulsory.

"Hello, Homer!" said Jimmie, and his manner was so good that Homer felt a great thrill in being able to show his superior a new condition of life.

"You 'ain't never come here afore, have you?" he demanded, with a new arrogance.

"No, I 'ain't," said Jimmie. Then they stared at each other and manœuvred.

"You don't know *my* teacher," said Homer.

"No, I don't know *her*," admitted Jimmie, but in a way which contended, modestly, that he knew countless other Sunday-school teachers.

"Better join our class," said Homer, sagely. "She wears spectacles; don't see very well. Sometimes we do almost what we like."

"All right," said Jimmie, glad to place himself in the hands of his friend. In due time they entered the Sunday-school room, where a man with benevolent whiskers stood on a platform and said, "We will now sing No. 33—'Pull for the shore, sailor, pull for the shore.'" And as the obedient throng burst into melody, the man on the platform indicated the time with a white and graceful hand. He was an ideal Sunday-school superintendent—one who had never felt hunger or thirst or the wound of the challenge of dishonor.

Jimmie, walking carefully on his toes, followed Homer Phelps. He felt that the kingly superintendent might cry out and blast him to ashes before he could reach a chair. It was a desperate journey. But at last he heard Homer mut-

tering to a young lady, who looked at him through glasses which greatly magnified her eyes. "A new boy," she said, in a deeply religious voice.

"Yes'm," said Jimmie, trembling.

The five other boys of the class scanned him keenly and derided his condition.

"We will proceed to the lesson," said the young lady. Then she cried sternly, like a sergeant, "The seventh chapter of Jeremiah!"

There was a swift fluttering of leaflets. Then the name of Jeremiah, a wise man, towered over the feelings of these boys. Homer Phelps was doomed to read the fourth verse. He took a deep breath, he puffed out his lips, he gathered his strength for a great effort. His beginning was childish explosive. He hurriedly said,

*"Trust ye not in lying words, saying, The temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord, are these."*

"Now," said the teacher, "Johnnie Scanlan, tell us what these words mean." The Scanlan boy shamefacedly muttered that he did not know. The teacher's countenance saddened. Her heart was in her work; she wanted to make a success of this Sunday-school class. "Perhaps Homer Phelps can tell us," she remarked.

Homer gulped; he looked at Jimmie. Through the great room hummed a steady hum. A little circle, very near, was being told about Daniel in the lion's den. They were deeply moved at the story. At the moment they liked Sunday-school.

"Why—now—it means," said Homer, with a grand pomposity born of a sense of hopeless ignorance—"it means—why, it means that they were in the wrong place."

"No," said the teacher, profoundly; "it means that we should be good, very good indeed. That is what it means. It means that we should love the Lord and be good. Love the Lord and be good. That is what it means."

The little boys suddenly had a sense of black wickedness as their teacher looked austere upon them. They gazed at her with the wide-open eyes of simplicity. They were stirred again. This thing of being good—this great business of life





THE PROFESSIONAL BRIGHT BOY OF THE CLASS SUDDENLY AWOKE



—apparently it was always successful. They know from the fairy-tales. But it was difficult, wasn't it? It was said to be the most heart-breaking task to be generous, wasn't it? One had to pay the price of one's eyes in order to be pacific, didn't one? As for patience, it was tortured martyrdom to be patient, wasn't it? Sin was simple, wasn't it? But virtue was so difficult that it could only be practised by heavenly beings, wasn't it?

And the angels, the Sunday-school superintendent, and the teacher swam in the high visions of the little boys as beings so good that if a boy scratched his shin in the same room he was a profane and sentenced devil.

"And," said the teacher, "'the temple of the Lord'—what does that mean? I'll ask the new boy. What does that mean?"

"I dun'no'," said Jimmie, blankly.

But here the professional bright boy of the class suddenly awoke to his obligations. "Teacher," he cried, "it means church, same as this."

"Exactly," said the teacher, deeply satisfied with this reply. "You know your lesson well, Clarence. I am much pleased."

The other boys, instead of being envious, looked with admiration upon Clarence, while he adopted an air of being habituated to perform such feats every day of his life. Still, he was not much of a boy. He had the virtue of being

able to walk on very high stilts, but when the season of stilts had passed he possessed no rank save this Sunday-school rank, this clever-little-Clarence business of knowing the Bible and the lesson better than the other boys. The other boys, sometimes looking at him meditatively, did not actually decide to thrash him as soon as he cleared the portals of the church, but they certainly decided to molest him in such ways as would re-establish their self-respect. Back of the superintendent's chair hung a lithograph of the martyrdom of St. Stephen.

Jimmie, feeling stiff and encased in his best clothes, waited for the ordeal to end. A bell pealed: the superintendent had tapped a bell. Slowly the rustling and murmuring dwindled to silence. The benevolent man faced the school. "I have to announce," he began, waving his body from side to side in the conventional bows of his kind, "that—" Bang went the bell. "Give me your attention, please, children. I have to announce that the Board has decided that this year there will be no Christmas tree, but the—"

Instantly the room buzzed with the subdued clamor of the children. Jimmie was speechless. He stood morosely during the singing of the closing hymn. He passed out into the street with the others, pushing no more than was required.

Speedily the whole idea left him. If he remembered Sunday-school at all, it was to remember that he did not like it.

## A MESSAGE

BY MARGUERITE MERINGTON

BIRCH and beech have flung their gold,  
 Like Danaë's love, to the dark wood's loam;  
 The scarlet maple's story was told  
 Ere ever the south-bound bird sped home,  
 And green of ash will flutter and fall,  
 While the oak leaves cling till the last of all.

Heart of oak, where the wild wars wage,  
 One tiny life for an empire's power,  
 Your own word take for your true-love's gage,  
 Be it the price of the bridal hour;  
 Never to stand when your comrades fall,  
 But, fighting, to perish the last of all!

# HIS OLD LOVE

BY MARGARET SUTTON BRISCOE

How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?

Thou minds me o' departed joys.

HIS Excellency George Werden stood on the high steps of an old-fashioned boarding-house in an old-fashioned quarter of the city where he chanced to be visiting. He was looking up at the worn gilt number over the door, and took a card from his pocket, comparing the address pencilled upon it with the number over his head. The name engraved on the card was Mrs. Stephen Calhoun, and above the name a few words were pencilled faintly:

"I earnestly entreat your Excellency to spare me, who am an old and forgotten acquaintance, a few moments only of your valuable time. I shall remain at home this afternoon. I scarcely dare ask your Excellency for this interview, but my need is great."

This city, though in his own State, was comparatively strange to Governor Werden, and therefore at the public reception which he had held earlier in the day most of the citizens were unknown to him. Among the few women who passed in the long line was one whose face caught his attention in the waiting cue long before she reached him. It was not only an unusual face, but seemed to him the more so because out of place in so promiscuous a gathering. Her hair was white, though the features were young; and this, with the short straight nose and wide-open brown eyes, a certain aristocratic stamp of the features and high carriage of the head, created a type noticeable for its elegance and beauty. The white hair was rolled back smoothly, leaving the brow in full relief, and there was not a trace of color in the face, except the eyes, which gave an impression of having been brighter and darker in earlier, perhaps happier, days. It seemed to Governor Werden impossible that, once seen, he could ever have forgotten her; but, to his surprise, as she was about to be presented, the lady stepped forward quickly, and looking up

at him with some agitation, evidently expected to be at once recognized. When, in spite of his effort and his courtesy of manner, it was plain that Governor Werden did not recognize her, she shrank back as if both shocked and startled, and before he could check her had hurried on, making way for the next comer. A little later one of the ushers brought to Governor Werden the card already described, but the name on the card did not in the least assist his memory. It was not Governor Werden's custom to forget faces, nor yet to ignore claims, and in this case he had the vexing feeling that he was sinning in both respects—if not in his own sight, certainly in the sight of this claimant. The request the card presented was unusual and unceremonious when the least was said; and while he could not quite decide to accede to it, neither could he wholly decide against it. The scale turned finally when, through some sudden change of plans in the afternoon, Governor Werden found a free hour left on his hands. The room into which he was ushered as Mrs. Calhoun's private parlor was of fine old-fashioned width, and all the other lines of the apartment were as stately and free as they are apt to be in old houses; but the white paint-work was wretchedly dingy, the cracked ceiling a dreary drab. As if in a kind of protest against touches of sordidness, a number of old, richly colored, and valuable draperies had been hung over the faded wall-paper, and spread in profusion on the ugly carpet and over the cheap chairs and sofas and tables. There was an almost querulous note in the evident attempt of the present transient inmate to overlay as far as possible what remained too apparent in spite of every effort. Governor Werden stood looking about him, impressed with the betrayal of personality which the room indicated. The only object in the room which proved a present lavishness was a small table set near one of the windows, the top of which was wholly covered with exquisite hot-house blossoms, filling the





[See page 409.]

HE DID NOT SPEAK



room with perfume. Governor Werden drew nearer to the table and looked down more closely at the flowers. As he did so his face changed suddenly. Carefully arranged there in a flat glass bowl were purple double-violets, while about them clustered white violets, and in an outer ring again cyclamens were nestling like white butterflies alighting on their own green leaves—flowers and leaves that he had not seen thus laid together since—

"Estella!" he cried aloud, and turned to find her face to face with him as she closed the door of the room to come towards him across the floor.

"You didn't know me," she said, softly, looking up at him, but her white face flushing as she looked. "I thought I'd wait a little and see if you remembered those." She glanced towards the flowers. "I see they have told you who I am." She laughed as if through tears, but her eyes were dry. "Have I changed so shockingly? Was I wrong to ask you to come?"

"No," he answered, with a great effort—"no."

"I was in great trouble," she went on, simply. "I am alone in the world now, and you are the only human being I know who could help me. I saw by the papers that you would receive publicly any one who wanted to see you to-day, and I knew as a citizen I had at least that much right. I never thought of your not recognizing me. It was a shock, a disappointment I felt I couldn't stand, though I don't know what I could have expected of you just there and then. After I wrote on my card and sent it to you I remembered that perhaps you wouldn't even know what my married name was. Did you?"

"No," said Governor Werden briefly again.

She clasped her hands with a natural gesture; the white hair, worn now in a loose puff above her face, gave a look of added youth to her features, and the excitement that brought a slight flush to her cheeks lit her eyes and made her seem yet younger.

"Did you come," she cried, gratefully, "just because one of your subjects—a stranger—asked you to come to help her? It is better so, far better. I am glad it happened so."

Governor Werden smiled as if in spite of himself.

"I have no subjects," he said. "This is a republic, you know, and I am a servant, not a ruler." It was still plainly difficult for him to speak to her at all, so he spoke briefly, yet with a little more ease of manner. As he looked at her he could not understand his past blindness. With her head bare, her hair loosened, with this rose flush of excitement mounting in her cheeks, her eyes darkening as she talked—all as in youth he remembered them—it was to him exactly as if the girl he had known had stepped from his side a little apart, to come back again almost unaltered, as if seen through a gray veil only, after so many years. The very tricks of her motions were the same; her hands moved in the same way—quick, yet uncertain; her eyebrows lifted half timidly as she talked rapidly. He saw that it was the white hair, the lack of color in the face, where such high color had been, the lighter shade of the eyes, that had disguised her from him; but it was the same face, the same woman—in age, as in youth, the same impetuous Estella.

"What can I do for you?" he asked, gently. "Believe me, if it can be done, I shall be glad to do it. I am only sorry to hear there is anything you need."

Listening eagerly, a look of intense relief swept over her features, as if there were something already settled by his words. She turned quickly, motioning her guest to a chair, she herself sitting down opposite him on a small couch. Her face grew more troubled as she paused, evidently considering how best to open her subject. At last, with a slight impatient gesture of the hands, she seemed to throw aside all thoughts of diplomacy, and spoke abruptly, with a breathless anxiety which she made no effort to conceal.

"You can give appointments, can't you? You could put a boy in the army or navy if you wanted to?"

"Yes," Governor Werden agreed. His manner was growing each moment easier, as hers grew more anxious. "I think I could. Not I myself, perhaps, but by a request to some one else."

Mrs. Calhoun had sat looking at him, painfully attentive, and, as he ended, sank back with a half sob, half laugh.

"Oh," she cried, throwing out her hands and lifting her shoulders as if an intolerable burden were lifted, "how I envy you! To say go there, and be sure



he goeth. To say you can request only, and yet be so sure your request will be granted."

Governor Werden smiled as he answered: "I don't think you have very much to complain of on that score. Have you had to do much more now than request?"

She looked up at him quickly and laughed also, but the next moment bit her lips hard, yet failed to force back the tears that would fall from her wide-open brown eyes to her cheeks. She brushed them away impatiently.

"You must forgive me. I didn't mean to do that," she said, brokenly. "I thought I should have to urge you, to bring all kinds of pleas to bear. It's the relief."

Governor Werden's face changed again as he looked at her. For a moment his eyes wandered back involuntarily towards the flowers that had recalled her and so much else of the past to him.

"You should have known that if you were in trouble an old friend would need no urging to help you," he said gently, but so gravely it was almost like a reproof. "Have you more than this one child? This boy you speak of is your son, I suppose?"

"Mine? No; I have no children. I never had any." At his look of surprise she went on haltingly: "He is not my son; he"—the excited flush in her cheeks became a blush of pain—"he was my husband's son." Her voice was low and came with effort.

Governor Werden looked at her, perplexed by her voice and manner.

"By an earlier marriage?" he asked, when she did not go on.

Mrs. Calhoun only answered by rising abruptly and walking to the window near them, standing with her back to the room. Governor Werden did not rise or follow her, believing she wished to speak from that distance and with her face hidden. But in a few moments, her composure recovered, she turned towards him again, with such an air of appeal in the motion that he responded by instantly rising and joining her. As he drew near she spoke hurriedly:

"I was my husband's first and only wife. It was before he knew me." She tried to say more, but her voice failed again.

Governor Werden turned to her with a grave look of quick appreciation and

respect. "I understand," he said; "and you took the child. It was a noble thing to do. Few women would have done it."

She shook her head impatiently, and with a gasping breath, looking full up at him, "No, no," she cried, as if thrusting his sympathy away. "You don't understand me at all. I never knew anything about it until—until too late. I would have taken the child—I think—I would. But he—he didn't tell me; he didn't trust me. I never knew anything about it until—afterwards. He loved me. I know he loved me dearly, but he never told me a word of this. It was all over before he met me. She—she was dead and the child was well cared for before he ever saw me. I never would have known anything about it, if all had gone as he expected. If it only had!" she went on, determinedly forcing herself to calmness. "He thought there was plenty to leave for both of us, and that neither of us need ever know anything about the other. It was all carefully arranged. His papers showed that. The boy was given the name of the people he was put with as a baby. They loved him, and they were glad to have him. The pay meant something to them too, of course. They were poor plain people. When he was old enough he was to be told they were not his parents, and he was to be sent away from them for his education, but he was not to know even then whose child he was. It was all carefully planned for everybody's peace of mind, and then our financial crash came suddenly. It came just before my husband—just before he— He was only ill a few days, and he used all his strength that last day to make an entirely new will. The new will gave whatever should prove to be left to me, unconditionally, but with a sealed letter. That letter told me everything. There was nothing else he could do. He hardly knew what there was to leave for either of us, and he didn't dare to divide it by will. Oh, I see there was nothing else for him to do. The boy had to be cared for and brought up as he ought to be, if it turned out there was any money left to do it with. There was just enough for us to live on very simply and—together. We've been doing it here for two years. Don't think I blame my husband. No one must dare to think that. I love him still as I did the first moment I ever saw him. From the first moment

there never was any other man in the world to me—there never will be. But if he had only told me! I could have stood it then. I would have forgiven him. I would have insisted on taking the child, and then perhaps—perhaps I would have loved him. But forced on me in this way—” She broke off, walking distractedly up and down the room. “Can’t you see what it must mean to me? Seeing this boy every day, constantly reminding me—”

Left standing alone, Governor Werden’s eyes followed her in her restless motions. There was in his gaze a profound sympathy which was like tenderness as he thus watched her. When he spoke it was with a decision of tone that made Mrs. Calhoun cease her walk suddenly and look at him, half startled.

“You are all wrong,” he said, earnestly—“all wrong.”

She drew nearer to him, looking up at him with a childlike anxiety and trouble.

“Wrong?” she repeated, questioningly.

Governor Werden’s face softened yet more as he looked down at her.

“You sent for me to help you,” he said. “Your first and greatest need, it seems to me, is to rid yourself once for all of this—how shall I call it?—this sense of injury as to what you term your husband’s lack of confidence in you. It seems to me, if you will let me say so, that, once married to you, that step once taken, he had no choice then but to act exactly as he did. Forgive me if I speak very plainly. I feel sure it will make you happier if you can see his reasons as I see them. I think he understood your nature better than you quite understand it yourself. You never could have taken the child at any time. If he had told you, I am sure you would have forgiven *him*, as I know you would have insisted on trying to share his penalty and his burden; but if you had taken the child, could you have forgiven the boy? It is possible that even then you might not—not have loved him, you know.”

“What you mean is that I would have been cruel to him,” said Mrs. Calhoun, bitterly. “Why should you think that of me? Am I cruel to him now?”

Governor Werden avoided a direct reply. “It is possible to be cruel,” he said, “in an unconscious kind of way, and without deliberately intending it.”

Her eyes, following the direction which

his took, reached the flowers on the table, and she flushed hotly.

“You speak with an animus,” she said, warmly. “I can’t blame you. I know I behaved badly to you; but it was so many, many years ago—and I was so young. I thought by now you would have forgotten—and forgiven. I know I ought to have been too proud to ask a favor of you, of all men. You have the right to punish me now for doing so, but I was in great need. That is my only excuse.”

“It is excuse enough,” he answered quickly, with no reproach in voice or manner. “And you are mistaken if you think that I spoke with an animus. I referred to the past indirectly only because I needed to do so in order to prove to you something in your present case. You said a little while ago that you had thought you might have to urge me, to bring forward all kinds of pleas, to persuade me to do for you what you ought to have known I would be glad to do for the mere asking. May I ask you what kind of pleas you were willing to use, and whether they were kind or cruel, in view of certain other facts you have just stated? I merely wish to prove to you once for all that your husband knew—that I know—you far better than you can know yourself if you think you are incapable of a kind of impulsive, utterly unthinking cruelty, or at all capable—I am speaking very plainly—of the day to day, hour to hour self-control that would have been needed under such an irksome pressure as the presence of this child at any time in your home. Forgive me if I hurt you. I am pleading your husband’s defence, you must remember, if a trifle at your expense.”

She turned on him sharply. “Defence! Does he need a defender to me, who worshipped the very—” She burst into a sudden passion of tears, covering her face with her hands as she felt her way back to the couch she had left, where she sank down, sobbing uncontrollably. Governor Werden followed her, and sat down again in the chair opposite. He did not speak, but sat there quietly waiting for her to recover, with that sympathetic silence which in time always makes itself felt. Mrs. Calhoun wiped her eyes and sat upright, her face flushed with weeping. “You can’t think more poorly of me than I do of myself. You



must think of me as weak, cruel, false, from first to last." She went on with greater eagerness, but more composure: "I was never worthy of you. You idealized me, and I knew it. You were well rid of me, if you had but seen it so. I always thought so. Yes, I was ready to use any plea to-day, false or true, that might make you do for me what I wanted done. I may as well confess it all. I knew you had never married, and when I thought you might actually be coming here to-day, I was deeply excited, and I did deliberately go out and buy those flowers—the ones you always sent me—and I arranged them on that table just as I always used to arrange them before you came. I didn't in my own mind actually decide to use any false persuasions, but—I know I didn't decide *not* to. If I had needed to I would have let you think *anything*—for the time—until I got what I wanted from you. I did fully determine that you should get me an appointment of some kind for the boy, at any price I might have to pay."

"You mean not at whatever price that you, but that *I* might have to pay," interrupted Governor Werden. Whatever of restraint or withdrawal had been in his manner was gone. "Aren't you and I a little old for either of us to be raking up these old scores, Estella? Fifteen years or so is a long time back."

She answered him quickly and generously, motioning his words aside. The larger impulse sat well upon her, lighting her face and eyes, and taking from her the more youthful but less dignified impetuosity that had distinguished her manner. "All the scores were on one side fifteen years ago, and they are now, as you well know. I behaved selfishly then—as I would have tried to again to-day if you had been less quickly generous. But I do want to say to you that—it was not caprice fifteen years ago. It was a sudden temptation; young as I was, it wiped everything else out of the world for me; and it's that same overwhelming feeling that tempted me to-day to be willing to act falsely towards you. The presence of this boy is—I can't explain what it is to me! It's a constant sacrilege of a memory which is all I have now of what was. I must—I must be alone. Sometimes I am maddened by the thought that if something is not done soon—it will be too late. I shall forget how to remember

what it is my life to remember, and keep only what I must forget. How can I forget, with this living reminder always under my eyes?" She looked up appealingly, and Governor Werden's reply was instant:

"You and the boy must be parted at once—for the sake of both. Suppose we come straight to the practical question. Your thought of an army or navy appointment is a good one. Is he, do you think, fitted for military life?"

"I don't know. It's what he wants himself. It was he who suggested it."

"Now if I may ask you a few questions—" He took a note-book from his pocket and opened the pencil on his watch-chain. "I'd like to have some general information and some data as to the boy. You said he had been given the name of the people he was first placed with, didn't you?"

"Yes. But I couldn't let him keep it after I took him. It was a conspicuous, outlandish, foreign name."

"Then he knows now that he does not belong to them?"

"Yes. But I wasn't sure he hadn't known it long before he left them. He cried, big boy as he was, when they told him they had no right to him. It was all very pitiful. But he made not the slightest protest, and I didn't think he was in the least surprised. I felt he had been suspecting something of the kind all along. They couldn't have told him much, in any case, for they didn't know much themselves. My husband always acted presumably as an agent. I took a written order that he left me, telling them to deliver the child to me on demand, and I went for him myself."

"But the boy knows the truth about himself now?"

"Not from me. How could I tell him?"

"Then who does he think he is; and why does he suppose you have taken him?"

"He is supposed to be the son of a distant cousin of my own, now dead. I hate the lie every time I tell it, but what can I do? It's only one of the wretched deceptions, the daily trials. No one in this city knows me. That was one reason I came here to live. I suppose James believes he's my cousin's son. He has heard me say so often enough before him."

"He has never asked you who he is, then, in so many words?"

"Never. He wouldn't be apt to do



that. You'd understand if you saw him. He's one of those silent, big-eyed, childish boys that accept everything as if it dropped from heaven—unquestioningly. You know the kind. He is always gentlemanly, always very well bred and unobtrusive. Poor child, he has to exist. I realize that. Thank God, he's not like—he is not like any one I ever saw. I couldn't have stood that."

"And he has never fretted for those people he lived with?"

"Not to my knowledge. He has never mentioned them to me since he left them. There's been no communication that I know of. He has never asked me if he might write, and I think he wouldn't have written without asking. He's very obedient."

"Poor child!" said Governor Werden, as if involuntarily.

Mrs. Calhoun looked up half annoyed, yet as if perplexed also.

"You seem to keep insisting that I am unkind to him. I have never spoken a harsh word to the boy since I took him."

Governor Werden smiled. "You haven't spoken many words of any kind to each other, have you?"

"We are neither of us very talkative," she answered, evasively, yet thoughtfully, and as if looking back into her own conduct. "No," she went on, reassured, "I can't see that I've been to blame anywhere regarding him. I have tried my best—indeed I have tried to do my duty by him."

"I know," said Governor Werden, sympathetically. Her impotent efforts touched him. In many ways, save in years, he knew she was not a day older—but little more developed—than when he had first known and first loved her, then just emerging from childhood. "I am far from blaming you," he said. "The situation is practically impossible. Because I can't help realizing what a boy might suffer in such a case, is no good reason for believing this boy suffers. All boys aren't sensitive—mercifully. You realize, of course, that if he detects what a burden he is to you, this life must be far worse for him than for you?"

Mrs. Calhoun moved restlessly. "I sometimes think he never realizes anything at all! He isn't in the least like an ordinary boy."

"Well, he isn't quite in the position of

an ordinary boy, is he? What name have you given him? His father's?"

"No," she answered, flushing. "I called him King—James King."

Governor Werden's hand with his pencil in it dropped from the note-book in which he was about to write. He looked up. "King! But that was your own maiden name!"

"Yes. I *could* not give him my husband's name. It seemed impossible to me. I knew I ought to, but I could not. I had to call him something, and my name did as well as another."

Governor Werden sat utterly silent, and Mrs. Calhoun's voice trembled as she spoke anxiously: "There is—you see some new difficulty?"

Governor Werden's face flushed a little as he turned it to her.

"Nothing is insurmountable to a politician, if you but give him time," he said, with a forced confidence, a new constraint; "but if you had felt able to let the boy take his father's name, or even if you had let him keep the name he had already taken, it would have been better."

Mrs. Calhoun sat looking at him, troubled and bewildered.

"I don't understand at all," she said.

"No," said Governor Werden, slowly. "It is always hard, when one's own heart is pure, to understand and allow for evil minds and tongues. There is a difficulty I see here, which I can't go into with you further than to say that to be a public man at all is at the price of being one in all senses of the word. You yourself, and every one connected with you, however slightly and briefly, ceases to have any private life. Both friends and enemies help to make this so." He paused as if leaving the words to convey their own meaning, and Mrs. Calhoun's face suddenly crimsoned.

"I understand," she assented. "You needn't say any more. How horribly cruel the world is!" Her face was pale with a painfully quick change. "I see your position, and I see my mistake. It never occurred to me—how could it? As I have mismanaged matters, you can't lift a finger to help me, and no one can. That's all over. I am just where I was before you came."

"No," he answered. "No, no. It's only that we can't act as quickly and as simply as we planned at first. The boy must



somehow be brought forward on his own merits. Where is he now? Can I see him?"

Mrs. Calhoun's eyes fell, as her brow knit slightly. "He's not here now—not at present," she said, constrainedly; but the next moment she broke out: "I won't hide anything from you. The truth is, one day last week I felt I couldn't stand it an hour longer, and I wrote to a friend—a distant relation—in another city, who used to be fond of me, and I told him—No, I didn't tell him anything—I told him I couldn't; but I said I had this boy living with me, and I begged, I implored him, with no pride at all, to take him for my sake for just one month, and let me rest a little."

Governor Werden sat looking at her, struck dumb for the moment.

"And you gave him no explanation whatever as to who or what the boy was?"

"No," she answered, vaguely. "I knew he'd do what he could for me with no explanations, and I couldn't explain. I asked him to give the boy something to do in his large town office. I thought that he could find something that would employ James, and make him think that I had sent him to take a place there. He has been imploring me to let him go to work all this year; but he's not educated yet. The letter—my husband's letter—said he must be educated. I must do that, whatever happens. He's been away from school now for nearly two weeks. I know it was all wrong, but I couldn't help it." Her voice died away despairingly. Governor Werden rose to his feet as she ended. It was, Mrs. Calhoun knew, to end the interview and take his leave, but his appearance as he rose and spoke was also that of one coming strongly to the rescue, and she glanced up at him with that catch in the throat and that piteous look of tremulous relief which come with a renewal of hope and with trust in another's power.

"No," he said, "it is not at all as before. We won't give up for a moment. But you must promise to make no more moves of any kind without consulting me, and no more statements about the boy to any one, one way or the other. The quieter you keep, the better. You are not very worldly." He smiled as he spoke, and went on yet more assuringly: "You can never tell what you may

stumble on. Watch the boy carefully. I may find a way myself to come to your aid; but if in the mean time the boy should make a fair model of a boat or a gun, or stop a runaway horse, or save another boy from drowning, or get his name in the papers in any way, let me know. Only the other day I saw a mere laboring-boy get an appointment for himself solely on his own merits, and what a boy has done alone, surely another boy, with you and me back of him, can do."

"What did this boy do?" asked Mrs. Calhoun, anxiously.

"He saved a man's life in a tunnel, at the moment, luckily for him, when Senator Bond was taking a party of inspection; of which I happened to be one, through the tunnel. There was a sudden sandslide. I suppose you know the danger of that in excavation—it's like a snowslide, only more fatal. Most of the men pulled free and got out of danger; but one heavy man was caught and buried well above the knees, with a blinding shower of sand still falling and smothering him. I don't think a full-grown man could have saved him; but the lad I speak of ran back, without a thought for himself apparently, and was light-built enough to hold himself up on the surface, while he managed to throw an inverted box, he'd caught up as he ran, over the man's head, so it protected him like a wide hat, and let him get back his breath and his courage, and help himself out, with the boy's assistance. The lad stuck right by him until he was free, and no one else moved hand or foot. It was a very plucky act, very quick-witted and quick-eyed, and all over before the other men seemed to fairly take it in. It really was a remarkable sight, and we all of us were very much moved and excited by it. Senator Bond interviewed the general manager afterwards, and, as a result, that boy is to have an appointment in the army or navy, if he wants it, and can pass the examination. He proved to be fairly well grounded, I believe, so the chances are, with some preparation, he will pass; but if he'd been less well educated, and Senator Bond still wanted him appointed, you may be very sure it would have been done somehow. It might have taken time and tutors and money, and some hard cramming for the boy, but what are time and money to us politicians when we once determine to push a matter



through?" He was laughing, but Mrs. Calhoun would not join him.

"Oh, don't laugh! I can't for a moment. I see no hope in all this. I told you you hadn't seen the boy or you wouldn't suggest any of these things. He could not do any one of them. He is as slow and as awkward as possible. I know many boys of his age are awkward, but he is peculiarly so."

"Do you know any boys of his age whose position in life is as awkward? Perhaps that affects him more than you imagine. I have the conviction that you won't be kept in this suspense very long, though I will frankly confess I have no very definite plan yet. I am afraid I must hurry away now, but, whatever you do, be hopeful."

He turned and looked down at her as she still sat on the couch looking up at him, her face showing her hopes and fears.

She rose suddenly and held out her hand, which he took and held in his.

"Good-by," she said, with emotion. "I feel that I shall never see you again. I feel, too, with you that you will help me, and soon, but I know it's to be from a distance. I have treated you ill—or tried to—whenever I have come near you. Don't think your coals of fire to-day are not burning—they are. But there's one thing I want to say before we part. You haven't meant me to know it—you haven't once hinted it to me—but you've had your retaliation! I want you to know you have." She glanced with embarrassment, but with determined significance, at the table of flowers, and though her color rose, she went on clearly: "If I did wish, however vaguely, to reawaken false hopes to-day, it was—it was an utter failure. Those flowers had no more influence over you—I saw it plainly from the first moment—than so many dead leaves." She stopped, and there was a moment's pause.

"You are mistaken," Governor Werden answered, gently. "They awakened vividly memories that I have never lost."

Mrs. Calhoun shook her head. "Memories only—nothing, nothing more. Your respect I always valued. Have I lost that too? I am going to confess something to you. I have always followed your career with a curious pride. I have always—I know it was absurd, selfish—but I have always gloried in your—your

—may I call it your faithfulness?—to the memory of your ideal of me. I knew I was not that ideal—that I never was—but I knew you had never married, and I found a strange kind of exultation in your loyalty. To-day—somehow all that feeling is shattered. I know something has gone that I have depended on as imperishable. Don't—pray don't misunderstand me. I am not seeking for anything whatever. I have wanted nothing more than your faithfulness, your respect. Tell me, was I mistaken in feeling you were faithful to me as an ideal, all those years?"

"No," he answered, slowly. "You were not mistaken."

"Then has what I did or tried to do to-day—" She glanced again toward the table of flowers. "I knew it was false, indelicate, unwomanly, but has that finally disillusioned you? There! you needn't answer me. It's all in your face."

She drew back from him and turned away. Governor Werden followed her quickly.

"No, no," he said, earnestly. "You must not think that. You were— For years it was impossible for me to see any other woman as comparable to you. And there was no disillusion to-day. You were in straits that fairly destroyed your sense of right and justice. If you detected reserve in my manner, it was not that—"

Mrs. Calhoun turned with a swift upward look at his face. "Ah!" she exclaimed, softly, a quick color in her cheeks. "For years it *was* impossible, but now!" Her eyes softened as she looked up steadily. "So it is something quite different, and something I should rejoice in. I'm not quite sure that I can rejoice yet. I was always selfish. But I do wish your Excellency every happiness." She paused as if waiting for him to speak in verification. Governor Werden, flushing a little, only bent his head slightly, saying nothing. "And you love her," asserted Mrs. Calhoun, softly, "or you would be willing to speak of her to me. Believe me, I shall be glad by to-morrow. All's well that ends well. And so that's all closed and over. Again I venture to entreat your Excellency not to forget my unhappiness in your happiness. You will remember to help me—" She broke off, her eyes dilating, her head lifted, listening. "There he is now!" she



whispered. "That's his step in the hall. I'd know it in a thousand. He has come back!"

There was a step in the hallway. Governor Werden heard it also—a light step, more like a woman's, that hesitated at the threshold. In the light knock on the door there was also the same hesitation.

"Come!" said Mrs. Calhoun, her voice choked, her eyes fixed on the door, which slowly opened to admit a slight-built lad, with that order of face which Mrs. Calhoun had already described as childish. The eyes too were as she had described them, large and wide open, but they were set well apart, and the broad brow lent somehow both a sweetness and strength to the rest of the features, as a breadth of brow does to some faces. Governor Werden stood looking closely, and as if with an intent surprise, at the boy's face; but the lad's eyes as he entered settled on Mrs. Calhoun's face, and did not leave it until she recalled him a little sharply to the fact that there was a guest present.

"Speak to Mr. Werden, James. He has been good enough to come to see an old friend. This is James—James King, of whom I spoke to you, Mr. Werden."

The boy came forward at once and held out his hand to Governor Werden, but with his anxious attention evidently still more on Mrs. Calhoun. Governor Werden noted that Mrs. Calhoun had vouchsafed him no greeting whatever, beyond the fact of his introduction, but at the same time he was also aware that her omission was quite unconscious. She was absorbed in her own emotions, and oblivious to the fact, too patent to Governor Werden, that the lad himself was keenly aware of her neglect.

"Shall I go to my old room, Cousin Estella, or is it rented?"

The question was timid.

"It is not rented," answered Mrs. Calhoun. "You can go back to it again." There was a note of uncontrollable desperation in her voice, and she evidently recognized it herself before the flush on the lad's face came to rouse her. She turned to him then, making a distinct effort, and succeeding in speaking kindly. "Your old room is just as you left it, James. We will excuse you if you want to go there now."

Before the boy could reply, Governor Werden stepped forward, detaining him with a gesture. His manner was as if he

had just reached a sudden decision and was then acting upon it.

"If I may, before he goes I shall claim the privilege of an old family friend, Mrs. Calhoun, and ask James a few impertinent questions—that is, if you and he will allow me. Suppose we sit down together for a few moments?"

Mrs. Calhoun, with a quick look in which there was some anxiety, led the way back to the chairs they had left. They sat uneasily in a triangle, Mrs. Calhoun on the couch, and Governor Werden and the boy in chairs opposite her on either side. Governor Werden spoke to Mrs. Calhoun first, as she sat looking towards him, still doubtfully, as if uncertain and even a little distrustful of his intention.

"Have I your permission," he repeated, gravely, "to act here according to what judgment I have, without consulting you?"

She hesitated a moment, then answered: "Yes, I think so. Yes."

Governor Werden turned to the boy, who was looking questioningly from one to the other, but with a childish acceptance of unusual conduct on the part of his elders.

"Let me first ask you to tell me something," said Governor Werden, speaking to him directly and kindly, yet with a pleasing deference of manner, which the boy acknowledged by a flushed attention. "You will think it an intrusive and an unpardonable question for a stranger to venture, I know, but I want you to answer, if you can, as you might some old friend who you knew only wanted to help you. Whose son do you think you are?"

No amount of preparation could have smoothed the way for his question. Mrs. Calhoun, as if she had been struck, sank back against the couch, almost cringing into its softness, her eyes widening, her lips apart, her breath held.

"Cousin Estella!" cried the boy, rising and moving protectingly towards her.

Governor Werden motioned him back to his chair, and he obeyed, his young uncontrolled features working, his eyes angry, yet frightened, as he still watched Mrs. Calhoun's distress.

"One moment," said Governor Werden, with quick emphasis. "One moment, please. I know how it must pain you to answer my question, but for every rea-



son, believe me, it has to be asked now—and it must be answered. Who are you? Who were your parents?"

"No!" cried the boy, with a manly roughness. "No, no!" He spoke as if the question were incredible, but his eyes turned with a swift, almost furtive glance to Mrs. Calhoun's face. She met the look with a smothered exclamation, and with trembling hands lifted to hide her startled eyes. The boy rose to his feet, angrily turning on Governor Werden where he sat.

"Why do you torment her like this?" he cried. "What good can it do?" In his strained voice there was not only an agony of long-suppressed suffering and shame, but in the same moment both of those who heard him knew there was a note of defiant protection as well, and knew also that both this shame and defiance were for another more than for himself.

Mrs. Calhoun's hands dropped; she sat upright, looking into the boy's face, but with hands involuntarily outstretched, as if to ward him off from her, with all that he implied.

Governor Werden spoke to her gently. "I thought so! He has believed you are his mother." He turned to the boy, speaking quickly and forcibly. "She is not—she is not your mother." There was the convincing power of truth in his tone and manner.

The boy's bewildered eyes turned from him to the bowed figure on the couch. His new manhood seemed to desert him suddenly, leaving him stranded, he knew not where.

"Then why," he cried, pitifully—"why does she hate me so?" The question came so naturally, with such childlike appeal, it was impossible to meet it or to parry it.

Mrs. Calhoun turned a white face with quivering lips and swimming eyes to Governor Werden.

"You were right," she said, brokenly. "I have been cruel to him, but God knows I never meant to be. Tell him—tell him whatever you think he ought to know. I can't tell him—I can't hear it told." She rose and moved away from them to the window. The boy's gaze was still following her. As Governor Werden spoke the lad turned and looked at him, but with eyes that in those few moments had changed strangely from the wide-open eyes of a boy to the concentrated eyes of a man demanding a man's treatment.

"Your father was her husband," said Governor Werden, in a low tone and quietly. "Your mother—I can tell you nothing of her—she died before your father knew Mrs. Calhoun. There was no marriage. He tried to repair his wrong by secretly caring for you. At his death he was forced to confess all to his wife, and he left you to her care. You must understand it was a terrible shock, and a terrible charge for her. Many women would not have undertaken it at all. She did. If it was badly done at times—you are old enough to understand some things—can you blame her?"

The boy's answer was not to Governor Werden. He rose and walked swiftly to the window. Governor Werden noted the unhesitating step, the firm voice—a man's in its new steadiness and strength, but still a boy's in its sweetness.

"Mrs. Calhoun."

She turned with a start and a look of surprise. He had called her "Cousin Estella" when he came into the room.

"Mrs. Calhoun," he repeated. His tone was gentle, but in using the new name he spoke it with an emphasis that told of a yet greater change behind. "I should never have come here with you," he said, slowly, "if I hadn't thought you were my mother. I have no right here, and it was—it was good of you to take me. You gave me your own name too; I shall never forget that; but it was all wrong. I ought to have been told you were not my mother, and I would never have come here with you—never for a day. I could have taken care of myself somehow. I was not too small."

She looked up at him tremulously, wholly unable to reply. His nearness, his words, seemed to profoundly agitate her.

Governor Werden stepped between them, interposing strongly.

"The lad is right," he said. "It's impossible for you two to be together. You never should have been. Estella, the *Etruria* sails for Europe to-morrow. I can arrange for your passage. Can you be ready to sail then? But I know you can, and will. The boy can stay on here, where he is, until— He and I will settle all that together."

He paused, looking from one to the other, with a half-suppressed smile, his eyes smiling also.

"It seems to me," he went on, "that



both of you have been a little blind, to-day especially. Did you think, sir, that your own mother could have been in this room with you five minutes and not have noticed your hands?"

He looked down at the boy's hands as he spoke, and with a childish motion, as if the words suddenly made him a lad again, the boy was about to put his hands behind him, when Governor Werden caught one of them in both of his and drew it forward.

"It's nothing to be ashamed of," he said, holding the hand fast and turning it so that Mrs. Calhoun might see its condition. She started back as she looked, uttering an exclamation. The nails were torn and rough, and the hand scarred and bruised.

"What have you been doing?" she asked quickly, of habit as one having authority, and he answered with an immediate return to the same hesitating docility that had marked their relations a quarter of an hour before.

"I—I didn't mean to do it, Cousin Estella. I found, when I got to your cousin's office, that there wasn't any real work for me there. I saw you had sent me to him only because— I didn't blame

you. But there wasn't any chance for me in that office, and I did see a chance somewhere else where they were short of men, so I took it. I made your cousin promise not to tell you. I never meant to come back again. I found I could take care of myself. I wouldn't have come back now, but—" He broke off.

"Go on," said Governor Werden. "You wouldn't have come back now, but there was a sandslide in the tunnel, and you saved a man's life at the risk of your own. Senator Bond saw you do this, and—"

The boy stared at him.

"Who are you?" he blurted out. "Werden? You aren't Governor Werden! You weren't there!"

"I am sorry to contradict you in all directions, but I am Governor Werden, and I was there. I saw the whole affair at a distance, and I recognized you as soon as you came into this room. Estella, this is the boy I was telling you of. It was he who was the hero of the tunnel accident. He has already won an appointment for himself, through Senator Bond, and that is why he has been willing to come home to you to-day. Did you choose the army, sir, or the navy?"

## OLD CINDER CAT

BY VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE

SOLON and Juno had quarrelled. Now a quarrel was not an unusual occurrence in the Quarters, but Solon and Juno had been exemplars of conjugal felicity for nearly eighteen years, and had been held up to their dusky world as patterns to be zealously copied.

This unpleasantness, however, had been brewing for a long time; but hitherto, if one had lost temper, the other had always prudently remembered that they were in the fierce light that beats upon all paragons, and wisely refrained from adding to the flame. But at last there was a culmination behind closed doors, and when Solon and Juno arose at daylight neither had yielded a single point. The most mortifying part of the whole proceeding to Solon was the fact that he had just "experienced religion," and this disgraceful thing coming close upon the second

week was certainly a most painful "falling from grace," and he groaned in spirit lest the news should be noised abroad.

Juno, however, had no such qualms of conscience, for, though she went to "meeting" persistently, her service was of the even, regular variety, and as she was never known to shout, and had never "come under conviction," Zorter Blalock, newly come into that fold, took her under especial consideration, and prayed nightly for "dem needer hot, needer cole, les' dey be spit outen de mouf, O Lord!"

Juno raised no question as to the genuineness of Solon's religion; but she had her own grievance against him; for in her old age Juno had grown jealous; and at last, from much dwelling upon some recent occurrences simultaneous with Solon's profession, Juno had become suspicious.



Twice of late Solon had asked for a pass to the adjoining plantation; the last time, she knew he had to swim the creek, for the water was up, there was no one at the ferry that time of night, and he couldn't have taken a mule without waking John, who was most unobliging in such matters. Then, more positive proof than anything else, Solon's head was very wet when he came in, along towards day, and he was very surly when questioned about it.

"Gittin' 'ligion go mighty hard wid you, Solon," said Juno. "Hit keep you outen you' bed when hones' folks is all ersleep. You does lack you tryin' ter lay er ghos', 'steader gittin' peace."

Juno, typical of her race, and particularly of her sex, though possessing no occult gifts of her own, was very superstitious, and, goaded by her suspicions, resolved to make use of the simple means within her reach; so, begging some coffee grounds of Aunt Susan, the cook at the Big House, she "turned the three cups of her fortune," for she felt that something was going wrong.

The first and second cups were barren of information; they represented youth, and the grounds did not even "wash." But the third—ah! she knew it—Solon was deep in mischief, for this was the way it read:

That spot represented herself. There was a cross by it; that represented trouble—no, it did not mean death. That clear space represented water—the cross pointed that way, toward the north. Bowen's plantation was north: that was where Solon went. Across the water was another cross—trouble again. Beyond the cross was an eagle—that meant luck; but between the cross and the eagle, close to the cross—in fact, an arm of the cross pointed right to it—was a (Juno rubbed her eyes and looked again, then she pulled her brass specs, which she seldom used, down upon her nose and took the cup to the window)—was a woman!

Her hand trembled a little with indecision, then, forgetful of the borrowed cup, she threw it into the grove. So the quarrel had come about without a happy solution of the difficulty, for Solon sullenly but persistently declared his innocence of offence, while Juno as persistently put the question.

Next morning saw the beginning of a series of omens and disasters, showing that

some dark power was at work, for, without cause or warning, Juno's skillet cracked right in two on the fire before the hoe-cake was done; Solon's rooster stood in the doorway and crowed three times before he could shoo him away; and a chimney-swallow got into the cabin and beat its wings bloody against the wall in its efforts to get out. A very thoughtful, silent pair joined the hands in the field, for everything seemed to be going wrong. Juno got a "miz'ry in her side" long before noon, and just as the most unsatisfactory day that they had ever spent together was closing, a "cotton-mouth" bit Solon on the heel. Juno ran to kill a chicken to apply to the wound to draw out the poison, for she had more faith in the warm chicken than in Ole Marse's whiskey, which was plentifully supplied. She did not want to see Solon die with, as she said, "a lie in de mouf"; and hoping to avert evil, she killed the very rooster that had crowed so inauspiciously early in the morning, thus opening upon her head the vials of Solon's wrath when he had recovered from his fright.

"Ju! you done los' you' head-piece sho', you fool! Hain't I done gib up all I got ter git dat dominicker, an' hain't got but one, an' here you go an' split him up fur er snake-bite lack any common chick'n! I lay I larn you, ole 'oman, if I hatter frail you ever' day 'twix' now an' Chris'mus!"

"An' I lay, if you does, I'll up an' tell 'em in de meetin' how you done git dat rooster, Solon!"

Then, to the amazement of both, the story of the quarrel got out; the faintest whisper of the midnight was exploited, as it were, upon the house-tops; wagging heads were turned and loosened tongues clattered; and at night Juno quilted in silence, and Solon sought his religious counsellors without comfort.

So the days passed, and Juno could see that Solon was perfectly miserable; but he kept his own counsel, and despite his vehement protestations the visits over the creek continued.

Then Solon fell ill of fever and ague. The overseer said that the trouble was malarial, caused by the weekly visits across the bottom, and refused to grant further passes; but it was to Parson Blacklock that Solon poured out the burden of his woes.

"I done come ter gib up dat 'ligion,



Parson Blalock;" and Solon yawned and shivered in the sunshine, for his chill-time was coming on. "Nebber hab no trouble ner nuffin ail me twel I git hit, an' here I gwine chillin' ever' udder day lack er po' mizerbullam' dat done been drapped too soon. Hit done go too hard wid me, Parson Blalock, an' I come ter gib hit up!"

The 'zorter and 'spounder scratched his head thoughtfully, then laid a bar on the anvil—for Parson Blalock was a blacksmith on week-days.

"Ter my min', Brer Solon, you cain't gib hit up. Once in de fol', you b'long ter de fol'; you cain't git out; an' er-doin' lack you is now is how ever' fol' done git er black sheep in hit!"

"Hit hain't struck in deep yit, an' I hain't got no use fur dat 'ligion, an' I want ter let hit go!" moaned Solon.

Parson Blalock had let the iron cool, and drawing close to Solon, he whispered: "Hit hain't no 'ligion dat wukin' on you, Brer Solon; you's right; you hain't nebber got ernough fur dat! 'Cordin' ter de signs er de times, ter my min', hit er hoodoo, an' you better look out fur her, 'case de hoodoo am er 'oman!"

Solon smiled in a sickly, hopeless way, for the ague was upon him, and turned away in the direction of his cabin. But Juno was not there. Crouching low before the witch-fire of Maum Ysbel, there had been poured into her ears enough of misery to last through a whole cycle, the price of barter having been a coveted china cup.

There was no light in the cabin, save from the blue and green flames that were now dying out, lighting fitfully the features of the toothless, weazened negress who knelt before it, for the only opening was barred by a rough-hewn hickory log. On the red coals snake fat and lizard-skin, mixed with some strange, ill-odored stuff, were merrily bubbling; and the oracle continued:

"Tain't no use ter try dat cat; hain't nuffin but Ole Cinder Cat; you'll fin' her bloody bones hid out somers. Hain't nuffin but er hoodoo dat er ridin' dat cat, des ter 'do' you wid Solon; but if yer wants ter mek sho', jes ketch her when she dozin' in de ashes an' put her in de tar-bar'l dar by you' do' wid de head druv in, an' set fire ter hit. If hit Ole Cinder, you'll fin' her, 'dout eben her tail scotched, er-grinnin' in de hot ashes when de fire

done die out. If dat happin, den you gotter ketch her ergin—an' she's gwinter gib you er putty hard run—an' 'n'int her hin' de years wid dis grease; den foller uv her, an' tek dis bone wid you—what-ebber you does, don' lose dis. If she cross de creek, she gwinter cross by de dry bed, 'case she hain't gwinter wet her foots lessen she kin hope hit; an' she gotter go mighty fur way up fur ter git ober dry, so you mought tek sumpen ter eat wid you. Don' matter how tired you gits, keep er-foll'in' de cat, an' es soon es you cross on t'uther side, mek er cross an' spit in hit, den rub you' eyes wid dis bone, an' tu'n roun' free times. Dat'll mek de hoodoo gib up de Cinder Cat's skin, an' right dar es you tu'n you'll see de pusson dat been mekin' all dis here trouble 'twix' you an' Solon. You'll know her when you sees her, but don' say nuffin ter her but 'Howdy?' an' don' eat nuffin she gib you, 'case she mout 'fix' you lack she do Solon, an' you cain't do nuffin yit. You gotter wait twel de spring, when de sap'll git up. Don' you quail wid Solon 'twix' now an' den; Solon's er good man; he wouldn' be no kin ter me if he wa'n't!—fur he's des hoodooed an' hain't 'sponsible. But soon's de sap's riz you git you er good big piece er green grape-vine an' lay fur de 'oman, an' hit her wid hit unbeknownst; 'case if she know you arter her, she'll go er mighty long piece outen her way ter git shet er you, fur de grape-vine sho' brek de charm,—hain't no hoodoo kin mek er stan' if you hit 'em wid er grape-vine when de sap's up; but be mighty sho' she's stan'in' on her own groun' when you hits her. If you does what I tells you, gal, dat Solon'll come back ter you in er hurry, des es meek an' peaceable es er lam'."

Be it far from the chronicler of the Scheherazade of the nursery to narrate the marital infelicities of Solon and Juno for the space of nearly a year, but mammy solemnly declares that the Cinder Cat bore the test of the fiery tar, and sat calmly grinning in the ashes when the flame had died away; and Juno, remembering the admonition, anointed the ear of the cat with Maum Ysbel's ointment, pleaded illness to the overseer, and putting the wonderful bone that was to give her superhuman sight into her basket, together with a hoe-cake, she followed Old Cinder Cat. The cat progressed by many devious ways and giving many an un-





"'CASE DE HOODOO AM ER 'OMAN"

sual twinge to her rheumatic limbs. Often Juno had to go on hands and knees, scratching and tearing her face as she heard most unholy conversations between the cat and the cold-blooded things that creep and thrive in darkness.

But at last the dry bed of the creek was crossed, and doing as Maum Ysbel had bidden, Juno met face to face the comeliest of yellow girls coming from milking, with her pail upon her head.

"Howdy?" said Juno.

"Howdy?" rejoined the girl, smiling, as she offered Juno a tin cup of the milk.

The temptation was sore, for the rough hoe-cake, eaten in haste without water, had parched her throat; but remembering the warning, Juno swallowed hard.

"Much obleeged, lady, but I hain't got time;" and breathless and bleeding from her scratches, Juno hurried back to report to Maum Ysbel.

But the depth of winter was upon the land; it would be many a day before vegetation would wake; and Juno, with consuming patience, bore the vagaries of Solon until the leaves were born. Twice, in despair, Juno had tapped the grapevine, and twice the sap had failed to flow, but the last straw was broken on this wise:

There was to be a break-down in the Quarters to celebrate the breaking of some new ground on the river-side that had been deadened some two years before, and, in accordance with Ole Marse's cus-



tom, the laborers were permitted to invite the negroes upon the adjoining plantation. It was to be a great event, and Juno was preparing for the same with great interest, for even flesh and age could not bar as neat a pair of heels as hers for certain intricate shuffles, when, all of a sudden, Solon declared his intention of not attending. Such a thing had not been known to happen in the whole course of Solon's existence. For two days before the break-down he claimed that he was sick, and took all of Juno's nauseous concoctions without a murmur. Then he besought Juno not to go to the dance. It was devil trickery, he said, and it was very hard on him, as he was trying to keep his religion that he had gotten so painfully, and the devil would be sure to follow her home. He proposed that Juno should remain quietly in the cabin as usual on the night of the break-down, as an example to the weaker "professors," while he thought it might do him good to pay a dutiful visit to his old "daddy" across the river—for Old Marse owned on both sides.

But though Juno physicked her spouse faithfully, she rebelled against such imposition.

"Um! Ober de ribber you gwine? I lay you' daddy hain't gwine lay eyes on you fur dis day two weeks. Gittin' mighty anxious 'bout you' daddy all uv er suddent! I's gwine ter de bre'k-down. I hain't pestered wid *you*' 'ligion. Hain't nuffin de matter wid Juno's head ner her heels, sho' mun!"

But Juno's heart was not as light as she made it appear, for she had fretted through a whole winter and a late spring, and after a restless night she again invoked the aid of Maum Ysbel.

"I hain't got nuffin ter pay you wid, maumer, but I's dat miserbul I hatter come," said Juno with a sigh.

The hag ceased stirring the contents of the little pot, and setting it off on the hearth to cool, she drew her wrinkled face into many more wrinkles, and took an inventory of Juno from head to foot.

"Yas, you is, honey—yas, you is!" and as she grinned, her solitary tooth was visible in her glee. "De coat you got on am powerful ole an' fady, an' dat ap'un hain't no 'count; you gotter wash hit mighty easy fur ter w'ar hit one mo' time; but you got you' moon year-bobs!"

Juno winced, for those big brass ear-

rings were the pride of her heart; twice her lobes had been pulled through with the weight of them, but there was always room for another piercing.

The old woman leered and nodded. "You got you' moon year-bobs, an' my Becky's Sairey been cryin' uv her eyes out fur 'em ebber sence she seed 'em!"

"But, maumer—" expostulated Juno.

"Don' you 'maumer' me!" said the old woman, crossly. "What you come here ter me fur if hit hain't ter fetch dem bobs ter Sairey? Hain't I seed you in de coals, 'way 'cross de fiel', 'fore you lef' de cabin, mek up you' min' ter fotch dem year-bobs ter Sairey fur what I gwine tole you? What I tells you worf er heap ter you, but hit nuffin ter me. Solon hain't my ole man!"

Juno was sick at heart. She had given up the blue-edged china cup to save Solon, but the big moon ear-rings were the wealth of her whole life.

The hoodoo threw a chip at a great toad that was napping in an old shoe beside the hearth, and shaking the ashes from her pipe, she refilled it from her pocket. "Hain't nuffin ter ole Ysbel, gal—her day done ober; she don' claim no man, dead ner libin'! But I done tole you 'bout dat yaller gal, hain't I? You done seed her wid you' own eyes, hain't you? An' I done tole you how ter git shet uv her. Hain't my keerin', but if you don' wanter know no mo' 'bout her, you des tote dem moon year-bobs back home wid you!"

Slowly the rings were removed from Juno's ears, and the old woman, with a leer, popped them into her capacious pocket before resuming her professional attitude.

"De sap be up by ter-night, an' ter-morrer you play sick an' cross de ribber, 'case you gotter whup her on her own groun'. You cain't tech her on you' own, no matter what happin, 'case she kin 'do' you den, an' she's de bestes' hoodoo in dis kentry, 'ceptin' ole Ysbel, fur all dat she's on'y er gal. Don' you say nuffin ter-night at de bre'k-down, ner do nuffin, but you gwine ter see sights, if you does what I tells you. Mek lack ter Solon dat you hain't gwine sho' 'nough, dat you ailin' er sumpen, an' let him gin out dat he gwine ter see his daddy. You lay low twel you hears dem fiddles des er-talkin' in de middle er de night, des 'fore dey sarve de supper; den you tek you'



foot in you' han' an' git down dar; but don' you go in, an' don' you do nuffin den, fur hoodoo 'oman hain't lack odder 'oman, an' you cain't git eben wid 'em de same way; but wait twel hit bre'k up, den cut you' grape-vine, an' den you'll run 'gin sumpen in de dark; hit Ole Cinder Cat. All you hatter do is ter foller uv her, 'case I's fixed her so's she gotter sarve you; an' den when you sees what you look-in' fur, lay de grape-vine on, quick an' fas', 'case hain't nuffin ail Solon but dat yaller hoodoo!"

It was turning twelve when Old Cinder Cat rose from the hearth, and stretching herself, bounded through the doorway. Juno woke with a start.

"Um! Juno better be gwine too. Mighty fine business fur her ter be in, long er hoodoos an' Ole Cinder, but she sho' gwine wid 'em dis time, mun!"

The squeak of the old fiddle under Pompey's fingers, mingled with the even patting, was wafted through the open door. Juno looked at the height of the moon.

"Hit's turned midnight now, an' I'm er-gwine."

But she first sought the grape-vine by the spring. The bright moonlight flooded everything as with the light of day, and carefully cutting the vine between certain joints, according to the formula of Maum Ysbel, Juno hid it beneath her skirt, and took the little path toward the sounds of midnight gayety.

The barn was radiant with tallow dips that winked and sputtered through the decorations of pine boughs like gorgeous fire-flies. A dance was in progress. The men were ranged in one line, the women in another; at a certain point they met and joined hands. But, arrayed in gorgeous apparel different from the others, a great red paper flower nodding in her hair, her white teeth shining between parted lips, the leader of the dance was



SHE FOLLOWED OLD CINDER CAT

the comely yellow girl whom Juno had seen before, and her delighted partner was none other than the prodigal Solon himself. Juno's fingers instinctively sought the grape-vine for another purpose than that indicated by Maum Ysbel, but clenching her hands, she withdrew into the outside darkness again, and the Cinder Cat suddenly rubbed against her dress and purred.

Solon danced like one possessed, regardless of time or tune, always keeping his eyes fixed upon the nodding crimson flower; and the yellow girl, with lips drawn tight over the white teeth, watched him with the eyes of possession.

Then, as he sank upon a bench, exhausted, for Solon was none of the youngest, the voice of an elder whispered in his ear: "Better g'long home ter de ole 'oman! We'll hab you up in de chu'ch fur dis!"

The watching eyes in the darkness were burning like coals of fire, but Solon pulled loose from the detaining hand. "What I keer 'bout gwine home ter de ole 'oman?"





THE CHARM WAS FOREVER BROKEN, AND  
THE COMELY HOODOO KNEW IT

What I keer 'bout bein' fotched up? I 'ain' bothered!"

And despite his age, in every dance Solon led, with the smiling face and crimson flower beside him. Others changed partners, but Solon's was always the same.

Now the candles had burned out, the few that remained were guttering and flickering, and then there was one last dance, in which a madness seemed to seize Solon, and as he whirled, he drew from his pocket a long string of blue glass beads, and threw them around the yellow hoodoo's neck. The watching eyes in the darkness glowed with passion, for Solon's gift was Juno's sole remaining ornament, now that the moon ear-rings had been bartered.

"Lemme hol' on ter myse'f tight, O Lord!" she groaned. "Des fur er little

while!" And again the Cinder Cat brushed her skirts and purred.

"I gwine foller you in er minit, Cinder! I gwine follow you!"

The silence that was golden lay upon Juno's lips, and it was a repentant Solon who came to her next night, for the Cinder Cat was gone forever from the hearth, the charm was forever broken, and the comely hoodoo knew it.

Shamefacedly and ill at ease, Solon lolled and smoked, but still preserving her silence, Juno prepared a sumptuous supper for her prodigal.

After they had eaten, she threw a crimson paper flower, ragged and dirty, upon his knee, and drawing her chair close, she lighted her pipe from his, for she knew that her woes were ended.



# THE TOY COMMANDMENTS

BY ELEANOR HALLOWELL ABBOTT

O H, the black night, oh, the long lagging hours,  
When the soul yearns and tugs and fawns and cowers,  
Eager to know, yet loath to meet its fate,  
Sick with the penitence that comes too late!  
I am no coward to be crazed with fear  
Because the death-time of my life is near.  
What if my years are stained with many crimes?  
Death hurts but once, and life a thousand times.  
Yet in the growing frenzy of my pain  
Strange fancies flit across my fevered brain.  
Ever before me, wistful-eyed and wild,  
I see the phantom figure of a child.

It is my night, the time of life and day  
When fathers and gods come home along the way  
That eager eyes have watched throughout the day.  
And all good children with their hearts aflame  
Are crooning soft and low their father's name,  
Or running to and fro from place to place,  
To catch the first quick glimpse of his dear face.  
But I am lurking where the shadow's grace  
Covers the pallor of my wretched face,  
Whistling brave tunes so no good child may guess  
That I am crazed with fear and bitterness.  
But every footstep at the outer door,  
And every sound that creaks along the floor,  
And every gentle whish of wind or rain  
Crashes like nightmare through my tortured brain.  
The night grows darker, shadows crawl and creep,  
The other children have been soothed to sleep,  
But I am left alone to bide my fate,—  
O Father God, what *makes* you stay so late?  
They thrust me into life, and left me free,  
Told me to stay until you came for me,  
Gave me for comfort in my hours of need,  
To calm my body and to curb my greed,  
Those toy commandments which your own cool hands  
Fashioned for children of all times and lands.  
O God, I never meant in any way  
To hurt those treasures in my rough child play!  
I put them high up on my treasure shelf,  
And let no children touch them but myself,  
And climbed up to them when my hands were clean:—  
If you had only come back then and seen!  
But, God, my hands, my eager man-child hands,—  
Mad with unrest no mortal understands,  
Blind with the breathless joy that power brings,  
Crazed for the knowledge of the *why* of things,  
I broke at noontime all my blessed toys,  
Then turned and mocked the timid other boys.



It was a grand play-time, that little hour,  
 Vibrant with life and blood and love and power;  
 Breathless,—so breathless was its moment's trend,  
 I did not know my sin until the end.  
 Then, when my soul awoke to know and care,  
 All the good children stood around to stare,  
 Prodding their white hands deep into my pain,  
 To watch me writhe and wince and writhe again.  
 God, my own sorrow was enough indeed  
 To punish me the full strength that I need,  
 But their relentless hands, contemptuous gaze,  
 Have left me festering in my length of days.  
 I cannot stand another touch of scorn.  
 I hate the ghastly day that I was born.  
 I do not dare to pray, for fear that I  
 With lips once loosened will curse God and die.

Now comes the night, the time of life and day  
 When fathers and gods come home along the way  
 That eager eyes have watched through all the day.  
 I am no coward to be crazed with fear  
 Because the death-time of my life is near.  
 Yet in the growing frenzy of my pain  
 Strange fancies flit across my dying brain.  
 Father, I do not need your strength and might,  
 I only want a little love to-night.  
 If you must come in wrath with threats of Hell,  
 I can go bravely and can call it well.  
 But if you should come with a smiling face,  
 And take me close and warm in your embrace,  
 And kiss away the years of sin and pain,  
 I think, I think I could be good again.

## THE LADY OF THE BARGE

BY W. W. JACOBS

THE master of the barge *Arabella* sat in the stern of his craft with his right arm leaning on the tiller. A desultory conversation with the mate of a schooner, who was hanging over the side of his craft a few yards off, had come to a conclusion owing to a difference of opinion on the subject of religion. The skipper had argued so warmly that he almost fancied he must have inherited the tenets of the Seventh-day Baptists from his mother, while the mate had surprised himself by the warmth of his advocacy of a form of Wesleyanism which would have made the members of that sect open their eyes with horror. He had, moreover, confirmed the skipper in the error

of his ways by calling him a bargee, the ranks of the Baptists receiving a defender if not a recruit from that hour.

With the influence of the religious argument still upon him, the skipper, as the long summer's day gave place to night, fell to wondering where his own mate, who was also his brother-in-law, had got to. Lights which had been struggling with the twilight now burnt bright and strong, and the skipper, moving from the shadow to where a band of light fell across the deck, took out a worn silver watch and said that it was ten o'clock.

Almost at the same moment a dark figure appeared on the jetty above and

began to descend the ladder, and a strongly built young man of twenty-two sprang nimbly to the deck.

"Ten o'clock, Ted," said the skipper, slowly.

"It 'll be eleven in an hour's time," said the mate, calmly.

"That 'll do," said the skipper, in a somewhat loud voice, as he noticed that his late adversary still occupied his favorite strained position, and a fortuitous expression of his mother's occurred to him: "Don't talk to me; I've been arguing with a son of Belial for the last half-hour."

"Bargee," said the son of Belial, in a dispassionate voice.

"Don't take no notice of him, Ted," said the skipper, pityingly.

"He wasn't talking to me," said Ted. "But never mind about him; I want to speak to you in private."

"Fire away, my lad," said the other, in a patronizing voice.

"Speak up," said the voice from the schooner, encouragingly. "I'm listening."

There was no reply from the bargee. The master led the way to the cabin, and lighting a lamp, which appealed to more senses than one, took a seat on a locker, and again requested the other to fire away.

"Well, you see, it's this way," began the mate, with a preliminary wriggle: "there's a certain young woman—"

"A certain young what?" shouted the master of the *Arabella*.

"Woman," repeated the mate, snapishly; "you've heard of a woman afore, haven't you? Well, there's a certain young woman I'm walking out with I—"

"Walking out?" gasped the skipper. "Why, I never 'eard o' such a thing."

"You would ha' done if you'd been better looking, p'r'aps," retorted the other. "Well, I've offered this young woman to come for a trip with us."

"Oh, you have, 'ave you!" said the skipper, sharply. "And what do you think Louisa will say to it?"

"That's your lookout," said Louisa's brother, cheerfully. "I'll make her up a bed for'ard, and we'll all be as happy as you please."

He started suddenly. The mate of the schooner was indulging in a series of

whistles of the most amatory description.

"There she is," he said. "I told her to wait outside."

He ran upon deck, and his perturbed brother-in-law, following at his leisure, was just in time to see him descending the ladder with a young woman and a small hand-bag.

"This is my brother-in-law, Cap'in Gibbs," said Ted, introducing the new arrival; "smartest man at a barge on the river."

The girl extended a neatly gloved hand, shook the skipper's affably, and looked wonderingly about her.

"It's very close to the water, Ted," she said, dubiously.

The skipper coughed. "We don't take passengers as a rule," he said, awkwardly; "we 'ain't got much convenience for them."

"Never mind," said the girl, kindly; "I sha'n't expect too much."

She turned away, and following the mate down to the cabin, went into ecstasies over the space-saving contrivances she found there. The drawers fitted in the skipper's bunk were a source of particular interest, and the owner watched with strong disapprobation through the skylight her efforts to make him an apple-pie bed with the limited means at her disposal. He went down below at once as a wet blanket.

"I was just shaking your bed up a bit," said Miss Harris, reddening.

"I see you was," said the skipper, briefly.

He tried to pluck up courage to tell her that he couldn't take her, but only succeeded in giving vent to an inhospitable cough.

"I'll get the supper," said the mate, suddenly; "you sit down, old man, and talk to Lucy."

In honor of the visitor he spread a small cloth, and then proceeded to produce cold beef, pickles, and accessories in a manner which reminded Miss Harris of white rabbits from a conjurer's hat. Captain Gibbs, accepting the inevitable, ate his supper in silence and left them to their glances.

"We must make you up a bed for'ard, Lucy," said the mate, when they had finished.



Miss Harris started. "Where's that?" she inquired.

"Other end o' the boat," replied the mate, gathering up some bedding under his arm. "You might bring a lantern, John."

The skipper, who was feeling more sociable after a couple of glasses of beer, complied, and accompanied the couple to the tiny forecastle. A smell compounded of bilge, tar, paint, and other healthy disinfectants emerged as the scuttle was pushed back. The skipper dangled the lantern down and almost smiled.

"I can't sleep there," said the girl, with decision. "I shall die o' fright."

"You'll get used to it," said Ted, encouragingly, as he helped her down; "it's quite dry and comfortable."

He put his arm round her waist and squeezed her hand, and aided by this moral support, Miss Harris not only consented to remain, but found various advantages in the forecastle over the cabin, which had escaped the notice of previous voyagers.

"I'll leave you the lantern," said the mate, making it fast, "and we shall be on deck most o' the night. We get under way at two."

He quitted the forecastle, followed by the skipper, after a polite but futile attempt to give him precedence, and made his way to the cabin for two or three hours' sleep.

"There'll be a row at the other end, Ted," said the skipper, nervously, as he got into his bunk. "Louisa's sure to blame me for letting you keep company with a gal like this. We was talking about you only the other day, and she said if you was married five years from now, it 'ud be quite soon enough."

"Let Loo mind her own business," said the mate, sharply; "she's not going to nag me. She's not *my* wife, thank goodness!"

He turned over and fell fast asleep, waking up fresh and bright three hours later, to commence what he fondly thought would be the pleasantest voyage of his life.

The *Arabella* dropped slowly down with the tide, the wind being so light that she was becalmed by every tall warehouse on the way. Off Greenwich, however, the breeze freshened somewhat, and a little

later Miss Harris, looking somewhat pale as to complexion and untidy as to hair, came slowly on deck.

"Where's the looking-glass?" she asked, as Ted hastened to greet her. "How does my hair look?"

"All wavery," said the infatuated young man; "all little curls and squiggles. Come down in the cabin; there's a glass there."

Miss Harris, with a light nod to the skipper as he sat at the tiller, followed the mate below, and giving vent to a little cry of indignation as she saw herself in the glass, waved the amorous Ted on deck, and started work on her disarranged hair.

At breakfast-time a little friction was caused by what the mate bitterly termed the narrow-minded, old-fashioned ways of the skipper. He had arranged that the skipper should steer while he and Miss Harris breakfasted, but the coffee was no sooner on the table than the skipper called him, and relinquishing the helm in his favor, went below to do the honors. The mate protested.

"It's not proper," said the skipper. "Me and 'er will 'ave our meals together, and then you must have yours. She's under my care."

Miss Harris assented blithely, and talk and laughter greeted the ears of the indignant mate as he steered. He went down at last to cold coffee and lukewarm herrings, returning to the deck after a hurried meal to find the skipper narrating some of his choicest experiences to an audience which hung on his lightest word.

The disregard they showed for his feelings was maddening, and for the first time in his life he became a prey to jealousy in its worst form. It was quite clear to him that the girl had become desperately enamoured of the skipper, and he racked his brain in a wild effort to discover the reason.

With an idea of reminding his brother-in-law of his position, he alluded two or three times in a casual fashion to his wife. The skipper hardly listened to him, and patting Miss Harris's cheek in a fatherly manner, regaled her with an anecdote of the mate's boyhood which the latter had spent a goodly portion of his life in denying. He denied it again,





HE DENIED IT AGAIN, HOTLY



hotly, and Miss Harris, conquering for a time her laughter, reprimanded him severely for contradicting.

By the time dinner was ready he was in a state of sullen apathy, and when the meal was over and the couple came on deck again, so far forgot himself as to compliment Miss Harris upon her appetite.

"I'm ashamed of you, Ted," said the skipper, with severity.

"I'm glad you know what shame is," retorted the mate.

"If you can't be'ave yourself, you'd better keep a bit for'ard till you get in a better temper," continued the skipper.

"I'll be pleased to," said the smarting mate. "I wish the barge was longer."

"It couldn't be too long for me," said Miss Harris, tossing her head.

"Be'aving like a schoolboy," murmured the skipper.

"I know how to behave *my-self*," said the mate, as he disappeared below. His head suddenly appeared again over the companion. "If some people don't," he added, and disappeared again.

He was pleased to notice as he ate his dinner that the giddy prattle above had ceased, and with his back turned towards the couple when he appeared on deck again, he lounged slowly forward until the skipper called him back again.

"Wot was them words you said just now, Ted?" he inquired.

The mate repeated them with gusto.

"Very good," said the skipper, sharply; "very good."

"Don't you ever speak to me again," said Miss Harris, with a stately air, "because I won't answer you if you do."

The mate displayed more of his school-boy nature. "Wait till you're spoken to," he said, rudely. "This is your gratefulness, I suppose?"

"Gratefulness?" said Miss Harris, with her chin in the air. "What for?"

"For bringing you for a trip," replied the mate, sternly.

"*You* bringing me for a trip!" said Miss Harris, scornfully. "Captain Gibbs is the master here, I suppose. He is giving me the trip. You're only the mate."

"Just so," said the mate, with a grin at his brother-in-law, which made that worthy shift uneasily. "I wonder what

Loo will say when she sees you with a lady aboard?"

"She came to please you," said Captain Gibbs, with haste.

"Ho! she did?" jeered the mate. "Prove it; only don't look to me to back you, that's all."

The other eyed him in consternation, and his manner changed.

"Don't play the fool, Ted," he said, not unkindly; "you know what Loo is."

"Well, I'm reckoning on that," said the mate, deliberately. "I'm going for'ard; don't let me interrupt you two. So long."

He went slowly forward, and lighting his pipe, sprawled carelessly on the deck, and renounced the entire sex forthwith. At tea-time the skipper attempted to reverse the procedure at the other meals; but as Miss Harris steadfastly declined to sit at the same table as the mate, his good intentions came to naught.

He made an appeal to what he termed the mate's better nature, after Miss Harris had retired to the seclusion of her bed-chamber, but in vain.

"She's nothing to do with me," declared the mate, majestically. "I wash my hands of her. She's a flirt. I'm like Louisa, I can't bear flirts."

The skipper said no more, but his face was so worn that Miss Harris, when she came on deck in the early morning and found the barge gliding gently between the grassy banks of a river, attributed it to the difficulty of navigating so large a craft on so small and winding a stream.

"We shall be alongside in 'arf an hour," said the skipper, eying her.

Miss Harris expressed her gratification.

"P'r'aps you wouldn't mind going down the fok's'l and staying there till we've made fast," said the other. "I'd take it as a favor. My owners don't like me to carry passengers."

Miss Harris, who understood perfectly, said "Certainly," and with a cold stare at the mate, who was at no pains to conceal his amusement, went below at once, thoughtfully closing the scuttle after her.

"There's no call to make mischief, Ted," said the skipper, somewhat anxiously, as they swept round the last bend and came into view of Coalsham.

The mate said nothing, but stood by to

take in sail as they ran swiftly towards the little quay. The pace slackened, and the *Arabella*, as though conscious of the contraband in her forecastle, crept slowly to where a stout, middle-aged woman, who bore a strong likeness to the mate, stood upon the quay.

"There's poor Loo," said the mate, with a sigh.

The skipper made no reply to this infernal insinuation. The barge ran alongside the quay and made fast.

"I thought you'd be up," said Mrs. Gibbs to her husband. "Now come along to breakfast; Ted 'll follow on."

Captain Gibbs dived down below for his coat, and slipping ashore, thankfully prepared to move off with his wife.

"Come on as soon as you can, Ted," said the latter. "Why, what on earth is he making that face for?"

She turned in amazement as her brother, making a pretence of catching her husband's eye, screwed his face up into a note of interrogation and gave a slight jerk with his thumb.

"Come along," said Captain Gibbs, taking her arm with much affection.

"But what's Ted looking like that for?" demanded his wife, as she easily intercepted another choice facial expression of the mate's.

"Oh, it's his fun," replied her husband, walking on.

"Fun?" repeated Mrs. Gibbs, sharply. "What's the matter, Ted?"

"Nothing," replied the mate.

"Touch o' toothache," said the skipper. "Come along, Loo; I can just do with one o' your breakfasts."

Mrs. Gibbs suffered herself to be led on, and had got at least five yards on the way home, when she turned and looked back. The mate had still got the toothache, and was at that moment in all the agonies of a phenomenal twinge.

"There's something wrong here," said Mrs. Gibbs as she retraced her steps. "Ted, what are you making that face for?"

"It's my own face," said the mate, evasively.

Mrs. Gibbs conceded the point, and added bitterly that it couldn't be helped. All the same she wanted to know what he meant by it.

"Ask John," said the vindictive mate.

Mrs. Gibbs asked. Her husband said he didn't know, and added that Ted had been like it before, but he had not told her for fear of frightening her. Then he tried to induce her to go with him to the chemist's to get something for it.

Mrs. Gibbs shook her head firmly, and boarding the barge, took a seat on the hatch and proceeded to catechise her brother as to his symptoms. He denied that there was anything the matter with him, while his eyes openly sought those of Captain Gibbs as though asking for instruction.

"You come home, Ted," she said at length.

"I can't," said the mate. "I can't leave the ship."

"Why not?" demanded his sister.

"Ask John," said the mate again.

At this Mrs. Gibbs's temper, which had been rising, gave way altogether, and she stamped fiercely upon the deck. A stamp of the foot has been for all time a rough-and-ready means of signalling; the fore-scuttle was drawn back, and the face of a young and pretty girl appeared framed in the opening. The mate raised his eyebrows with a helpless gesture, and as for the unfortunate skipper, any jury would have found him guilty without leaving the box. The wife of his bosom, with a flaming visage, turned and regarded him.

"You villain!" she said, in a choking voice.

Captain Gibbs caught his breath and looked appealingly at the mate.

"It's a little surprise for you, my dear," he faltered; "it's Ted's young lady."

"Nothing of the kind," said the mate, sharply.

"It's not? How dare you say such a thing?" demanded Miss Harris, stepping on to the deck.

"Well, you brought her aboard, Ted, you know you did," pleaded the unhappy skipper.

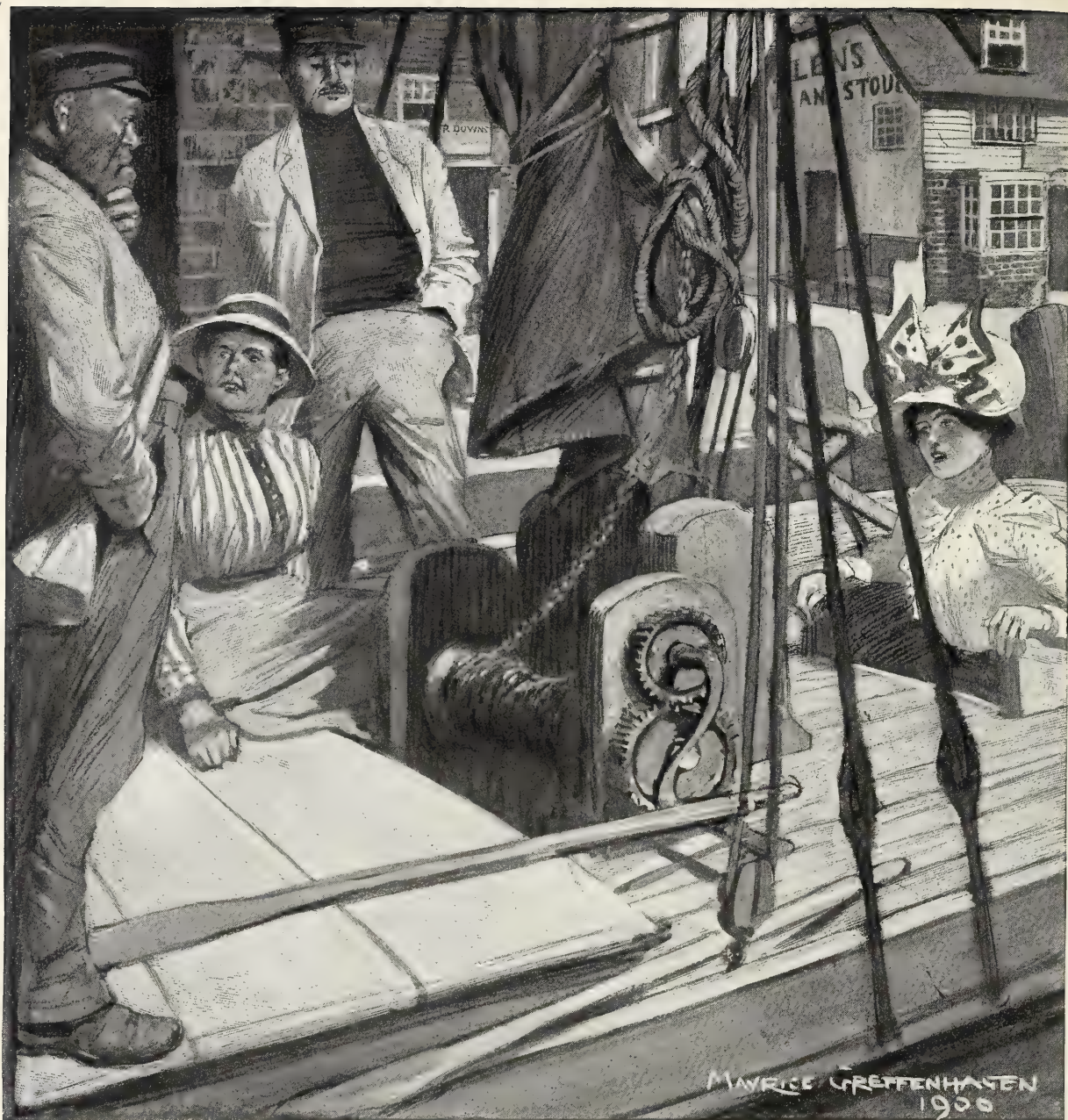
The mate did not deny it, but his face was so full of grief and surprise that the other's heart sank within him.

"All right," said the mate at last; "have it your own way."

"Hold your tongue, Ted," shouted Mrs. Gibbs; "you're trying to shield him."

"I tell you Ted brought her aboard,





"YOU VILLAIN!" SHE SAID, IN A CHOKING VOICE

and they had a lovers' quarrel," said her unhappy spouse. "It's nothing to do with me at all."

"And that's why you told me Ted had got the toothache, and tried to get me off to the chemist's, I s'pose," retorted his wife, with virulence. "Do you think I'm a fool? How dare you ask a young woman on this barge? How dare you?"

"I didn't ask her," said her husband.

"I s'pose she came without being asked," sneered his wife, turning her regards to the passenger; "she looks the sort that might. You brazen-faced girl!"

"Here, go easy, Loo," interrupted the mate, flushing as he saw the girl's pale face.

"Mind your own business," said his sister, violently.

"It is my business," said the repentant mate. "I brought her aboard, and then we quarrelled."

"I've no doubt," said his sister, bitterly; "it's very pretty, but it won't do."

"I swear it's the truth," said the mate.

"Why did John keep it so quiet and hide her for, then?" demanded his sister.

"I came down for the trip," said Miss Harris; "that is all about it. There is nothing to make a fuss about. How much is it, Captain Gibbs?"

She produced a little purse from her pocket, but before the embarrassed skip-



per could reply, his infuriated wife struck it out of her hand. The mate sprang instinctively forward, but too late, and the purse fell with a splash into the water. The girl gave a faint cry and clasped her hands.

"How am I to get back?" she gasped.

"I'll see to that, Lucy," said the mate. "I'm very sorry—I've been a brute."

"*You?*" said the indignant girl. "I would sooner drown myself than be beholden to you."

"I'm very sorry," repeated the mate, humbly.

"There's enough of this play-acting," interposed Mrs. Gibbs. "Get off this barge."

"You stay where you are," said the mate, authoritatively.

"Send that girl off this barge," screamed Mrs. Gibbs to her husband.

Captain Gibbs smiled in a silly fashion and scratched his head. "Where is she to go?" he asked, feebly.

"What does it matter to you where she goes?" cried his wife, fiercely. "Send her off."

The girl eyed her haughtily, and repulsing the mate as he strove to detain her, stepped to the side. Then she paused as he suddenly threw off his coat, and sitting down on the hatch, hastily removed his boots. The skipper, divining his intentions, seized him by the arm.

"Don't be a fool, Ted," he gasped; "you'll get under the barge."

The mate shook him off, and went in with a splash which half drowned his adviser. Miss Harris, clasping her hands, ran to the side and gazed fearfully at the spot where he had disappeared, while his sister in a terrible voice seized the opportunity to point out to her husband the probably fatal results of his ill-doing. There was an anxious interval, and then the mate's head appeared above the water, and after a breathing-space disappeared again. The skipper, watching uneasily, stood by with a life-belt.

"Come out, Ted," screamed his sister as he came up for breath again.

The mate disappeared once more, but coming up for the third time, hung on to the side of the barge to recover a bit. A clothed man in the water savors of disaster and looks alarming. Miss Harris began to cry.

"You'll be drowned," she whimpered.

"Come out," said Mrs. Gibbs, in a raspy voice. She knelt on the deck and twined her fingers in his hair. The mate addressed her in terms rendered brotherly by pain.

"Never mind about the purse," sobbed Miss Harris; "it doesn't matter."

"Will you make it up if I come out, then?" demanded the diver.

"No; I'll never speak to you again as long as I live," said the girl, passionately.

The mate disappeared again. This time he was out of sight longer than usual, and when he came up merely tossed his arms weakly and went down again. There was a scream from the women, and a mighty splash as the skipper went overboard with a life-belt. The mate's head, black and shining, showed for a moment; the skipper grabbed him by the hair and tossed him to the barge's side, and in the midst of a considerable hubbub both men were drawn from the water.

The skipper shook himself like a dog, but the mate lay on the deck inert in a puddle of water. Mrs. Gibbs frantically slapped his hands; and Miss Harris, bending over him, rendered first aid by kissing him wildly.

Captain Gibbs pushed her away. "He won't come round while you're a-kissing of him," he cried, roughly.

To his indignant surprise the drowned man opened one eye and winked acquiescence. The skipper dropped his arms by his side and stared at him stupidly.

"I saw his eyelid twitch," cried Mrs. Gibbs, joyfully.

"He's all right," said her indignant husband; "'e ain't born to be drowned, 'e ain't. I've spoilt a good suit of clothes for nothing."

To his wife's amazement, he actually walked away from the insensible man, and with a boat-hook reached for his hat, which was floating by. Mrs. Gibbs, still gazing in blank astonishment, caught a seraphic smile on the face of her brother as Miss Harris continued her ministrations, and in a pardonable fit of temper the overwrought woman gave him a box on the ears, which brought him round at once.

"Where am I?" he inquired, artlessly.



Mrs. Gibbs told him. She also told him her opinion of him, and without plagiarizing her husband's words, came to the same conclusion as to his ultimate fate.

"You come along home with me," she said, turning in a friendly fashion to the bewildered girl. "They deserve what they've got—both of 'em. I only hope that they'll both get such awful colds

that they won't find their voices for a twelvemonth."

She took the girl by the arm and helped her ashore. They turned their heads once in the direction of the barge, and saw the justly incensed skipper keeping the mate's explanations and apologies at bay with the boat-hook. Then they went in to breakfast.

## EVIDENCE OF LIFE AFTER DEATH

BY THOMSON JAY HUDSON, LL.D.

AUTHOR OF "THE LAW OF PSYCHIC PHENOMENA," ETC.

**I**N the examination of any question requiring the exercise of the power or faculty of discrimination between what is and what is not good evidence for or against a given proposition it is always best to begin by excluding from the field of inquiry all irrelevant side issues. In no realm of human inquiry is the application of this rule more important, nor is it anywhere more generally disregarded, than in estimating the value of spirit phenomena as evidence of life after death.

It is true that a vast congeries of phenomena, of indefinitely varied character, is presented for our consideration; each of which we are invited to believe is produced by a disembodied spirit; and to the superficial observer each is entitled to a separate investigation, or at least to equal consideration as to its evidential value. It is, however, obvious to the scientific investigator that this assumption is not warranted, and that, in point of fact, there must be much of the phenomena that in itself possesses no evidential value whatever.

A moment's consideration will reveal a clear line of demarcation between those phenomena which may possess evidential value and those which can by no possibility prove or disprove the claim of spiritism. The latter class comprises all of the physical phenomena, such as rapping, table-tipping, levitation of ponderable bodies without physical contact or mechanical appliances, slate-writing, *et hoc*

*genus omne*. It is not, however, necessary either to doubt or deny that these phenomena are produced by supernormal means, except perhaps for the purpose of assuming to be ultra-scientific; nor is it necessary to believe in their genuineness, for they all may be fraudulently produced; or they may all be veridical without affecting the question of spirit intercourse. A few words will make my meaning clear:

Let us take, for example, the phenomenon of levitation of furniture. In itself it is no more wonderful that a table should be lifted without physical contact than that a horseshoe magnet should levitate its armature. There is, however, a vast difference between the two phenomena, in that there is an intelligence connected with the movements of the table. It will answer questions and carry on a conversation with those present; and in answer to a question as to the source of the intelligence, the usual reply is that it is the spirit of some deceased person. And here let me say, in all candor, that, in the absence of the light afforded by recent discoveries in psychology, the animistic theory of causation was the most rational explanation of the phenomena. But of this later on. The point I wish to make now is that it is the intelligence with which we have to deal in searching for an explanation of the phenomena. The physical phenomena of themselves afford no possible clew to their origin; and it is only by an analysis of the in-

telligence displayed—that is to say, the “communications” received—that we can find evidence as to their source. We may therefore safely leave out of consideration all purely physical phenomena, at least until we have definitely located the source of the alleged communications. The advantages arising from pursuing this logical “method of exclusion” are these: (1) The issue is vastly simplified; (2) the range of inquiry is confined to essentials; (3) it eliminates from the field of inquiry a vast number of phenomena each of which easily lends itself to fraud and legerdemain, and neither of which, whether genuine or fraudulent, possesses in itself the slightest evidential value.

In pursuing the policy of ignoring irrelevant questions, that of the selection of a proper psychic, or “medium,” is also very much simplified. All that is required is one who has acquired the power of self-hypnotization, or, as it is commonly termed, the power to enter with facility the condition of trance, and while in that state to answer questions and perform the usual mental feats of so-called mediumship. As an example of this method of investigation reference is made to that adopted by the Society of Psychical Research, and to the celebrated Mrs. Piper as a representative of the type of medium required.

The theory of spiritism is that spirits of the dead take possession of mediums of this class and employ their vocal organs and hands, respectively, for speaking and writing directly to those present, the functions of the medium’s brain being in the mean time suspended.

This at once presents the real issue: Is it true that spirits of the dead communicate with the living through so-called spirit mediums? Or, to put it still more fairly and conservatively, is there any valid evidence that spirits do so communicate?

In discussing this question it is first in order to inquire what reasons are given by spiritists for believing that the so-called communications, purporting to emanate from disembodied spirits, are in reality what they are alleged to be. It will then be in order to examine the validity of those reasons, or, in other words, to inquire whether the phenomena can-

not be otherwise accounted for. In making the latter inquiry I will strenuously insist upon the recognition of the axiom of science that “we have no logical right to attribute any phenomenon to supermundane agency that can be accounted for on principles of Natural Law.”

In stating the reasons for the spiritist belief I will endeavor to do so with absolute fairness, and to that end I will suppose the most favorable conditions that a spiritist could desire. The “reasons” naturally group themselves under two heads. The first group pertains exclusively to the medium, and the second to the character of the “communications.” They will be considered separately and in their order. The first group may be stated as follows:

1. The medium is honest, and is normally incapable of dissimulation.

2. The medium sincerely believes the communications to be what they purport to be.

3. The medium is unconscious of having any part or lot in determining the contents or character of the communications, or of possessing any psychological power or attribute that would render unconscious participation possible.

4. The medium, though normally possessing no dramatic power whatever, often personates the *soi-disant* spirit with wonderful accuracy, often to the extent of imitating the voice, gestures, and even the mental idiosyncrasies of the supposed personality.

5. The alleged spirit often manifests mental and moral characteristics antipodal to those normally possessed by the medium, sometimes strenuously disputing her preconceived opinions, and often displaying an obliquity shocking to her moral sensibilities.

It is obvious that here is a series of statements which, if true and unexplained, goes far towards establishing the validity of the claims of spiritism. A very few years ago these statements could be met in but one of three ways, namely, (1) a denial of the facts, (2) a charge of fraud against the medium, or (3) an admission of the tenability of the spiritist hypothesis. To-day it would be foolish to deny the facts, since they can be so easily substantiated; to charge the medium with dishonesty would raise an ir-



relevant side issue; and, in view of the discoveries of modern science, the spiritist hypothesis is no longer tenable. That is to say, the phenomena can now be accounted for by reference to known psychological laws. We may, therefore, begin by admitting all that is embraced in the foregoing propositions; for we shall have no difficulty in finding a solution for all that is mysterious in the phenomena on principles of Natural Law with which scientists are now well acquainted—principles which are perfectly consistent with the integrity of all concerned, and which, moreover, obviate all necessity for seeking a solution in the realms of the supermundane.

It seems almost superfluous to say that a perfect solution of all this phase of spiritistic phenomena is found in the Law of Suggestion. This law is known to every psychological student, except perhaps a few scientists who are committed to the spiritistic hypothesis. For their benefit I will explain briefly what the law is. It was discovered a few years ago by European scientists in the course of their investigations of the psychological problems of hypnotism. It was found that hypnotic subjects invariably accept, believe, act upon, and carry to its legitimate conclusion every statement, or "suggestion," that is made to them. Thus, if a subject is told that he is blind, he will manifest every symptom of a total lack of visual powers. If told that he is deaf, the unexpected firing of a gun in his presence does not startle him. Apparently he does not hear it. If told that he is an infant, "mewling and puking in the nurse's arms," he will simulate physical helplessness and an infantile mentality. In short, he may be told that he is a dog or a devil, a demon or an angel, and he will carry the suggestion to its legitimate conclusion, so far as it is physically possible, firmly believing the suggestion to be true. What is more to our present purpose, if the suggestion is made that he is some other individual, he will impersonate that individual with wonderful accuracy and dramatic power, the excellence of the performance depending, of course, upon his knowledge of the characteristics of the personage represented. What is still more suggestive of our theme is the fact that any good

hypnotic subject will respond to the suggestion that he is possessed by a spirit; and, other things being equal, he will deliver messages from the spirit suggested precisely as a genuine so-called medium would do it.

These phenomena, together with innumerable cognates, each pointing to the one conclusion, led to the discovery of the Law of Suggestion. At first it was supposed to apply only to persons in a state of lucid somnambulism, whether spontaneous or induced; but it was eventually discovered to be a general law, governing, at all times and under all conditions, that part of man's mental organism which is the active agency in the production of all psychic phenomena. Under the theory of duality of mind, which is now very generally either openly advocated or tacitly admitted to be a good working hypothesis, this intelligence has been variously designated by psychic scientists as the "secondary personality," the "subliminal consciousness," the "subconscious mind," the "unconscious mind," the "subjective mind," etc. I have ventured to adopt the term "subjective mind," for the reason that, unlike most of the older terms, it does not imply a theory either of causation or of its relation to the mind of ordinary waking consciousness. Besides, it is the mind which is exclusively concerned with subjective states, conditions, activities, and phenomena. But, by whatever term it may be designated, the fact remains that it possesses powers and faculties exclusively its own, and it is hedged about by distinctive limitations. Among the former is the power or faculty of telepathy, and among the latter is its constant amenability to control by the wonderful power of suggestion.

It will now be seen that each of the five foregoing propositions of spiritism may be admitted to be true without affecting adversely the argument against the spiritistic interpretation of the phenomena. Indeed, there is not to be found in the wide *répertoire* of psychic phenomena better illustrations of the potency of suggestion, or of the universality of the law, than are found in the phenomena of spiritism. It is, therefore, unnecessary to question the sincerity of the medium, for the reason that if she is



in a subjective or trance condition she is compelled to accept the suggestions imparted to her. Besides, it must be remembered that a "medium" commences her career under the dominance of the suggestion that she is dealing with spirits. Her education, her training, her whole environment, lend their aid to enforce that suggestion. Her reason tells her that it is true, for she knows of no other explanation. She has never heard of the Laws of Suggestion; or if she has, she either thinks that it does not apply to her case, or, more likely, she does not comprehend it at all. She only knows that in the trance condition she is dominated by an intelligence that seems to be independent of her own control. It says things that she has not consciously thought of, and it knows things that she does not remember in her normal condition. Of course she is honest in her belief that the intelligence manifested is just what it purports to be; and of course she is unconscious of having anything to do with the communications. Moreover, she may be unaware that she possesses any psychological power that would render unconscious participation possible. Thus it frequently happens that when a medium reveals something that is known only to the sitter, she denies the possession of any telepathic power whatever. Perhaps she has never indulged in experimental telepathy, *per se*, and is honestly ignorant of her own psychic powers. In any event, she is not a logician, and does not know that she is begging the question. But she is not alone in that, for many so-called "scientists" are guilty of the same logical offence when they deny that a good medium is necessarily a telepathist.

In regard to the wonderful dramatic power often displayed by mediums in impersonating an alleged spirit, enough has already been said. It is sufficient to know that precisely the same results flow from the same suggestion to a hypnotized subject. But there is one consideration that should not be lost sight of in this connection.

Astonishment has often been provoked by the fact that a hypnotized clodhopper, normally destitute of dramatic ability, often displays wonderful powers in that direction when impersonating suggested

characters. The same remark applies alike to hypnotized subjects and to mediums, and the same explanation applies to both. I venture to say that much of the mystery will disappear when it is remembered that there is, necessarily, a wide difference between conscious and unconscious impersonation. In the former the actor is normal, and is forced to study the character he seeks to imitate, to remember every gesture, tone of voice, and mental peculiarity, and to consciously reproduce the entire personality of another. In short, his effort is to identify himself with the personality he represents; and in so far as he is capable of doing so he succeeds as an actor. On the other hand, the psychic, under suggestion, completely identifies himself with the suggested personality; for he believes himself to be that person. In his case, therefore, impersonation is not "acting" in the sense in which the term is usually understood. It is simply following an irresistible impulse to carry the suggestion to its logical conclusion; and this he does easily and naturally, just so far as he is acquainted with the character assumed—but no farther. If, now, we take into consideration the wonderful memory of the subjective mind, together with its potentially perfect powers of logical deduction from suggested premises, it will readily be seen that the Law of Suggestion affords a perfect explanation of the facility with which entranced mediums impersonate the characters of suggested spirits.

Cognate to this question is the fifth and last in this group, viz., Why is it that so-called "spirits," if they are not what is represented, often antagonize the medium and manifest mental and moral characteristics antipodal to those she is known to possess?

This is a very pertinent and far-reaching question; but a perfect answer is easily found in the same Law of Suggestion. If we will stop one moment to consider the question, What is the salient, dominating idea conveyed by the suggestion to a medium's mind that she is controlled by a spirit of some deceased person? it will be found that the main question answers itself. It is obvious that the dominant idea conveyed by the suggestion of spirit control is, necessarily, that



the controlling mentality is extraneous to, and independent of, that of the medium. The logical deduction is that the medium is in no way responsible for the character of the manifestations, and that, in the multiplicity of good and bad spirits which are supposed to surround every medium, she is liable at any moment to be seized upon by some vagrant spirit whose moral character and philosophical opinions may be highly antagonistic to her own. In short, the suggestion of an extraneous personality dominating the mentality of the medium necessarily carries with it the suggestion of independence; and the latter suggestion can be carried out only by occasional antagonism.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the foregoing can be demonstrated by experimental hypnotism. Indeed, it is not too much to say that all the mental phenomena of spiritism can be reproduced by that means. It is, in fact, well known to many that some of the most celebrated mediums now living have been trained to their work by means of hypnotism.

I have now briefly stated, and, I hope, fairly answered, the first group of reasons offered by spiritists for the faith that is in them. If I have omitted any important claim that pertains to the personality of the medium, I am not aware of it, and I would be thankful to be set right. I submit that thus far I have shown that all that is mysterious is easily explicable by reference to psychological laws with which science is now well acquainted.

The second group of facts and phenomena upon which spiritism pins its faith pertains exclusively to the character and contents of the "communications" received through entranced mediums from alleged spirits of the dead.

The salient features of the messages which it will be necessary to examine may be stated as follows:

1. Statements of fact known to the medium.

2. Statements of fact not known to the medium, but known to some other person present.

3. Statements of fact known neither to the medium nor to any other person present.

In the last class may be grouped:

1. Events occurring at or before the time the message is delivered, and known to a relative, a friend, or an acquaintance of some one present at the sitting.

2. Facts known only to a deceased communicator during his natural life, a friend, a relative, or an acquaintance of his being present.

3. Facts known only to the alleged spirit during life, no relationship between decedent and any one present being known to exist.

Subsequent verification of the facts in each case is, of course, presupposed.

Again I will reduce the sum total of possible irrelevant side issues by presupposing the medium to be absolutely honest, and proceeding at once to the consideration of the various phases of the phenomena above enumerated.

The first class of communications, namely, those containing "statements of facts known to the medium," for obvious reasons need not be specially considered further than to remark, in the language of Mr. F. W. H. Myers, president of the Society for Psychical Research, that from the medium's own mind "the vast bulk of the messages are undoubtedly drawn, even when they refer to matters which the automatist once knew but has entirely forgotten. Whatever has gone into the mind may come out of the mind; although this automatism may be the only way of getting at it."—(See *Science and a Future Life*, p. 32.)

In regard to the second class of messages, namely, those containing "statements of facts not known to the medium, but known to some other person present," Mr. Myers has this to say: "Secondly, there is a small percentage of messages apparently telepathic—containing, that is to say, facts probably unknown to the automatist, but known to some living person in his company, or connected with him."—(*Ibid.*)

I have made these quotations from Mr. Myers for three reasons, viz.: First, because he is one of the ablest and fairest of the Psychical Researchers who have committed themselves to the spiritistic hypothesis. Secondly, because he distinctly recognizes telepathy as the obvious explanation of the second class of messages. Thirdly, for the reason that, inasmuch as I shall endeavor to make it



clear that all that is mysterious in any of the above-named classes of messages is easily explicable under the telepathic theory, I wish first to show definitely the point where our paths diverge.

This parting of the ways occurs when the third class of communications is reached, namely, those containing facts "known neither to the medium nor to any other person present." It is at this point that the issue is declared between the two hypotheses—the spiritistic and the telepathic. On the one hand, spiritists decline to accept telepathy as a possible factor in the case if no one having knowledge of the facts related by the medium is actually present at the sitting. On the other hand, the advocates of the telepathic theory of explanation hold that if any living person who is in telepathic *rapport* with any one present has knowledge of the facts related, we are logically compelled to accept the telepathic hypothesis. This, of course, involves the denial on the one hand, and the affirmation on the other, that more than two persons may be concerned in the transmission of a telepathic message. And it is upon the settlement of this question that the whole controversy hinges. Reduced to its lowest terms, the question at issue may be thus stated affirmatively:

If A can, by any known means of communication, convey a message to B, B can convey the same message, by the same means, to C, other things, of course, being equal.

The truth of this proposition seems to be self-evident. It is certainly true of all physical means of communication. Why is it not true of telepathy? is a question that spiritists must solve or be thrown out of court. Telepathy is a known means of communicating facts from mind to mind. At least it is known to spiritists and Psychical Researchers, and it is to them that I am addressing my remarks. If, then, A is aware of a fact and is in telepathic *rapport* with B, he can communicate that fact to B. When that is done, the information henceforth constitutes a part of the mental equipment of B, who can, in turn, transmit the information to C (the medium) by the same means by which he received it from A. If not, why not?

This question has been asked before. More than seven years has elapsed since this hypothesis was first promulgated and this question asked. Thus far no one has ventured an answer to the question, or even to state the proposition fairly. It has, however, often been remarked that "it is carrying telepathy too far"; that it "stretches the telepathic hypothesis" all out of shape, or words to that effect; that it involves the supposition of "infinite telepathy," "omniscient telepathy," and so forth. In other words, it has thus far been dismissed by spiritists with a Podsnappian wave of the hand. Even Mr. Andrew Lang, who believes in the telepathic hypothesis, finds it expedient to throw a sop to the spiritistic Cerberus by declaring it to be a "wild hypothesis," and this as a preliminary to showing that it is obviously the only tenable hypothesis outside the realms of superstition. (See S. P. R. Proceedings, No. 36.) Mr. Lang also gives the hypothesis a new and somewhat formidable name, "*télépathie à trois*," which, being interpreted, means telepathy by three—which is not so formidable. (*Ibid.*) I have no fault to find with the name, however, for it is a very appropriate addition to the terminology of psychic science.

Now let us briefly inquire whether telepathy *à trois* really stretches the telepathic hypothesis beyond recognition, or if it deserves to be stigmatized by its friends as a "wild hypothesis." We will begin, not with a spiritistic séance, but with a prosaic experiment in telepathy, made in the city of Washington a few years ago, the telepathist being a hypnotized subject. A gentleman from New Orleans—almost a total stranger—happened to be present, and in the course of the evening asked the telepathist to describe his (the stranger's) home in New Orleans. The description was made, and declared by the gentleman to be perfect as to all the inmates of the house; and the arrangement and furniture of all the rooms, except the parlor, were satisfactorily described, even to some of the pictures on the walls. The parlor, however, was said to be all wrong. The carpet and furniture were declared to be totally unlike anything actually in the room. The piano was described as an upright, whereas



the gentleman said that it was an old-fashioned square piano. On his return home, however, he found that the telepathist was right. His wife had planned a pleasant surprise for him, and had re-furnished the parlor during his absence, and installed a new upright piano, paying for it all out of savings from her allowance of pin-money. If this was not telepathy *à trois*, will any spiritist tell me just what it was? Is it "stretching" the telepathic hypothesis to suppose that the husband and wife were *en rapport*? Is it "carrying telepathy too far" to suppose that her pleasant anticipations of her husband's return, and of his agreeable surprise, caused her to "think of him emotionally"? Did it require "omniscient telepathy" to enable the psychic to read all this in the subjective mind of the husband? In this case spirits were out of the question, for everybody concerned was very much alive, and the hypnotist and his psychic were neither of them spiritists.

I once hypnotized a lady and asked her to describe my home, which she knew nothing of. She described everything correctly, even a huge mastiff lying on a bear-skin rug on the library floor. But doubt was thrown upon her lucidity when she described the library desk as being covered with a white cloth, and said that a lady was sitting at the desk "doing something" which she could not clearly make out. As my desk is covered with black cloth, and as ladies seldom work at it, I regarded the description as an effort at guessing. But on my return home I learned that my wife had been "doing something" with pulverized sugar, and had covered the table with newspapers to prevent accidents to the black cloth. As that was the only time in the long history of my library desk that it had been so covered or so employed, I cannot ascribe the phenomenon to coincidence. Nor can I think of any other way of explaining it than on the theory of telepathy *à trois*.

Some one, however, may say that "clairvoyance" affords an easy explanation of both these incidents. But if he is not aware that clairvoyance itself is explicable only on the telepathic hypothesis, I refer him to such incidents as that related by Mr. Lang in the article above

referred to. In a crystal-gazing experiment in London the psychic saw a vision of something that had happened to one of Mr. Lang's friends in India several days previous to the date of the experiment. It was subsequently verified, and Mr. Lang refers to it as a case of telepathy *à trois*, and also as one which excluded both the spiritistic and the "clairvoyance" hypotheses, since all were alive, and the event happened several days before the vision was seen in the crystal.

Now it must not be forgotten that phenomena cognate to the foregoing are produced every day in the year, wherever telepathic experiments are intelligently conducted. They are largely unnoted and unrecorded, for their supreme evidential value and importance are not generally understood or appreciated. That is to say, there are few among the thousands who are conducting experiments in telepathy, and still fewer of those who are invoking the spirits of the dead through mediums, who realize that upon the settlement of the question of telepathy *à trois* depends the scientific and logical solution of the whole problem of alleged spirit intercourse with the living through so-called mediums. And this I unhesitatingly affirm to be true; for if it is true that a fact communicated by one person to another by means of telepathy can then be transmitted by the second to a third person by the same means, it affords an obvious and easy telepathic explanation of every alleged spirit communication that has ever been recorded. A very few words will suffice to explain my meaning:

I have already shown how the hypothesis applies to events occurring at or before the time the message is delivered, and known to a relative, a friend, or an acquaintance of some one present, the spirit hypothesis being excluded by the fact that all concerned were living—the only further remark necessary in reference to cases arising under this head being that since telepathy *à trois* furnishes a complete explanation of the telepathic experiments related, it is difficult to imagine any valid reason for changing the explanation, even if the sitting had been called a spirit séance. Thus the suggestion to the psychics in either of the



foregoing cases that spirits were present to show them the rooms would have resulted precisely as it did result. Again, the suggestion might have been that the psychics were "clairvoyant," and the results would have been identical. The rooms would have been described as clearly under any one suggestion as under any other in the list. The difference, then, lies wholly in the suggestion made to the psychic, and not in the facts. Is it conceivable that the explanation varies with the suggestion under which the psychic happens to do the work? If not, there must be some one explanation applicable to all forms and kinds of suggestion, and the only tenable solution is necessarily one that rests on a *vera causa*. I submit that the telepathic explanation is the only one that is thus sustained. That is to say, we know telepathy to be a power of the subjective mind, and we know that all psychics assume the hypothesis suggested to them, whether it be spirit control, or clairvoyance, or telepathy pure and simple. I submit that we have neither logical right nor occasion to ascribe to supermundane origin any phenomenon that is explicable by reference to efficient causes that we know to exist, inherent, in the minds of living people.

The next class on the list, namely, communications embracing facts known only to the deceased during his life, a relative or a friend being present at the sitting, can easily be accounted for on the theory of telepathy *à trois*, since friends, relatives, and acquaintances are well known to be, potentially, *en rapport* at all times. The facts in the supposed case may have been telepathically communicated years before the death of the agent; but as the memory of the subjective mind is potentially perfect, the facts may be drawn forth by telepathic agency at any subsequent time under proper conditions. There are, however, many cases, apparently belonging to this class, where the sitter's ignorance of the facts is due to forgetfulness. In other words, he may have known the facts and entirely forgotten them. As Mr. Myers justly remarks, "whatever has gone into the mind may come out of the mind." Such a case, however, would not be telepathy *à trois*. But it would be obtaining telepathic information residing exclusively in the

subjective mind—or, as Mr. Myers would say, the "subliminal consciousness"—of the sitter. And so would the same information received telepathically by the same sitter reside exclusively in his subjective mind. Will some good spiritist please explain why information can be drawn from the sitter's mind by means of telepathy in one case and not in the other? *Prima facie* the conditions are parallel, except as to the means by which the sitter obtained the information; and I submit that the *onus probandi* rests upon the advocates of the spiritistic hypothesis. To shift that burden they must demonstrate that telepathy *à trois* is impossible. Until that is done they have no logical standing in a court of inductive inquiry.

This brings us to the only remaining class of communications, namely, those which embrace statements of facts which were known only to the deceased during his life, no relationship between him and any one present being traceable.

Obviously such cases present great difficulties, not the least of which would be the verification of the alleged facts. Thus, if a spirit should present himself to a company of total strangers, it would be very difficult to verify anything that he might say. But should that difficulty be surmounted, it would be practically impossible to prove that all knowledge of the fact was confined to the deceased; and it would be absolutely impossible to prove that a knowledge of the facts was not possessed by some one who was in telepathic *rapport* with somebody present at the sitting. And yet, assuming that telepathy *à trois* is a valid explanation of all the other classes of phenomena in the list, all this negative proof would logically be required in order to justify the conclusion that the obscure cases, cognate to all the others as they are in every essential particular, are governed by different laws and originated in a different world. In other words, having shown that in all cases where the facts are known the telepathic hypothesis affords an easy and an obviously true explanation of the phenomena we have a logical right to assume, until the contrary is demonstrated, that were the facts known in the obscure cases the same explanation would be equally obvious.



The importance of this rule of evidence will be apparent upon reflection; for it will at once be seen that the adoption of a contrary rule would be the logical equivalent of a distinct repudiation of the inductive method of research. And this is precisely what is done in the highest spiritistic circles to-day, little of importance being heard from that source aside from voluminous dissertations upon the immense evidential value of the obscure cases. That is to say, in every case where telepathic connections, owing to ignorance of environmental conditions, are not entirely obvious and indisputable, they are instant in the declaration that that particular phenomenon is demonstrative of the truth of the spiritistic hypothesis.

Considered as a method of inductive inquiry, this is certainly unique. It is not a new proposition that "ignorance is the mother of superstition"; but it can safely be asserted that since the day when Bacon taught the scientific world the value

of a fact, this is the first time that ignorance of facts has been assumed to constitute valid inductive evidence of the existence of supermundane beings.

This part of the claims of spiritism, however, may be safely left to take care of itself when the vital issue is settled. That, as I have pointed out before, relates wholly to the question whether information received telepathically can be transmitted to a third person by the same means. If that question is settled affirmatively, together with all its implications, antecedent and consequent, it will be simply impossible to imagine a case that would not be explicable under the telepathic hypothesis. That the proposition is true, I cannot entertain a doubt; and so believing, I can but regard the logical attitude of spiritism as grossly violative of that fundamental axiom of science which denies our logical right to seek in supermundane realms for causes that can be found in the domain of Natural Law.

## FAREWELL, REMORSE

BY EDITH J. HULBERT

FAREWELL, Remorse! Why should I heap  
 Ashes upon my head, and weep  
 Vain tears, with only thee as guest  
 Within these halls where Beauty, Jest,  
 And Song their court were wont to keep,—  
 Where oft with rosy feet did creep  
 The dawn while revels banished sleep?  
 Now get thee hence—I fain would rest.  
 Farewell, Remorse!

No? Well, though Pleasure's path be steep,  
 And swollen at its foot rolls deep  
 The stream of Death, the way is blest  
 With flowers; and gladly I the quest  
 Renew, and hold thy warnings cheap.  
 Farewell, Remorse!

# A CENTURY OF CHURCH METHODS

BY J. H. ECOB

EACH generation imagines itself standing still and watching the progress of events. The truth is we are adrift upon that stream of tendency which we call history. Now and then we become vaguely conscious that the shores are different and that we have reached a new land, but the multitude of men pay little heed to the rate of the current or to the character of the shores. They are like deck-hands on a boat: the imperative duties and needs of that place and hour challenge their purpose and focus their attention. They are startled and often alarmed at the announcement that we are so many miles from home, and have reached new scenes and a different climate. To interpret intelligently the results of history, we must have some adequate idea of our rate of motion. We hear much of the flight of time, as if time were something which flowed over the earth like a wind. In reality, the flight of time is the wind of our own speed. We arrive at new methods and environments, we do not make them, and when we arrive we find a very respectable stock of instruments for the new work ready at hand.

Within a hundred years the methods of church administration and work have changed materially. It has not been a change involving catastrophe, but one of growth. Consider the single item of church music. Wellnigh the distance of a diameter lies between the church music of the beginning and the end of the century. Recall the dismal hymns, lined out to more dismal tunes, and the dreary fugues, as dull and involved as an Indian medicine-dance. Our fathers did not rise up on a certain day and say, "Henceforth we are done with them!" But as the musical cultivation of the people advanced, church music perforce shared in the general movement. It is sadly true that bigotry has succeeded in holding the church pretty steadily to the rear of the advancing column, but no institution can

live wholly outside its own generation.

The bigotry which has piously shut the best music out of the church is a survival of that asceticism which nipped, like a killing frost, everything vernal in the religious life. But as the rigors of bigotry have softened in the growing warmth of general enlightenment, and the love and culture of music have steadily advanced, the church has quietly dropped its old methods, and has unconsciously taken on the new, until to-day it may be truthfully said that the best music of the world is laid under tribute for church services. Even the wicked music of the heels is sometimes so judiciously "slowed up," and subdued in color, and punctuated with solemn pauses, that staid deacons decorously, innocently pace to their pews to strains from an opera.

The old debate as to musical instruments has apparently come to a perpetual end in the organ. That king of instruments has become so various and facile that there is hardly a dream or a passion of music which is not answered by it. Yet the prophecy is ventured that some day we shall "take over" the orchestra from theatre and concert-hall. Nature does not always speak to us in the solemnities of a thunder-storm. Who has not been vaguely conscious of an incongruity when he has stepped into the shaded church from the brilliant glories and breezy joy of a June morning? The light winds are running in tender murmurs through the tree-tops. The air is filled with the pervasive hum of insects, and is shot through with the jollity of birds. The grass responds with the delicate pickings and flutings and strident arias of its myriads of little musicians. Why should the organ invariably give us thunder? Why not an orchestra, free to echo that great, jocund, outside life—the native music of God's own world? Some day, perhaps, the church will cease to be afraid of nature.



A similar advance is seen in church architecture and furnishings and decoration. The stark severity, the determined ugliness, of our early churches may be accounted for by one word—poverty,—poverty of ideal and poverty of purse. When men are fighting hard for a great truth they throw off as impediments all minor related truths, all gracious inferences and suggestions. They emerge from the conflict with one grim, bare ideal, and their first institutions are made in its likeness. The civic and religious ideal which our fathers brought to this shore was like Aaron's rod before it budded and blossomed. This poverty of ideal was accompanied by the most intimate and relentless poverty of purse. Efflorescence in any department of life was simply out of the question. "The destruction of the poor is their poverty," in a profounder sense than we are wont to think. Any affection persistently denied its object is sure to become atrophied. The love of the beautiful, when denied beautiful objects, will fade away. The poverty of the people at the beginning of the century was so great that all life was stripped down to the necessities and utilities.

Whatever esthetic feeling might have existed found expression as difficult as early flowers in the rigors of a New England spring. The church simply shared the fate of the common life, except that it may have been somewhat belated by the prevailing asceticism in religious thought. As wealth increased, the ideas of the people blossomed into richer and more varied forms. Leisure, travel, culture, the multiplication of beautiful objects, came like verdure after rain. We have reached a warmer climate, and the ideas of church architecture and adornment partake in the general enrichment of life.

Perhaps in no one particular has there been such marked advance as in the social life of the church. One can easily believe that a century lies between the bare uncompromising individualism of 1800, and the commanding social ideal of 1900, with its attendant warmth of atmosphere and variety of method. The church parlor and club-room and kitchen are not the exponents of a passing fad, but the legitimate fruitage of a great movement

in religious thought. The church has advanced from the governmental idea of God to the paternal. From King to Father is a distance in thought quite astronomical, and the present generation has yet to measure it. The Divine Fatherhood is brooding, like the Creative Spirit, upon the chaos of human society. Under its mighty influence a new world is gathering its forces and shaping its forms. Not only do men now see that the church is a true home, but that the world itself is simply a household of the children of God. Everything human must be vitalized by the Spirit, and cast in the mould of the common family life. As this ideal advances to sovereignty in the church, we may expect to see the home spirit and method steadily displace the ecclesiastical. Our great temples are first pagan, then Jewish, then "degenerate Christian." If we are to persist in calling God "our Father," then His house must be our "home." We are already familiar with the beginnings of this transformation. The home has moved its kitchen and pantry and parlor into the basement or the annex of the church. Why, then, should it not march into the main building, and take down the meaningless and expensive spire, lower the vaulted roof, banish the windows "richly dight," and let in the Father's own sun and air? This is no far-off divine event, and the stream of tendency will soon carry us there—a consummation devoutly to be wished! We need have no fear that our churches will suffer, in point of dignity or beauty, in this historic process. They will only shape themselves into purer, simpler forms, according to the pattern of the home life of the Creator and Father in His world.

The more general acceptance of this belief in the Divine Fatherhood, and the consequent human brotherhood, has resulted in various methods and agencies which were unknown to the church at the beginning of the century; and the growth of this belief must not be regarded as something peculiar and isolated. Religious beliefs have simply suffered a sea-change in the general softening, ameliorating tendency of modern thought. In this connection consider the history of the Sunday-school, which may be epitomized in the familiar line, "We first



endure, then pity, then embrace." The child in the Father's home is so central, so vital a factor, that more and more all institutions, civic and religious, must crystallize around him. When, therefore, the church—with growing clearness of conviction and breadth of comprehension—teaches the child to say, "Our Father," then that Father's house must be administered with chief reference to the child.

This is the true principle of development in the Sunday-school, from the crude, tentative methods of a hundred years ago to the clear, efficient, and abundant methods of to-day. Out of the Sunday-school, by the same law, have come the numerous young peoples' societies, bands, guilds, and associations. The ecclesiastical idea of the church has slowly receded before the social idea, and from the ground so cleared these new methods of thought and work have come as naturally as grass springs when the snow has disappeared.

The tendency cannot be checked, or turned back. We must go with it. Furthermore, the church could not stop with the application of the social ideal to its domestic economy only. Indeed, the moment we call the outside man "brother," he ceases to be an outsider, and our obligations to him become spontaneous and imperative. We are yet sufficiently deep in the evolutionary process to speak of the Young Men's Christian Associations, our Commons, and Settlements, and allied movements as "outside agencies." But they are simply the extension of the church life. It will be clear ere long that nothing pertaining to the family on earth can be called "outside" by the church. These Associations and Settlements are a distinct advance upon the church ideal which prevailed at the beginning of the century, when the church was generally regarded as a teacher.

The emphasis lay upon preaching and instruction in dogmatics; the emphasis has shifted slowly from a philosophy of the religious life to the religious life itself; from a body of doctrine to a body of fact; from a logical process to experience. Accordingly, we find that the administrative departments of our Young Men's and Women's Associations, and es-

pecially of our Settlements, and various Houses, have minimized teaching almost to the vanishing-point, and that the religious life is given in the concrete—men and women living religiously among their fellows. The Incarnation may yet be recognized as a necessary and universal truth. Our missionary movements, both home and foreign, are responding more slowly to the logic of history. The teaching idea is still dominant—and at that door enter all the mischiefs of our denominationalism. Our missionaries still go forth not as "heralds of the Cross," but as heralds of a particular kind of cross. Perhaps a few more rebukes like that from Japan will "weed us of our folly"—"We want no more doctrines. We want Christ."

It is difficult to prophesy what changes are in store for our missionary work, now that we are entering upon the scientific method, placing facts first. Instead of individual missionaries, we may be sending Settlements to the heathen, that their "eyes may see and their hands handle" the Word made flesh. A community equipped with the instruments and working in the methods of Christian civilization, and planted in the midst of heathen inefficiency and degeneracy, might perhaps be as effectual as the lone missionary lifting up his voice in the wilderness.

The most characteristic and important movement of the last days of the century is that of Federation, which could hardly have been more than a millennial dream to our fathers of a hundred years ago. Denominational intolerance with them was not a sin to be repented, but a virtue to be cultivated. The Congregationalist who laid low a Methodist or a Baptist was doing both God and man as valuable service as he who shot an Indian. And in this respect the history of the church is repeating our national history. The colonies stood apart from each other, each imagining it had a life of its own of sufficient importance to warrant a separate existence. Accordingly it sought a complete autonomy; was jealous of its rights, suspicious of its neighbors. But common dangers threatened and common interests multiplied, until these separated, jealous, hostile colonists were compelled to see the advantages of a common



life. They needed a community of powers to oppose the common dangers, they needed a community of interest to secure the common good, and the evolutionary blossom from those buds was Federation. It need hardly be added that our present national unity is the fruit resulting from that Federation blossom.

Notwithstanding many developments, the church is still in the colonial period. The denominations are standing apart from each other in jealous isolation, and are fighting hard to maintain their autonomy. But common dangers of commanding and multiple nature threaten; common interests, equally imperative, invite; so that, like the colonial fathers, we denominational children are beginning to say to one another, "We must federate; we must federate." At first the colonies simply touched each other at points of least resistance; so are the churches coming together, and with them the points of least resistance are their reforms and their charities. In their work of reform they are driven to consolidate by the solid front which the evils of the day oppose to them. In their charities they see plainly that by co-operation they multiply power, and diminish waste and friction. Federation is here. It is a vernal influence in all serious hearts. Here and there first efforts at practical methods are appearing in bud and leaf, coming by a process simple and natural, yet

profound and cosmic. The same great law of Divine Fatherhood and human brotherhood is pushing in steady, irresistible, historic process toward the consummation of the social ideal. The brotherhood of mere courtesy, which now exists, can no longer be tolerated when it has become perfectly clear that we "are all of one blood," "one family in heaven and on earth." The compelling power of that ideal holds and carries like gravitation.

Those who love the church best are often its most impatient critics. The actual progress measured against its transcendent ideals seems to them pathetically small. Yet, if we retrace the past hundred years, we discover that the changes wrought in the spirit and methods of the church amount to a revolution. A greater rate of progress could have resulted only in leaving other institutions too far in the rear, and be it remembered that a captain too far ahead of the company is as futile as one too far behind. Is the evolutionary process anything more than normal growth? Every healthful organism must grow continually in every part. The church is simply compacted in that complex organism which we call life in a true solidarity with all other institutions. Like the organs of the body, they all grow together, and each grows by what the others supply.

## THE FAITH OF THE TREES

BY CHARLES H. CRANDALL

TO be garnished with glory and beauty, and broadly to stand,  
 A cordon of grace and of loveliness over the land;  
 To thrill with the upwelling life and exultingly grow,  
 And spread out our fingers in blessings and blossoms of snow;  
 To live in the laugh of the children that play at our feet,  
 And cast the cool shadows the mower comes eager to meet;  
 To paint and to sculpture a guerdon of fruit, and to throw  
 A largess of food and of love to the creatures below;  
 To bathe in the music of birds as they tilt on the edge of the nest,  
 And to watch at the windows of morn and the doors of the West;  
 Or the sheen of the limbs of the Dryads that sport in the night,  
 When the moon on the vision of mortals hangs curtains of light;

To dance with the Wind when his breathing is sweet in our hair,  
And our fingers are thrilled as we whirl in the arms of the air.  
Ah! this is the fortune of Spring and the fond Summer-tide—  
To live, and to laugh, and to dream, and all carelessly bide!

But oh, to be stripped by the Wind who once courted one's hand,  
As he scatters the red-russet robes o'er the pitiless land!  
To be bit by the tooth of the Frost as we huddle to hide  
The coverless beauty that furnished our yesterday's pride;  
All naked to meet the reviling of Winter's mad rout,  
Or veiled in the ashes of grayness and lichens of doubt;  
The butt of the tempest, the scorn of the pitiless ice,  
When the grip and embrace of the cold is a merciless vise;  
To stretch out cold hands in a silence to gray-leadens skies,  
And pray for the weakness of trusting, the will to be wise;  
Forsaken by minstrel and music and children and cheer,  
Or the gleam of a bird or a flower in the death of the year,  
While the wail of the world's Miserere o'erburdens the air,  
And the daughters of Summer are silent, their temples are bare!  
Ah, this is the fortune of Winter, its woe and its pain,  
To long for the voice of a friend, and to listen in vain.

Yet after the tempests the sweet of adversity yields  
Lymph smoother than bee-gathered nectar in clover-strewn fields;  
From generous juices of hearts that are willing to die  
A cordial outpurls for the healing of men as they lie.  
When the cold is afoot and the cotter bends low o'er the fire,  
And the hearts of the people are low at the ebb of desire,  
We will etch on the sky a new gospel of God that will stand  
A symbol of patience and trustfulness over the land.  
We will make a new song for the forest and orchard and plain,  
And the North Wind shall bear it to mountain and river and main.

I, too, patient heart, in the Faith of the Trees will abide,  
When my Love turns a face that is leafless and voiceless with pride;  
I will live on the love in the innermost heart of my life,  
And for love of my Love I will take that dear love for my wife;  
And the life of my love fills my heart with a wonderful joy,  
With the thought of a love that delights not to hurt or destroy,  
For safe in the roots of my being there lie, hidden deep,  
Leaves, flowers, fruit, bird-song, and children, all sweetly asleep!

I will humble my heart till it lies in its primitive dust,  
For of all love the love that is best is the love that can trust.  
In the Faith of the Trees I will find me a refuge and hope,  
Though the rack of the tempest remorselessly harries the slope;  
Deep down in the root one can feel fond Nature abeat,  
And kindle new strength for the storm at her generous heat.  
Though all to the ruth of the spoiler so seemingly yields,  
With vanity, vanity, writ on the forests and fields,  
In the core of my heart I will dream and conspire with the Spring  
Till the violet buds, and the rivulet leaps, and the thrush is awing;  
I will cling with my root and my life to the faith that is dear,  
For the Lord who is Lord of the Months is the Lord of the Year.



# THE DOCTOR'S HORSE

BY MARY E. WILKINS

THE Horse was a colt when he was purchased with the money paid by the heirs of one of the doctor's patients, and those were his days of fire. At first it was opined that the Horse would never do for the Doctor: he was too nervous, and his nerves beyond the reach of the doctor's drugs. He shied at every way-side bush and stone; he ran away several times; he was loath to stand, and many a time the Doctor in those days was forced to rush from the bedsides of patients to seize his refractory Horse by the bridle and soothe and compel him to quiet. The Horse in that untamed youth of his was like a furnace of fierce animal fire; when he was given rein on a frosty morning the pound of his iron-bound hoofs on the rigid roads cleared them of the slow-plodding country teams. A current as of the very freedom and invincibility of life seemed to pass through the taut reins to the Doctor's hands. But the Doctor was the master of his Horse, as of all other things with which he came in contact. He was a firm and hard man in the pursuance of his duty, never yielding to it with love, but unswervingly stanch. He was never cruel to his Horse; he seldom whipped him, but he never petted him; he simply mastered him, and after a while the fiery animal began to go the Doctor's gait, and not his own.

When the Doctor was sent for in a hurry, to an emergency case, the Horse stretched his legs at a gallop, no matter how little inclined he felt for it, on a burning day of summer, perhaps. When there was no haste, and the Doctor disposed to take his time, the Horse went at a gentle amble, even though the frosts of a winter morning were firing his blood, and every one of his iron nerves and muscles was strained with that awful strain of repressed motion. Even on those mornings the Horse would stand at the door of the patient who was ill with old-fashioned consumption or chronic liver-disease, his four legs planted widely,

his head and neck describing a long downward curve, so expressive of submission and dejection that it might have served as a hieroglyphic for them, and no more thought of letting those bounding impulses of his have their way than if the Doctor's will had verily bound his every foot to the ground with unbreakable chains of servitude. He had become the Doctor's Horse. He was the will of the Doctor, embodied in a perfect compliance of action and motion. People remarked how the Horse had sobered down, what a splendid animal he was for the Doctor, and they had thought that he would never be able to keep him and employ him in his profession.

Now and then the Horse used to look around at the empty buggy as he stood at the gate of a patient's house, to see if the Doctor were there, but the will which held the reins, being still evident to his consciousness even when its owner was absent, kept him in his place. He would have no thought of taking advantage of his freedom; he would turn his head, and droop it in that curve of utter submission, shift his weight slightly to another foot, make a sound which was like a human sigh of patience, and wait again. When the Doctor, carrying his little medicine-chest, came forth, he would sometimes look at him, sometimes not; but he would set every muscle into an attitude of readiness for progress at the feel of the taut lines and the sound of the masterly human voice behind him.

Then he would proceed to the house of the next patient, and the story would be repeated. The Horse seemed to live his life in a perfect monotony of identical chapters. His waiting was scarcely cheered or stimulated by the vision and anticipation of his stall and his supper, so unvarying was it. The same stall, the same measure of oats, the same allotment of hay. He was never put out to pasture, for the Doctor was a poor man, and unable to buy another horse and to spare

him. All the variation which came to his experience was the uncertainty as to the night calls. Sometimes he would feel a slight revival of spirit and rebellion when led forth on a bitter winter night from his stolidity of repose, broken only

athwart his stall and he felt the Doctor's hand at his halter in the deep silence of a midnight, he would sometimes feel himself as a separate consciousness from the Doctor, and experience the individualizing of contrary desires.



HE WAS A FIRM AND HARD MAN IN THE PURSUANCE OF HIS DUTY

by the shifting of his weight for bodily comfort, never by any perturbation of his inner life. The Horse had no disturbing memories, and no anticipations, but he was still somewhat sensitive to surprises. When the flare of the lantern came

Now and then he pulled back, planting his four feet firmly, but he always yielded in a second before the masterly will of the man. Sometimes he started with a vicious emphasis, but it was never more than momentary. In the end he



fell back into his lost state of utter submission. The Horse was not unhappy. He was well cared for. His work, though considerable, was not beyond his strength. He had lost something undoubtedly in this complete surrender of his own will, but a loss of which one is unconscious tends only to the degradation of an animal, not to his misery.

The Doctor often remarked with pride that his Horse was a well-broken animal, somewhat stupid, but faithful. All the timid women folk in the village looked upon him with favor; the Doctor's wife, who was nervous, loved to drive with her husband behind this docile horse, and was not afraid even to sit, while the Doctor was visiting his patients, with the reins over the animal's back. The Horse had become to her a piece of mechanism absolutely under the control of her husband, and he was in truth little more. Still, a furnace is a furnace, even when the fire runs low, and there is always the possibility of a blaze.

The Doctor had owned the Horse several years, though he was still young, when the young woman came to live in the family. She was the Doctor's niece, a fragile thing, so exposed as to her network of supersensitive nerves to all the winds of life that she was always in a quiver of reciprocation or repulsion. She feared everything unknown, and all strength. She was innately suspicious of the latter. She knew its power to work her harm, and believed in its desire to do so. Especially was she afraid of that rampant and uncertain strength of a horse. Never did she ride behind one but she watched his every motion; she herself shied in spirit at every way-side stone. She watched for him to do his worst. She had no faith when she was told by her uncle that this Horse was so steady that she herself could drive him. She had been told that so many times, and her confidence had been betrayed. But the Doctor, since she was like a pale weed grown in the shade, with no stimulus of life except that given at its birth, prescribed fresh air and, to her consternation, daily drives with him. Day after day she went. She dared not refuse, for she was as compliant in her way to a stronger will as the Horse. But she went in an agony of terror, of which the Doctor

had no conception. She sat in the buggy all alone while the Doctor visited his patients, and she watched every motion of the Horse. If he turned to look at her, her heart stood still.

And at last it came to pass that the Horse began in a curious fashion to regain something of his lost spirit, and met her fear of him, and became that which she dreaded. One day as he stood before a gate in late autumn, with a burning gold of maple branches over his head and the wine of the frost in his nostrils, and this timorous thing seated behind him, anticipating that which he could but had forgotten that he could do, the knowledge and the memory of it awoke in him. There was a stiff northwester blowing. The girl was huddled in shawls and robes; her little pale face looked forth from the midst with wide eyes, with a prospectus of infinite danger from all life in them; her little thin hands clutched the reins with that consciousness of helplessness and conviction of the Horse's power of mischief which is sometimes like an electric current firing the blood of a beast.

Suddenly a piece of paper blew under the Horse's nose. He had been unmoved by fire-crackers before, but to-day, with that current of terror behind him firing his blood, that paper put him in a sudden fury of panic, of self-assertion, of rage, of all three combined. He snorted; the girl screamed wildly. He started; the girl gave the reins a frantic pull. He stopped. Then the paper blew under his nose again, and he started again. The girl fairly gasped with terror; she pulled the reins, and the terror in her hands was like a whip of stimulus to the evil freedom in the Horse. She screamed, and the sound of that scream was the climax. The Horse knew all at once what he was—not the Doctor, but a Horse, with a great power of blood and muscle which made him not only his own master, but the master of all weaker things. He gave a great plunge that was rapture, the assertion of freedom, freedom itself, and was off. The faint screams of the frightened creature behind him stimulated him to madder progress. At last he knew, by her terrified recognition of it, his own sovereignty of liberty.

He thundered along the road; he had no more thought of his pitiful encumbrance



"HE THUNDERED ALONG THE ROAD."





of servitude, the buggy, than a free soul of its mortal coil. The country road was cleared before him; plodding teams were pulled frantically to the side; women scuttled into door-yards; pale faces peered after him from windows. Now and then an adventurous man rushed into his path with wild halloos and a mad swinging of arms, then fled precipitately before his resistless might of advance. At first the Horse had heard the Doctor's shouts behind him, and had laughed within himself, then he left them far behind. He leaped, he plunged, his iron-shod heels touched the dash-board of the buggy. He heard splintering wood. He gave another lunging plunge. Then he swerved, and leaped a wall. Finally he had cleared himself of everything except a remnant of his harness. The buggy was a wreck, strewn piecemeal over a meadow. The girl was lying unhurt, but as still as if she were dead; but the Horse which her fear had fired to new life was away in a mad gallop over the autumn fields, and his youth had returned. He was again himself—what he had been when he first awoke to a consciousness of existence and the joy of bounding motion in his mighty nerves and muscles. He was no longer the Doctor's Horse, but his own.

The Doctor had to sell him. After that his reputation was gone, and indeed he was never safe. He ran with the Doctor. He would not stand a moment unless tied, and then pawed and pulled madly at the halter, and rent the air with impatient whinnies. So the Doctor sold him, and made a good bargain. The Horse was formed for speed, and his lapse from virtue had increased his financial value. The man who bought him had a good eye for horseflesh, and had no wish to stand at doors on his road to success, but to take a bee-line for the winning-post. The Horse was well cared for, but for the first time he felt the lash and heard curses; however, they only served to stimulate to a fiercer glow the fire which had awakened within him. He was never his new master's Horse as he had been the Doctor's. He gained the reputation of speed, but also of vicious nervousness. He was put on the race-course. He made a record at the county fair. Once he killed his jockey. He used to speed along the road drawing a man

crouched in a tilting gig. Few other horses could pass him. Then he began to grow old.

At last when the Horse was old he came into his first master's hands again. The Doctor had grown old, older than the Horse, and he did not know him at first, though he did say to his old wife that he looked something like that Horse which he had owned which ran away and nearly killed his niece. After he said that, nothing could induce the Doctor's wife to ride behind him; but the Doctor, even in his feeble old age, had no fear, and the sidelong fire in the old Horse's eye, and the proud cant of his neck, and haughty resentment at unfamiliar sights on the road, pleased him. He felt a confidence in his ability to tame this untamed thing, and the old man seemed to grow younger after he had bought the Horse. He had given up his practice after a severe illness, and a young man had taken it, but he began to have dreams of work again. But he never knew that he had bought his own old Horse until after he had owned him some weeks. He was driving him along the country road one day in October when the oaks were a ruddy blaze, and the sumacs like torches along the walls, and the air like wine with the smell of grapes and apples. Then suddenly, while the Doctor was sitting in the buggy with loose reins, speeding along the familiar road, the Horse stopped. And he stopped before the house where had used to dwell the man afflicted with old-fashioned consumption, and the window which had once framed his haggard, coughing visage reflected the western sunlight like a blank page of gold. There the Horse stood, his head and long neck bent in the old curve. He was ready to wait until the consumptive arose from his grave in the church-yard, if so ordered. The Doctor stared at him. Then he got out and went to the animal's head, and man and Horse recognized each other. The light of youth was again in the man's eyes as he looked at his own spiritual handiwork. He was once more the master, in the presence of that which he had mastered. But the Horse was expressed in body and spirit only by the lines of utter yielding and patience and submission. He was again the Doctor's Horse.

# RICHARD FOSTER

BY SEUMAS MAC MANUS

ON one harvest evening I lay stretched upon the soft green knoll that rises over the cross at Coolum. Looking down the long stretch of Glenties road, my eye was arrested by a single pedestrian in the distance, who, with something strapped across his shoulders and staff swinging in his hand, came along leisurely, with an occasional halt for the purpose of viewing to the right of him or to the left. When he had come close I saw that his dress was travel-stained, and his boots quite white with the dust of the mountain road, and, I noted, broken with much wear. His hat was tilted backward, giving him an air of careless ease, and showing a countenance well cut and open as noonday; and though a line of delicate white showed by the roots of the hair, both face and hands were sun-tanned to the shade of an Italian. It was a satchel, I saw, of a strong, serviceable material, which he had strapped upon his back.

As he came under me he halted. Resting upon the clay fence his staff, leaning forward upon it, and looking up at me with hearty good-will and good-fellowship in his countenance, he bade me such a cheery "*La breagh!*" (Brave day!) that I at once felt as if I had known him half a lifetime.

"You look a very picture of pleasant ease up there," he said. "And from I left Fintown with the rising sun this morning I haven't rested my eyes on a spot more alluring to a tired tramp. I think I'll come up and have a good stretch."

And before I could get out the cordial welcome I felt, he had bounded — with wonderful agility for a tired tramp — over the fence, and sprang rather than crept up to the knoll, on whose velvety surface he, with a sigh of blissful content, stretched his legs. He unbuckled his satchel and laid it by his side, lit a clay pipe, and then, looking out upon the prospect, said,

"Well, this *is* pleasant."

We fell into confidential discourse instantly. He told me his name was Rich-

ard Foster. He was English born and bred; but his nurse had been an old Irish woman, and had so charmed his early years with stories of Ireland and her people that he had begotten a wonderful fondness for both. From his youth he had been a magnificent idler, he told me; and though he was destined for several professions in succession, he had not the bent for any; so that finally he was given up as a hopelessly irreclaimable vagabond, and a modest income settled upon him by his father. He was now thirty-five years of age; and every year for fifteen years past, he said, he had, in one country or other of the world, idled away six or seven months, travelling always on foot from place to place, going whither his aimless fancy or the first road led, and staying wherever night or stormy weather happened to overtake him. This was his eighth year in Ireland, to which his footsteps bent more willingly than elsewhere. This sort of life, he said, was exquisite. He knew not what care nor fret nor hurry was, nor pain nor ache; and he would not call the king his cousin.

I listened to him with entranced delight, watching the feelings play upon his countenance like the sunshine on a trout stream.

"Now this spot we sit upon," he said, "is a gentle place.\* And those are three very interesting old *sciog*† bushes above us."

I looked at him narrowly, but only simple faith sat upon his features.

"I have a good eye," he said, "for all the gentle places, and I love to rest upon them ere I pass. I believe the good people are particularly friendly to me, and guard me, and have saved me from accident more than once, or twice, or thrice."

I was more than a little astonished. Of course I believed, and believe, in the fairies and their power and their kindly good-nature to all who are sympathetic towards them, but I never before met a Saxon who

\* An enchanted spot inhabited by the *gentle* folk.

† Bushes inhabited by the fairies.



would grant them a place even in the catalogue of possibilities.

"Richard Foster," I said (for he would not permit me to *Mister* him), "do you tell me honestly that you have faith in our fairies?"

"I do," he said, looking me in the eye.

Then for a minute he was reflective.

He raised his head. "My convictions on that subject twice underwent change," he said. "From four years of age till I was fourteen I had in them that firm, unquestioning faith which a child ever puts in what doctrine is poured into his trusting childish heart. Between fourteen years of age and twenty I often entertained my school-fellows and myself narrating the Irish absurdity which I had learnt from my nurse, and had been so guileless as to believe in."

"And from twenty?"

"From my twentieth year till now, belief in the good people has been with me a true and steadfast faith."

I looked at him questioningly.

"You would know," he said, "how it came about that I reverted to the faith of my childhood again. And I shall tell you. Just lay that satchel on the flat beyond you. So—that it may not roll over. I have more etcæteras lying about loosely in it than ever were in a beggarman's bag."

"Fifteen years ago last month I was tramping in Donegal. On one particular evening I came into the Glenveagh country, and was so charmed with it that I tramped on much later than usual. The day had been sultry. The evening was delightful, and a full moon made the scenery entrancing. Wood, cascade, lake, and mountain spread for me their charms. So engrossed was I with the beauty of the region that I reckoned not time. So when at length I awoke to rude realities and discovered it was midnight, I was surprised that time had flown so quickly. I pushed for a mountain hut, the form of which I observed in the distance. But though I knocked long and loudly here, I could get no response. Had I known then as much of the customs of Donegal as I now do, I should have simply pulled the latch-string, and so admitting myself, announced, for the benefit of any who should happen to be awake, that I was a belated traveller and had dropped in to stay for the night, and then have stretched me by the hearth and slept undisturb-

ed till morning. But unfortunately I was a stranger to the simplicity of their ways. So I turned aside, and mounting the hill a little in search of a soft bed of heather, I discovered a pretty little knoll carpeted with thick moss and overhung by old hawthorns. 'By Jove!' I said, 'a delightful bed!' The night was warm and beautiful; rain had not fallen for ten days past, nor was there now the remotest sign of any. As I disencumbered myself of my satchel and hung it on a branch of one of the thorns, I said, 'Thank the Lord, I'll have a fresher and healthier sleep here than in the stuffy cabin, anyhow.' And I knew this well, for though that was my first summer's tramping, I had already slept on the hills many times.

"I was but very few minutes stretched on the sod when I fell asleep. I was probably an hour, perhaps longer, sleeping when some confusion of thought interrupted my slumbers. In my half-awake condition I thought I heard voices call. I shook the slumber off myself with an effort, and hearkened.

"'A hand! A hand! Bear a hand, Richard Foster!' was cried in my ear.

"Considerably startled, I jumped to my feet, and rubbing my eyes, looked around. On the knoll beside where I had lain was a stretcher with a corpse laid upon it. At three of the four handspike ends three men stood. The fourth handspike end was vacant. Stretching away behind for a far distance were files of men and women four deep. All, I noted, were small of stature.

"'A hand! A hand! Bear a hand, Richard Foster!' went up as with one voice from the multitude. The three men at the handspikes stooped and caught each his end.

"'A hand! A hand! Bear a hand, Richard Foster!' all cried murmurously again.

"Involuntarily, as it seemed to me, I stepped to the vacant place, caught the handspike, and the stretcher, with its burthen, came up quickly and lightly. But, strangely, a great weight seemed instantly to press upon my spirits, whilst my arm felt no strain from the burthen it helped to bear.

"We swept onward noiselessly down hill, past the gable, and over the front door-step of the cabin whereat I had that night sought admission, and down the





RICHARD FOSTER RELATING HIS DREAM

*casán* which led from the cabin to the highroad a quarter of a mile below. From the mass that thronged behind there came no sound, neither noise of footstep nor murmur of voice. I gazed upon the face of the corpse which we bore, and saw that the features were handsome, with heavy dark mustache, black bushy eyebrows, and a thick mass of black hair. The features were livid, and on the centre of the forehead there was a deep gash, from which blood oozed and ran down to right and left. The head was fixed by means of a gad, or

twisted willow, which passed around the neck and bound it to the stretcher. This gad I found afterwards to be what is termed the *marbh fainne*—”

“The *dead ring*.”

“The *dead ring*—so, I was told, it meant; and that, when the body was being borne on a stretcher, before the use of coffins, the *marbh fainne* was invariably used for going around the neck, so as to keep the head in position.”

“Yes. You are quite correct.”

“Well, around the neck of the corpse was the *marbh fainne*. And below that





"A HAND! A HAND! BEAR A HAND, RICHARD FOSTER!"



the shirt was torn open, showing on the chest a large, ugly, ghastly wound, from which blood gushed and ran, distaining the shirt, and penetrating the clothes, formed a pool upon the stretcher, from which again the blood dripped. My eye was somehow caught, too, by a large dark mole upon the skin just above the wound; for I must remind you again that the moon shone beautifully clear, so that I could see this almost as plainly as by the light of day.

"Having reached the highroad, we turned and followed it westward. When we had gone about two miles in absolute silence, there came from behind the order, 'Hasten, or day will be on us!' This order did not seem to be spoken by one voice alone, but by one thousand, lowly, and in perfect unison. My fellow-bearers replied not, but quickened their pace; and I quickened mine accordingly. After going another long mile at the quickened pace, all halted by the wall of a little mountain graveyard, and our burthen was laid upon the road.

"I looked around me in awe. The faces of the multitude were expressionless as I gazed upon them. In a moment came the command of many voices:

"'Richard Foster, take up the corpse and bury it! The grave is made within. We may not enter. We'll place the corpse upon your back.'

"I started, and shuddered, and for the first time now found my tongue.

"'What is this ye do?' I asked, angrily. 'How did this man meet his death?'

"'At our hands; through the agency of the gray mare. But he drew it on himself.—Raise the corpse upon his back.

"My fellow-bearers unwound the gad and placed the corpse upon my shoulders. I was powerless to resist. I thought the weight of a mountain was laid upon my soul. I staggered through the open gate, and onwards over half a dozen graves, till I came to an open one. I bent my shoulders mechanically, and my awful burthen slipped forward and fell into it with a heavy thud that made the flesh creep on my bones. I would have run from the horror instantly, but that a newly painted and lettered wooden cross stood by the head of the grave which riveted my attention. I bent forward and read,

'Here lieth  
the mortal remains of—'

but my eyes got misty, and, rub them as I might, I could not clear them enough to read the name. The line beneath it I could read easily—

'who was killed on the—'

but again the mist overspread my eyes so that I tried in vain to decipher the date. I raised my eyes to the name again, but 'twas useless. The lines above and the line below I could read with clear eyes, but when I tried either name or date a palpable film, which I could not rub away whilst I gazed on the lines, muffled my vision.

"I strode quickly out upon the road, where still the great throng stood, reaching away as far as my eye could carry.

"I faced them with anger and indignation in my look.

"'Ye have taken the life from that body which lies within,' I said. 'Ye are murderers!'

"'Hush! hush!' The hands of the multitude were raised, half in gentle appeal, half in calm command; and their 'Hush!' was like the sound of a rushing torrent muffled by dense woods. My eyes closed for a moment, and my frame shook and swayed as to a rushing wind, and a chilled feeling crept round my heart. Then I opened my eyes with a start, and behold I was stretched upon the knoll where I had lain down some hours before. The old *sciogs* above me, through which the stars peeped, were swaying to and fro, though wind nor zephyr breathed not."

Then Richard Foster stopped.

"Ah," I said, "it was a dream, then. But a dream that was more than a dream, I would venture to say, if only you had been able to fathom it."

"I arose," Richard Foster said, "for, to confess truth, I felt fear; and I went down to the cabin, and rattled at door and window till an old man came and admitted me. 'Poor fellow!' he said, 'you've been wandering late. You lost your way last night, I suppose?' I told him it was not so; that I had been sleeping on the little knoll above the house, and had got chilly. I did not add anything further, fearing he might laugh at me. And I persuaded myself that I had had a horrible dream, and felt ashamed of myself. The old man insisted on warming me a bowl of sweet milk, and as he did so told me it was few who



would care to sleep upon that knoll, because it was a fairy fort, and that there were wonderful stories told of it.

"The old man went to bed, and I sat by the fire till morning, when, having taken a slight breakfast of oatmeal porridge, and thanked the household heartily (for of course they would not accept any other remuneration), I set off again.

"Weeks passed, and by dint of striving I had almost managed to drive out of my thoughts the memory of my annoying dream. I was still in Donegal. One night I arrived at a late hour, inviting myself to stop for the night, at the big mountain lodge of a Mr. George Mackenzie, a moneyed Scot, who twelve months before had bought an estate there. He had a crowd of visitors—English, Scotch, and Irish. All were gathered in the drawing-room, absorbingly discussing the supernatural, and each recounting his or her own experience and convictions. I was served with supper first by them, that I might have the benefit of the company and the stories. Mackenzie himself lay back in a chair by the fireplace and took a lively interest in the discourse. This man's face had an unaccountably strange fascination for me, so that, try otherwise as I might, my eyes rested on it and wandered to it again and again.—You have often felt that peculiar fascination for watching the features of some person, but couldn't tell why."

"I have felt such."

"Well, my eyes were being persistently drawn to the visage of this man, and dwelt on it with a morbid interest. As he took pleasure in listening to the tales, I hearkened also. Some of the tales were strange enough. I could have told a stranger than any,—but I would not; I had a horror of recounting it; and I would probably be looked upon either as untruthful, or silly, for allowing myself to be so impressed by what they'd style a grotesque dream. So I held my peace.

"Though George Mackenzie listened interestedly to the tales that were related, he would not consent to believe in the supernatural. 'The Celts,' he said, 'have ever been remarkable for their superstitions, but they carry their odd beliefs to a contemptible excess. In all my demesne there seems to be scarce an acre of ground to part of which (according to local tradition) the fairies have not absolute claims. This has cost me endless disputes

with the laborers and interminable trouble. My men refuse to cut down a decayed old thorn in one place, and to carry a drain through a copse in another—they proposed carrying the drain *around* it!—because (they assure me) these are fairy habitations. Threats of instant dismissal have no effect in bending their stubbornness. I have had to get sceptic Scots to do the jobs. I am looked upon with much disfavor because I refuse to acknowledge the rights of these visionary beings to land for which I have paid hard cash. Some men have quitted my service on account of it. There is one field, called the Driathnin Park, on the south of the demense, which is excellent for cropping. I have proposed to plough it this autumn, and am told that not one of my men will set foot in it if I put into it a plough, or interfere with the ancient thorn-trees that are scattered all over it. I've got to call in the aid of my fellow-countrymen there again. The grand point about a Scotchman is that he subordinates imagination to actuality. Give him the under holds, and he'll tackle either an angel or a devil.' The company laughed. But I said, 'I should not advise you to interfere with those things.' Mackenzie turned upon me surprisedly, as did most of those present. And indeed, when it was said, I was surprised at myself, for I did not at all believe in fairies. 'And pray why?' Mackenzie asked me. I could not reply; and the company laughed at my confusion.

"On the next morning, as I dressed, there came a knock to my bedroom door, and George Mackenzie entered to inquire if I rode; and if so, would I stop over for that day and night and join in a hunt. I replied that I did ride, and that I would thankfully accept the invitation. Mackenzie had evidently just finished shaving, and his shirt was still open at the chest, and thrust backwards. He was turning to go when I put out my hand and held him. My eyes were fixed upon a large mole on his chest: and the moment that I saw it, it was borne in upon me that George Mackenzie's was the same face, the same thick black mustache, eyebrows, and hair, of the corpse in my strange dream—if dream it was. He laughed good-humoredly at my amazed stare. 'Why, you almost look frightened at the sight of that mole!' he said, covering it up. I recol-

lected myself, and begged his pardon. But I made him sit down, whilst I nervously related to him my horrible experience of some weeks back. He listened to me throughout with respectful attention. When I had done, he said it was indeed strange, but *a dream*. 'And dreams,' he said, 'have a curious knack of adapting themselves to after circumstances (unconsciously, of course, on your part).' 'On the contrary,' I said, impressively, 'I can assure you that the circumstances are here unquestionably fitting themselves to the dream.' I told him of the morbid fascination—that I have before mentioned—which his face had for me on the previous night—the mystery of which was now read. And the longer I looked at him now it came home to me with more horrifying certainty that his was the face of the corpse which I had borne to its grave. I was vexed to find I could not impress him with my convictions that I had had a terrible experience rather than a dream, and that there was decidedly something more than either mere coincidence or mere adaptation of idea in the fact of my recognizing in him the dead man of that night. But though he evidently attached not the slightest importance to what he felt assured was an idle dream, he showed every consideration for my belief, and refrained from pooh-poohing it, as many less considerate men would have done.

"'Have you a gray mare?' I suddenly asked him.

"'No,' he said, 'and I trust that will comfort you somewhat. I have not a gray mare. I had such, indeed, and a vicious animal she was. I only parted with her ten days ago. She is now out of the way of doing harm to me or mine: she is kicking up her heels in some shire in England.'

"While agreeing to stop over with Mackenzie for another day, I absolutely refused to join the hunt. He did smile at this, but excused me.

"All the evening I watched eagerly and earnestly for the return of the party. And when at length they did return all safe, and with Mackenzie himself cantering jovially at the head of them, a great burthen was lifted off my breast. Next morning I bade farewell to George Mackenzie and his guests, and fared forward on my rambles.

"In September of the following year I found myself in Donegal and in the Glenveagh country again. On an evening I pushed for my friend Mackenzie's, intending to pass the night with him. But, to my surprise, the gates were locked, the avenue grass-grown, and the lodge utterly deserted. I turned my back upon it, wondering what had driven Mackenzie from his grand place so soon. I went forward more than a mile without meeting a house, or a person of whom I could make inquiries. Suddenly I found myself at a little graveyard, the appearance of which startled me, for it was the very graveyard of my last year's wonderful experience. I passed over a stile into the plot, and strode forward about twenty yards, when I discovered a grave with at its head a modest little cross, painted black, and worded,

*'Here lieth  
the mortal remains of  
George Mackenzie,  
who was killed on the  
17th day of October, 1853.'*

"I sat down upon the ground for half an hour, dazed. It was growing dark and chilly when I arose up and left the graveyard. I met with a house ere I had gone far, and went into it to pass the night. As I chatted with the family before bedtime, I said that I was much surprised to find that Mr. George Mackenzie was dead and buried. Yes, they said, feelingly; he had been thrown by a vicious beast last year and kicked to death. And it was a remarkable circumstance, they added, that on the very morning of the day on which he was killed he had begun cutting down fairy thorns in the Driathnin Park. I asked which of his beasts had killed him. 'It was an animal,' they said, 'which he had tried to rid himself of a few months before, having sold it for export to England; but it was returned to him again because of its faults. It was a gray mare.'

Richard Foster asked me where I lived. I pointed out to him my little cabin. He said, "I should like to put up for the night with you, if you haven't any objection." I assured him I should feel honored if only I had even middling accommodation for him—even a spare bed, which, unluckily, I had not. "Make



your mind easy," he said. "A green bed will do me; there is none pleasanter and none healthier."

So, on a bed of long rushes, which we both cut in the Hazel Hollow, he reposed for a night beneath my roof. But ere we retired to bed—at a very late hour—I was impressed by the fact that one of the most

interesting men I ever chatted with, and certainly the most refreshing, was Richard Foster.

When he turned on the road next morning to raise his hat in final adieu to us, and then went gayly forward swinging his staff, we gazed after him with fond regret.

## DROUTH

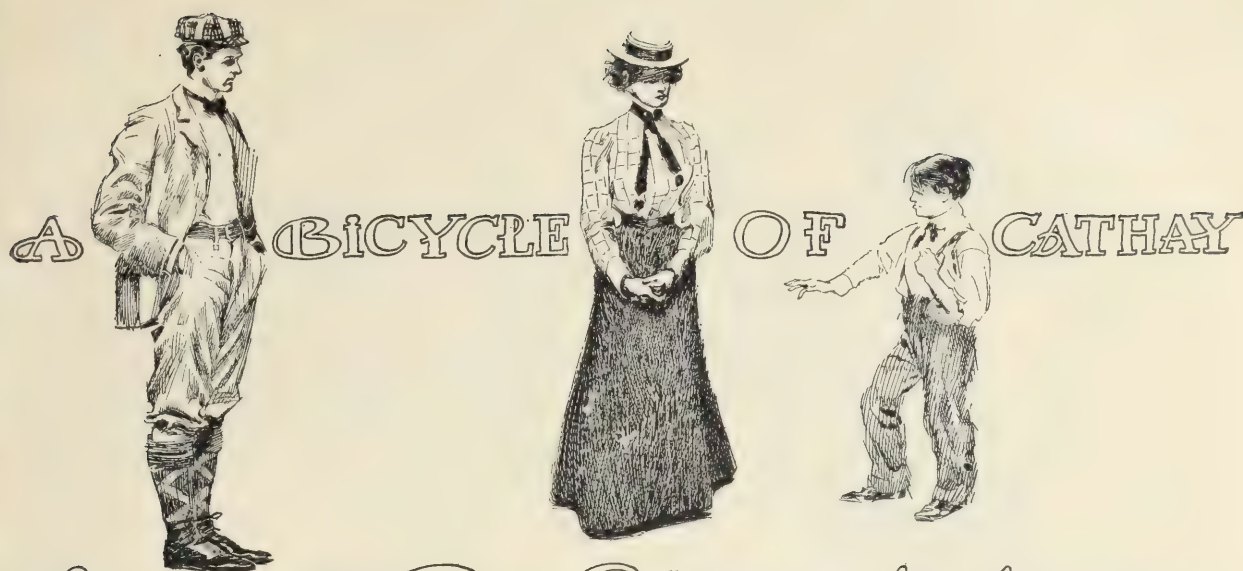
BY MADISON CAWEIN

THE hot sunflowers by the glaring pike  
Lift shields of sultry brass; the teasel-tops,  
Pink-thorned, advance with bristling spike on spike  
Against the furious sunlight. Field and copse  
Are sick with summer: now, with breathless stops,  
The locusts cymbal; now grasshoppers beat  
Their castanets; and rolled in dust, a team,—  
Like some mean life lost in its sorry dream,—  
An empty wagon rattles through the heat.

Where now the blue-streaked flags? the flowers whose mouths  
Are moist and musky? where the sweet-breathed mint,  
That made the brook-bank herby? where the South's  
Wild morning-glories, rich in hues, that hint  
At coming showers that the rainbows tint?  
Where all the blossoms that the wildwood knows?—  
The frail oxalis hidden in its leaves;  
The Indian-pipe, pale as a soul that grieves;  
The freckled touch-me-not, and forest rose.

Dead! dead! all dead beside the drouth-burnt brook,  
Shrouded in moss or in the shrivelled grass:  
Where waved their bells,—from which the wild-bee shook  
The dewdrop once,—gaunt, in a nightmare mass,  
The rank weeds crowd; through which the cattle pass,  
Thirsty and lean, seeking some meagre spring,  
Closed in with thorns, on which stray bits of wool  
The panting sheep have left, that sought the cool,  
From morn to evening wearily wandering.

No bird is heard; no throat to whistle awake  
The sleepy hush; to let its music leak,  
Fresh, bubblelike, through bloom-roofs of the brake:  
Only the gray-blue heron, famine-weak,—  
Searching the stale pools of the minnowless creek,—  
Utters its call; and then the rain-crow too,  
False prophet now, croaks to the stagnant air;  
While overhead,—still as if painted there,—  
A buzzard hangs, black on the burning blue.



Frank R. Stockton

PART III



RS. CHESTER and I hurried back to the yard. There was the bear, now sitting calmly on his haunches, but there was no Italian.

"Now, that his master is gone," my hostess exclaimed, "I am afraid of him! I will not go any farther! Can you imagine anything that can be done with that beast?"

I had no immediate answer to give, and I was still very much amused at the absurdity of the situation. Had anyone ever before paid his bill in such fashion? At this moment the stable-man approached us from one of the outbuildings. "This is my hostler," she said. "Perhaps he can suggest something."

"This is a bad go, ma'am," said he. "The horse was out in the pasture all night, but this morning when I went to bring him up I couldn't make him come near the stable. He smells that bear! It seems to drive him crazy!"

"It's awful!" she said. "What are we going to do, John? Do you think the animal will become dangerous when he misses his master?"

"Oh, there's nothin' dangerous about him," answered John. "I was sittin' talkin' to that Dago last night after supper, and he says his bear's tamer than a cat. He is so mild-tempered that he wouldn't hurt nobody. The Dago says he sleeps close up to him of cold nights to keep himself warm. There ain't no

trouble about his bein' dangerous, but you can't bring the horse into the stable while he's about. If anybody was to drive into this yard without knowin', they'd be a circus, I can tell you! Horses can't stand bears."

She looked at me in dismay. "Couldn't he be shot and buried?" she asked.

I had my doubts on that point. A tame bear is a valuable animal, and I could not advise her to dispose of the property of another person in that summary way.

"But he must be got away," she said. "We can't have a bear here. He must be taken away some way or other. Isn't there any place where he could be put until the Italian comes back?"

"That Dago's never comin' back," said the boy, solemnly. "If you'd a-seen him scoot, you'd a-knowed that he was dead skeered, and would never turn up here no more, bear or no bear."

Mrs. Chester looked at me. She was greatly worried, but she was also amused, and she could not help laughing.

"Isn't this a dreadful predicament?" she said. "What in the world am I to do?" At this moment there was an acidulated voice from the kitchen. "Mrs. Whittaker wants to see you, Mrs. Chester," it cried, "right away!"

"Oh dear!" said she. "Here is more trouble! Mrs. Whittaker is an invalid lady who is so nervous that she could not sleep one night because she heard a man had killed a snake at the back of the barn,



and what she will say when she hears that we have a bear here without a master I do not know. I must go to her, and I do wish you could think of something that I can do;" as she said this she looked at me as if it were a natural thing for her to rely upon me. For a moment it made me think of the star that had winked the night before.

Mrs. Chester hurried into the house, and in company with the stable-man I crossed the yard toward the bear.

"You are sure he is gentle?" said I.

"Mild as milk!" said the man. "I was a-playin' with him last night. He'll let you do anything with him! If you box his ears, he'll lay over flat down on his side!"

When we were within a few feet of the bear he sat upright, dangled his fore paws in front of him, and, with his head on one side, he partly opened his mouth and lolled out his tongue. "I guess he's beggin' for his breakfast," said John.

"Can't you get him something to eat?" I asked. "He ought to be fed, to begin with."

The man went back to the kitchen, and I walked slowly around the bear, looking at the chain and the post, and trying to see what sort of a collar was almost hidden under his shaggy hair. Apparently he seemed securely attached, and then—as he was at the end of his chain—I went up to him and gently patted one paw. He did not object to this, and turning his head he let his tongue loll out on the other side, fixing his little black eyes upon me with much earnestness. When the man came with the pan of scraps from the kitchen, I took it from him and placed it on the ground in front of the bear. Instantly the animal dropped to his feet, and began to eat with earnest rapidity.

"I wonder how much he'd take in for one meal," said John, "if you'd give him all he wanted? I guess that Dago never let him have any more'n he could help."

As the bear was licking the tin pan I stood and looked at him. "I wonder if he would be tame with strangers?" said I. "Do you suppose we could take him away from this post if we wanted to?"

"Oh, yes," said John. "I wouldn't be afraid to take him anywheres, only there isn't any place to take him to." He then stepped quite close to the bear. "Hey,

horsey!" said he. "Hey, old horsey! Good old horsey!"

"Is that his name?" I asked.

"That's what the Dago called him," said John. "Hey, horsey! Good horsey!" And he stooped and unfastened the chain from the post.

I imagined that the Italian had called the bear "Orso," perhaps with some diminutive, but I did not care to discuss this. I was very much interested to see what the man was going to do. With the end of the chain in his hand, John now stepped in front of the bear and said, "Come along, horsey!" and, to my surprise, the bear began to shamble after him as quietly as if he had been following his old master. "See!" cried John. "He'll go anywheres I choose to take him!" and he began to lead him about the yard.

As he approached the kitchen there came a fearful scream from the open window.

"Take him away! Take him away!" I heard in the shrillest of accents.

"They're dreadfully skeered," said John, as he led the bear back, "but he wouldn't hurt nobody! It would be a good thing though to put his muzzle on; that's it hangin' over there by the shed; it's like a halter, and straps up his jaws. The Dago said there ain't no need for it, but he puts it on when he's travellin' along the road, to keep people from bein' skeered."

"It would be well to put it on," said I. "I wonder if we can get him into it?"

"I guess he'd let you do anything you'd a mind to," replied John, as he again fastened the chain to the post.

I took down the muzzle and approached the bear. He did not growl, but stood perfectly still and looked at me. I put the muzzle over his head, and holding myself in readiness to elude a sudden snap, I strapped up his jaws. The creature made no snap—he gazed at me with mild resignation.

"As far as he goes," said John, "he's all right; but as far as everything else goes—especially horses—they're all wrong. He's got to be got rid of some way."

I had nothing more to say to John, and I went into the house. I met Mrs. Chester in the hall.





*To My Left I Saw A Line Of Trees Which Seemed To Indicate A Road*

"I have had a bad time upstairs," she said. "Mrs. Whittaker declares that she will not stay an hour in a house where there is a bear without a master, but as she has a terrible sciatica and cannot travel, I do not know what she is going to do. Her trained nurse, I believe, is now putting on her bonnet to depart."

As she spoke, the joyful anticipation of a few days at the Holly Sprig Inn began to fade away. I did not blame the bear as the present cause of my disappointment. He had done all he could for me. It was his wretched master who had done the mischief by running away and leaving him. But no matter what had happened, I saw my duty plainly before me. I had not been encouraged to stay, but it is possible that I might have done so without encouragement, but now I saw that I must go. The Fates, who, as I had hoped, had compelled my stay, now compelled my departure.

"Do not give yourself another thought upon the subject," I said. "I will settle the whole matter, and nobody need be frightened or disturbed. The Cheltenham Hotel is only a few miles farther on,

and I shall have to walk there anyway. I will start immediately and take the bear with me. I am sure that he will allow me to lead him wherever I please. I have tried him, and I find that he is a great deal gentler than most children."

She exclaimed in horror: "You must not think of it! He might spring upon you and tear you to pieces!"

"Oh, he will not do that," I answered. "He is not that sort of a bear—and, besides, he is securely muzzled. I muzzled him myself, and he did not mind it in the least. Oh, you need not be afraid of the bear; he has had his breakfast and he is in perfect good-humor with the world. It will not take me long to reach the hotel, and I shall enjoy the walk, and when I get there I will be sure to find some shed or outhouse where the beast can be shut up until it can be decided what to do with him. I can leave him there and have him legally advertised, and then—if nothing else can be done—he can be shot. I shall be very glad to have his skin; it will be worth enough to cover his bill here, and the damages to my bicycle. I shall send for that as soon as I reach the hotel. I



can go to Waterton by train and take it with me. I can have it made all right in Waterton. So now, you see, I have settled everything satisfactorily."

She looked at me earnestly, and although there was a certain solicitude in her gaze, I could also see there signs of great relief. "But isn't there some other way of getting that bear to the hotel?" she said. "It will be dreadful for you to have to walk there and lead him."

"It's the only way to do it," I answered. "You could not hitch a bear behind a wagon—the horse would run away and jerk his head off. The only way to take a bear about the country is to lead him, and I do not mind it in the least. As I have got to go without my bicycle I would like to have some sort of company. Anyway, the bear must go, and as I am on the road to the Cheltenham I shall be very glad to take him along with me."

"I think you are wonderfully brave," she said, "and very good. If I can persuade myself it will be perfectly safe for you, it will certainly be a great relief to me."

I was now engaged in a piece of self-sacrifice, and I felt that I must do it thoroughly and promptly. "I will go and get my valise," I said, "for I ought to start immediately."

"Oh, I will send that!" she exclaimed.

"No," I answered; "it does not weigh anything, and I can sling it over my shoulder. By-the-way," I said, turning as I was about to leave the room, "I have forgotten something." I put my hand into my pocket; it would not do to forget that I was after all only a departing guest.

"No, no," she replied, quickly, "I am your debtor. When you find out how much damage you have suffered, and what is to be done with the bear, all that can be settled. You can write to me, but I will have nothing to do with it now."

With my valise over my shoulder I returned to the hall to take leave of my hostess. Now she seemed somewhat contrite. Fate and she had conquered, I was going away, and she was sorry for me.

"I think it is wonderfully good of you to do all this," she said. "I wish I could do something for you."

I would have been glad to suggest that she might ask me to come again, and it

would also have pleased me to say that I did not believe that her husband, if he could express his opinion, would commend her apparent inhospitality to his successor. But I made no such remarks, and offered my hand, which she cordially clasped as if I were an old friend and were going away to settle in the Himalayas.

I went into the yard to get Orso. He was lying down when I approached him, but I think he knew from my general appearance that I was prepared to take the road, and he rose to his feet as much as to say, "I am ready." I unfastened the chain from the post, and, with the best of wishes for good luck from John, who now seemed to be very well satisfied with me, I walked around the side of the house, the bear following as submissively as if he had been used to my leadership all his life.

I did not see the boy nor the lemon-faced woman, and I was glad of it. I believe they would have cast evil eyes upon me, and there is no knowing what that bear might have done in consequence.

Mrs. Chester was standing in the door as I reached the road. "Good-by!" she cried, "and good fortune go with you!" I raised my hat, and gave Orso a little jerk with the chain.

He was a very slow walker, that bear. If I had been alone I would have been out of sight of the inn in less than five minutes. As it was, I looked back after a considerable time to see if I really were out of sight of the house, and I found I was not. She was still standing in the doorway, and when I turned she waved her handkerchief. Now that I had truly left and was gone, she seemed to be willing to let me know better than before what a charming woman she was. I took off my hat again, and pressed forward.

For a couple of miles, perhaps, I walked thoughtfully, and I do not believe I once thought of the bear shambling silently behind me. I had been dreaming a day-dream—not building a castle in the air, for I had seen before me a castle already built. I had simply been dreaming myself into it, into its life, into its possessions, into the possession of everything which belonged to it.

It had been a fascinating vision. It



*He Was Running Away*

had suited my fancy better than any vision of the future which I had ever had. I was not ambitious; I loved the loveliness of life. I was a student, and I had a dream of life which would not interfere with the society of my books. I loved all rural pleasures, and I had dreamed of a life where these were spread out ready for my enjoyment. I was a man formed to love, and there had come to me dreams of this sort of thing.

My dreams had even taken practical shape. As I was dressing myself that morning I had puzzled my brain to find a pretext for taking the first step, which would be to remain a few days at the inn.

The pretext for doing this had appeared to me. For a moment I had snatched at it and shown my joy, and then it had utterly disappeared—the vision, the fancy, the anticipations, the plans, the vine-covered home in the air, all was destroyed as completely as if it had been the tire of my bicycle scattered about in little bits upon the ground.

“Come along, old Orso!” I exclaimed, endeavoring to mend my pace, and giving the bear a good pull upon his chain. But the ugly creature did not walk any faster; he simply looked at me with an air as if he would say that if I kept long upon the road I would learn to take it easy, and maintained the deliberate slouch of his demeanor.

Presently I stopped, and Orso was very willing to imitate me in that action. I found, to my surprise, that I was not walking upon a macadamized road: such was the highway which passed the inn and led, I had been told, to the Cheltenham. I was now upon a road of gravel

and clay, smooth enough and wide enough, but of a different character from that on which I had started that morning. I looked about me. Across a field to my left I saw a line of trees which seemed to indicate a road. I had a dim recollection of having passed a road which seemed to turn to the left, but I had been thinking very earnestly, and I had paid little attention to it. Probably that road was the main road and this the one which turned off.

I determined to investigate. It would not do to wander out of my way with my present encumbrance. It was now somewhat after noon; the country people were eating their dinners or engaged about their barns; there was nobody upon the road. At some distance ahead of me was a small house standing well back behind a little group of trees, and I decided to go there and make inquiries. And as it would not do at all to throw a rural establishment into a state of wild confusion by leading a bear up to its door, I conducted Orso to the side of the road and chained him to a fence post. He was perfectly satisfied and lay down, his nose upon his fore paws.

I found three women in the little house. They were in a side kitchen eating their dinner, and I wondered what the bear would have done if he had smelt that dinner. They told me that I was not on the main road, and would have to go back more than half a mile in order to regain it.

When I was out on the road again I said to myself that if I could possibly make Orso step along at a little more lively pace I might get to the hotel in



time for a very late luncheon, and I was beginning to think that I had not been wise in declining portable refreshment, when I heard a noise ahead of me. At a considerable distance along the road, and not far from where I had left the bear, I saw a horse attached to a vehicle approaching me at a furious speed. He was running away! The truth flashed upon me—he had been frightened by Orso!

I ran a few steps toward the approaching horse. His head was high in the air, and the vehicle swayed from side to side. It was a tall affair with two wheels, and on the high seat sat a lady, vainly tugging at the reins. My heart sank. What dreadful thing had I done!

I stood in the middle of the road. It seemed but a few seconds before the horse was upon me. He swerved to one side, but I was ready for that. I dashed at his bridle, but caught the end of his cumbersome bit in my right hand. I leaned forward with all the strength that dwelt in my muscles and nerves. The horse's glaring eye was over my face, and I felt the round end of a shaft rise up under my arm. A pair of outstretched fore legs slid past me. I saw the end of a banded tail switching in the dust. The horse was on his haunches. He was stopped.

Before I had time to recover an erect attitude and to let the horse up, the occupant of the vehicle was on the ground. She had skipped down with wonderful alacrity on the side opposite to me, and was coming round by the back of the cart. The horse was now standing on his four legs, trembling in every fibre, and with eyes that were still wild and staring. Holding him firmly, I faced the lady as she stopped near me. She was a young woman in a jaunty summer costume and a round straw hat. She did not seem to be quite mistress of herself. She was not pale, but perhaps that was because her face was somewhat browned by the sun, but her step was not steady, and she breathed hard. Under ordinary circumstances she would have been assisted to the side of the road, where she might sit down and recover herself, and have water brought to her. But I could do nothing of that sort. I could not leave that shivering horse.

"Are you hurt?" I asked.

"Oh, no," she said, "but I am shaken up a bit. I cannot tell you how grateful I am! I don't believe I ever can tell you!"

"Do not speak of that," I said, quickly. "Perhaps you would feel better if you were to sit down somewhere."

"Oh, I don't want to sit down," said she. "I am so glad to have my feet on the solid earth again that that is enough for me. It was a bear that frightened him—a bear lying down by the side of the road a little way back. He never ran away before, but when he saw that bear he gave a great shy and a bolt, and he was off. I just got a glimpse of the beast."

I was very anxious to change the conversation, and suggested that I lead the horse into the shade, for the sun was blazing down upon us. The horse submitted to be led to the side of the road, but he was very nervous, and looked everywhere for the approach of shaggy bears.

"It is perfectly dreadful," she said, when she again approached me, "for people to leave bears about in that way. I suppose he was fastened, for it could not have been a wild beast. They do not lie down by the side of the road. I do not say that I was rattled, but I expected every second that there would be a smash, and there would have been if it had not been for—"

"It is a wonder you were not thrown out," I interrupted, "those carts are so tall."

"Yes," she answered, "and if I hadn't slipped off the driving-cushion at the first shy, I would have been out sure. I never had anything happen like this, but who could have expected a great bear by the side of the road?"

"Have you far to go?" I asked.

"Not very—about three miles. I made a call this morning on the other road, and was driving home. My name is Miss Larramie. My father's place is on this road. He is Henry Esmond Larramie." I had heard of the gentleman, but had never met him. "I am not afraid of horses," she continued, "but I do not know about driving this one now. He looks as if he were all ready to bolt again."

"Oh, it would not do for you to drive him," I said. "That would be extremely risky."





*He Soon Felt That He Was Under Control, And Trotted Off Finely*

"I might walk home," she said, "but I could not leave the horse."

"Let me think a minute," said I. Then presently I asked, "Will this horse stand if he is hitched?"

"Oh, yes," she answered; "I always hitch him when I make calls. There is a big strap under the seat which goes around his neck, and then through a ring in his bit. He has to stand—he can't get away."

"Very well, then," said I; "I will tell you what I will do. I will tie him to this tree. I think he is quieter, and if you will stand by him and talk to him—He knows you?"

"Oh, yes," she answered, "and I can feed him with grass. But why do you want to tie him? What are you going to do?"

As she spoke she brought me the tie strap, and I proceeded to fasten the horse to a tree.

"Now, then," said I, "I must go and get the bear and take him away somewhere out of sight. It will never do to leave him there. Some other horse might be coming along."

"You get the bear!" she said, surprised.

"Yes," I answered; "he is my bear, and—"

She stepped back, her eyes expanded and her lower jaw dropped. "*Your* bear!" she cried, and with that her glance seemed to run all over me as if she were trying to find some resemblance to a man who exhibited a bear.

"Yes," I replied; "I left him there while I went to ask my way. It was a dreadful thing to do, but I must leave him there no longer. I will tell you all about it when I come back."

I had decided upon a plan of action. I ran down the road to the bear, took down some bars of the fence, and then, untying him, I led him over a field to a patch of woodland. Orso shuffled along humbly as if it did not make any difference to him where he went, and when I reached the woods I entered it by an old cart-road, and soon struck off to one side among some heavy underbrush. Finding a spot where it would be impossible for the beast to be seen from the road, I fastened him securely to a tree. He looked after me regretfully, and I think I heard him whine, but I am not sure of that. I hurried back to the road, replaced the bars, and very soon had joined the young lady.

"Well," said she, "never in this world would I have thought that was your bear! But what is to be done now? This horse



gave a jump as soon as he heard you running this way."

"Now," said I, "I will drive you to your house, or, if you are afraid, you can walk, and I will take him home for you if you will give me the directions."

"Oh, I am not a bit afraid," she said. "I am sure you can manage him—you seem to be able to manage animals. But will not this be a great inconvenience to you? Are you going this way? And won't you have to come back after your bear? I can't believe that you are really leading a bear about."

I laughed as I unfastened the horse. "It will not take me long to come back," I said. "Now, I will get in first, and when I have him properly in hand, you can mount on the other side."

The young lady appeared to have entirely recovered from the effects of her fright, and she was by my side in a moment. The horse danced a little as we started and tried to look behind him, but he soon felt that he was under control, and trotted off finely.

I now thought that I ought to tell her who I was, for I did not want to be taken for a travelling showman, although I really did not suppose that she would make such a mistake.

"So you are the schoolmaster at Wal-ford!" said she. "I have heard about you. Little Billy Mar-shall is one of your scholars."

I admitted that he was, and that I was afraid he did not do me very much credit.

"Perhaps not," she said, "but he is a good boy. His mother sometimes works for us; she does quite heavy jobs of sewing, and Billy brings them up by train. He was here a little more than a week ago, and I asked him how he was getting on at school, and if he

had a good teacher, and he said the man was pretty good. But I want to know about the bear. How in the world did you happen to be leading a bear?"

I related the ursine incident, which amused her very much, and as she was a wheelwoman herself she commiserated with me sincerely on the damage of my machine.

"And so you stopped at the Holly Sprig?" she said. "And how did you like the mistress of that little inn?"

I replied that I had found her very interesting.

"Yes, she is an interesting woman," said my companion, "and a very pretty one, too. Some people wonder why she continues to keep the inn, but perhaps she has to. You know, her husband was murdered."

"No, I did not!" I exclaimed, in surprise. "I knew he was not living—but murdered! That is dreadful! How did that happen?"

"Nobody knows," she answered. "They had not been married very long—I do not know how long—when he was killed. He went to New York on business by himself, and did not come back. They were searching for him days and days—ever so long, and they could find no clew. At last—it may have been a month afterward—or perhaps it was

more—it was found that he had been murdered. His body was discovered, and was supposed to be that of somebody else, and had been buried in whatever place the authorities buried people in such cases. Then it was too late to get it or to identify it, or to do anything. Wasn't that perfectly awful?"

This story gave me a peculiar shock. I could not have imagined that that



*She Was By My Side In A Moment*





*In The Next Moment A Little Army  
Had Thrown Itself Upon Me*

charming and apparently light-hearted young woman at the Holly Sprig had ever been crushed down by such a sorrow as this. But I did not ask any more questions. The young girl by my side probably knew no more than she had already told me. Besides, I did not want to hear any more.

“‘Royal’ goes along just as if nothing had happened,” she said, admiringly regarding the horse. “Now, I wonder if it will be safe for me to drive him again?”

“I should be very sorry,” I answered, “if my thoughtlessness had rendered him unsafe for you, but if he could be led up and down past the place where he saw the bear, until he becomes convinced that there is now nothing dreadful in that spot, he may soon be all right again.”

“Do you know,” she said, suddenly turning toward me, “what I would like better than anything else in this world? I would like to be able to stand in the middle of the road and stop a horse as you did!”

I laughed and assured her that I knew there were a great many things in the world which it would be much better for her to do than that.

“Nothing would please me so much,” she said, decisively, “not one single, solitary thing! There’s our gate. Turn in here, please.”

I drove up a winding road which led to a house standing among trees on a slight elevation. “Please let me out here,” she said, when I had reached the end of the porch. “I will send a man right away to take the horse.”

I think I did not have to wait ten seconds after her departure, for a stableman had seen us approach and immediately came forward. I jumped down from the cart and looked in the direction of the road. I thought if I were to make a cross-cut over the lawn and some adjacent fields I should get back to my bear much quicker than if I returned the way I had come. But this thought had scarcely shaped itself in my mind when I heard the approach of hurrying feet, and in the next moment a little army had thrown itself upon me.

There was a tall bright-faced man, with side whiskers and a flowing jacket, who came forward with long steps and outstretched hand; there was a lady behind him, with little curls on the side of her head; and there were some boys and girls, and other people. And nearly in front of



the whole of them was the young lady I had brought to the house. Each one of them seized me by the hand; each one of them told me what a great thing I had done; each of them thanked me from the



*The Father Asked Which I Thought It Would Be Easier To Manage, A Boy Or A Bear*

bottom of his or her heart for saving the life of his or her daughter or sister, and not one of them gave me a chance to say that as I had done all the mischief I could not be too thankful that I had been able to avert evil consequences. From the various references to the details of the incident I concluded that the young lady had dashed into the house and had given a full account of everything which had happened in less time than it would have taken me to arrange my ideas for such a recital.

As soon as I could get a chance I thanked them all for their gracious words, and said that as I was in a hurry I must take my leave. Thereupon arose a hubbub of voices. "Not at dinner-time!" exclaimed Mr. Larramie. "We would never listen to such a thing!"

"And you need not trouble yourself

about your bear," cried my young lady, whose Christian name I soon discovered to be Edith. "He can live on barks and roots until we have time to attend to him. He is used to that in his native wilds."

Now everybody wanted to know everything about the bear, and great was the hilarity which my account occasioned.

"Come in! Come in!" exclaimed Mr. Larramie. "The bear will be all right if you tied him well. You have just time to get ready for dinner." And noticing a glance I had given to my garments, he continued: "You need not bother about your clothes. We are all in field costume. Oh, I did not see you had a valise. Now, hurry in, all of you!"

That dinner was a most lively meal. Everybody seemed to be talking at once, yet they all found time to eat. The father talked so much that his daughter Edith took the carving-fork from him and served out the mutton chops herself. The mother, from the other end of the table, with tears in her eyes, continually asked me if I would not have something or other, and how I could ever screw up my courage to go about with an absolutely strange bear.

There was a young man, apparently the oldest son, with a fine frank manner and very broad shoulders. He was so wonderfully developed about the bust that he seemed almost deformed, his breast projecting so far that it gave him the appearance of being round-shouldered in front. This, my practised eye told me, was the result of undue exercise in the direction of chest-expansion. He was a good-natured fellow, and overlooked my not answering several of his questions, owing to the evident want of opportunity to do so.

There was a yellow-haired girl with a long plait down her back; there was a half-grown boy, wearing a blue calico shirt with a red cravat; there was a small girl who sat by her mother; and there was a young lady, very upright and slender, who did not seem to belong to the family, for she never used the words "father" and "mother," which were continually in the mouths of the others. This young lady talked incessantly, and fired her words after the manner of a Gatling gun, without taking aim at anybody in particular. Sometimes she may have been



talking to me, but as she did not direct her gaze toward me on such occasions I did not feel bound to consider any suppositions in regard to the matter.

I, of course, was the principal object of general attention. They wanted to know what I really thought of Billy Marshall as a scholar. They wanted to know if I would have some more. They wanted to know if I had had any previous experience with bears. The father asked which I thought it would be easier to manage, a boy or a bear. The boy Percy wanted to know how I placed my feet when I stood up in front of a runaway horse. Others asked if I intended to go back to my school at Walford, and how I liked the village, and if I were president of the literary society there, which Mrs. Larramie thought I ought to be, on account of my scholastic position.

But before the meal was over the bear had come to be the absorbing subject of conversation. I was asked my plans about him, and they were all disapproved.

"It would be of no use to take him to the Cheltenham," said Walter, the oldest son. "They couldn't keep him there. They have too many horses—a livery-stable. They wouldn't let you come on the place with him."

"Of course not," cried Mr. Larramie. "And besides, why should you take him there? It would be a poor place anyway. They wouldn't keep him until his owner turned up. They wouldn't have anything to do with him. What you want to do is to bring your bear here.

We have a hay-barn out in the fields. He could sleep in the hay, and we could give him a long chain so that he could have a nice range."

The younger members of the family were delighted with this suggestion. Nothing would please them better than to have a bear on the place. Each one of them was ready to take entire charge of it, and Percy declared that he would go into the woods and hunt for

wild-bee honey with which to feed it. Even Mrs. Larramie assured me that if a bear were well chained, at a suitable distance, she would have no fears whatever of it.

I accepted the proposition, for I was glad to get rid of the animal in a way which would please so many people, and after dinner was over, and I had smoked a cigar with my host and his son Walter, I said that it was time for me to go and get the bear.

"But you won't go by the main road," said Mr. Larramie. "That makes a great curve below here to avoid a hill. If I understood you properly you left the bear not far from a small house inhabited by three women?"

"They're the McKenna sisters," added Walter.

"Yes," said the father, "and their house is not more than two miles from here by a field road. I will go with you."

I exclaimed that I would not put him to so much trouble, but my words were useless. The Walter son declared that he would go also, that he would like the walk; the Percy son declared he was going if anybody went; and Genevieve, the girl with the yellow plait, said that she wished she were a boy so that she could go too, and she wished she could go anyway, boy or no boy, and as her father said that there was no earthly reason why she should not go, she ran for her hat.

Miss Edith looked as if she would like to go, but she did not say so; and as for me, I agreed to every proposition. It would certainly be great fun to do things with this lively household.

We started off without the boy, but it was not long before he came running after us, and to my horror I perceived that he carried a rifle.

"What are you going to do with that, Percy?" exclaimed his father.

"I don't expect to do anything with it," the



*The Boy Percy Wanted To Know*



boy replied, "but I thought it would be a good thing to bring it along — especially as Genevieve is with us. Nobody knows what might happen."

"That's true," exclaimed Walter, "and the fact that Genevieve is along is the best reason in the world for your not bringing a gun. You better go take it back."

To this Percy strongly objected. He was going out on a sort of a bear-hunt, and to him half the pleasure would be lost if he did not carry a gun. I am not a coward, but a boy with a gun is a terror to me. My expression may have intimated my state of mind, for Mr. Laramie said to me that we had now gone so far that it would be a pity to send Percy back, and that he did not think there would be any danger, for his boy had been taught how to carry a gun properly.

"We are all out-of-door people and sportsmen," he said, "and we began early. But I suppose what you are thinking about is the danger of some of us ending soon. But we need not be afraid of that. Walk in front, Percy, and keep the barrel pointed downward."

When we came in sight of the house of the three McKennas, Walter proposed that we make a detour toward the woods. "For," said he, "if those good women see a party like this with a gun among them, they will be sure to think it is a case of escaped criminal, or something of that kind, and be frightened out of their wits."

We skirted the edge of the trees until we came to the opening of the wood road, which I recognized immediately, and asking Percy and the others to keep back, I went on by myself.

"I don't think people would frighten that sort of a bear," I heard Genevieve say. "He must be used to crowds around him when he's dancing."

I presently reached the place where I had turned from the road. It was a natural break in the woods. There was the tree to which I had tied the bear, but there was no bear.

I stood aghast, and in a moment the rest of the party were clustered around me. "Is this where you left him?" they cried. "And is he gone? Are you sure this is the place?"

Yes, I was sure of it. I have an excellent eye for locality, and I knew that I had chained the bear to the small oak in front of me. At that moment there was a scream from Genevieve. "Look! Look!" she cried. "There he is, just ready to spring!"

We all looked up, and sure enough on the lower branch of the oak, half enveloped in foliage, we saw the bear extended at full length and blinking down at us. I gave a shout of delight.

"Now, keep back, all of you!" I cried. "Bears don't spring from trees, but it will be better for you to be out of the way while I try to get him down."

I walked up to the oak-tree, and then I found that the bear was still firmly attached to it. His chain had been fastened loosely around the trunk; he had climbed up to the branch and had pulled the chain with him.

I now called upon Orso to come down, but apparently he did not understand English, and lay quietly upon the branch, his head toward the trunk of the tree. I extended my hand up toward the chain and found that I could nearly reach it. "Shall I give you a lift?" cried Walter, and I accepted the offer. It was a hard piece of work for him, but he was a professed athlete, and he would have lifted me if it had cracked his spine. I reached up and unhooked the chain. It was then long enough for me to stand on the ground and hold the end of it.

Now I began to pull. "Come down!" I said. "Come down, Orso!" But Orso did not move.

"Bears don't come down head-foremost," cried Percy; "they turn around and come down backwards. You ought to have a chain to his tail if you want to pull him down."

"He hasn't got any tail!" exclaimed Genevieve.

I was in a quandary. I might as well try to break the branch as to pull the bear down. "If we only thought of bringing a bucket of meat!" cried Percy.

"Would you mind holding the chain," I said to Walter, "while I try to drive him down?" Of course the developed young man was not afraid to do anything which I was not afraid to do, and he took the chain. There was a pine-tree growing near the oak, and mounting



into this, I found that with a long stick which Mr. Larramie handed me I could just reach the bear. "Go down!" I said, tapping him on the haunches, but he did not move.

"Can't you speak to him in Italian?" said Genevieve. "Tame bears know Italian. Doesn't anybody know the Italian for 'Come down out of a tree?'" But such knowledge was absent from the party.

"Try him in Latin," cried Percy. "That must be a good deal like Italian, anyway."

To this suggestion Mr. Larramie made no answer; he had left college before any of the party present had been born; Mr. Walter looked a little confused; he had graduated several years before, and his classics were rusty. I felt that my pedagogical position made it incumbent upon me to take immediate action, but for the life of me I could not think of an appropriate phrase.

"Give him high English!" cried Mr. Larramie. "That's often classic enough! Tell him to descend!"

"Orso, descend!" I cried, giving a little foreign twang to the words. Immediately the bear began to twist like a caterpillar upon the limb, he extended his hind legs toward the trunk, he seized it with his fore paws. He began slowly to move downward.

"Hurrah!" cried Percy, "that hit him like a rifle-ball! Hurrah for high English! That's good enough for me!"

"Look at his hind hands!" cried Genevieve. "He has worn all the hair off his palms!"

I hurried from the tree and reached the ground before the bear. Then taking the end of the chain, I advised the others to move out of the woods while I followed with the bear. They all obeyed except Genevieve, who wanted very much to linger behind and help me lead him. But this I would not permit.

The bear followed me with his usual docility until we had emerged from the woods. Then he gave a little start, and fixed his eyes upon Percy, who stood at a short distance, his rifle in his hand. I had not supposed that this bear was afraid of anything, but now I had reason to believe that he was afraid of guns, for the instant he saw the armed

boy he made the little start I have mentioned, and followed it up by a great bolt which jerked the chain from my hand, and the next instant Orso was bounding away in great lopes, his chain rattling behind him.

Promptly Percy brought his rifle to his shoulder. "Don't you fire!" I shouted. "Put down your gun and leave it here."



*Wild Confusion*

It frightens him!" And with that we were all off in hot pursuit.

"Cut him off from the woods!" shouted Mr. Walter, who was in advance. "If he gets in the woods we'll lose him sure!"

We followed this good advice, and at the top of our speed we endeavored to get between the beast and the trees. To a certain extent we succeeded in our object, for some of us were fast runners, and Orso, perceiving that he might be cut off from a woody retreat, turned almost at right angles and made directly for the house.

"He's after the three McKennas!" screamed Genevieve, as she turned to follow the bear, and from being somewhat in the rear she was now in advance of us, and dashed across the field at a most wonderful rate for a girl.



The rest of us soon passed her, but before we reached the house the bear disappeared behind some outbuildings. Then we saw him again. He dashed through the gate of a back yard. He seemed to throw himself against the house. He disappeared through a doorway. There was a great crash as of crockery and tin. There were screams. There was rattling and banging, and then all was still. When we reached the house we heard no sound.

I was in advance, and as I entered the doorway through which the bear had disappeared, I found myself in the kitchen where I had seen the three women at their dinner. Wild confusion had been brought about in a second. A table had been overturned, broken dishes and tin things were scattered on the floor, a wooden chair lay upon its back, and the room seemed deserted. The rest of the party quickly rushed in behind me, and great were their exclamations at the scene of havoc. "I hope nothing has happened to the McKenna sisters," cried Mr. Larramie. "They must have been in here!"

I did not suppose that anything serious had occurred, for the bear's jaws were securely strapped, but with anxious haste I went into the other part of the house. Across a hallway I saw an open door, and from the room within came groans, or perhaps I should call them long-drawn wails of woe.

I was in the room in a moment, and the others crowded through the doorway behind me. It was a good-sized bedroom, probably the "spare room" of the first floor. In one corner was a tall and wide high-posted bedstead, and in the very middle of it sat an elderly woman drawn up into the smallest compass into which she could possibly compress herself. Her eyes were closed, her jaws were dropped, her spectacles hung in front of her mouth, her gray hair straggled over her eyes, and her skin was of a soapy whiteness.

She paid no attention to the crowd of people in the room. Evidently she was frightened out of her senses. Every moment she emitted a doleful wail. As we stood gazing at her, and before we had time to speak to her, she seemed to be seized by an upheaving spasm, the influ-

ence of which was so great that she actually rose in the air, and as she did so her wail intensified itself into a shriek, and as she came down again with a sudden thump all the breath in her body seemed to be bounced out in a gasp of woe.

"It's Susan McKenna!" exclaimed Walter. "What in the world is the matter with her? Miss Susan, are you hurt?"

She made no answer, but again she rose, again she gave vent to a wild wail, and again she came down with a thump.

Percy was now on his knees near the bed. "It's the bear!" he cried. "He's under there, and he's humping himself!"

"Sacking bottom!" cried the practical Genevieve. "There isn't room enough for him!"

Stooping down I saw the bear under the bed, now crowding himself back as far as possible into a corner. No part of his chain was exposed to view, and for a moment I did not see how I was going to get him out. But the first thing was to get rid of the woman.

"Come, Miss Susan," said Mr. Larramie, "let me help you off the bed, and you can go into another room, and then we will attend to this animal. You need not be afraid to get down. He won't hurt you."

But the McKenna sister paid no attention to these remarks. She kept her eyes closed; she moaned and wailed. So long as that horrible demon was under the bed she would not have put as much as one of her toes over the edge for all the money in the world!

In every way I tried to induce the bear to come out, but he paid no attention to me. He had been frightened, and he was now in darkness and security. Suddenly a happy thought struck me. I glanced around the room, and then I rushed into the hall. Genevieve followed me. "What do you want?" she said.

"I am looking for some overshoes!" I cried. "India-rubber ones!"

Instantly Genevieve began to dash around. In a few moments she had opened a little closet which I had not noticed. "Here is one!" she cried, "but it's torn—the heel is nearly off! Perhaps the other one—"

"Give me that!" I exclaimed. "It

doesn't matter about its being torn!" With the old overshoe in my hand I ran back into the room, where Mr. Larramie was still imploring the McKenna sister to get down from the bed. I stooped and thrust the shoe under as far as I could reach. Almost immediately I saw a movement in the shaggy mass in the corner. I wriggled the shoe, and a paw was slightly extended. Then I drew it away slowly from under the bed.

Now, Miss Susan McKenna rose in the air higher than she had yet gone. A maddening wail went up, and for a moment she tottered on the apex of an elevation like a wooden idol upheaved by an earthquake. Before she had time to tumble over she sank again with a thump. The great hairy bear, looking twice as large in that room as he appeared in the open air, came out from under the foot of the bed, and as I dangled the old rubber shoe in front of his nose, he would have seized upon it if his jaws had not been strapped together. I got hold of the chain and conducted him quietly outside, amid the cheers and hand-clapping of Percy and Genevieve.

I chained Orso to a post of the fence, and removing his muzzle, I gave him the old rubber shoe.

"Shall I bring him some more?" cried Genevieve, full of zeal in good works. But I assured her that one would do for the present.

I now hurried into the house to find out what had happened to the persons and property of the McKenna sisters.

"Where are the other two?" cried Genevieve, who was darting from one room to another. "The bear can't have swallowed them."

It was not long before Percy discovered the two missing sisters in the cellar.

They were seated on the ground with their aprons over their heads.

It was some time before quiet was restored in that household. To the paralyzing terror occasioned by the sudden advent of the bear, succeeded wild lamentations over the loss of property. I assured them that I was perfectly willing to make good the loss, but Mr. Larramie would not allow me to say anything on the subject.

"It is not your affair," said he. "The bear would have done no damage whatever had it not been for the folly of Percy in bringing his gun—I suppose the animal has been shot at some time or other—and my weakness in allowing him to keep it. I will attend to these damages. The amount is very little, I imagine, principally cheap crockery, and the best thing you can do is to start off slowly with your bear. The women will not be able to talk reasonably until it is off the premises. I will catch up with you presently."

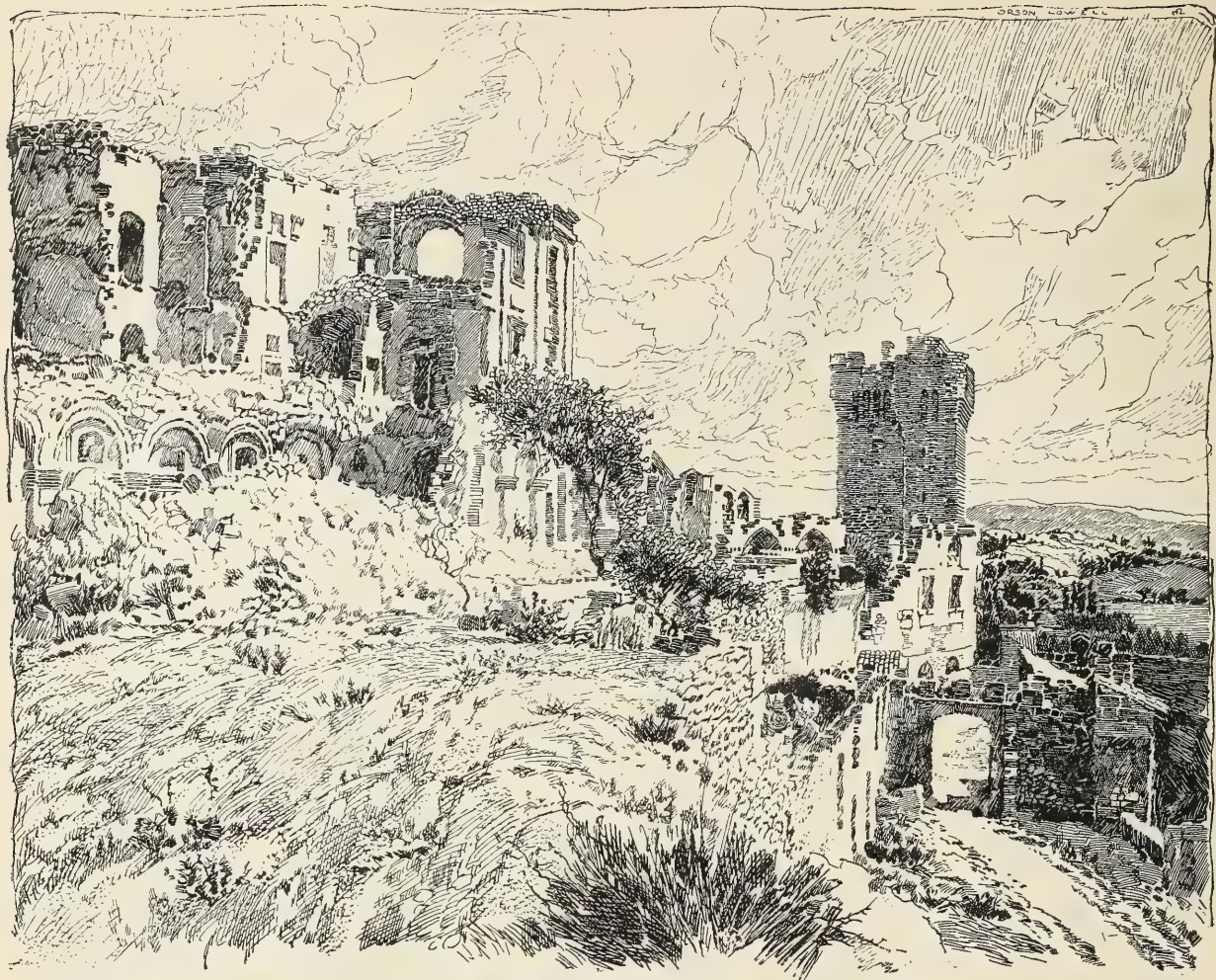
When the bear and I, with the rest of the party, were fairly out of sight of the house, we stopped and waited for Mr. Larramie, and it was not long before he joined us.

When we reached the hay-barn we were met by the rest of the Larramie family, all anxious to see the bear. Even Miss Edith, who had had one glimpse of the beast, was very glad indeed to assure me that she did not wonder in the least that I had supposed there would be no harm in leaving such a mild creature for a little while by the side of the road, and I was sure from the exclamations of the rest of the family that Orso would not suffer for want of care and attention during his stay in the hay-barn.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]







## AT MONTMAJOUR BY WILLIAM McLENNAN

NEAR Royal Arles, in sunburnt southern France,  
 Lieth the mighty pile of Montmajour,  
 Where, planted like some champion's tall lance,  
 Its stately tower stands upright and secure.

It stands so bold there, keeping watch and ward,  
 It draws you to it o'er the empty plain;  
 You wonder what it holds within its guard,  
 And dream of Paladins and Moors of Spain.

The broad white road divides the fertile plain,  
 Where winding paths once threaded a morass;  
 The tall tower looms up taller as you gain  
 Each nearer step, but with the gain, alas,

You see it stand, a lonely sentinel  
 Over a pile, majestic in decay,  
 Where monks once toiled and builded long and well,  
 Until the Storm broke, sweeping them away.

Through broken casements gleams the Southern sky;  
 The stately stairway ends in empty air;  
 In silent courts, where broken columns lie,  
 The almond blossoms in the sunlight flare.



The monks are dead! Nor all their prayers, nor skill,  
Nor wealth, nor wisdom, have availed to save  
The mighty pile which lies here, wrecked and still,  
Yawning to Heaven like an empty grave.

Naught save the tower that rises gaunt and square  
Has held its own against Red Ruin's sweep,  
Save, just outside the walls, a chapel, where  
For shelter from the Mistral herd the sheep.

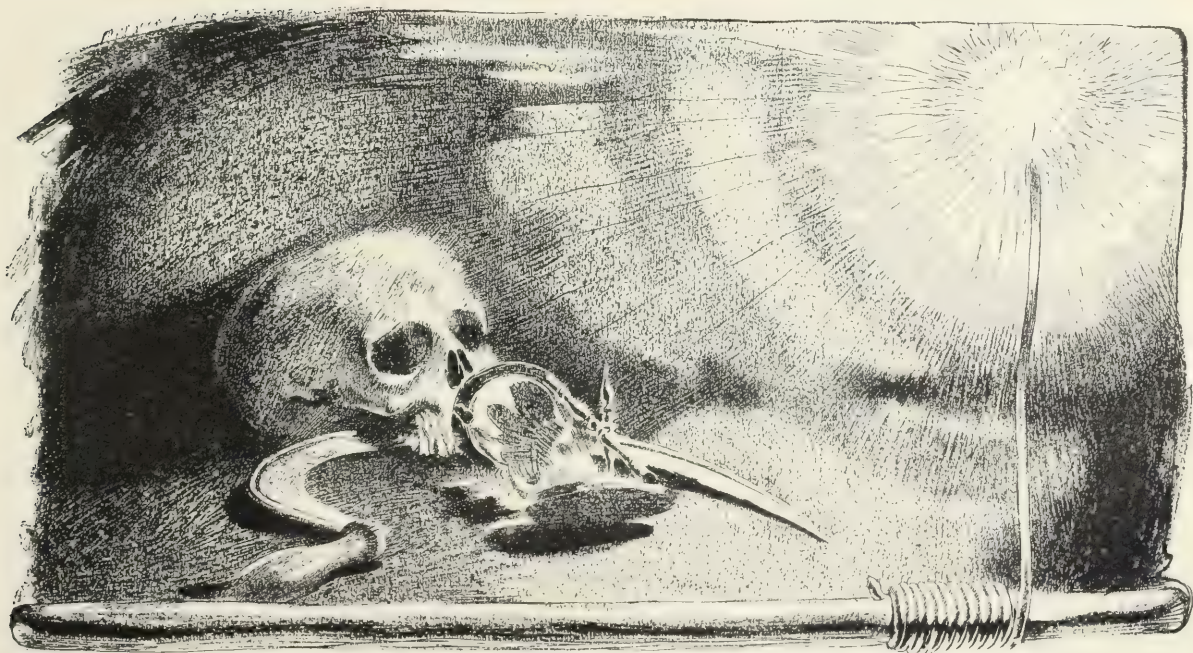
'Twas built long ages past; p'rhaps Charlemagne  
Raised it to signalize some Paynim loss,  
Or some more humble joy, or torturing pain,  
Built here this Chapel of the Holy Cross.

Howe'er this be, long ages it has stood,  
A little candle in a darkened world,  
Sending its beams out o'er the midnight flood  
In which the struggling soul was caught and whirled.

Close to its walls, secure from every blast,  
Are graves of rock, each like a little barque,  
Moored side by side, come safe to port at last  
After the fearsome journey in the dark.

These shallow barques are empty, and the thought  
Leaps in the heart, that those they bore kept on  
Their journey to the City which they sought,  
The distant goal their hearts were fixed upon.

The changeless mountains piled about Les Baux  
Saw the first hermit here himself immure,  
Saw the last monk before the Whirlwind go:—  
But their own base is not more fixed and sure  
Than is the Faith which bade this Chapel grow,  
And carved these rocky graves on Montmajour.







# THE DRAWER

## MILO BUSH'S RIDE DOWN FIFTH AVENUE

BY HAYDEN CARRUTH

THE ingenuous Mr. Milo Bush was snugly moored alongside the dried-apple barrel in Shanks's grocery, intently studying a frayed copy of *Harper's Weekly*. A casual glance over his shoulder revealed the fact that his eyes were fixed on a picture of a hansom-cab, a style of carriage apparently new to him.

"Odd-looking affair," I ventured to suggest.

"Common *ve-hick-le* in New York," he replied, promptly, throwing down the paper with an air of extreme carelessness. "I have rid 'em for miles."

"In side or out?" I inquired, in a mild tone.

He picked up the paper again and glanced at the picture with seeming indifference while he whistled softly.

"Wha'ju say?" he asked after a moment.

"Did you ride inside or outside?"

"Inside, of course. That's the driver that sets up on that there handle behind. I had money when I was in New York, and I was a-doing the town, with my feet on the dash-board, and a high-priced cigar in my teeth a-blazing up every time I pulled on it—and I wasn't doing no economizing on pulling. I'll bet a quarter-section of land that they remember me down there yet—specially the cab-drivers and policemen and firemen. I rode with more cab-drivers, licked more policemen, and had more firemen chasing the flames on the end of my cigar than any man that ever struck New York before."

"Didn't you ride in anything except cabs?"

"Mostly cabs. Tried them elevated roads, but didn't like 'em. 'Bout every ten or fifteen rods the engine would hop off into the street, and we would have to get out and haul it back with ropes, like pulling a two-year-old steer out of a well by the tail. I knew when I'd got enough of *that*, and went to patronizing the cabs, mostly these here hansoms, so's to give my cigar more draught, and have a better chance to nag the fire company. One day the second week I had the gosh-wickedest time with a hansom that you ever heard tell of. I'll just relate the incident for your benefit, seeing as you're young and anxious to improve your mind. I was 'way up near the—er—what's this here—er—"

"Central Park?" I suggested.

"C'rect. I was up near Central Park and wanted to go down town. So I hails a hansom and sings out to the driver up there on the bracket; says I, 'How much to take me to the Fifth Avenue Hotel?' 'Eight bits,' says he. 'C'rect,' says I; 'unlimber your whip and wedge your ears under your hat, 'cause we're going to make a new record on this here trip,' and I takes a good pull at my cigar. 'Your cigar is a-blazing,' says the driver. 'Well, I ain't in the habit of freshening my cigars overnight in a pan of water like a salt codfish 'fore I smoke 'em,' says I. 'You just wrap your legs round your *pe-des-tal*, and let me and the Fire Department 'tend to this here cigar.' So in I climbs, and h'ists my feet up on the dash-board, and 'way we went.

"I had noticed that the driver was pretty hefty and the hoss mighty light, but I didn't think nothing of it. The driver cracked his whip and the hoss struck a good gait. By-me-by I hooted a pretty good hoot, just like that, and the critter looked back and seen my cigar, and begun to run 'bout as fast as he reasonably could. We passed everything we caught, and we caught everything ahead, and then we came to this here hill—er—this here hill where the Vanderbilt young 'uns and the Gould kids slide—er—"

"Murray Hill?"

"C'rect. We come to the top of Murray Hill. It's an all-fired steep hill, and long. Just then I noticed that the driver was a-pulling pretty hard on the lines. Says I, 'That won't wash, not *hardly*!' and I just reached up with my umbréll'-handle and hooked 'em in. I had noticed that the shafts were a-lifting middling powerful on the hoss, and that his feet had been scratching pretty light, so as I hooked in the lines I sot back heavy and far, and down went the back of that hansom, kerplunk, and up went that hoss like a fishing-pole, his legs a-fanning the air ten thousand strokes to the second, and the *ve-hick-le* shooting down Murray Hill like butter through a tin horn, with the smoke and cinders from my cigar flying forty rods behind us. Young man, maybe them New-Yorkers didn't open their eyes and gawk! *Mebby* they didn't. Why, they gawked like hens at a chicken-hawk! They'd never before seen a genewine Westerner, *with* money, doing the town, his hoss hung up like an auction-flag, and his cigar well started. You

bet I had a clear field down that hill. I could hear the police and the fire company coming behind at first, but graderally the sound died away as we left 'em. Then the driver pulled off the skylight and roars through the roof to me: 'Stop him, for Heaven's sake!' 'Keep your seat,' says I, calm, just like that; 'keep your seat, you dod-fuddled fool—the hoss 'ain't no objections to stop-ping!' And I slapped the critter with the lines, and he begun to paw the atmosphere fifty times faster than before. On we went, with the populace gawking and jumping for their lives. On one crossing Henry Ward Beecher hopped a rod to get out of the way, and on the next we winged old Vanderbilt and smashed Jay Gould's hat; and a block below Jim Blaine jumped over the fence, and Schuyler Colfax turned and run like a scart wolf. Just then the hotel loomed up, and at the same time I seen General Grant and the Mick Adoo of Japan right ahead, arm in arm, walking and a-smoking their cigars, quiet like, and without any flames. 'Watch out, General!' shouts I, and they jumps like kangaroos, and we just took off the Mick Adoo's pigtail. Then I leaned forward, and the hoss come down easy, and up I turns to the hotel; and stops, and gets out, and hands up a fiver to the driver on

my umbrell', and walks into the bar, and says I to the barkeeper, says I, 'Make me a cocktail, and put a fresh egg in it; I'm just back from a little spin on the Av'nue,'—just like that I says it, with my cigar p'inted high, like my hoss had been, and flickering gentle, like a candle that needed snuffing.

Mr Bush arose and walked out. "Was he ever in New York?" I asked Shanks.

"His proudest boast is that he was never east of the Mississippi River," replied Shanks. "But, then," he added, reflectively, "that doesn't prove anything."

#### DEFRAUDING THE GOVERNMENT.

MR. BLANK gave his new groom, Patrick, a letter and two cents, with instructions to mail the letter at the post-office.

Presently Pat returned and deposited the two cents on his employer's desk with an air of conscious pride.

"How's this, Pat?" said Mr. Blank, in surprise; "didn't you mail the letter?"

"I did thot, sor," said Patrick, gleefully.

"But why do you return the money?"

"Well, sor, I watched the ould laddie back behind the windy and slipped ut in whin he wusn't lookin'."



#### RESIGNED

"So poor old Mr. Clubite is dead."

"Yes. But he died happy."

"Is that so?"

"Yes. Almost his last words were that at last he was going to a place where golf wouldn't be the only burning question."





# THE SOFA



THERE was a time, long years ago,  
Of which I dream to-day.

A little child I used to know  
Whose baby feet ran to and fro  
Like butterflies at play,

Whose voice I heard the whole day long,  
Whose days ran like a child's sweet song.

A little girl I also knew

Long years ago, and she,  
Like that first child, had eyes of blue,  
Yet different was—for in her grew

The soul, that one might see.

Long dreams she dreamed by me all day,  
Nor know I why she went away.







I knew a maiden, like the rest,  
She was my friend awhile.  
I used sometimes to think I guessed  
What dreams lay deep within her breast,  
What thought beneath her smile.  
Blue eyes she had which seemed to know  
Those other eyes of long ago.

Within the twilight she and I,  
The one I best know now,  
Spend many hours silently;  
Sometimes there comes, I know not why,  
A somewhat o'er her brow,  
Which makes me guess that she thinks too  
And dreams about those friends I knew.





## SOME NEPHEWS.

I AM the proud uncle of two trick nephews; and while doubtless all nephews have points of superiority to other boys in the minds of doting uncles, I am tempted to set forth here a brace of anecdotes for the purpose of vindicating my predilection for my own particular nepotie affinities.

Fred is the elder son of my brother-in-law, and is an intelligent lad of eight years. He has just begun to go to school, as his parents, with an intense admiration for his brain, derived from close observation of its workings, have hitherto hesitated to allow him to eat too freely of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, fearing lest, as soon as he had acquired the art of reading, he might browse at large among the books in the household library, and fall a victim to literary indigestion.

His father had accordingly fed his very inquiring mind by means of daily talks, called "lectures," on subjects of current and general interest, so that by the time he commenced his academic career he had acquired a fund of miscellaneous information far greater than is generally met with in gentlemen of his tender years. And although he fully appreciated the advantages that would accrue to him as soon as he was able to read with ease, he found the preliminary stages exceedingly irksome, and was especially impatient at having to spend day after day in weary toil over his primer, only to add to his stock of knowledge such unimportant items as: "A boy and an ox. The boy is on the ox. Can the ox go to the boy?"

When he first encountered the exclamation point, he inquired what it meant, and was informed that it was a mark used to denote surprise. "Oh yes! a surprise mark," he said, and so he always called it.

Soon after, his mother one day observed him studying his lesson, a part of which consisted of a review of the previous day's work.

"See the dog run!" surprise mark," read Fred, aloud, unconscious of her presence, and bound to give punctuation its true value. "Humph! I suppose I ought to read that this way: 'See the dog RUN!' but I'll not do it. I've read it too often; it's no surprise to me!"

Phil is a brother of Fred, and last summer he was in that period of his existence known as "going on seven." He has many points in common with his brother, and some that are unique, so that when on a pleasant day in August he craved permission to accompany his uncle and a certain young lady, known as Miss Fanny, on an afternoon walk, I—to drop easily back into the first person—did not refuse permission, feeling convinced that he would repay us by his quaint remarks for any trouble he might occasion, and feeling also that the presence of a third person might prevent too precipitate action on my part in a direction whither the season, the place—a lovely mountain glade—the young lady in question,

and my own inclinations seemed to be hurrying me. I flattered myself that the scheme was working to perfection, and all went as merrily as a mar—as a dinner-bell, when the young lady whom I have already referred to spied and plucked a four-leafed clover.

"There, Phil, take this," she said, "and put it in your shoe; and the first girl you meet will be the girl you're going to marry."

"Th—th—thank you," replied Phil, taking the clover, with a politeness which he has acquired by avuncular association, and a slight stutter that is congenital; "b—b—but I guess I'll w—w—wait till I see the g—g—girl."

By an odd chance, in that unfrequented locality, we shortly came upon a very—to put it as delicately as possible—plain and freckled little country lass engaged in the homely occupation of rounding up the cows.

Phil regarded her critically for a moment, and remarked, with a sigh of satisfaction,

"I'm g—g—glad I waited."

Then, turning to me, he held out the little emblem of good luck, and said, his face bespread with a smile of happy innocence, "Here, *you* t—t—take it, Uncle Harry; and the next t—t—time you g—g—go to see Miss F—F—Fanny, you p—p—put it in *your* shoe!"

And so they were married.

UNCLE HARRY.

## A JAMAICAN EXPERIENCE.

FOR some years after my marriage I lived at Old Harbour, a small place about twenty miles from Kingston. One day, when a visit to my Kingston dressmaker was a necessity, I ordered a young negro boy to get upon the rumble and drive me to the town.

I paid my visit to the dressmaker, and receiving my frock, a light summer thing, from her, I placed it in the box beneath the buggy seat and drove on to my sister's, where I went in to escape the heated part of the day, giving my boy sixpence and bidding him see the sights and return at four o'clock.

He turned up punctually with the grin still in place, and in due time we reached Old Harbour once more.

When I went to take out my crispy muslin I found to my consternation it was a wet, soppy mass! No rain had fallen, and even then—

I turned to the boy: "Solomon, what in the world does this mean? How—" But the look of utter helpless amazement on his face stopped me.

"Lor' missis, it am queer, but not so queer as what done happen to me. Me bought a quattig [ $1\frac{1}{2}$ d.] wort' of dat pretty ting dey calls 'ice' to bring home an' show ma sister, an' I put him in dar wid your dress to keep him safe—an' now him gone for true—an' how him get out I dunno wid you sittin' on him all de time!"

JESSIE DE MERCADO.

## THE CHILD MIND.

A LITTLE girl wishing to get her cap from a dark room asked the nurse for it. The nurse told her that she should not be afraid of the dark, as God was in the dark as well as in the light. The little girl looked doubtfully into the dark room, then

walking bravely to the door, said, "God, please, sir, hand me my cap."

A little child in a Sunday-school class being questioned how Eve came to be made, hesitated some time, and then brightening up, said, "God looked at Adam and said, I guess I can do better than that, and he then made Eve."



## THE GOLFER'S CALENDAR—AUGUST

August, sacred to the duffer.

Dark and devious are his ways,  
And the patient green must suffer;  
'Tis a "tiresome" that he plays.



## FAMILY HONOR

JUDGE DILLEY'S family were among the first people of Virginia before the war, and old Isaac, who was a slave on the Judge's plantation, fully appreciated the "fambly honah," and attached a vast deal of importance to it. He didn't approve of the Dilleys mingling with any but the very best families, and he himself wouldn't, on any occasion, "mix 'long wid dem common niggahs what 'longed to de po' trash." He even went farther than that in drawing family distinctions.

One morning a fine sow belonging to the Judge strayed off, and after much searching Isaac found her with some hogs belonging to a man of the name of Smith, who lived on a small place adjoining the Judge's farm. The Smiths were not of good stand-

ing in Isaac's estimation, and he usually referred to them as "dem Smif trash." On finding the Judge's sow he delivered himself thus:

"Ef yo' ain' de beatin'es' ole sow I eber seed in all my bo'n days! Heah yo' is mixin' 'long wid dese yere Smif trash like yo' ain' neber got no ambitions a tall. Ef yo' was my ole sow I 'low yo'd sho'ly quit sich doin's, 'case ef yo' didn't I'd break yo' ole naick foh yo'. What kin'er sense yo' got ter go 'sociatin' 'mong dese yere common trash haugs? Yo' ain' got no mo' pride an' spirit 'an what a sheep-killin' dawg hab, not a bit mo'. T'ings am come to a nice pass when one o' dem Dilley sows got to go mixin' up wid dem Smif trash, an' yo' ought ter be plumb 'shamed yo'self. Now yo' git 'long home an' stay dar, an' don' yo' neber dar show yo' haid in sich 'sociations ag'in."

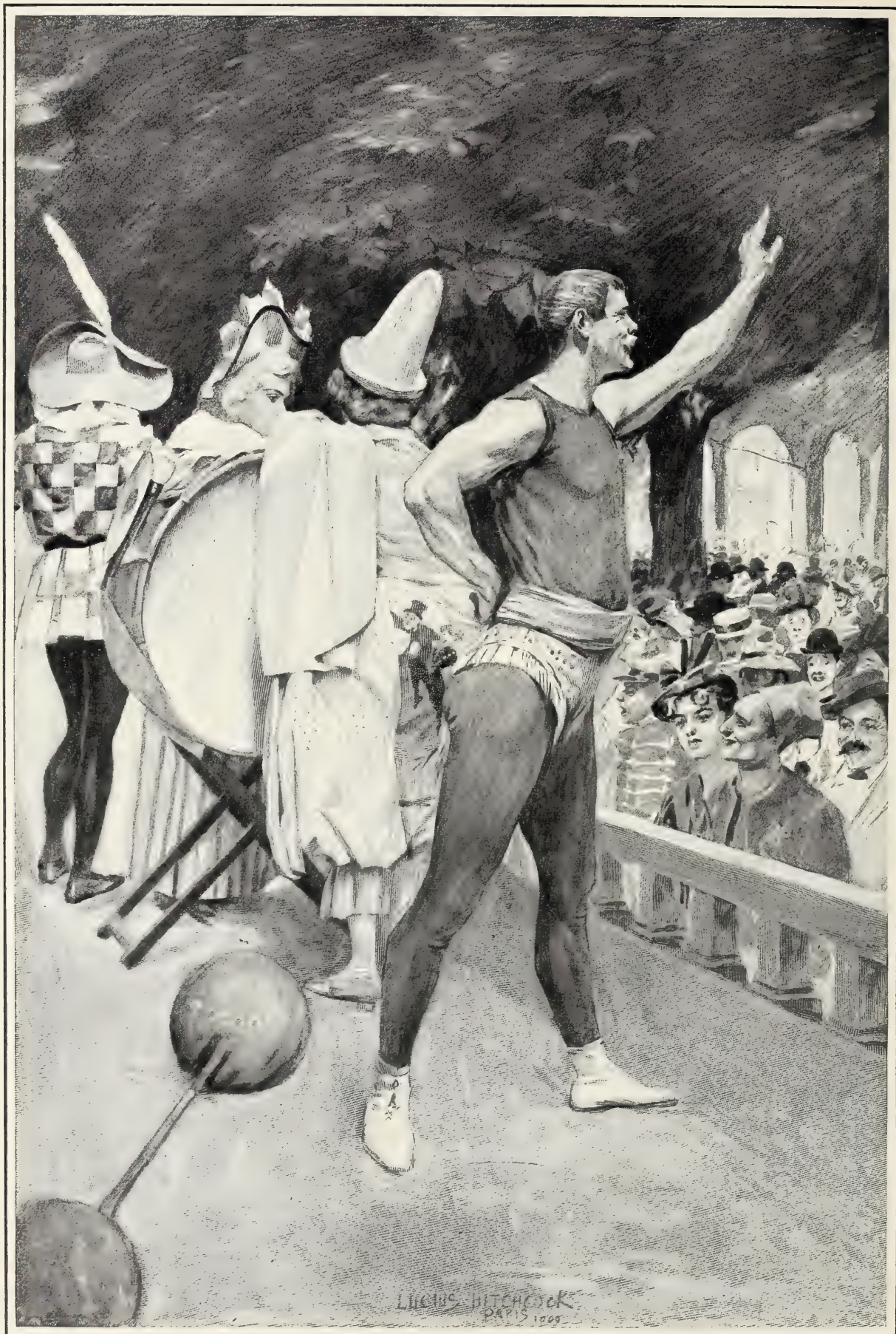
## THE LION VISITS THE BARBER

BY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

THERE was once a lordly lion with a most imposing air,  
 And his splendid head was covered with a tawny shock of hair;  
 It was parted in the middle and it hung on either side,  
 And it isn't any wonder that it was the lion's pride.  
 But his wife was very prosy; she was domineering too,  
 And she said, "That artist's mop of silky hair will never do.  
 As the noble game of football does not fill you with delight;  
 As you do not play piano at a concert every night;  
 As you never painted pictures and for acting do not care—  
 Why, you really have no business with that silly shock of hair."  
 Now the lion, though a fighter, did not like domestic strife,  
 And he'd found that to avoid it he must mind his little wife.  
 So he answered very sweetly, "What you say is always right.  
 I will part with my adornment, if you wish, this very night;  
 You're my only little wifey; I obey at your behest;  
 I will even shave my whiskers if you think it's for the best."  
 She took him to the barber's, and the barber shouted, "Next!"  
 And the lion was be-aproned, though he felt extremely vexed.  
 Then his wife said to the barber, "Cut it close or even shorter;  
 Why, in fact take all the hair off that you care to for a quarter."  
 So the barber plied his scissors, and he cut with main and might.  
 All too soon the job was finished, and the lion was a fright—  
 First he looked into the mirror, then he gave an awful roar!—  
 And the barber and his scissors—they were never heard of more.







Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE THEATRE OF MERRY AUTHORS, RUE DE PARIS



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## PARIS IN 1900 AND THE EXPOSITION

BY EDWARD INSLEY

FRENCH Expositions differ from all others because of Paris. The most interesting city in the world is the larger half of the attraction for sojourners, from the provinces as well as from abroad, and for those who seek instruction as well as for those who want amusement. What was there to be seen at Chicago outside of Jackson Park? True, the tall buildings and busy streets amazed the inhabitants of small towns, and if the truth were known, probably Chicago was as great a magnet for the major millions as the Fair itself. Much more so, and in a broader way, is Paris. The location of the Exposition in the heart of the city intensifies this impression.

Never was there such a Paris before, never in the time of the Third Empire—as to-day, in the zenith of her glory,—but ever like a palace built over the crater of a slumbering volcano. There are other cities where one finds frequent reminders of the great events in history, and where with the aid of environment he may experience the thrill of reconstructing them in imagination. But where else are there so many of those recently made landmarks, the stepping-stones of fatuous human progress and retrocession, which concern the living as well as the dead? Nowhere else in this world does one feel that these things are not merely history, but the not-forgotten yesterday of

a present stage in the blind struggle of humanity to solve the mystery of living. Mighty waves in the wake of tempests that are hardly past still dash foam and flotsam over shoals and reefs; no rainbow, no haven of lasting peace, gladdens the eye that searches the horizon for a promise of better things; the air is surcharged with the electricity of stirring events yet to come, of storms which must break sometime, and perhaps soon. Where else does one seem thus constantly in the vortex of life, in the very centre of the whirlpool of human existence?

The mobs in the boulevards the night of the last municipal elections, riotously celebrating a defeat for personal liberty and true republicanism, was one Paris. The Exposition is another. The latter has an ending. The mob remains.

As an Exposition, the present one differs from those that have gone before in little except degree. The only radical departure from the straight path of natural growth was at Chicago, where a standard was set in the single feature of perspective architecture and landscape artifice which will long remain unexcelled. In nearly all respects the architecture at Paris in 1900 is an improvement over 1889. Staff and stone have made it another "white city," and perspective has been used effectively for the first time there, but to a limited extent.



With a much larger exhibition to house in half the space, it was out of the question to imitate or surpass Chicago. It might be said, however, that in one respect there has been a departure as striking as the use of perspective at Chicago, and equally impossible for Chicago to realize. This is the inclusion within the boundaries of the Fair of some of the most beautiful permanent attractions of Paris—the two magnificent new Beaux-Arts palaces, the majestic Alexander III. bridge, one side of the Champs Elysées, and both banks of a considerable section of the river. But the Trocadéro, on the side of the river opposite the Champ de Mars, has been a part of former Expositions, and this departure, while notable in its way, may be regarded as a development.

To this, as to the first of the great Expositions, political importance has been attributed. When the first was held in Hyde Park, London, half a century ago, it was characterized as a festival to open a long reign of peace. But the world from that time knew no peace. The roar of cannon has reverberated almost continuously from sea to sea, and both hemispheres have been soaked in human blood. At the close of the century the millennium seems as far away as ever. This latest gathering in friendly rivalry of the masters of the arts of peace is not hailed like the first as the omen of a better era, but rather as a forced interlude in the universal programme of war. May the augury prove false once more! Whether the Exposition was necessary to save France from herself, whether without it she would have become embroiled with England, may always be an open question, but that it should be answered affirmatively is the prevailing opinion, particularly in France. Therefore this phase of the Exposition is the one of most importance historically.

Without the Exposition there might now be a Paris different from the beautiful Mecca of a peaceful invasion. Even more likely than an attempt to realize Napoleon's dream of a trans-channel invasion has been the possibility of internecine strife growing out of a refusal of government to help the Boers, and with a coup d'état as its beginning or culmination. While it is a mistake to take France seriously in all of her transitory

moods, they are too frequently dangerous to be ignored.

This is the dominant chord for those who know Paris. It suggests the expedient of Napoleon in gilding the dome of the Invalides when the people were restless. And Paris was never more restless than it is to-day—happy and prosperous, but discontented. No war for thirty years, and, *voilà!* at last the long-awaited chance to attack the hated *Anglais!* Even we Americans, after a hot-headed new generation has displaced a sadder and a wiser one, grow restless for war.

The differentiation and comparison of the features of the Exposition must be based on more tangible actualities. The first of these is its relative importance to the nations whose interests are involved, and their success or failure in grasping the opportunities which it has presented. If prizes had been offered to nations as well as to exhibitors, France of course would easily take the first, as the United States would have done at Chicago. At Paris we should surely be second. May we safely claim that honor? Most Americans with whom I have compared notes are disappointed in the showing their country makes. This unwelcome conclusion has been reached in the face of a different first impression inspired by the fact that the number of American exhibitors was so much greater than that from the other visiting nations. Expectations were raised too high. Our competitor is not England, but Germany, the former undoubtedly taking rank below her two aggressive rivals—a circumstance due not only to the Transvaal war, to prejudice and resentment against France, but also to British "conservatism," which too often means lack of enterprise. Germany is the surprise of the Exposition, at least to Americans. Her exhibits, while fewer in number than our own, are often more effective in appearance and arrangement. In the Liberal Arts building particularly, our section looks cheap and commonplace when compared with that of Germany, not only on account of the character of the individual exhibits, but, in a greater degree, the vastly superior German arrangement, the contrast being that of ten-cent side-shows to a unified fifty-cent circus-ring.





ENTRANCE TO THE GRAND PALAIS DES BEAUX-ARTS

Elsewhere in the Exposition the same condition presents itself at times, although in machinery and transportation we overpower and outclass our adversaries in spite of ourselves. Fountain-pens, paper boxes, and washing-soda have each its useful purpose, but a superfluity of such items makes the sight-seer weary. This utilitarianism characterizes American exhibits in all departments. Germany in her manufactures has not gone into the same exhaustive detail, and perhaps for this reason largely has been able to make a more eyeable exhibit, one more attractive to the general public. Our American Commission deserves great praise for its unremitting and intelligent labors, but there seems to have been a diffusion of energy among many things, an effort to obtain space and numbers, to the neglect of discrimination and effective arrangement. But seven thousand exhibits in forty-seven sections and twelve annexes is a great achievement. And in those things which are of real value, in the acquainting of the foreign consumer with that which we have to

sell, and with as much of it as possible, the plan of the Commission probably has been the wisest one. It is this reflection which makes me disinclined to give the second place to Germany, as many unprejudiced but casual observers are apt to do. Deficiencies in tasteful or showy instalment are discounted by the preponderance of two and a half to one in the number of our exhibits over those of Germany, and more than ten to one over those of Great Britain—our two leading rivals in international trade.

The public at home has been grossly deceived in one important feature of our representation at Paris. It was to have been, but was not, ready in advance of others, despite the numerous reports to that effect. Although this was not our own fault, it is absolutely true that we were behind, rather than ahead, of most of the other nations.

Great Britain surely is the disappointment of the Exposition. She falls far behind even Italy, Russia, Scandinavia, and Austria in the number of exhibits. Belgium outnumbers her four to



one. But it would be a mistake to think that Belgium's showing is four times better than Great Britain's. The character and effective display of articles, as well as their number, must be taken into consideration, as has been remarked in the case of our own country. An effort was made last winter to dissuade English firms from exhibiting at all, on account of gross attacks on the Queen in French papers. But war complications aside, England might not have done much better under other circumstances. Her merchants are more apathetic toward world's fairs than those of some other countries. At Chicago the British governmental contribution was less than those of half a dozen Pan-American states, and inferior also to Germany, France, Austria, or Japan. Those Central and South American nations which did so nobly at Chicago are almost lost to view at Paris.

Great Britain's national building in the Rue des Nations is in good taste, but comparatively small and insignificant. It did not have a formal inauguration, and admission is by ticket only. In the present state of popular feeling, these precautions are fully justified. In all respects, the British participation seems perfunctory.

Our own national pavilion does not arouse much patriotic enthusiasm. Its interior is the barest and most uninteresting of any building in the entire Exposition. A barn before the harvest, an audience-hall at dawn, an empty Bourse after trading-hours, at least suggest the idea of occupancy and utility, which it does not. The exterior, however, is fascinating. It makes one feel at home. It embodies our art and architecture as well as our political entity. It is the happy slapdash combination of the good and the bad which we see in the statuary decoration of some of our beautiful American parks. And as in their case, the severest comments do not come from laymen. But it does us no honor in the eyes of the critical European public.

A picture conveys but faintly the incongruity of the conception, for the reason that a picture fails to accentuate the environment which makes it so incongruous. Nothing but plenty of space and perspective could excuse the design, and then it would look bobtailed. The

much-admired new church on the top of Montmartre has proportionately a smaller dome, and twenty miles of perspective. Put our national pavilion in its place, and it would still be dumpy, not much more graceful than a skating-rink. True, it has a certain symbolism, and succeeds in reminding one of the Capitol at Washington. Take the dome of this same fine Capitol, shorn of its wings and most of its support, jam it in between other buildings equally as large, with hardly breathing-space left, and imagine our pavilion on the Quai d'Orsay. Nothing more inappropriate to the location could have been devised.

There is some comfort in the reflection that it might have been worse. But a wise statesmanship and firm diplomacy saved our nation from (further) humiliation in the eyes of the world, without resort to the terrible arbitrament of war. As great questions often have small beginnings, so did this one. It started with a polite request from the Commissioner-General of the United States to the Commissioner-General of Turkey to lower a minaret on the Turkish building in order to preserve the perspective unity of the American pavilion. After much palaver, exchange of protocols and protestations, the matter was submitted to the arbitration of France, and the offending minaret was reduced five feet. Then the American Commission, with its plenary powers, proceeded to the next topic involving the rights and liberties of our people, and demanded that a Turkish cupola be lowered ten feet and thrown back five feet from the original line. With characteristic vacillation the government of Turkey endeavored to avoid the immediate settlement of this important matter. Strong hints of sending an American fleet up the Seine to bombard the offending cupola finally produced the desired effect. But there remained for further consideration, as the Sublime Porte well knew at the beginning of these serious negotiations, but had pretended to ignore, because not specifically mentioned in the latest treaty, the matter of a canted corner which obscured the view from the American porch. The crisis became acute. For a long time it looked as if nothing but an armed invasion of Stamboul and transporting the imperial harem to Utah would bring



the Sultan to his senses. Meanwhile an inkling of the tense nature of the situation reached the public. Political parties in the United States became excited at the prospect of a new issue. The Mormons and the missionaries both wanted war, the press divided its energies in hurling philippics alternately at Turkey and at the administration. But the right prevailed, as it always must; and the government at Washington will live until the next election at least. Turkey

came down—so did the canted corner. An impression prevails in the United States, I am told, that the trouble has been about atrocities in Armenia, or something of that sort, but we in Paris know better, and we are as thankful as possible whenever we look at our national pavilion. Yes; it might have been worse.

At the opening of the United States pavilion on May 12, the Paris police made the acquaintance of the American Girl, to their discomfiture. The behavior



LA RUE D'ALGÈR



of crowds differs in all countries, and in no way more than their respect for authority. The French sergent de ville is accustomed to being obeyed by women at least. Ten thousand persons, mostly Americans, pressed upon the police lines from all directions. Pretty toilets and the fresh young faces we adore in our sisters and sweethearts predominated. One saw many of those neat little sorority pins the American girl proudly brings home from boarding-school or college, and the faternity badges which she sometimes honors other girls' brothers by wearing. These identify the American girl anywhere in the world.

It had been announced that the ceremonies in the building would be public. What right had these French police to keep them out of their own building anyway? The lines of spring gowns and dainty hats surged more and more upon forbidden ground. The police protested, gesticulated, implored, all but wept. They dared not handle this crowd roughly, and the crowd knew it. "Well, I'm going in," said one young woman resolutely. And she went. The rest followed. The American girl swept the French police out of her way with a disdain and imperiousness that left them helpless and stupefied.

Americans have been much in evidence at the Exposition ever since it opened. On week-days it sometimes seems as if they must outnumber the French. Sunday, however, is pre-eminently French day, and fewer Americans are seen then than at any other time. They go to church in the morning, and to Versailles to see the fountains play in the afternoon. The American pavilion and exhibits, like the British, are closed on the first day of the week, in deference to public sentiment at home. The exact moral effect of this course is to convince foreigners, particularly the French, that we are a nation of hypocrites, and to be regarded with the English as their natural enemies. It is to be hoped, however, that it has salutary results at home, for it does us nothing but harm in Paris.

When Sousa's band came for the first series of concerts early in May, the Americans in Paris made a showing that astonished the natives. How did they all get there so soon? Surely the transatlantic lines brought many of them over in

the fall and winter. A considerable proportion of course was of Americans temporarily residing in Paris. This latter class must be differentiated from the permanent colony of 6000 self-expatriated Americans. I had considered Richard Harding Davis's caustic criticism of these voluntary exiles too severe until I had unexpected proof of the verity of the characterization during the Sousa concerts. For several days the band played to enthusiastic throngs of its fellow-citizens without further attention from the newspapers than publication of the programme. One morning, however, a daily printed in English, which circulates largely among the resident colonists, gave a lengthy account of the concerts and their phenomenal success. Not until then did this colony know who Sousa was, and that his band was worth hearing. That afternoon it rose as one woman and debouched on the Esplanade des Invalides. The audience was far larger than on any previous day, but not the same. It was very orderly, superlatively "well-bred," mildly appreciative, and tepidly patriotic. And it talked English only occasionally and with seeming reluctance. It graciously adopted Sousa because the French had approved of him. *Parbleu!* One cannot expect to be *en rapport* with all these new local institutions, doncher know, to keep up with everything in the States, when one has been away so long, *nez pas?*

Let there be some ceremonial, great public function, diplomatic ball or dinner, or dedication of a monument, and the colonists are always willing to represent their (?) country. The rest of the time they would be French.

But even the transient American resident in Paris falls quickly into Paris ways. He may even succeed after a time in deceiving the professional guides who infest the boulevards, and these gentry are keen enough never to overlook a stranger.

"Good-morning, sir. Nice day," is the salutation which startles the new arrival before he has taken many steps in his first stroll out of the hotel. He is pestered with their unsolicited attention day and night, until he too learns to look less like an American.

"Oh yes, I can always tell them at first," explained one. "But the Amer-





THE PLATFORM MOBILE



icans get too smart for us. Englishmen always look like Englishmen. It would be impossible to mistake them for Americans."

From this same student of cosmopolitan peculiarities come the following terse suggestions to Americans who would endeavor to look like Frenchmen: Grow a short pointed beard or imperial, wear a flaring satin tie, baggy trousers tight at the ankles, and a silk hat with a sack-coat—the silk hat with the short coat is the most important. I do not remember to have seen a Frenchman wearing a straw hat with evening dress, but his rule—or lack of rule—for the chapeau certainly violates all English and American conventionalities in daylight.

English women one sees at the Exposition also differ from the American or French types. It is common saying that the French hate the English so much they will not insult an English woman who may go out unattended, and if American women would escape these annoyances they should wear golf capes. The American Girl tells me that when Mrs. John Bull goes away on a Continental trip, she puts on a golf cape and her worst clothes for the wear and tear of travel; that the Parisian style has "chic," but is too "loud"; that the English tourist costume is "tacky," whatever that may mean; and that her own is just the happy medium. But by the time she has bought a few Paris dresses she modifies her opinions somewhat. Even then, however, one notices a commendable toning down of extravagances in style.

Paris has blossomed forth this year with American flags and American signs in a fashion that one might mistake for a fad or a demonstration of national friendship, if it were not patent that the fame of the American pocket-book has penetrated to all the shops and pensions. If there were in name—is there not in fact?—an "American" language, as well as an "English" language, "Anglais" and "English" would almost entirely disappear from public places in Paris. British flags are never seen, although the Stars and Stripes greet the eye oftener than any other emblem except the tricolor. Stores and restaurants are usually "American" now instead of English. However, the newspaper reports that it

is advisable for one to explain that he is American and not English, if he would be sure of good treatment, have been somewhat imaginative, I believe. No instance of actual discourtesy toward either English or Americans on account of nationality has come to my knowledge, with the exception of unpleasant experiences of English children in French schools.

Both sexes and all ages of our American folks are inclined to be even less conventional when they are abroad than they are at home. The girls and their mothers go to places they would carefully avoid in their native land. Their curiosity leads them to do *risquable* things that would horrify British matrons. But they do it all in that frank spirit of adventure which robs it of grossness. And they are so glad to see any one from "home." "I just know you are Americans. We are from Denver," was one amusing incident which I witnessed at the Exposition, and quite likely the four young women so informally introduced to each other may exchange calls, return on the same steamer, and become life-long friends. "Indeed!" at the most, or a cold stare, would have been the result if perchance the others had been of the "colony"—and shall I add, or east of Ohio? But this was a breath from the great unfettered West.

Observation convinces me that most Americans who have come to the gay capital for the first time this year are inclined to regard the Moulin Rouge as Paris, and side-shows as the Exposition. They are keen for those things which Grant Allen would not have dignified by enumerating even among his "vulgar wonders," and they slight others which constitute the real charm and greatness of Paris and of the Exposition. This is due not alone to ignorance, but in part to an excusable holiday impulse toward amusement instead of sight-seeing. The Chicago man who thinks the Opera is "not a patch on the Auditorium" put in an appearance early. So did the Gothamite who marvels at ballets that are inferior to some he has seen in Broadway or London. He will commit to memory the names of females he finds on the play-bills, and talk about them familiarly when he returns—so different from



N'yawk, yer know. They curse the *cochers* as pirates, although cab fares are far more reasonable in Paris than in any American city. They gawk at the paid dancers in the "student" balls, and imagine they are seeing "the real thing." They see one Paris, the artificial Paris that is made for their especial benefit, and they pay a big price for the doubtful privilege. But they do not see the real Paris.

All are not of this stripe, but it predominates. And as the bee and the butterfly know each its own flower the best, perhaps he has a better time in his own way than he would in any other. And he necessarily acquires much knowledge of a certain sort in his aimless pursuit of novelty and pleasure. With another of his kind, I saw him contemplating a gaudily dressed black African who stood on guard in front of a dance-hall in the Rue d'Algér at the Exposition. It was evident that he intended to profit by this lesson in ethnology.

"Now that's one of the things it's worth coming to an Exposition for," he was saying. "We busy men can't travel all over the world to see these types. Isn't it easy to recognize them, though? That negro's face and form distinguish him as one of the North-African races, totally different from our common Southern blacks, who came from another part of Africa. Probably he speaks very good French, too. One thing that makes the race question in the South so difficult—"

"Oh, I's just a common nigger from ole Virginny," spoke up the example of a superior African race. And the seekers after knowledge departed to study six female Boers who had lately arrived from the Latin Quarter. That Barnum judged his public correctly when he said it wanted to be humbugged becomes particularly evident when the public takes a holiday trip to Europe. The masterful way in which the Parisians cater to this inbred American longing makes amateurs of Barnum, the lightning-rod peddler, and the green-goods man.

The American Girl is a better tourist than her brother. Her tastes are more catholic, and she has a curiosity to satisfy that helps her to the end of many a long road. She reads her Baedeker, which he with affectation of superior wisdom dis-

dains. And she really takes delight in many things, especially of the ornamental and beautiful kind, which have at the most but a mild attraction for him. If there is anything of particular excellence in some section of the Exposition, you may trust her to find it and her brother to overlook it. She will demonstrate to you that the whole world was made for woman, and only a part of it for man.

When she returns, ask her what she thinks of it all, and she is sure to say, "Paris is just fascinating, and the Exposition was grand." But do not imagine these conventional adjectives are intended as a substitute for more clearly defined opinions. She will give you one that is satisfactory, at least to herself, on each feature of the Fair. If she did not see it herself, she "heard all about it, and it wasn't worth seeing." I had a foolish fleeting thought that I might discover what particular part of the Exposition she likes the best, forgetting how generous she is with her superlatives. If I may hazard a guess, founded on a careful comparison of adjectives, I would say it is the Palais du Costume, one of the strikingly successful auxiliary enterprises. But in the sum total of the Exposition it is so small a factor that it seems irrelevant and invidious to single it out for such distinction. To my surprise, however, there is no such doubt concerning the chief deficiency of the Exposition. With an injured and regretful voice the American girl exclaims, "No Midway!"

It is true. There is no Midway at the Paris Exposition. That for which we men, being of coarser fibre, remember the Midway chiefly is not the conception which the American Girl retains. "You have the little theatres in the Rue de Paris, the dances near the Trocadéro, and all the Midway features somewhere," I said to her; "why do you regret the Midway?"

"Yes, but it's not the Midway. There's not the *tout ensemble*."

That is her grievance. The Midway to her was an inexhaustible resource, a place to go any day, or day after day, where she was certain to have a jolly time—if not with the donkeys in the Streets of Cairo, then with the lions at the Circus, or the Ferris Wheel, or where-



ever else the whim might lead her. Its manifold delights have a composite form in her memory. It's not this or the other single thing she misses—but she misses the Midway.

Something slightly resembling it is the row of theatres in the Rue de Paris. Most of them are extremely artistic in design, and two or three have novel features. The most prominent is the "Theatre of Merry Authors," with its two companies of actors, one to attract the passing crowd without, and the other to entertain the audience within. The street in front of this building is often impassable. People stand by the hour watching the "strong" man, the human parrots, the burlesque band, and the elaborately costumed girls and clowns. The girls usually are good-looking and wear tights, white wigs with fancy head-dress, and very low corsages. This free "théâtre en plein air" is really more interesting than the other which the spectators pay to see.

Some features of our Chicago Midway may be seen near the Trocadéro, where the colonial exhibits are located. Here the notorious Oriental dance again flourishes, but it is a surprise to find it less objectionable than it was at Chicago. There is another entertainment of this sort in the Turkish national pavilion.

The Swiss village near the Ferris Wheel is a reminder of the "Streets of Cairo" and of "Old Vienna," but much better than either. Of all the numerous side attractions of the Midway-kind, it is the most noteworthy for general excellence, as well as popularity. The reproduction of mountain scenery is marvelously effective, and some of the houses have historical associations. Another class of shows extends in a deep semi-circle about the Eiffel Tower. The Tour du Monde, the Moon at one Mètre, and others too numerous to mention, have been freely advertised in newspaper reports and guide-books. Not all of them come up to expectations. One I have not mentioned by name has had thousands of columns printed about it in advance of the opening, but is what the circus man calls sententiously a "pretty cheap fake." "Old Paris" also has been over-exploited. It must be confessed, however, that for variety and general ex-

cellence in these auxiliary features, the Paris Exposition has set a high mark. The usual entrance fee is twenty cents. There are approximately forty of them. Many others, mostly of an inferior kind, appear sporadically outside the gates on all sides. And several of the national pavilions have side-show attachments. Some one more mathematically inclined than myself has calculated that it costs \$520 to see everything in the Exposition. This seems a gross exaggeration, unless it includes a meal at each of the restaurants, in which case, I imagine, it is too low an estimate.

Of the more or less familiar features of the Exposition, the Eiffel Tower takes precedence even with those who have never been in Paris before. But there are other things which remind one of Chicago, the most prominent being the moving sidewalk. This one, however, actually goes somewhere, and is of some real utility. It connects the two main divisions of the Exposition on the left bank of the river, and has been a great success financially from the first. Instead of sitting down one must stand, and many people prefer to walk, the height and accelerated motion giving to the pedestrian the peculiar sensation of being at least ten feet tall and wearing seven-league boots. Electric cars run under the moving sidewalk and in the opposite direction at a rapid rate. The French enjoy riding in the electric cars—they go so fast. It is a novelty to them, as any one who has had experience with Paris omnibuses will appreciate. No vehicles are allowed inside the grounds, except the *fauteuils roulants* or Bath chairs, another familiar Chicago feature. If these were ever needed anywhere, they are at the Paris Exposition, for although the grounds are not so extensive as at Chicago, they ramble around in the most tiresome shoestring fashion. It is exceedingly inconvenient to get from place to place. There are stairs to climb, the yielding gravel retards the steps, and even with a chair it is weary work, the crowds often being so dense in the narrow streets that it is difficult to get through even on foot. Neither the moving sidewalk nor the electric line crosses the river. One must travel greater distances and under more disadvantages than at Chicago.





OUTSIDE, THE AMERICAN GIRL HAS HER PORTRAIT DRAWN FOR FIFTY CENTIMES

When the Exposition is illuminated for a fête de nuit, it is seen at its best. Even that artistic perversion the Porte Monumentale may be forgiven when its towers of purple lights are blazing at the entrance to a wonderful embowered avenue aglow with orange lights. Gorgeous color effects are obtained by interlacing the limbs and boughs of trees with electric wires, making a more beautiful "City of Lanterns" than that of which Lucian dreamed. Encompassing and framing the picture is the azure dome of a starry sky; for background, green verdure and white walls, with hints of towers, spires, and minarets, and occasional glints of gold; cutting it in twain, the dark river, washing past a serried line of gray palaces which rise from the water's edge. An electric lattice-work of pure carboniferous light, like wires strung with diamonds, sews criss-cross lines of gleaming white fire in and out through and through, the whole glorious tableau. The glistening outlines of the Eiffel Tower, the aigrette of a mighty tiara, shoot up gracefully toward heaven, crowned with a single wondrous jewel, a search-light

whose broad gliding ray carries the eye far out into limitless space. Beside it sparkle the great concentric circles of the Ferris Wheel, as though spared from Jove's own chariot as an exhibit from Olympus.

This is but the beginning, a setting for the main color scheme, the garden in which the brilliant flowers are to bloom. Now dip the brush into the most vivid hues of the paint-box—the red, the yellow, the purple—and lay it on delicately but lavishly. This is done chiefly with the aid of electric lights on the trees. Some have reflectors that are pinnated, others with the varied shapes and tints of flowers, or, much more numerous, are inclosed in transparent globes, hanging like effulgent oranges among the branches. The Cours de la Reine is especially beautiful beneath this fairy bower. The river view is no less entrancing. That from the elevation of the Trocadéro, across the Pont d'Iéna to the Eiffel Tower, through the Champ de Mars to the Water Palace, with the Ferris Wheel on the right, and a good river perspective on the left, is probably the most striking,





THE SWISS VILLAGE

although not so imbued with the strong contrast of colors, so pleasing where there are more trees.

The limitation of this sketch to the space of a magazine article reminds me at this point most forcibly of what I heard a woman say to her daughter in the Beaux-Arts Palace the other day: "Mary, don't you stop to look at things, or we won't see anything at all." There is so much to see, to describe, that one must choose the alternative of doing only a part satisfactorily, or all unsatisfactorily. The latter I will leave to the guide-books and the "personally conducted." For those who will try to see everything in a week, and buy education "at bargain sales," the "personally conducted" is

eminently the best. It has the merit of method, to which few who go their own way pay sufficient attention. And it prevents the tourist from making funny mistakes, like that of the old lady who astonished Paul Bartlett, the sculptor of the Lafayette statue in the museum of the Trocadéro, the other day, by saying, "Please, sir, is this the American section?" There are forty-seven American sections and a dozen American annexes in the Exposition proper and at Vincennes, but none of these happens to include statues and bronzes which were already archaic when Columbus was born.

My friend the Cynic asserts that 5000 American school-teachers are already at work on 10,000 essays and lectures con-

cerning the "Stones of Paris," the "Paris of Balzac," the "Latin Quarter as it was and is," and "Thackeray's Paris," in addition to an equal number of critical reviews of the "Aims and Accomplishments of the Exposition of 1900," to be read this next fall and winter to admiring sewing-circles and women's clubs, the material having been gathered during a prolonged stay of ten days at the French capital. He estimates that in this mountain of description will occur 20,000 times the expression "Next we will take a passing glance." I fain would borrow the phrase, if I may without offence. The two beautiful Beaux-Arts palaces, the grand Salle des Fêtes, the Russian pavilion, the interesting architecture, many important exhibits, the unpreparedness of the Exposition when opened—these and scores of other topics deserve more than passing mention.

Nowhere, unless in the Louvre, does one feel the impossibility of doing justice to opportunity as much as in the larger palace of fine arts. One may wander for days through these beautiful galleries without hardly "stopping to look," or spend hours in a single section without exhausting its marvellous resources. There may be two schools of art, one English, including the British Isles, and the other French, including the rest of the world. But here it seems there are only two classes of artists, one French, overwhelming in style and numbers, the other foreigners of all nationalities, and insignificant by comparison. This predominance of France's exhibits extends to

nearly all departments of the Exposition, as her 30,000 entries to 18,000 from all other countries would indicate.

However eclectic one's education may have been, it is not always easy to discover the utility or specific virtues of each one of 48,000 exhibits. It is conceivable that the time will come when concessions will be granted to encyclopædias *roulants*, and the visitor, followed at a respectful distance by a library on wheels, may with time and perseverance understand all he sees. Even one's knowledge of elementary geography is apt to prove weak in unexpected places. The pavilions of the petty Balkan states, and of the duchies and principalities of Central Europe, may each awaken a mild response from some chord of memory, but few there are who do not hesitate before this legend over the portals of a building near the Eiffel Tower: "Republic de St. Marin." Nations with thousands of miles of territory and millions of inhabitants are unrepresented at the Exposition, but not so San Marino. If the United States and some other great countries were given half as much space proportionately to their political, territorial, and commercial importance as San Marino and a number of other tuppenny states, there would be no complaint of lack of perspective.

This more or less necessary disregard for proportion and perspective is more noticeable at the Exposition of 1900 than in any of its predecessors. And if Expositions are to keep on growing, what will Paris do eleven years hence?

## ONE WORLD

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

*The worlds in which we live are two—  
The world "I am," and the world "I do."  
HARPER'S MAGAZINE, May, 1900.*

THE worlds in which we live at heart are one,  
The world "I am," the fruit of "I have done";  
And underneath these worlds of flower and fruit,  
The world "I love," the only living root.





"WANTED, A MATCH-MAKER"

# WANTED: A MATCH-MAKER

BY PAUL LEICESTER FORD

"YOU understand, Josie, that I wouldn't for a moment wish Constance to marry without being in love, but"—Mrs. Durant hesitated long enough to place a value on her own words, and then, the pause evidently having led to a change, or, at least, modification of what had almost found utterance, she continued with a touch of petulance which suggested that the general principle had in the mind of the speaker a special application—"it is certainly a great pity that the modern girl should be so unimpressionable!"

"I understand and sympathize with you perfectly, dear," consolingly acceded Mrs. Ferguson. "And Constance has such advantages."

Quite unnoting that her friend had replied to her thought rather than to her words, Mrs. Durant responded at once eagerly, yet defensively: "That is it. No one will deny that Muriel is quite Constance's equal in mind, and, though perhaps I am not the one to say it, Doris surely excels her in looks. Don't you think so, darling?" she added.

"Unquestionably," agreed the friend, with much the quality of firm promptness with which one would bolt a nauseous pill, or extrude an ailing oyster.

"Yet merely because Constance has been out so much longer, and therefore is much more experienced, she self—she monopolizes the attentions of the men; you know she does, Josie."

"Absolutely," once more concurred Mrs. Ferguson, and this time, though she spoke less quickly, her tone carried greater conviction. "They are—well—she—she undoubtedly—that is, she contrives—somehow—to eclipse, or at least overshadow them."

"Exactly. I don't like to think that she manages—but whether she does or not, the results are as bad as if she did; and thoughtlessness—if it is only that, which I can't believe—is quite as blam-

able as—as more intentional scheming."

"Then, of course," said Mrs. Ferguson, "every one knows about her mother's fortune—and men are so mercenary in these days."

"Oh, Josie, I don't like to speak of that myself, but it is such a relief to have you say it. That is the whole trouble. What sort of a chance have my poor dears, who will inherit so little compared to her wealth, and that not till—till we are through with it—against Constance? I call it really shameful of her to keep on standing in their light."

"Have you— Couldn't you let her see—drop a hint—of the unconscious injury she is—"

"That is the cruelty of my position," moaned Mrs. Durant. "I should not hesitate a moment, but the world is so ill-natured about step-mothers that one has to be over-careful, and with daughters of my own, I'm afraid people—perhaps my own husband—would think I was trying to sacrifice her to them."

"But have you no friend you could ask to—"

"Josie! Would you?" eagerly interrupted Mrs. Durant. "She will be influenced, I know, by anything you—"

"Gracious, my dear, I never dreamed of—of your asking me! Why, I don't know her in the least. I couldn't, really."

"But for my sake? And you know her as well as—as any one else; for Constance has no intimates or—"

"Don't you see that's it? I'd as soon think of—of— From me she would only take it as an impertinence."

"I don't see why everybody stands so in awe of a girl of twenty-three, unless it's because she's rich," querulously sighed Mrs. Durant.

"I don't think it's that, Anne. It's her proud face and reserved manner. And I believe those are the real reasons



for her not marrying. However much men may admire her, they—they—Well, it's your kittenish, cuddling kind of a girl men marry."

"No; you are entirely wrong. Doubtless it is her money, but Constance has had plenty of admirers, and if she were less self—if she considered the interests of the family—she would have married years ago. But she is wholly blind to her duty, and checks or rebuffs every man who attempts to show her devotion. And just because others take their places, she is puffed up into the belief that she is to go through life with an everlasting train of would-be suitors, and so enjoys her own triumph, with never a thought of my girls."

"Why not ask her father to speak to her?"

"My dear! As if I hadn't, a dozen times at the least."

"And what does he say?"

"That Constance shows her sense by not caring for the men I invite to the house! As if I could help it! Of course with three girls in the house one must cultivate dancing men, and it's very unfair to blame me if they aren't all one could wish."

"I thought Constance gave up going to dances last winter?"

"She did, but I must ask them to my dinners, for if I don't, they won't show Muriel and Doris attention. Mr. Durant should realize that I only do it for their sakes; yet to listen to him you'd suppose it was my duty to close my doors to dancing men, and spend my time seeking out the kind one never hears of—who certainly don't know how to dance, and who would either not talk at my dinners, or would lecture upon one subject to the whole table—just because they are what he calls 'purposeful men.'"

"He probably recognizes that the society man is not a marrying species, while the other is."

"But there are several who would marry Constance in a minute if she'd only give any one of them the smallest encouragement; and that's what I mean when I complain of her being so unimpressible. Muriel and Doris like our set of men well enough, and I don't see what right she has to be so over-particular."

Mrs. Ferguson rose and began the adjustment of her wrap, while saying, "It seems to me there is but one thing for you to do, Anne."

"What?" eagerly questioned Mrs. Durant.

"Indulge in a little judicious match-making," suggested the friend as she held out her hand.

"It's utterly useless, Josie. I've tried again and again, and every time have only done harm."

"How?"

"She won't—she is so suspicious. Now, last winter, Weston Curtis was sending her flowers and—and, oh, all that sort of thing, and so I invited him to dinner several times, and always put him next Constance, and tried to help him in other ways, until she—well, what do you think that girl did?"

Mrs. Ferguson's interest led her to drop her outstretched hand. "Requested you not to?" she asked.

"Not one word did she have the grace to say to me, Josie, but she wrote to him, and asked him not to send her any more flowers! Just think of it!"

"Then that's why he went to India?"

"Yes. Of course if she had come to me and said she didn't care for him, I never would have kept on inviting him; but she is so secretive it is impossible to tell what she is thinking about. I never dreamed that she was conscious that I was trying to—to help her; and I have always been so discreet that I think she never would have been if Mr. Durant hadn't begun to joke about it. Only guess, darling, what he told me once right before her!"

"I can't imagine."

"Oh, it was some of his Wall Street talk about promoters of trusts always securing options on the properties to be taken in, before attempting a consolidation, or something of that sort. I shouldn't have known what he meant if the boys hadn't laughed and looked at Constance. And then Jack made matters worse by saying that my interest would be satisfied with common stock, but Constance would only accept preferred for hers. Men do blurt things out so—and yet they assert that we women haven't tongue discretion. No, dear, with them about, it's perfectly use-

less for me to so much as lift a finger to marry Constance off, let alone her own naturally distrustful nature."

"Well, then, can't you get some one to do it for you—some friend of hers?"

"I don't believe there is a person in the world who could influence Constance as regards marriage," moaned Mrs. Durant. "Don't think that I want to sacrifice her, dear; but she really isn't happy herself—for—well—she is a step-daughter, you know—and so can never quite be the same in the family life; and now that she has tired of society, she really doesn't find enough to do to keep busy. She wanted to go into the Settlement work, but her father wouldn't hear of it; and really, Josie, it would be better for every one if she were mar—"

"I beg your pardon. I wished to ask about that errand, mamma," interrupted a tall, handsome girl from the doorway.

"Oh!" ejaculated Mrs. Durant, with a jump. "Yes. I want a bunch of something sent to Miss Porter—and I'll be very much obliged if you'll attend to it, Constance, my dear."

The girl merely nodded her head as she disappeared, but neither woman spoke till the front door was heard to close, when Mrs. Durant exclaimed, "How long had she been standing there?"

"I don't know."

"I hope she didn't hear—though perhaps it—well, I do wish some one would give her some good advice."

"My dear, it isn't a case for advice; it's a case for a match-maker," reiterated Mrs. Ferguson, as she once more held out her hand.

Meanwhile Miss Durant had thoughtfully gone down the steps to her carriage, so abstracted from what she was doing that after the footman had tucked the fur robe about her feet, he stood waiting for his orders, and finally, realizing his mistress's unconsciousness, touched his hat and asked,

"Where to, Miss Constance?"

With a slight start the girl came back from her meditations, and, after a moment's hesitation, gave a direction, but before the man was well mounted beside the coachman she lapsed into a brown study so absorbing that she failed to notice when the brougham stopped at the florist's, and once more was only recalled

to concrete concerns by the footman opening the door. Her preoccupation ended in the ordering of some flowers for a *débutante*; and she drove in succession to the jeweller's, to select a wedding gift, and to the dressmaker's, for a fitting, at each place giving the closest attention to the matter in hand. These nominal duties, but in truth pleasures, concluded, nominal pleasures, but in truth duties, succeeded them, and the carriage halted at four houses long enough to ascertain that the especial objects of Miss Durant's visits "Begged to be excused," or were "Not at home," each of which pieces of information, or to speak more correctly, the handing in by the footman, in response to the information, of her card or cards, drew forth an unmistakable sigh of relief from that young lady. Evidently Miss Durant was bored by people, and this, to those experienced in the world, should be proof that Miss Durant was, in fact, badly bored by herself.

It was with a distinct note of anticipation in her voice, therefore, that Miss Durant finally ordered, "Home now, Murdock;" and, if the truth were to be told, the chill in her hands and feet, due to the keen November cold, with a mental picture of the blazing wood fire of her own room, and of the cup of tea that would be drank in front of it, was producing almost the first pleasurable prospect of the day to her.

Seemingly the coachman was as eager to be in-doors as his mistress, for he whipped up the horses, and the carriage was quickly crossing the Plaza, and speeding down the Avenue. Though the street was crowded with vehicles and pedestrians, the growing darkness put an end to Miss Durant's nods of recognition, and she leaned back, once more buried in her own thoughts.

At Forty-second Street she was sharply recalled from whatever her mind was dwelling upon by a sudden jar, due to the checking of the carriage, and simultaneously with it came the sound of crashing of glass and splintering of wood. So abrupt was the halt that Miss Durant was pitched forward, and as she put out her hand to save herself from being thrown into the bottom of the brougham, she caught a moment's glimpse of a ragged boy close beside her window, and heard,



even above the hurly-burly of the pack of carriages and street-crossers, his shrill cry:

"Extry Woild 'r Joinal. Terrible—"

There the words ended, for the distraught horses shied backwards and sideways, and the fore wheel, swung outwards by the sharp turn, struck the little fellow and threw him down. Miss Durant attempted a warning cry, but it was too late, and, even as it rang out, the carriage gave a jolt and then a jar as it passed over the body. Instantly came a dozen warning shouts and shrieks and curses, and the horses reared and plunged wildly, with the new fright of something under their feet.

White with terror, the girl caught at the handle, but she did no more than throw open the door, for, as if they sprang from the ground, a crowd of men were pressing about the brougham. All was confusion for a moment; then the tangle of vehicles seemed to open out, and the mob of people, struggling and gesticulating, fell back before a policeman, while another, aided by some one, caught the heads of the two horses, just as the footman drew out from under their feet into the cleared space something which looked like a bundle of rags and newspapers.

Thinking of nothing save that limp little body, Miss Durant sprang out, and kneeling beside it, lifted the head gently into her lap, and smoothed back from the pallid face the unkempt hair. "He isn't dead, Wallace?" she gasped out.

"I don't think he is, Miss Constance, though he looks like he was bad hurt. An', indeed, Miss Constance, it wasn't Murdock's fault. The coupé backed right into our pole without—"

"Here," interrupted a man's voice from the circle of spectators, "give him this," and some one handed to the girl the cup of a flask, half full of brandy. Dipping her fingers into it, she rubbed them across the mouth and forehead; then, raising the head with one of her arms, she parted the lips and poured a few drops between them.

"Now, mum," said the policeman. "Just you let go of it, and we'll lift it to where it can stay till the ambulance gets here."

"Oh, don't," begged Miss Durant. "He shouldn't be moved until—"

"Like as not it'll take ten minutes to get it here, and we can't let the street stay blocked like this."

"Ten minutes!" exclaimed the girl. "Isn't it possible— We must get help sooner, or he—" She broke in upon her own words, "Lift him into my carriage and I'll take him to the hospital."

"Can't let you, miss," spoke up a police sergeant, who meantime had forced his way through the crowd. "Your coachman's got to stay and answer for this."

"He shall, but not now," protested Miss Durant. "I will be responsible for him. Wallace, give them one of my cards from the case in the carriage."

The officer took the bit of pasteboard and looked at it. "That's all right, miss," he said. "Here, Casey, together now, and easy."

The two big men in uniform lifted the urchin as if he were without weight, and laid him as gently as might be on the seat of the brougham. This done, the roundsman dropped the small front seat, helped Miss Durant in, and once she was seated upon it, took his place beside her. The sergeant closed the door, gave an order to the coachman, and, wheeling short about, the carriage turned up the Avenue, followed by the eyes of the crowd, and by a trail of the more curious.

"Better give it another swig, mum," counselled her companion; and the girl, going on her knees, raised the head, and administered a second swallow of the brandy. She did not resume her seat, but kept her arm about the boy, in an attempt to render his position easier. It was a wizened, pinched little face she gazed down at, and now the mouth was drawn as if there was physical suffering, even in the unconsciousness. Neither head nor hands had apparently ever known soap, but the dirt only gave picturesqueness, and, indeed, to Miss Durant, an added pathos; and the tears came into her eyes as she noted that under the ragged coat was only a flimsy cotton shirt, so bereft of buttons that the whole chest was exposed to the cold, which but a little while before the girl, clad in furs, and sheltered by the carriage, had yet found so nipping. She raised her free hand and laid it gently on the exposed breast, and slightly shiver-

ed as she felt how little warmth there was.

"Please put the rug over him," she requested; and her companion pulled it from under their feet, and laid it over the coiled-up legs and body.

The weight, or the second dose of the stimulant, had an effect, for Miss Durant felt the body quiver, and then the eyes unclosed. At first they apparently saw nothing, but slowly the dulness left them, and they, and seemingly the whole face, sharpened into comprehension; and then, as they fastened on the blue coat of the policeman, into the keenest apprehension.

"Say," he moaned, "I didn't do nuttin', dis time, honest."

"I ain't takin' you to the station-house," denied the officer, coloring and looking sideways at his companion.

"You were run over, and we are carrying you to where a doctor can see how much you are hurt," said the girl, gently.

The eyes of the boy turned to hers, and the face lost some of its fright and suspicion. "Is dat on de level?" he asked, after a moment's scrutiny. "Youse oin't runnin' me in?"

"No," answered Miss Durant. "We are taking you to the hospital."

"De horspital!" exclaimed the little chap, his eyes brightening. "Is I in de rattler?"

"The what?" asked Constance.

"De rattler," repeated the questioner, "de ding-dong."

"No, you ain't in no ambulance," spoke up the officer. "You're in this young lady's carriage."

The look of hope and pride faded out of the boy's face. "Ise oin't playin' in no sorter luck dese days," he sighed. Suddenly the expression of alarm reappeared in his face. "Wheer's me papes?"

"They're all right. Don't you work yourself up over them," said the roundsman, heartily.

"Youse didn't let de udder newsies swipe dem, did youse?" the lad appealed, anxiously.

"I'll pay you for every one you lost," said she. "How many did you have?"

The ragamuffin stared at her for a moment, his face an essence of disbelief.

"Ah, hell!" he ejaculated. "Wot's dis song an' dance youse givin' me?"

"Really I will," insisted the girl. She reached back of her and took her purse from the rack, and as well as she could with her one hand, opened it.

The sight of the bills and coin brought doubt to the sceptic. "Say," he demanded, his eyes burning with avidity, "does youse mean dat? Dere oin't no crawl in dis?"

"No. How much were they worth?"

The boy hesitated, and scanned her face, as if he were measuring the girl more than he was his loss. "Dere wuz twenty *Joinals*," he said, speaking slowly, and his eyes watching her as a cat might a mouse, "an'—an'—twenty *Woilds*—an'—an'—an' thirty *Suns*—an'—an'—thirty *Telegrams*—an'—an'—"  
He drew a fresh breath, as if needing strength, shot an apprehensive glance at the roundsman, and went on hurriedly, in a lower voice, "an' thirty-five *Posts*—"

"Ah, g'long with you," broke in the policeman, disgustedly. "He didn't have more'n twenty in all, that I know."

"Hope I may die if I didn't have all dem papes, boss," protested the boy.

"You deserve to be run in, that's what you do," asserted the officer of the law, angrily.

"Oh, don't threaten him," begged Miss Durant.

"Don't you be fooled by him, mum. He ain't the kind as sells *Posts*, an' if he was, he wouldn't have more'n five."

"It's de gospel trute Ise chuckin' at youse dis time," asseverated the youngster.

"Gospel Ananias—" began the officer.

"Never mind," interrupted Miss Durant. "Would ten dollars pay for them all?"

"Ah, I know'd youse wuz tryin' to stuff me," dejectedly exclaimed the boy; then, as if to save his respect for his own acuteness, he added: "But youse didn't. I seed de goime youse wuz settin' up right from de start."

Out of the purse Constance, with some difficulty, drew a crisp ten-dollar bill, the boy watching the one-handed operation half doubtingly and half eagerly; and when it was finally achieved, at the first movement of her hand toward him his arm shot out, and the money was snatched, more than taken. With the quick motion, however, the look of eagerness



and joy changed to one of agony; he gave a sharp cry, and, despite the grime, the cheeks whitened perceptibly.

"Oh, please stay quiet," cried Miss Durant. "You mustn't move."

"Hully gee, but dat hurted!" gasped the youngster, yet clinging to the new wealth. He lay quiet for a few breaths; then, as if he feared the sight of the bill might in time tempt a change of mind in the giver, he stole the hand to his trousers pocket and endeavored to smuggle the money into it, his teeth set, but his lips trembling, with the pain the movement cost him.

Not understanding the fear in the boy's mind, Constance put her free hand down and tried to assist him; but the instant he felt her fingers, his tightened violently. "Youse guv it me," he wailed. "Didn't she guv it me?" he appealed desperately to the policeman.

"I'm only trying to help put it in your pocket," exclaimed the girl.

"Ah, chase youseself!" exclaimed the doubter, contemptuously. "Dat don't go wid me. Nah!"

"What doesn't go?" bewilderedly questioned Miss Durant.

"Wotcher tink youse up against? Suttin' easy? Well, I guess not! Youse don't get youse pickers in me pocket on dat racket."

"She ain't goin' to take none of your money!" explained the policeman, indignantly. "Can't you tell a real lady when you see her?"

"Den let her quit tryin' to go tru me," protested the anxious capitalist, and Constance desisted from her misinterpreted attempt, with a laugh which died as the little fellow, at last successful in his endeavor to secrete the money, moaned again at the pain it cost him.

"Shall we never get there?" she asked, impatiently, and, as if an answer were granted her, the carriage slowed, and turning, passed into a porte cochère, in which the shoes of the horses rang out sharply, and halted.

"Stay quiet a bit, mum," advised the policeman as he got out, and Constance remained, still supporting the urchin, until two men with a stretcher appeared, upon which they lifted the little sufferer, who screamed with the pain that even this gentlest of handling cost him.

Her heart wrung with sympathy for him, Miss Durant followed after them into the reception ward. At the door she hesitated, in doubt as to whether it was right or proper for her to follow, till the sight of a nurse reassured her, and she entered; but her boldness carried her no farther than to stand quietly while the orderlies set down the litter. Without a moment's delay the nurse knelt beside the boy, and with her scissors began slitting up the sleeves of the tattered coat.

"Hey! Wotcher up to?" demanded the waif, suspiciously.

"I'm getting you ready for the doctor," said the nurse, soothingly. "It's all right."

"'Toin't nuttin' of de sort," wailed the boy. "Youse spoilin' me cloes, an' if youse wuzn't a loidy, you'd get youse face poked in, dat's wot would happen to youse."

Constance came forward and laid her hand on the little fellow's cheek. "Don't mind," she said, "and I'll give you a new suit of clothes."

"W'en?" came the quick question.

"To-morrow."

"Does youse mean dat? Honest? Dere oin't no string to dis?"

"Honest," echoed the girl, heartily.

Reassured, the boy lay quietly while the nurse completed the dismemberment of the ragged coat, the apology for a shirt, and the bit of twine which served in lieu of suspenders. But the moment she began on the trousers, the wail was renewed.

"Quit, I say, or I'll soak de two of youse; see if I don't. Ah, won't youse—" The wail of words turned into inarticulate howls which the protests of the two women could not lessen.

"Now, then, stop this noise and tell me what is the matter," ordered a masculine voice; and turning from the boy, Constance found a tall, loosely knit, but strong-featured man standing on the other side of the litter.

Hopeful that the diversion might mean assistance, the waif's howls once more became lingual. "Deyse tryin' to swipe me money, boss," he whined. "Hope I may die if dey oin't."

"And where is your money?" asked the doctor.

"Wotcher want to know dat for?" demanded the urchin, with recurrent suspicion in his face.

"It's in the pocket of his trousers, Dr. Armstrong," said the nurse.

Without the slightest attempt to reassure the boy, the doctor forced loose the waif's hold on the pocket, and inserting his hand, drew out the ten-dollar bill and a medley of small coins.

"Now," he said, "I've taken your money, so they can't. Understand?"

The urchin began to snivel.

"Ah, you have no right to be so cruel to him," protested Miss Durant. "It's perfectly natural. Just think how we would feel if we didn't understand."

The doctor fumbled for his eye-glasses, but not finding them quickly enough, squinted his eyelids in an endeavor to see the speaker. "And who are you?" he demanded.

"Why, I am—that is—I am Miss Durant, and—" stuttered the girl.

Not giving her time to finish her speech, Dr. Armstrong asked, "Why are you here?" while still searching for his glasses.

"I did not mean to intrude," explained Constance, flushing, "only it was my fault, and it hurts me so to see him suffer more than seems necessary."

Abandoning the search for his glasses, and apparently unheeding her explanation, the doctor began a hasty examination of the now naked body, passing his hand over trunk and limbs with a firm touch that paid no heed to the child's outcries, though each turned the onlooker faint and cold.

Her anxiety presently overcoming the sense of rebuke, the overwrought girl asked, "He will live, won't he?"

The man straightened up from his examination. "I can't tell yet as to internal injuries," he replied, "but, except for some contusion, it apparently is only a leg and a couple of ribs broken." His voice and manner conveyed the idea that legs and ribs were but canes and corsets. "Take him into the accident ward, and I'll attend to him presently."

"I will not have this boy neglected," Constance said, excitedly and warmly. "Furthermore, I insist that he receive instant treatment, and not wait *your* convenience."

Once again Dr. Armstrong began feeling for his glasses, as he asked, "Are you connected with this hospital, Miss Durant?"

"No, but it was my carriage ran over him, and—"

"And is it because you ran over the boy, Miss Durant," he interrupted, "that you think it is your right to come here and issue instructions for our treatment of him?"

"It is every one's right to see that assistance is given to an injured person as quickly as possible," retorted the girl, though flushing, "and to protest if human suffering, perhaps life itself, is made to wait the convenience of one who is paid to save both."

Finally discovering and adjusting his glasses, Dr. Armstrong eyed Miss Durant with a quality of imperturbability at once irritating and embarrassing. "I beg your pardon for the hasty remark I just made," he apologized. "Not having my second sight at command, I did not realize I was speaking to so young a girl, and therefore I allowed myself to be offended, which was foolish. If you choose to go with the patient, I trust you will satisfy yourself that no one in this hospital is lacking in duty or kindness."

With a feeling much akin to that she had formerly suffered at the conclusion of her youthful spankings, Constance followed hurriedly after the orderlies, only too thankful that a reason had been given her permitting an escape from those steady eyes and amused accents, which she was still feeling when the litter was set down beside an empty bed.

"Has dat slob tooken me money for keeps?" whimpered the boy the moment the orderlies had departed.

"No, no," Constance assured him, her hand in his.

"Den w'y'd he pinch it so quick?"

"He's going to take care of it for you, that's all."

"Will he give me a wroten pape sayin' dat?"

"See," said the girl, only eager to relieve his anxiety, "here is my purse, and there is a great deal more money in it than you had, and I'll leave it with you, and if he doesn't return you your money, why, you shall have mine."



"Youse certin dere's more den I had?"

"Certain. Look, here are two tens, and three fives, and a one, besides some change."

"Dat's all hunky!" joyfully ejaculated the urchin. "Now, den, wheer kin we sneak it so he don't git his hooks on it?"

"This is to be your bed, and let's hide it under the pillow," suggested Constance, feeling as if she were playing a game. "Then you can feel it whenever you want."

"Dat's de goime," acceded the waif. "We'll show dese guys wese oin't no bunch of easy grapes."

Scarcely was the purse concealed when a nurse appeared with a pail of water and some rolls of cloth, and after her came the doctor.

"Now, my boy," he said, with a kindness and gentleness in his voice which surprised Constance, "I've got to hurt you a little, and let's see how brave you can be." He took hold of the left leg at the ankle and stretched it, at the same time manipulating the calf with the fingers of his other hand.

The boy gave a cry of pain, and clutched Constance's arm, squeezing it so as to almost make her scream; but she set her teeth determinedly and took his other hand in hers.

At a word the nurse grasped the limb and held it as it was placed, while the doctor took one of the rolls, and dipping it in the water, unrolled it round and round the leg, with a rapidity and deftness which had, to Constance, a quality of fascination in it. A second wet bandage was wound over the first, then a dry one, and the leg was quietly laid back on the litter. "Take his temperature," ordered the doctor, as he began to apply strips of adhesive plaster to the injured ribs; and though it required some persuasion by the nurse and Constance, the boy finally was persuaded to let the little glass tube lie under his tongue. His task completed, Dr. Armstrong withdrew the tube and glanced at it.

"Dat medicine oin't got much taste, boss," announced the urchin, cheerfully, "but it soytenly done me lots of good."

The doctor looked up at Constance with a pleasant smile. "There's both the sense and the nonsense of the Christian Science lunacy," he said; and half in re-

sponse to his smile, and half in nervous relief, Constance laughed merrily.

"I am glad for anything that makes him feel better," she replied; then, coloring once more, she added, "And will you let me express my regret for my impulsive words a little while ago, and my thanks to you for relieving the suffering for which I am, to a certain extent, responsible?"

"There is no necessity for either, Miss Durant, though I am grateful for both," he replied.

"Will there be much suffering?"

"Probably no more than ordinarily occurs in such simple fractures," said the doctor; "and we'll certainly do our best that there shall not be."

"And may I see him to-morrow?"

"Certainly, if you come between eleven and one."

"Thank you," said Constance. "And one last favor. Will you tell me the way to my carriage?"

"If you will permit me, I'll see you to it," offered Dr. Armstrong.

With an acknowledgment of the head, Constance turned and took the boy's hand and said a good-by.

"Do you suppose all newsboys are so dreadfully sharp and suspicious?" she asked of her guide as they descended the stairs, more because she was conscious that he was eying her with steady scrutiny than for any other reason.

"I suppose the life is closer to that of the wild beast than anything we have in so-called civilization. Even a criminal has his pals, but, like the forest animal, every one—even his own kind—is an enemy to the street waif."

"It must be terrible to suspect and fear even kindness," sighed the girl, with a slight shudder. "I shall try to teach him what it means."

"There does not appear to be any carriage here, Miss Durant," announced her escort.

"Surely there must be. Those men can't have been so stupid as not to wait!"

The doctor tapped on the window of the lodge. "Didn't this lady's carriage remain here?" he asked, when the porter had opened it.

"It staid till the policeman came down, doctor. He ordered it to go to the police station, and got in it."

"I forgot that my coachman must answer for the accident. Is there a cab-stand near here?"

Dr. Armstrong looked into her eyes, with an amusement which yet did not entirely obliterate the look of admiration, of which the girl was becoming more and more conscious. "The denizens of Avenue A have several cab-stands, of course," he replied, "but they prefer to keep them over on Fifth Avenue."

"It was a foolish question, I suppose," coldly retorted Constance, quite as much moved thereto by the scrutiny as by the words, "but I did not even notice where the carriage was driving when we came here. Can you tell me the nearest car line which will take me to Washington Square?"

"As it is five blocks away, and the neighborhood is not of the nicest, I shall take the liberty of walking with you to it."

"Really, I would rather not. I haven't the slightest fear," protested the girl, eager to escape both the observation and the obligation.

"But I have," calmly said her companion, as if his wish were the only thing to be considered.

Rather than object further, Miss Durant gave a slight inclination to her head, conveying the smallest possible quantity of consent and acknowledgment she could; and to further mark her disapproval, she maintained an absolute silence during the walk—a silence that the doctor made no endeavor to break, though she was conscious that his eyes studied her face steadily.

Suddenly, however, when they had nearly reached the car line she halted, and uttered a startled exclamation as she clutched her dress.

"What is it?" asked her companion.

Constance laughed. "It's an absurd predicament," she replied. "But I remember that I have no money."

"Pray let me supply."

"If you will lend me five cents?"

"It is said to be a feminine trait never to think of contingencies," remarked the doctor, "and I think, Miss Durant, that your suggested five cents has a tendency in that direction. I must insist that you become my debtor for at least a dollar."

It was a short walk to the car line, too short, indeed, for Miss Durant to express her sense of obligation as she wished to, and she tried, even as she was mounting the steps, to say a last word, but the car swept her away with the sentence half spoken; and with a want of dignity that was not customary in her, she staggered to a seat. Then, as she tendered a dollar bill to the conductor, she remarked to herself,

"Now that's a man I'd like as a friend, if only he wouldn't be foolish."

At eleven on the following morning, Miss Durant's carriage once more stopped at the hospital door; and bearing a burden of flowers, and followed by the footman carrying a large basket, Constance entered the ward, and made her way to the waif's bedside.

"Good-morning," she said to Dr. Armstrong, who stood beside the next patient. "How is our invalid doing?"

"Good-morning," responded the doctor, taking the hand she held out. "I think—"

"Wese takin' life dead easy, dat's wot we is," came the prompt interruption from the pillow, in a voice at once youthful yet worn. "Say, dis oin't no lead-pipe cinch, oh, no!"

It was a very different face the girl found, for soap and water had worked wonders with it, and the scissors and brush had reduced the tangled shag of hair to order. Yet the ferret eyes, and the alert, over-sharp expression were unchanged.

"I've brought some flowers and goodies for you," said Miss Durant. "I don't know how much of it will be good for him," she went on, to the doctor, apologetically, "but I hope some of it will do." Putting the flowers on the bed, from the basket she produced in succession two bottles of port, a mould of wine jelly, a jar of orange marmalade, a box of wafers, and a dish of grapes, apples, and bananas.

"Gee! Won't I have a hell of a gorge!" joyfully burst out the invalid.

"We'll see about that," remarked Dr. Armstrong, smiling. "He can have all you've brought, in reason, Miss Durant, except the wine. That must wait till we see how much fever he develops to-day."



"He is doing well?"

"So far, yes."

"That is a great relief to me. And, Dr. Armstrong, in returning your loan to me, will you let me say once again how grateful I am to you for all your kindness, for which I thanked you so inadequately last night."

"It really was nothing, Miss Durant," said the doctor, as he took the bill the girl held out to him, and, let it be confessed, the fingers that held it. "I can regret nothing, Miss Durant, which gave me an opportunity to serve you."

The speaker put an emphasis on the last word, and eyed Miss Durant in a way that led her to hastily withdraw her fingers, and turn away from his unconcealed admiration. It was to find the keen eyes of the urchin observing them with the closest attention, and as she realized it she colored, half in embarrassment, and half in irritation.

"How is your leg?" she asked, in an attempt to divert the boy's attention and conceal her own feeling.

"Say. Did youse know dey done it up in plaster, so dat it's stiff as a bat?" responded the youngster, eagerly. "Wish de udder kids could see it, for dey'll never believe it w'en I tells 'em. I'll show it to youse, if youse want?" he offered, in his joy over the novelty.

"I saw it put on," said Constance. "Don't you remember?"

"Why, cert! I—" A sudden change came over the boy's face. "Wheer's dem cloes youse promised me?" he demanded.

"Oh, I entirely forgot—"

"Ah, forgit youse mudder! Youse a peach, oin't youse?" contemptuously broke in the child.

Miss Durant and Dr. Armstrong both burst out laughing.

"Youse tink youse a smarty, but I know'd de hull time it wuz only a big bluff dat youse wuz tryin' to play on me; an' it didn't go wid me, nah!" went on the youngster, in an aggrieved tone.

"Isn't he perfectly incorrigible?" sighed Constance.

"I oin't," denied the boy, indignantly. "Deyse only had me up oncet."

With the question the girl had turned to Dr. Armstrong, then finding his eyes still intently studying her, she once more gave her attention to the waif.

"Really, I did forget them," she asserted. "You shall have a new suit long before you need it."

"Cert'in dat oin't no fake extry youse shoutin'?"

"Truly. How old are you?"

"Wot youse want to know for?" suspiciously asked the boy.

"So I can buy a suit for that age."

"Dat goes. Ise ate."

"And what's your name?"

"Swot."

"What?" exclaimed the girl.

"Nah. Swot," he corrected.

"How do you spell it?"

"Dun'no'. Dat's wot de newsies calls me, 'cause of wot I says to de preacher man."

"And what was that?"

"It wuz one of dem religious mugs wot comes Sunday to de Mulberry Park, see, an' dat day he began gassin' to us kids 'bout lettin' a guy as had hit youse oncet do it agin; an' w'en he'd pumped hisself empty, he says to me, says he, 'If a bad boy fetched youse a lick on youse right cheek, wot would youse do to 'im?' An' I says, 'I'd swot 'im in de gob, or punch 'im in de slats,' says I; an' so de swipes dey calls me by dat noime. Honest, now, oin't dat kinder talk jus' sickenin'?"

"But you must have another name," suggested Miss Durant, declining to commit herself on that question.

"Sure."

"And what is that?"

"McGarrigle."

"And have you no father or mother?"

"Nah."

"Or brothers, or sisters?"

"Nah. Ise oin't got nuttin'."

"Where do you live?"

"Ah, rubber!" disgustingly remarked Swot. "Say, dis oin't no police court, see?"

During all these questions, and to a certain extent their cause, Constance had been quite conscious that the doctor was still watching her, and now she once more turned to him, to say, with a touch of disapproval,

"When I spoke to you just now, Dr. Armstrong, I did not mean to interrupt you in your duties, and you must not let me detain you from them."

"I had made my morning rounds long

before you came, Miss Durant," equably answered the doctor, "and had merely come back for a moment to take a look at one of the patients."

"I feared you were neglecting—were allowing my arrival to interfere with more important matters," replied Miss Durant, frigidly. "I never knew a denser man," she added to herself, again seeking to ignore his presence by giving her attention to Swot. "I should have brought a book with me to-day, to read aloud to you, but I had no idea what kind of a story would interest you. If you know of one, I'll get it and come to-morrow."

"Gee! Ise in it dis time wid bote feet, oin't I? Say, will youse git one of de Old Sleuts? Deyse de peachiest books dat wuz ever wroten."

"I will, if my book-shop has one, or can get it for me in time."

"There is little chance of your getting it there, Miss Durant," remarked Dr. Armstrong, "but there is a place not far from here where stories like that are kept, and if it will save you any trouble, I'll gladly get one of them for you."

"I have already overtaxed your kindness," replied Constance, "and so will not trouble you in this."

"It would be no trouble."

"Thank you, but I shall enjoy the search myself."

"Say," broke in the urchin. "Youse ought to let de doc do it. Don't youse see dat he wants to, 'cause he's stuck on youse?"

"Then I'll come to-morrow and read to you, Swot," hastily remarked Miss Durant, pulling her veil over her face. "Good-by." Without heeding the boy's "Dat's fine," or giving Dr. Armstrong a word of farewell, she went hurrying along the ward, and then down stairs, to her carriage. Yet once within its shelter, the girl leaned back and laughed merrily. "It's perfectly absurd for him to behave so before all the nurses and patients, and he ought to know better. It is to be hoped *that* was a sufficiently broad hint for his comprehension, and that henceforth he won't do it."

Yet it must be confessed that the boy's remark frequently recurred that day to Miss Durant; and if it had no other result, it caused her to devote an amount

of thought to Dr. Armstrong quite out of proportion to the length of the acquaintance.

Whatever the inward effect of the remark, Miss Durant could discover no outward evidence that Swot's bomb-shell had moved Dr. Armstrong a particle more than her less pointed attempts to bring to him a realization that he was behaving in a manner displeasing to her. When she entered the ward the next morning, the doctor was again there, and this time at the waif's bedside, making avoidance of him out of the question. So with a "this-is-my-busy-day" manner, she gave him the briefest of greetings, and then turned to the boy.

"I've brought you some more goodies, Swot, and I found the story," she announced, triumphantly.

"Say, youse a winner, dat's wot youse is; oin't she, doc? Wot's de noime?"

Constance held up to him the red-and-yellow-covered tale. "'The Cracksmen's Spoil, or Young Sleuth's Double Artifice,'" she read out, proudly.

"Ah, g'way! Dat oin't no good. 'Say, dey didn't do a ting to youse, did dey?"

"What do you mean?"

"Dey sold youse fresh, dat's wot dey did. De Young Sleut books oin't no good. Deyse nuttin' but a fake extry."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Constance, crestfallenly. "It took me the whole afternoon to find it, but I did think it was what you wanted."

"I was sceptical of your being able to get even an approach to newsboy literature, Miss Durant," said Dr. Armstrong, "and so squandered the large sum of a dime myself. I think this is the genuine article, isn't it?" he asked as he handed a pamphlet labelled *Old Sleuth on the Trail* to the boy.

"Dat's de real ting," jubilantly acceded Swot. "Say, oin't de women doisies for havin' bases stole off 'em? Didn't I give youse de warm tip to let de doc git it?"

"You should thank him for saving you from my stupid blunder," answered the girl, artfully avoiding all possibility of personal obligation. "Would you like me to read it to you now?"

"Wouldn't I just!"

Still ignoring Dr. Armstrong, Constance took the seat at the bed-side, and opening the book, launched into the wild-



est sea of blood-letting and crime. Yet thrillingly as it began, she was not oblivious to the fact that for some minutes the doctor stood watching her, and she was quite conscious of when he finally moved away, noiselessly as he went. Once he was gone, she was more at her ease; yet clearly her conscience troubled her a little, for in her carriage she again gave expression to some thought by remarking aloud, "It was rude, of course, but if he will behave so, it really isn't my fault."

The gory tale, in true serial style, was "continued" the next and succeeding mornings, to the enthrallment of the listener and the amusement of the reader, the latter finding in her occupation as well a convenient reason for avoiding or putting a limit to the doctor's undisguised endeavors to share, if not, indeed, to monopolize, her attention. Even serials, however, have an end, and on the morning of the sixth reading the impossibly shrewd detective successfully put out of existence or safely incarcerated each one of the numerous scoundrels who had hitherto triumphed over the law, and Constance closed the book.

"Hully Gee!" sighed Swot, contentedly. "Say, dat Old Sleut, he's up to de limit, oin't he? It don't matter wot dey does, he works it so's de hull push comes his way, don't he?"

"He certainly was very far-seeing," Constance conceded; "but what a pity it is that he—that he wasn't in some finer calling."

"Finer wot?"

"How much nobler it would have been if, instead of taking life, he had been saving it—like Dr. Armstrong, for instance," she added, to bring her idea within the comprehension of the boy.

"Ah, dat's de talk for religious mugs an' goils," contemptuously exclaimed the waif, "but it don't go wid me, not one little bit."

"Aren't you grateful to Dr. Armstrong for all he's done for you?"

"Bet youse life," assented Swot; "but Ise oin't goin' to be no doctor, nah! Ise goin' to git on de force, dat's de racket Ise onter. Say, will youse read me anudder of dem stories?"

"Gladly, if I can find the right kind this time."

The boy raised his head to look about the ward. "Hey, doc," called his cracked treble.

"Hush, don't!" protested the girl.

"W'y not?"

Before she could frame a reason, the doctor was at the bedside. "What is it?" he asked.

"Say, wese got tru wid dis story, an' Miss Constance says she'll read me anudder, but dey'll set de goime up on her, sure, she bein' a goil, so will youse buy de real ting?"

"That I will."

"Dat's hunky." Then he appealed to Constance. "Say, will youse pay for it?" he requested.

"And why should she?" inquired Dr. Armstrong.

"'Cause I heard de nurse-loidies talkin' 'bout youse, an' dey said dat youse wuz poor."

It was the doctor's turn to color, and flush he did.

"Swot and I will both be very grateful, Dr. Armstrong, if you will get us another of the Old Sleuth books," spoke up Miss Durant, hastily.

"Will youse give 'im de price?" reiterated the urchin.

"Then we'll expect it to-morrow morning," went on the girl; and for the first time in days she held out her hand to Dr. Armstrong. "And thank you in advance for your kindness. Good-morning."

"Rats!" she heard, as she walked away. "I didn't tink she'd do de grand sneak like dat, doc, jus' 'cause I tried to touch her for de cash."

Constance slowed one step, then resumed her former pace. "He surely—Of course he'll understand why I hurried away," she murmured.

Blind as he might be, Dr. Armstrong was not blind to the geniality of Miss Durant's greeting the next morning, or the warmth of her thanks for the cheap-looking dime novel. She chatted pleasantly with him some moments before beginning on the new tale; and even when she at last opened the book, there was a subtle difference in the way she did it that made it include, instead of exclude, him from a share in the reading. And this was equally true of the succeeding days.

The new doings of Old Sleuth did not achieve the success that the previous ones had. The invalid suddenly developed both restlessness and inattention, with such a tendency to frequent interruptions as to make reading wellnigh impossible.

"Really, Swot," Constance was driven to threaten one morning, when he had broken in on the narrative for the seventh time, with questions which proved that he was giving no heed to the book, "unless you lie quieter, and don't interrupt so often, I shall not go on reading."

"Dat goes," acceded the little fellow; yet before she had finished a page he asked, "Say, did youse ever play craps?"

"No," she answered, with a touch of severity.

"It's a jim-dandy goime, I tells youse. Like me to learn youse?"

"No," replied the girl as she closed the book.

"Goils never oin't no good," remarked Swot, discontentedly.

Really irritated, Miss Durant rose and adjusted her boa. "Swot," she said, "you are the most ungrateful boy I ever knew, and I'm not merely not going to read any more to-day, but I have a good mind not to come to-morrow, just to punish you."

"Ah, chase youseself!" was the response. "Youse can't pass dat gold brick on me, well I guess!"

"What are you talking about?" indignantly asked Constance.

"Tink Ise oin't onter youse curves? Tink Ise don't hear wot de nurse-loidies says? Gee! I knows w'y youse so fond of comin' here."

"Why do I come here?" asked Constance, in a voice full of warning.

The tone was wasted on the boy.

"'Cause youse dead gone on de doc."

"I am sorry you don't know better than to talk like that, Swot," said the girl, quietly, "because I wanted to be good to you, and now you have put an end to my being able to be. You will have to get some one else to read to you after this. Good-by." She passed her hand kindly over his forehead, and turned to find that Dr. Armstrong was standing close behind her, and must have overheard more or less of what had been said. Without a word, and looking straight before her, Constance walked away.

Once out of the hospital, her conscience was not altogether easy; and though she kept away the next day, she sent her footman with the usual gift of fruits and other edibles; and this she did again on the morning following.

"Of course he didn't mean to be so atrociously impertinent," she sighed, in truth missing what had come to be such an amusing and novel way of using up some of each twenty-four hours. "But I can't, in self-respect, go to him any more."

These explanations were confided to her double in the mirror, as she eyed the effect of a new gown, donned for a dinner; and while she still studied the eminently satisfactory total, she was interrupted by a knock at the door, and her maid brought her a card the footman handed in.

Constance took it, looked astonished, then frowned slightly, and finally glanced once again in the mirror. Without a word, she took her gloves and fan from the maid, and descended to the drawing-room.

"Good-evening, Dr. Armstrong," she said, coolly.

"I have come here—I have intruded on you, Miss Durant," awkwardly and hurriedly began the doctor, "because nothing else would satisfy Swot McGarrigle. I trust you will understand that I—He—he is to undergo an operation, and—well, I told him it was impossible, but he still begged me so to ask you that I hadn't the heart to refuse him."

"An operation?" cried Constance.

"Don't be alarmed. It really isn't at all serious. He—Perhaps you may have noticed how restless and miserable he has been lately. It is due, we have decided, to one of the nerves of the leg having been lacerated, and so I am going to remove it, to end the suffering which is now pretty keen."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," exclaimed the girl, regretfully. "I didn't dream of it, and so was hard on him, and said I wouldn't come any more."

"He has missed your visits very much, Miss Durant, and we found it very hard to comfort him each morning, when only your servant came."

"Has he really? I thought they were nothing to him."



"If you could hear the little chap sing your praises to the nurses and to me, you would not think him heartless. 'My loidy' is his favorite description of you."

"He wants to see me?" questioned the girl, eagerly.

"He begs to have you with him during the operation," explained the doctor. "Like most of the poorer class, Miss Durant, he has a great dread of the knife. To make him less frantic, I promised that I would come to you with his wish; and though I would not for a moment have you present at the actual operation, if you could yield so far as to come to him for a few minutes, and assure him that we are going to do it for his own good, I think it will make him more submissive."

"When do you want me?" asked Miss Durant.

"It is— I am to operate as soon as I can get back to the hospital, Miss Durant. It has been regrettably postponed as it is."

The girl stood hesitating for a moment. "But what am I to do about my dinner?"

Dr. Armstrong eyed her intently. "I forgot," he said, quietly, "that society duties now take precedence over all others." Then, with an instant change of manner, he went on: "You do yourself an injustice, I think, Miss Durant, in even questioning what you are going to do. You know you are coming to the boy."

"Let us lose no time," Constance said, as she hurried into the hall and out of the front door, not even attending to the doctor's protest about her going without a wrap; and she only said to him at the carriage door, "You will come with me, of course, Dr. Armstrong?" Then to the footman, "Tell Murdock, the hospital, Maxwell, but you are to go at once to Mrs. Purdy, and say I shall be prevented from coming to her to-night by a call that was not to be disregarded."

"It was madness of you, Miss Durant, to come out without a cloak, and I must insist on your wearing this," said the doctor, as he removed his own overcoat the moment the carriage had started.

"Oh, I forgot—but I mustn't take it from you, Dr. Armstrong."

"Have no thought of me. I am twice

as warmly clad as you, and am better protected than usual."

Despite her protest, he placed it about Constance's shoulders and buttoned it up. "You know," he said, "the society girl is at once the marvel and the despair of us doctors, for every dinner or ball ought to have its death-list from pneumonia, but it never—"

"Will it be a very painful operation?" asked the girl.

"Not at all; and the anæsthetic prevents consciousness. If Swot were a little older, I should not have had to trouble you. It is a curious fact that boys, as a rule, face operations more bravely than any other class of patients we have."

"I wonder why that is?" queried Constance.

"It is due to the same ambition which makes cigarette-smokers of them—a desire to be thought men."

Once the carriage reached the hospital, Constance followed the doctor up the stairs and through the corridor. "Let me relieve you of the coat, Miss Durant," he advised, and took it from her and passed it over to one of the orderlies. Then opening a door, he made way for her to enter.

Constance passed into a medium-sized room, which a first glance showed her to be completely lined with marble; but there her investigations ceased, for her eyes rested on the glass table upon which lay the little fellow, while beside him stood a young doctor and a nurse. At the sound of her footsteps the boy turned his head till he caught sight of her, when, after an instant's stare, he surprised the girl by hiding his eyes and beginning to cry.

"Ise knowed all along youse wuz goin' to kill me," he sobbed.

"Why, Swot," cried Constance, going to his side. "Nobody is going to kill you."

The hands were removed from the eyes, and still full of tears, they blinkingly stared a moment at the girl.

"Hully Gee! Is dat youse?" he ejaculated. "I tought youse wuz de angel come for me."

"You may go many years in society, Miss Durant, without winning another compliment so genuine," remarked Dr. Armstrong, smiling.



Constance smiled in return as she answered, "And it only proves how the value of a compliment is not in its truthfulness but in its being truth to the one who speaks it."

"Say, youse won't let dem do nuttin' bad to me, will youse?" implored the boy.

"They are only going to help you, Swot," the girl assured him, as she took his hand.

"Den wot do dey want to put me to sleep for?"

"To spare you suffering."

"Dis oin't no knock-out drops, or dat sorter goime? Honest?"

"No. I won't let them do you any harm."

"Will youse watch dem all de time deyse doin' tings to me?"

"Yes. And if you'll be quiet and take it nicely, I'll bring you a present to-morrow."

"Dat's grand. Wot'll youse give me? Say, don't do dat," he protested as the nurse applied the sponge and cone to his face.

"Lie still, Swot," said Constance, soothingly, "and tell me what you would best like me to give you. Shall it be a box of building-blocks—or some soldiers—or a fire-engine—or—"

"Nah. I don't want nuttin' but one ting—an' dat's—wot wuz I tinkir—I forgits wot it wuz—lemme see—Wot's de matter? Wheer is youse all?—" The little frame relaxed and lay quiet.

"That is all you can do for us, Miss Durant," said Dr. Armstrong.

"May I not stay, as I promised him I would?" begged Constance.

"Can you stand the sight of blood?"

"I don't know—but see—I'll turn my back." Suiting the action to the word, the girl faced so that, still holding Swot's hand, she was looking away from the injured leg.

A succession of low-spoken orders to his assistants was the doctor's way of telling her that he left her to do as she chose. She stood quietly for a few minutes, but presently her desire to know the progress of the operation, and her anxiety over the outcome, proved too strong for her, and she turned her head to take a furtive glance. She did not look away again, but with a strange mixture of fas-

cination and squeamishness, she watched as the bleeding was stanching with sponges, each artery tied, and each muscle drawn aside, until finally the nerve was reached and removed; and she could not but feel both wonder and admiration as she noted how Dr. Armstrong's hands, at other times seemingly so much in his way, now did their work so skilfully and rapidly. Not till the operation was over, and the resulting wound was being sprayed with antiseptics, did the girl realize how cold and faint she felt, or how she was trembling. Dropping the boy's hand, she caught at the operating-table, and the room turned black.

"It's really nothing," she asserted. "I only felt dizzy for an instant. Why! Where am I?"

"You fainted away, Miss Durant, and we brought you here," explained the nurse, once again applying the salts. The woman rose and went to the door. "She is conscious now, Dr. Armstrong."

As the doctor entered, Constance tried to rise, but a motion of his hand checked her. "Sit still for a little yet, Miss Durant," he ordered, peremptorily. From a cupboard he produced a plate of crackers and a glass of milk, and brought them to her.

"I really don't want anything," declared the girl.

"You are to eat something at once," insisted Dr. Armstrong, in a very domineering manner.

He held the glass to her lips, and Constance, after a look at his face, took a swallow of the milk, and then a piece of a cracker he broke off.

"How silly of me to behave so!" she said as she munched.

"The folly was mine in letting you stay in the room when you had had no dinner. That was enough to knock up any one," answered the doctor. "Here." Once again the glass was held to her lips, and once again, after a look at his face, Constance drank, and then accepted a second bit of cracker from his fingers.

"Do you keep these especially for faint-minded women?" she asked, trying to make a joke of the incident.

"This is my particular sanctum, Miss Durant, and as I have a reprehensible habit of night-work, I keep them as a kind of sleeping potion."



Constance glanced about the room with more interest, and as she noticed the simplicity and the bareness, Swot's remark concerning the doctor's poverty came back to her. Only many books, and innumerable glass bottles, a microscope, and other still more mysterious instruments, seemed to save it from the tenement-house, if not, indeed, the prison aspect.

"Are you wondering how it is possible for any one to live in such a way?" asked the doctor, as his eyes followed hers about the room.

"If you will have my thought," answered Constance, "it was that I am in the cave of the modern hermit, who, instead of seeking solitude because of the sins of mankind, seeks it that he may do them good."

"We have each had a compliment to-night," replied Dr. Armstrong, his face lighting up.

The look in his eyes brought something into the girl's thoughts, and, with a slight effort, she rose. "I think I am well enough now to relieve you of my intrusion," she said.

"You will not be allowed to leave the hermit's cell till you have finished the cracker and the milk," affirmed the man. "I only regret that I can't keep up the character by offering you locusts and wild honey."

"At least don't think it necessary to stay here with me," said Miss Durant, as she dutifully began to eat and drink again. "If— Oh—the operation. How is Swot?"

"Back in the ward, though not yet conscious."

"And the operation?"

"Absolutely successful."

"Despite my interruption."

"Another marvel to us M. D.'s is the way so sensitive a thing as a woman will hold herself in hand by sheer nerve force when it is necessary. You did not faint till the operation was completed."

"Now may I go?" asked the girl, with a touch of archness, as she held up the glass and the plate, both empty.

"Yes, if you will let me share your carriage. Having led you into this predicament, the least I feel I can do is to see you safely out of it."

"Now the hermit is metamorphosing himself into a knight," laughed Con-

stance, merrily, "with a distressed damsel on his hands. I really need not put you to the trouble, but I shall be glad if you will take me home."

Once again the doctor put his overcoat on her, and they descended the stairs and entered the brougham.

"Tell me the purpose of all those instruments I saw in your room," she asked as they started.

"They are principally for the investigation of bacteria. Not being ambitious to spend my life doctoring whooping-cough and indigestion, I am striving to make a scientist of myself."

"Then that is why you prefer hospital work?"

"No. I happen to have been born with my own living to make in the world, and when I had worked my way through the medical school, I only too gladly became 'interne' here, not because it is the work I would do, but because I need the salary."

"Yet it seems such a noble work."

"Don't think I depreciate it, but what I am doing is only remedial. What I wish to do is to prevent."

"How is it possible?"

"For four years my every free hour has been given to studying what is now called tuberculosis, and my dream is to demonstrate that it is in fact the parent disease—a breaking down—disintegration—of the bodily substance—the tissue, or cell—and to give to the world a specific."

"How splendid!" exclaimed Constance.

"And you believe you can?"

"Every day makes me more sure that both demonstration and specific are possible—but it is unlikely that I shall be the one to do it."

"I do not see why."

"Because there are many others studying the disease who are free from the necessity of supporting themselves, and so can give far more time and money to the investigation than is possible for me. Even the scientist must be rich in these days, Miss Durant, if he is to win the great prizes."

"Won't you tell me something about yourself?" requested Constance, impulsively.

"There really is nothing worth while yet. I was left an orphan young, in the

care of an uncle who was able to do no better for me than to get me a place in a drug-store. By doing the night-work it was possible to take the courses at the medical college; and as I made a good record, this position was offered to me."

"It— You could make it interesting, if you tried."

"I'm afraid I am not a realist, Miss Durant. I dream of a future that shall be famous by the misery and death I save the world from, but my past is absolutely eventless."

As he ended, the carriage drew up at the house, and the doctor helped her out.

"You will take Dr. Armstrong back to the hospital, Murdock," she ordered.

"Thank you, but I really prefer a walk before going to *my* social intimates, the bacilli," answered the doctor, as he went up the steps with her. Then, after he had rung the bell, he held out his hand and said: "Miss Durant, I need scarcely tell you that my social training has been slight—so slight that I was not aware that the old adage, 'Even a cat may look at a king,' was no longer a fact until I overheard what was said the other day. My last wish is to keep you from coming to the hospital, and in expressing my regret at having been a cause of embarrassment to you, I wish to add a pledge that henceforth, if you will resume your visits, you and Swot shall be free from my intrusion. Good-night," he ended, as he started down the steps.

"But I never— Really I have no right to exclude—nor do I wish—" protested the girl; and then, as the servant opened the front door, even this halting attempt at an explanation ceased. She echoed a "Good-night," adding, "and thank you for all your kindness," and very much startled and disturbed the footman, as she passed into the hallway, by audibly remarking, "Idiot!"

She went up stairs slowly, as if thinking, and once in her room, seated herself at her desk and commenced a note. Before she had written a page she tore the paper in two, and began anew. Twice she repeated this proceeding; then rose in evident irritation, and, walking to her fire, stood looking down into the flame. "I'll think it out when I'm not so tired," she finally remarked, as she rang for her maid. But once in bed, her thoughts,

or the previous strain, kept her long hours awake; and when at last she dropped into unconsciousness, her slumber was made miserable by dreams mixing in utter confusion operating-room and dinner, guests and microbes—dreams in which she was alternately striving to explain something to Dr. Armstrong, who could not be brought to understand, or to conceal something he was determined to discover. Finally she found herself stretched on the dinner table, the doctor, knife in hand, standing over her, with the avowed intention of opening her heart to learn some secret, and it was her helpless protests and struggles which brought consciousness to her—to discover that she had slept far into the morning.

With the one thought of a visit to the hospital during the permitted hours, she made a hasty toilet, followed by an equally speedy breakfast, and was actually on her way down stairs when she recalled her promise of a gift. A glance at her watch told her that there was not time to go to the shops, and hurrying back to her room, she glanced around for something among the knick-knacks scattered about. Finding nothing that she could conceive of as bringing pleasure to the waif, she took from a drawer of her desk a photograph of herself, and descended to the carriage.

She had reason to be thankful for her recollection, as, once her greetings and questions to the nurse about the patient's condition were made, Swot demanded,

"Wheer's dat present dat youse promised me?"

"I did not have time this morning to get something especially for you," she explained, handing him the portrait, "so, for want of anything better, I've brought you my picture."

The urchin took the gift and looked at both sides. "Wotinell's dat good for?" he demanded.

"I thought—hoped it might please you, as showing you that I had forgiven—that I liked you."

"Ah, git on de floor an' look at youse-self," disgustedly remarked Swot. "Dat talk don't cut no ice wid me. Wy didn't youse ask wot I wants?"

"And what would you like?"

"Will youse gimme a pistol?"

"Why, what do you want with it?"

"To trow a scare into de big newsies



w'en dey starts to chase me off de good beats."

"Really, Swot, I don't think I ought to give you anything so dangerous. You are very young to—"

"Ah! Youse a goil, an' deyse born frightened. Bet youse life, if youse ask de doc, he won't tink it nuttin' to be scared of."

"He isn't here this morning," remarked Constance, for some reason looking fixedly at the glove she was removing as she spoke.

The urchin raised his head and peered about. "Dat's funny!" he exclaimed. "It's de first time he's missed bein' here w'en youse wuz at de bat."

"Has he seen you this morning?"

"Why, cert!"

The girl opened the dime novel and found the page at which the interruption had occurred, hesitated an instant, and remarked, "The next time he comes you might say that I would like to see him for a moment—to ask if I had better give you a pistol." This said, she hastily began on the book. Thrillingly as the pursuits and pursuit of the criminal classes were pictured, however, there came several breaks in the reading; and had any keenly observant person been watching Miss Durant, he would have noticed that these pauses invariably happened whenever some one entered the ward.

It was made evident to her that she and Swot gave value to entirely different parts of her message to the doctor, for no sooner did she reach the waif's bedside the next morning than the invalid announced,

"Say, I done my best to jolly de doc up, but he stuck to it dat youse oughtn't to give me no pistol."

"Didn't you tell him what I asked you to do?" demanded Constance, anxiously.

"Soytenly. I says to 'im dat youse wanted to know wot he tought, an' he went back on me. I didn't tink he'd trun me down like dat!"

Miss Durant pondered, till the waif asked,

"Say, youse goin' to give me dat present jus' de same, oin't youse?"

"Yes. I'll give you a present," acceded the girl, opening the book. "I think, Swot," she continued, "that we'll have to trouble Dr. Armstrong for another

Old Sleuth, as we shall probably finish this to-day. And tell him this time it is my turn to pay for it." From her purse she produced a dime, started to give it to the boy, hastily drew back her hand, and replacing the coin, substituted for it a dollar bill. Then she began reading rapidly—so rapidly that the end of the story was attained some twenty minutes before the visitors' time had expired.

"Say," was her greeting on the following day, as Swot held up another lurid-looking tale and the dollar bill, "I told de doc youse wuzn't willin' dat he, bein' poor, should bleed de cash dis time, an' dat youse give me dis to—"

"You didn't put it that way, Swot?" demanded Miss Durant.

"Wot way?"

"That I said he was poor."

"Certin."

"Oh, Swot, how could you?"

"Wot's de matter?"

"I never said that! Was he—was he—What did he say?"

"Nuttin' much, 'cept dat I wuz to give youse back de dollar, for de books wuz on 'im."

"I'm afraid you may have pained him, Swot, and you certainly have pained me. Did he seem hurt or offended?"

"Nop."

"I wish you would tell him I shall be greatly obliged if he will come to the ward to-morrow, for I wish to see him. Now don't alter this message, please."

That her Mercury had done her bidding more effectively was proved by her finding the doctor at the bedside when she arrived the next day.

"Swot told me that you wished to see me, Miss Durant," he said.

"Yes, and I'm very much obliged to you for waiting. I— How soon will it be possible for him to be up?"

"He is doing so famously that we'll have him out of bed by Monday, I hope."

"I promised him a present, and I want, if it is possible, to have a Christmas tree for him, if he can come to it."

"If he continues to improve, he certainly will be."

"Say, is dat de ting dey has for de mugs as goes to Sunday-school, an' dat dey has a party for?"

"Yes, only this tree will be only for you, Swot."

"Hully Gee! But dat's grand! Ise in it up to de limit, doc, oin't I?" exclaimed the waif, turning to the doctor.

Dr. Armstrong smiled and nodded his head, but something in his face or manner seemed to give a change to the boy's thoughts, for, after eying him intently, he said to Constance,

"Oin't youse goin' to invite de doc?"

Miss Durant colored as she said, with a touch of eagerness, yet shyness, "Dr. Armstrong, I intended to ask you, and it will give me a great deal of pleasure if you will come to Swot's and my festival." And when the doctor seemed to hesitate, she added, "please!" in a way that would have very much surprised any man of her own circle.

"Thank you, Miss Durant; I'll gladly come, if you are sure I sha'n't be an interloper."

"Not at all," responded the girl. "On the contrary, it would be sadly incomplete without you—"

"Say," broke in the youngster, "growed-up folks don't git tings off de tree, does dey?"

Both Constance and the doctor laughed at the obvious fear in the boy's mind.

"No, Swot," the man replied; "and I've had my Christmas gift from Miss Durant already."

"Wot wuz dat?"

"Ask her," replied Dr. Armstrong as he walked away.

"Wot did youse give 'im?"

Constance laughed, and blushed still more deeply as, after a slight pause, she replied, "It's my turn, Swot, to say 'Rubber!'" This said, she stooped impulsively and kissed the boy's forehead. "You are a dear, Swot," she asserted, warmly.

With the mooting of the Christmas tree, the interest in Old Sleuth markedly declined, being succeeded by innumerable surmises of the rapidly convalescing boy as to the probable nature and number of the gifts it would bear. In this he was not discouraged by Miss Durant, who, once the readings were discontinued, brought a bit of fancy-work for occupation.

"Wot's dat?" he inquired, the first time she produced it.

"A case for handkerchiefs."

"Is it for me?"

"Did you ever have a handkerchief?"

"Nop. An' I'd radder have suttin else."

"Can you keep a secret, Swot?"

"Bet youse life."

"This is for Dr. Armstrong."

Swot regarded it with new interest.

"Youse goin' to s'prise him?"

"Yes."

"Den youse must sneak it quick w'en he comes in."

"Haven't you noticed that he doesn't come here any longer, Swot?" quietly responded the girl, her head bowed over the work.

"Oin't dat luck!"

"Why?" asked Constance, looking up in surprise.

"'Cause youse can work on de present," explained Swot. "Say," he demanded after a pause, "if dere's anyting on de tree dat I don't cares for much, can I give it to de doc?"

"Certainly. Or better still, if you'll find out what he would like, I'll let you make him a present."

"Youse payin' for it?" anxiously questioned the boy.

"Of course."

"Dat's jim-dandy!"

Miss Durant recurred to this offer twice in the succeeding week, but, to her surprise, found that Swot's apparent enthusiasm over the gift had entirely cooled, and his one object was a seeming desire to avoid all discussion of it.

"Don't you want to give him something, or haven't you found out what he wants?" she was driven to ask.

"Oh, dat's all right. Don't youse tire youseself 'bout dat," was his mysterious reply. Nor could she extract anything more satisfactory.

It was a very different Swot McGarrigle who was helped into Miss Durant's carriage by the doctor on Christmas eve from the one who had been lifted out at the hospital some six weeks before. The wizened face had filled out into roundness, and the long-promised new clothes, donned for the first time in honor of the event, even more transformed him; so changed him, in fact, that Constance hesitated for an instant in her welcome, in doubt if it were he.

"I have the tree in my own room, because I wanted all the fun to ourselves,"



she explained, as she led the way up stairs, "and downstairs we should almost certainly be interrupted by callers, or something."

It was not a large nor particularly brilliant tree, but to Swot it was everything that was beautiful. At first he was afraid to approach, but after a little Constance persuaded him into a walk around it, and finally tempted him, by an artful mention of what was in one of the larger packages at the base, to treat it more familiarly. Once the ice was broken, the two were quickly seated on the floor, Constance cutting strings, and Swot giving shouts of delight at each new treasure. Presently, in especial joy over some prize, the boy turned to show it to the doctor, to discover that he was standing well back, watching, rather than sharing in the pleasure of the two; and, as the little chap discovered the aloofness, he leaned over and whispered something to the girl.

"I want to, but can't get the courage yet," whispered back Constance. "I don't know what is the matter with me, Swot," she added, blushing.

"Like me to give it to him?"

"Oh, will you, Swot?" she eagerly demanded. "It's the parcel in tissue-paper on my desk over there."

The waif rose to his feet and trotted to the place indicated. He gave a quick glance back at Miss Durant, and seeing that she was leaning over a parcel, he softly unfolded the tissue-paper, slipped something from his newly possessed breast pocket into the handkerchief-case, and refolded the paper. He crossed the room to where the doctor was standing, and handed him the parcel, with the remark, "Dat's for youse, from Miss Constance an' me, doc." Then scurrying back to the side of the girl, he confided to her, "I gave de doc a present, too."

"What was it?" asked Constance, still not looking up.

"Go an' ask him," chuckled Swot.

Turned away as she might be, she was not unconscious of the doctor's movements, and she was somewhat puzzled when, instead of coming to her with thanks, he crossed the room to a bay-window, where he was hidden by the tree from both of them. From that point he

still further astonished her by the request,

"Can you—will you please come here for a moment, Miss Durant?"

Constance rose and walked to where he stood. "I hope you like my gift?" she asked.

"You could have given me nothing I have so wanted—nothing I shall treasure more," said the man, speaking low and fervently. "But did you realize what this would mean to me?" As he spoke he raised his hand, and Constance saw, not the handkerchief-case, but a photograph of herself.

"Oh!" she gasped. "Where—I didn't—that was a picture I gave to Swot. The case is my gift."

The doctor's hand dropped, and all the hope and fire went from his eyes. "I beg your pardon for being so foolish, Miss Durant. I—I lost my senses for a moment—or I would have known that you—that the other was your gift." He stooped to pick it up from the floor where he had dropped it. "Thank you very deeply for your kindness, and—and try to forget my folly."

Constance drew a deep breath. "It wasn't—my—gift—but—but—I don't mind your keeping it."

"You mean—?"

"Oh," said the girl, hurriedly interrupting, "isn't that enough? Please, oh, please—wait—for a little."

The doctor caught her hand and kissed it. "Till death, if need be," he said.

Five minutes later Swot abstracted himself sufficiently from his gifts to peep around the tree and ecstatically inquire,

"Say, oin't dis de doisiest Christmas dat ever wuz?"

"Yes," echoed the two in the bay-window.

"Did youse like your presents, doc?" he continued.

"Yes," replied the doctor, "especially the one you haven't seen, Swot."

"Wot's dat?"

"A something called hope—which is the finest thing in the world."

"No. There is one thing better," said Miss Durant.

"What is it?"

"Love!" whispered Constance.





# FOUR DAYS IN A MEDICINE LODGE

BY WALTER MCCLINTOCK

THE medicine-lodge\* of the Blackfoot Indians, who are Sun-worshippers, is the ceremony that among other tribes is called the sun-dance. It is not, as is commonly supposed, a mere festal dance; it is the most important of all religious ceremonies, the occasion when the entire tribe assembles—some to fulfil their vows to the sun, some to fast and pray, and some to find the diversions and social enjoyments which, the world over, are associated with large gatherings of people. During a sojourn of several summers in northwestern Montana, among the Piegan division† of the Blackfoot Indians, I was adopted by one of the chiefs, Mad Wolf, who is especially prominent in the sacred rites of the Blackfeet. I was baptized with an Indian name, and formally initiated as a member of the tribe.

My new relationship gave me every facility for studying the origin and significance of the medicine-lodge. I was for-

\* The reader should keep in mind that there is no corresponding English word to express the equivalent of the word "medicine" as used by the Indians. It is also impossible for us to understand or estimate the wide range of influence which the "medicine" idea exerts upon the Indian character and habits. It has a firm hold upon their individual and tribal life. The word expresses in general that which is mysterious or supernatural. A "medicine" man is one who is believed to exert a superior power over the supernatural through his incantations and magic arts. He is, therefore, more of a magician than a medical doctor. He may have the function of a medical doctor when he uses his magic arts for the recovery of the sick. To "make medicine" is to conduct mysterious ceremonies.

† There are three divisions of the Blackfoot Indians: the Piegans, the Bloods, and the Blackfeet. The latter two inhabit the province of Alberta, near the border-line of northern Montana.

tunate also in securing, by means of a graphophone, many records of their songs.

The following Blackfeet legend gives the tradition of the medicine-lodge: Many years ago the Sun appeared in a dream to a beautiful young girl of the tribe, saying, "You are mine; if you marry him who is pleasing to me, you will live to be old, and will always have good luck." Many of the leading young men of the tribe wished to marry her, but each was in turn refused. Finally there came to her a young man who said: "I am poor; I have no lodge, neither robes nor horses; but I ask you to become my wife." The girl answered him: "The Sun has taken me to be his own; I can marry no one without his permission. If you go to the lodge of the Sun, and he should consent, then I will marry you." Turning his face toward the setting sun, the young man started on his journey. He travelled many days, praying, as he went, to the birds and animals for help. He had crossed prairies and mountains, but every evening the sun disappeared so far ahead of him that he grew discouraged, and thought that his journey would never end. Finally the animals heard his prayers, showing him the trail which led to the Big Water. There the birds also came to his assistance, carrying him to a far-away island, where he found the lodge in which the





Sun lived with his wife, the Moon, and their only son, the Morning Star. The young man was declared to be worthy by the Sun, who started him upon his homeward journey by the Milky Way, or Wolf Road, the trail said to be travelled by the spirits of the Indian dead. When departing he received the Sun's blessing, with the promise that, when any of his people were sick, a vow to build a medicine-lodge, as an offering to the Sun, would be rewarded by the recovery of the sick.

During a recent winter of great severity, it happened that the wife of Mad Wolf was taken sick. None of the remedies of the Indian doctors helped her, and though the medicine-men sang their strongest songs, the evil spirits refused to depart. One morning she struggled to the door of the lodge, and stretching forth her arms to the rising sun, she prayed: "Pity me, O Sun! for you know that I am pure. Give me back my strength, and before all the people I promise to build for you a medicine-lodge!" Before the snow began to melt, the squaw was well; and when, in the spring, the warm winds began to blow, true to her vow, the wife of Mad Wolf began her preparations for the medicine-lodge. The fulfilment of her vow, which I had the good fortune to witness, gave a special interest and a deeper religious significance to the raising of this medicine-lodge.

The service-berries had turned red and the grass had grown long upon the prairie, when the Indians living in the northern section of the reservation assembled near Mad Wolf's lodge, where he was making medicine for the sun-dance. The southern section of the tribe gathered under Running Crane, who was also making medicine. In their separate camps the Indians waited patiently until they could move together to the place where the entire tribe was to assemble and the medicine-lodge was to be raised.

The morning of the last day of June dawned clear and beautiful upon the

prairies and mountains. I had been informed of the time and place where the Piegans would meet, and, while awaiting their arrival, had walked to the summit of a high ridge overlooking a wide expanse of rolling prairie, now covered everywhere with green grass, made rich and luxuriant by the frequent rains of early spring. At sunrise I saw a band of Indians approaching from the north, and when they came near enough I saw that they were led by Mad Wolf, and that his followers included White Grass, Chief Elk, Morning Plume, Middle Calf, Double Rider, and Bear Child. The warriors were in the van, followed by the little cayuses, or ponies, drawing the travois laden with supplies. Then came a long line of heavy wagons, in which were strange-looking medicine outfits, and lodges. The rear-guard was composed of the older men, squaws, and young girls. Each family was followed by a lot of mongrel dogs, all as gaunt and hungry-looking as a pack of prairie-wolves. The site of the encampment, which had been deserted and silent since the breaking up of the last Piegan camp, twelve moons before, became a scene of bustle and confusion. A white village of Indian lodges, springing up as if by magic, immediately spread itself over a large tract of prairie.

In the afternoon Running Crane came in from the south. With him were many leading men—Little Dog, Little Plume, Curly Bear, Medicine Bull, and Mountain Chief. In this outfit were three medicine-women, so weakened by fasting that, unable to stand without assistance, they reclined upon the ground, while a tepee was erected over them. During the medicine-lodge, which lasts four days and four nights,\* these consecrated women

\* "Four" seems to be the sacred number of the Blackfeet. The rites of the medicine-lodge continue through four days and four nights. Four "sweat-houses" are constructed prior to the raising of the medicine-lodge. Four "coups" are counted in the ceremony of cutting the hide into thongs. Four lines of warriors move toward the centre while



BULL CHILD BLOWING  
MEDICINE-WHISTLE



INDIAN HORSE-RACE

fast, and are continually praying to the Sun for their people. They may only leave the lodge during the hours between

chanting the song, "The Raising of the Pole." A similar use of the four cardinal points, and the ceremonial value of four and multiples of four, throughout the sacred rites of the Hopi snake-dance of the Pueblo Indians of northeastern Arizona (*vide* article by George Wharton James in *June Outing*, 1900), seemed to indicate that their religious rites have had a common origin, probably in the sun-worship of the ancient Aztecs.

sundown and sunrise, and may only partake of a little water for their sustenance. Their faces, hair, and blankets are covered with the sacred red paint. The medicine-women are held in high honor by the Indians, for they must have led perfectly pure lives before the entire tribe, and must have been kindly disposed toward all its members. It yields great renown to a tribe to give a sun-dance, for all of the Indians throughout the West



hear of it, and some come hundreds of miles to be present. The medicine-man who is to lead the ceremonies is a great man, and it is believed that he will live long. At the medicine-lodge I saw representatives from many of the leading tribes of the Northwest—Crees and Bloods from the north; Assiniboines, Pongres, Gros Ventres, and Sioux from the east; Kootenais and Flatheads from the west.

During the day about fifteen hundred Indians had gathered, and there were upwards of two hundred lodges. The camp was in the form of a circle, the circumference of which was about two miles. The natural surroundings were inexpressibly beautiful. A few miles to the west were the Rocky Mountains, over which hung a bank of heavy wind-clouds. The sun, which was sinking behind Mount Red Chief, lighted up the sombre cloud masses with a splendid coloring, while its bright rays, streaming to either side, formed a magnificent "sunburst," with the mountain-peak for its centre. A dark blue haze, resembling smoke, was rapidly mounting the eastern sky—the forerunner of the coming night. Upon the surrounding ridges herds of horses were quietly feeding, while here and there could be seen a solitary Indian who had wandered off for meditation or solitude.

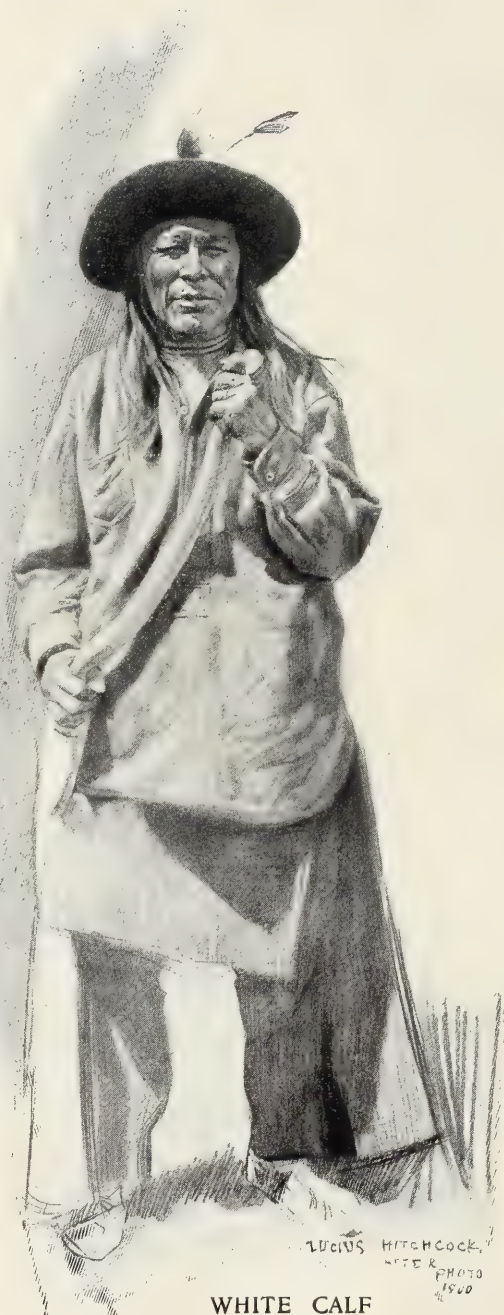
The days before the great ceremony of the medicine-lodge I spent in studying

the varied life of the camp with its mingling of amusements and religious rites. In the evenings the lodges were lighted up by firelight, and the shadows of the Indian families were projected in enlarged outlines upon their canvas coverings. For the most part, the Indians were comfortably seated around their fires, talking over the incidents of the day. While passing a small and tattered

lodge, I heard the wailing and sobbing of an Indian, whose child had recently departed to dwell in the ghostly Sand Hills far to the east, where the spirits of the Blackfeet reside after death. From another lodge came the sound of the monotonous drumming and singing of an Indian doctor while endeavoring to drive away the evil spirits who held possession of the sick; and farther on I heard angry cries, followed by a series of yelps. The door-flap suddenly opened, and out rushed an offending dog, which quickly disappeared in the darkness, followed by the imprecations of an angry squaw. The life of a nomadic Indian camp has most of the contrasts in human experience that we find in compact cities.

Though the most

striking extremes of wealth and poverty are absent, the lights and shadows of domestic joy and sorrow, of health and sickness, of pathos and humor, of the grave and the gay, of love and hate, of the old man's wisdom and thoughtfulness and the young man's folly and reck-



WHITE CALF





A PRAYER TO THE SUN

lessness—all of these are present, with even sharper contrasts because of the closeness of their contiguity.

I lay down upon my blankets, with the sky for my roof. The full moon had risen from the prairie, flooding the camp with its light. Many of the white lodges, with their crowns of tapering poles, stood out in sharp relief against the burnished eastern sky. To the west were the dim outlines of the rugged Rockies, behind which the evening star was slowly sinking. The young men on picket duty were making their rounds upon horseback, singing at intervals an Indian "night song," a custom handed down from the forefathers. In the centre of the camp several dogs started up a mournful howl. Suddenly, as if in response to a prearranged signal, hundreds of dogs, in all parts of the camp, joined in what the Indians call a "moon howl," which closely resembles the dis-

mal howling of an enormous pack of wolves. Gradually their chorus died away. When everything was quiet again two young warriors passed near me on horseback, singing a beautiful "wolf song" in perfect time with the slow trot of their horses. They passed so close to my blankets that I saw them very clearly, their strongly colored Indian clothes showing distinctly in the undimmed moonlight. Their song ended in the perfect imitation of the howl of the wolf.

On the following day I witnessed several exciting horse-races. The course, which was along the south side of the camp, was very picturesque, facing the west, with snowy peaks for a background. The Indians of the prairies go wild over racing, and are superb horsemen, riding bareback the most vicious of unbroken broncos. The chief race of the day was



between the horses representing the Indians and the cowboys. At the finish a crowd of Indians gathered who had staked many of their possessions upon the result, and who cheered wildly as their horse won by a narrow margin.

About noon Mad Wolf rode through the camp, announcing in his powerful voice that there was to be a dance. "Let all the young men go to their lodges and dress themselves in their most beautiful clothes, and let every one come." When the young men assembled, coming in twos and threes from different parts of the camp, they were dressed in their gayest and most elaborate Indian clothes, the picturesque effect being heightened by the tinkling sleigh-bells strapped about their legs. The dancers sat down in a semicircle, and when forty or fifty had arrived the singers began, accompanied by drums.

First came the dance of the warriors, in which every one who took part had been in battle. This was followed by the dance of those who had been wounded. One fine-looking old fellow, whose arm had been shot off by an enemy, entered into the dance with great energy, carrying the feather-decorated bone of the missing arm. One dancer—"Jack - behind - the - Ears"—continually aimed his rifle as if in the act of shooting. He had received his name from an exploit in which he had shot his enemy behind the ear, and was now going through the motions which recalled the deed. Another man, who had been a noted stealer of horses from the enemy, carried a horse carved from wood. Others had tomahawks, arrows, costly shields, and war-bonnets. Every movement of the dance and the distinguishing marks of the dancers had a significance, which it would have been impossible for an outsider to understand. At one time two lines of dancers, singing a war-song, slowly advanced toward each other. Here and there a warrior dropped as if shot, then others rushed in and went through the motions of scalping them. The moral

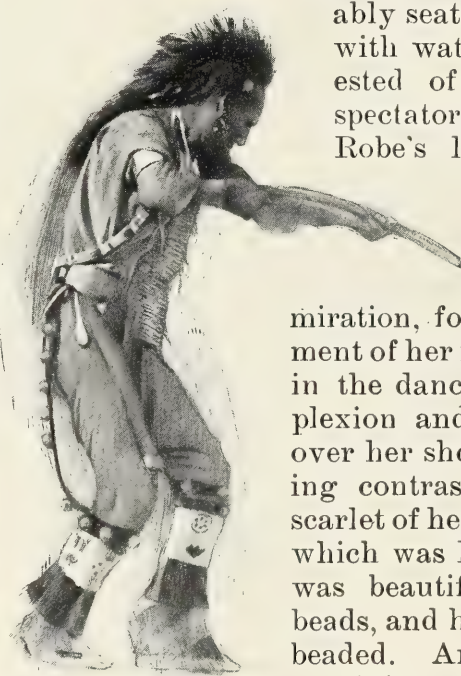
effect of the scalping was evidently displeasing to White Calf, the head chief, for, suddenly stepping into the circle, he motioned to the dancers to stop.

The leader of the dances was Black Weasel, a large and handsome Indian, whose seat in the surrounding circle was marked by a sword driven into the ground. When it was time to commence a figure he moved about the circle, stick in hand, hustling out the dancers and giving sharp cuts to those who lagged behind. He was as considerate, however, as he was energetic, and devoted part of his attention to seeing that the women and children were comfortably seated and were supplied with water. The most interested of the large circle of spectators seemed to be Short Robe's little daughter, who was seated with her family. Her bright black eyes, beaming with filial ad-

miration, followed every movement of her father as he took part in the dance. Her copper complexion and long hair hanging over her shoulders were in striking contrast with the brilliant scarlet of her costume. Her dress, which was like that of a squaw, was beautifully decorated with beads, and her leggings were also beaded. Around her waist was a miniature squaw belt closely studded with shining brass-headed tacks. As she watched the dance her body swayed to and fro, and her small moccasined feet kept time to the beating of the drums.

Late in the afternoon the dancers rested for a short interval to join in the feast of a puppy, which was placed in the centre of the circle by squaws. While they were feasting, Running Crane, an old chief, addressed the people, saying: "I am now glad in my heart to see you gathered together. The young men are all dressed in their most beautiful clothes, and they dance well. It is not often that we have fun,—only once a year. The shooting has all been stopped, and we have ceased to count 'coups,'\* but we are

\* A "coup" is primarily the striking of an enemy in battle. "Counting coups" is the narration of deeds of bravery in battle.



JACK-BEHIND-THE-EARS  
DANCING





SHORT ROBE AND DAUGHTER IN FULL DRESS

all happy here. I hope that the Great Father at Washington will not stop our coming together, for it does not last long. Let the old people keep the boys quiet, that we may break camp and return to our homes without having any disturbance. I am now through. My name is Running Crane."

Mountain Chief then arose. He told of the old days and how he used to dance, and he advised his people to give many horses to the Sioux, who had come from the far east to visit. He held a small stick, which represented a good white horse, and, when he had finished speaking, stepped across the circle and handed the stick to a Sioux Indian. From the crowd of spectators there came the voice of another old chief, who exclaimed, "Good boy, giving away your horse so

generously!" After the feast, the dance was continued until sundown.

That evening I heard the notes of a love-song, sung by a young man passing near to the lodge of his sweetheart. It is probable that the girl alone knew for whom the song was intended. Mad Wolf's

lodge was surrounded by green boughs—a sign that a sacred service was being held; and as I approached I heard the Indians chanting as they "made medicine." I stood awhile, listening to the chanting. At intervals the low monotone of the men was joined by the shrill voices of the women. Gradually the song died away and there was silence, broken by Mad Wolf's voice, who directed a squaw to throw more wood on the fire. A brighter flame lighted up the lodge, and though I was far from



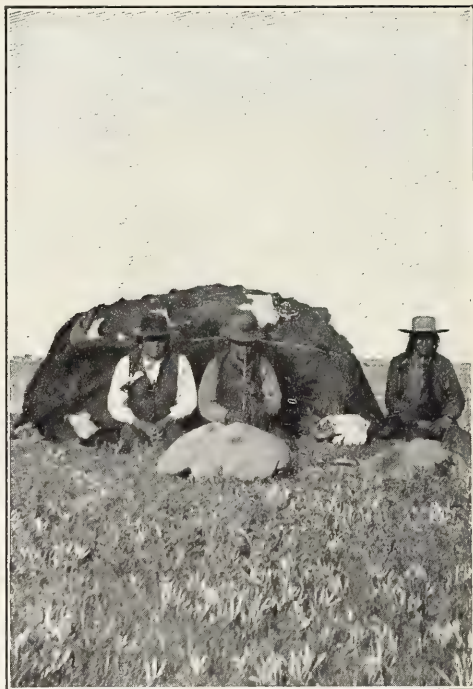
INDIAN DANCERS



sure that my presence would be welcome, I decided this was my opportune moment. I lifted the flap of the tent and stepped in. By the uncertain firelight I could distinguish Mad Wolf seated in the place of honor at the back of the lodge. He smiled, and motioned to me to be seated. On Mad Wolf's left, and taking a prominent part in the service, was Curly Bear. There were also White Grass, Three Bears, and Eagle Head. Three Bears was unusually large and burly. When I was seated, he extended toward me an enormous hand, giving me a hearty shake. To the right of Mad Wolf were the sacred medicine-women of Mad Wolf's band, their heads bent as if in prayer. Weakened by long fasting, they seemed scarcely able to sit erect, and at times were supported and ministered to by other squaws. Between Mad Wolf and the fire, in the centre, was a small altar covered with ground-cedar. Alongside of it were the red medicine-sticks, pipes, and several medicine-bags, which were to be used in the religious service. While lying in the lodge and watching by the firelight my Indian brothers earnestly engaged in the sacred rites, I too, for the time being, imagined myself an Indian, and joined in the low, measured chant.

Before long my attention was aroused by sounds from outside, which told me that the young bucks had come forth from their lodges and were roaming about, ready for any excitement or adventure. I left Mad Wolf and his companions so deeply engaged in their solemn service that they seemed not to notice the sounds without or my withdrawal. When I stepped out from the dimly lighted lodge into the bright moonlight I met a group of dancers, dressed in their gay trappings, who were passing through the camp, singing in unison a night song of unusual sweetness. At every step the bells fastened about their legs jingled. A horse

passed, ridden by two young bucks, who were singing snatches of a dance-song while making the rounds of the camp. As I followed them I was suddenly startled by a succession of piercing war-whoops. A crowd of Indians rushed out with clubs from behind a lodge, and closing around the singers, beat their horse. The horse plunged and bucked, but the riders held their seats. Finally, amid laughter and shouting, they distanced their pursuers, galloping off over the prairie.



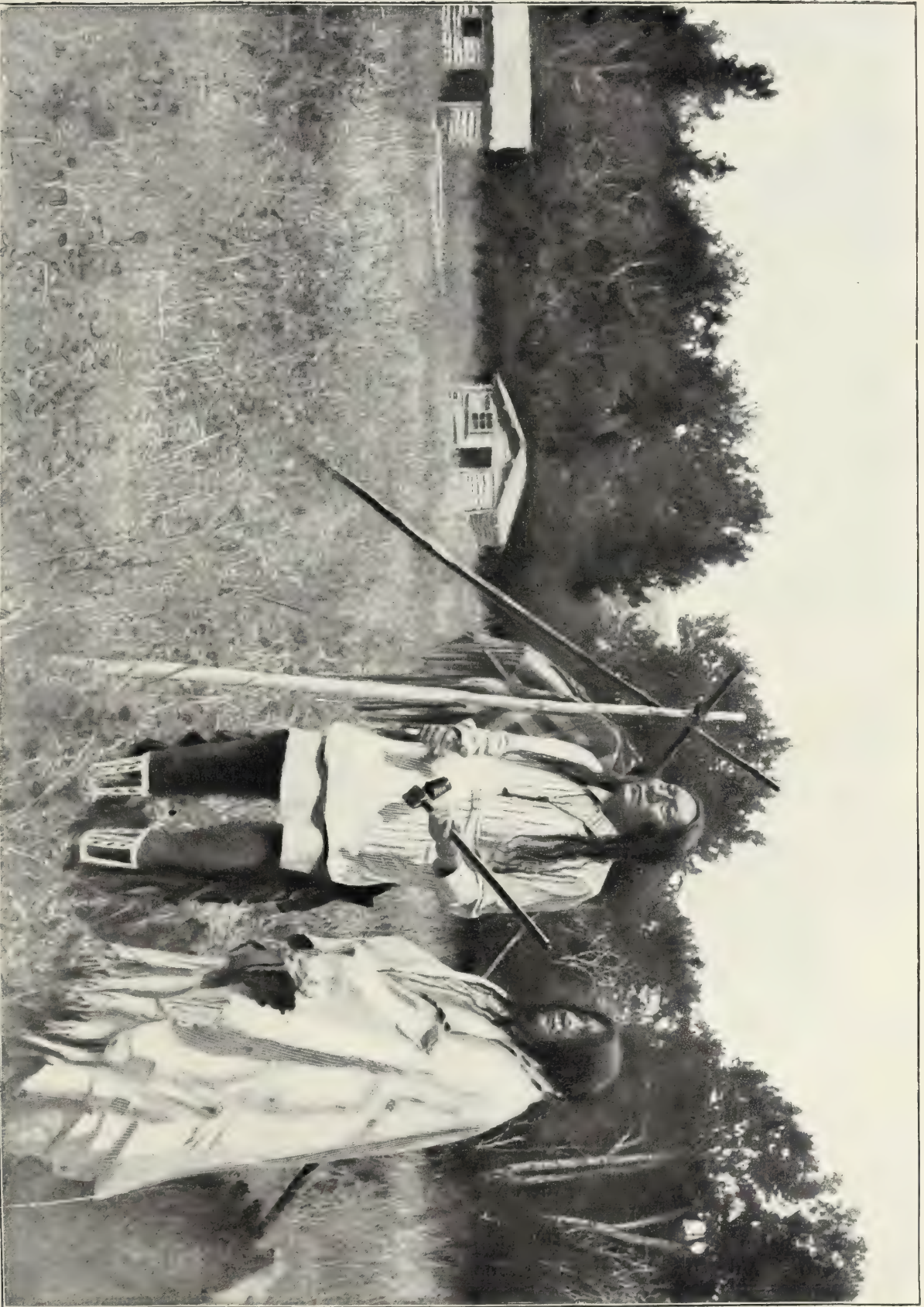
SWEAT-HOUSE COVERED WITH BLANKETS

The sound of drums came from a large lodge around which a crowd of Indians had gathered. Inside were a number of warriors singing and dancing about the fire. Crawling underneath the side of the lodge, I found myself among the squaws, who were so occupied with watching the dance that they did not seem to notice my entrance. I discovered that I was in the lodge of Cream Antelope, a leader of the society of Crazy Dogs, who were now celebrating a dance which it had been their custom to give in the old days, when

about to go upon the war-path. The dancers had thrown off their blankets, and their naked, painted bodies looked wild and grotesque in the firelight. In the circle were Half Body and Medicine Owl, with horned bonnets and necklaces of grizzlies' claws; also Big Beaver, Mountain Chief, and Big Crow, each dancer representing a wild animal. They sang a war-song as they danced; the shrill war-whoop being given with startling effect at frequent intervals.

The dancers were suddenly startled by the explosion of fire-crackers thrown upon the top of the lodge. The Crazy Dogs sat down, both surprised and indignant at the interruption. When they began again there came the clatter of a horse's hoofs, followed by several more loud explosions. One of the dancers arose in wrath, and seizing his war-club, rushed madly after the intruder, who fortunate-





MAD WOLF AND SQUAW





RAISING THE CENTRE POLE

ly escaped. The Crazy Dogs then held a council, and decided that the shooting was in violation of their medicine-laws, and that the dance must therefore be discontinued.

As a preliminary to building the medicine-lodge, four sweat-houses were built by leading men of the tribe. A framework in the form of an ellipse is made of intertwined willow branches, about four feet in height, which are firmly set in the ground. This framework is covered over with hides and blankets, while the skull of a buffalo, decorated with red and black paint, surmounts the top. By means of red-hot stones, the temperature in the sweat-house is raised to a high degree. Strange visions frequently appear to the medicine-men as they lie within, praying and chanting. Mad Wolf entered the fourth and last sweat-house, by the side of which the medicine-lodge was to be built. Dried sweet-grass was burning upon the heated rocks, and placing his hands in the smoke and rubbing them over his body, he chanted and prayed to the Sun, saying, "May our lives become as strong

as the stones we have placed here." Then, taking water into his mouth, he sprinkled it upon the hot stones. As the steam arose he prayed again, "May our lives be as pure as the water, that we may live to be old, and always have water to drink."

For the centre pole of the medicine-lodge the young men selected a cottonwood of considerable size, with a forked top, felled it, and dragged it from the river-bottom to the site of the lodge, with yelling and shooting of guns. They were followed by others bearing smaller poles and leafy branches. The cutting of the thongs that were to bind together the framing poles of the lodge was made an important ceremony. The warrior who was privileged to cut the hide was selected by a young woman who had been appointed for the purpose by the medicine-women. The man to whom the honor fell stood before the assembled people, holding a knife, the blade of which was covered with the sacred red paint. As he cut he counted "coups," saying, "Behold, I made an expedition against the Sioux, a number of whom I killed."





WITHIN THE MEDICINE-LODGE

He then cut two strips from the hide. Again he spoke: "At another time I went against the Crows, and stole four horses, all of which I brought home." In this manner four "coups" were counted, thongs being cut after each. From the crowd there arose the shrill voice of a squaw, singing, "Good boy! Brave man! Well done!" His relatives then arose and danced, because their brother had thus gone through many dangers and had returned to his people safe and happy.

During the afternoon the people brought offerings to the Sun, many of which were afterwards distributed among the old women of the tribe who were poor and helpless. Blankets, robes, food, and clothing were thrown together, until the pile assumed large proportions. Many horses were also given, and these were distributed by the warrior who had been chosen to cut the hide. According to the custom, those who give horses receive an equal number in the following year; while those who are presented with horses are expected to give in return the same number at the next medicine-lodge. After a

feast of dried tongues and service-berry soup, the men dispersed to their lodges.

When they reappeared they were in paint and war-clothes, and they held aloft long poles lashed together near the top so as to form a cross, like a pair of shears, for lifting the poles in place. They formed in four lines toward the north, south, east, and west. Gradually the four lines advanced, converging with slow step toward the centre of the camp, while hundreds of Indian voices sang in unison the ceremonial hymn, "The Raising of the Pole," which is in marching time. The solemn notes of this great song floated out upon the still evening air, and the sunset light fell upon the strong and earnest faces of the medicine-men and the picturesque bonnets and trappings of the warriors.

At the setting of the sun, Medicine Bull, the leading medicine-man present, shouted, "Hurry! raise the pole quickly, that the medicine-women may eat and drink, for they are famished!" The crowd also shouted "Hurry!" and the centre pole was raised by means of ropes. The girder



poles were next carefully lifted into place by means of the shearlike poles, and branches with foliage were placed against the sides of the lodge. The door of the medicine-lodge faced toward the east. Inside, and opposite to the entrance, a small booth of boughs interwoven with ground-cedar was built for the exclusive use of the medicine-men. During the four days' ceremony they do not leave this booth for either eating or drinking.

When the people had returned to their lodges, Medicine Bull entered the booth to pray and make medicine. Although the night was cold, he was stripped to his breech-cloth, his body being decorated with paint, the sacred red representing the Sun, and the black the Moon.

On the following morning the people surrounded and crowded into the medicine-lodge in such numbers that it was almost impossible for others to enter, or for those that were within to withdraw. A space, however, was kept open in the centre for the warriors, who danced, dressed in their war costumes and with faces hideously painted. In former years it was the custom for those who had made vows to the Sun for deliverance from sickness or battle to fulfil those vows at this time with remarkable feats of self-torture. Slits were cut in their breasts, and rawhide ropes were inserted beneath the muscles, tied securely, and fastened to the centre pole, around which they danced until they tore themselves loose in their frenzy. This barbarous and revolting custom has, however, entirely ceased, under the firm hand of the United States government.

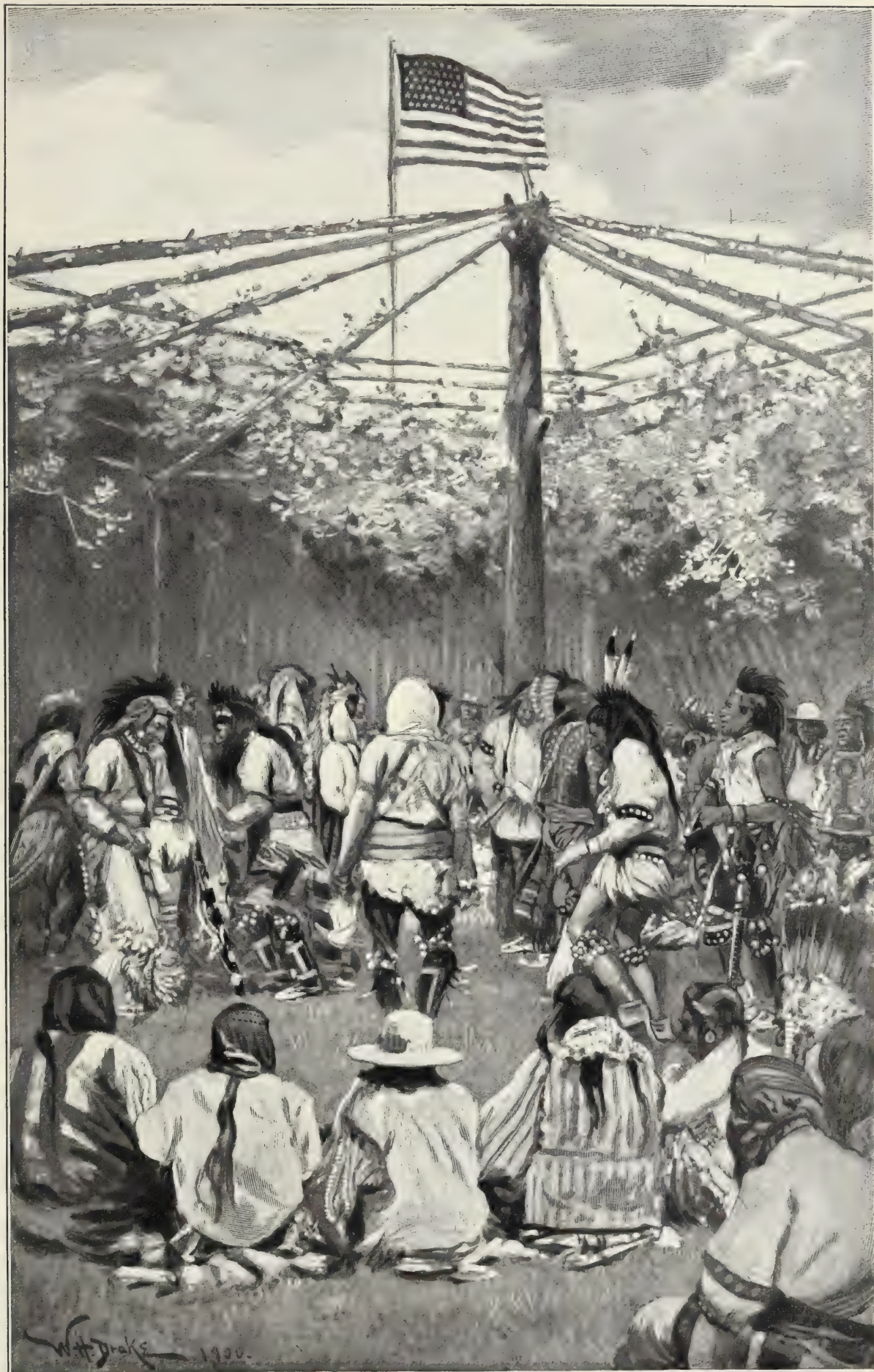
The medicine-men are believed to have power over the weather, and at the time of the medicine-lodge are expected to drive away all storms, and to make favorable weather while it lasts. An incident that happened during this medicine-lodge illustrates the manner in which the medicine-men acquire and sustain their standing with the tribe. In the early afternoon a dark storm-cloud, with its eastern side extending far out over the prairie, was seen slowly advancing along the main range of the Rockies, directly toward the encampment. The Indians anxiously watched the medicine-men, who were quick to realize that the event was big with the possibilities of success or failure for their office. Medicine Bull and Bull Child, standing in front of their people, entered

into a sort of competition in prophecy, but with much better success than the competing prophets of Baal. Bull Child, blowing his whistle and facing the black cloud, spoke in a loud voice. "See," he said, "a storm comes from the mountains over the prairie, and you people would get wet; but I am powerful and my medicine is strong. That cloud will now separate, and there will be no shower." All the people watched the cloud intently. A sudden change in the wind averted its course, and it divided as Bull Child predicted. Medicine Bull, jealous of the success of his rival, said, "Bull Child, you are wrong; that cloud is separated, but my medicine is stronger. It will again unite and return, and will wet all the people." Again the eyes of the Indians eagerly watched the divided storm-clouds, which came together, and continuing to spread, at length passed over the encampment with a heavy rain.

Men, women, and children came before the medicine-men, who, having their faces painted with the sacred red paint, gave them their blessing of "Long life and good luck." The squaws carried their papposes to Medicine Bull, who, taking them in his arms and gazing intently at the bright sun, prayed, holding at the same time in one hand a bunch of eagle feathers, and in the other a buffalo tail. During each of the four days of ceremony there was frequent dancing in the medicine-lodge, when the warriors counted "coups" and narrated their deeds of bravery.

Upon the last day of the sun-dance, when all the tribe were assembled, Mad Wolf, the great orator of the Piegiens, stepped into the circle. With his left hand he held his blanket around him, while with his right he made a gesture signifying that he wished to be heard. When there was silence, he began in a strong, full voice: "Men and women, there is nothing bad that I have now to tell you, and I speak to you with a good heart. Send your children to school, for if they can learn the talk of the white man, they will be a great help to us. The buffalo have gone, the antelope and the rest of the game also, and we now have nothing more to depend upon. Try your best to make a living upon your ranches, and look well after your cattle, for if you raise and care for them, you can make a good living. Let every one





WARRIORS DANCING INSIDE MEDICINE-LODGE





DESERTED FRAME-WORK OF SWEAT-HOUSE, WITH BUFFALO SKULL ON IT

leave whiskey alone, for it is bad to have anything to do with whiskey. That is all for this part. The only one whom we now have to depend upon is the Great Father at Washington, who helps us in every way. All you people should obey his laws and give heed to his advice. I now wish you may feel the sunshine of joy in your hearts, that you may have a happy day and night, and that you may have no trouble. This is all."

In the morning of the fifth day after the building of the medicine-lodge, Running Crane with his band departed for

the south. On the following day Mad Wolf left, followed by the remainder of the tribe. I sat alone in the midst of the recent camp, watching them as they moved across the prairie toward the north. When they had disappeared in the distance, I turned for a last look upon the medicine-lodge, which was now the one conspicuous object upon the bare and desolate prairie, surrounded on every side by the smoking embers of the many lodge fires, whose owners had disappeared. In a few years the ancient customs and ceremonies of the Indians will have disappeared as completely.

### WOLF SONG



Transposed from Graphophone Record by Arthur Nevin.

# ELEANOR\*

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

## PART IX

### CHAPTER XVII.

THE day grew very hot, and Eleanor suffered visibly, even though the quality of the air remained throughout pure and fresh, and Lucy in the shelter of the broad *loggia* felt nothing but a keen physical enjoyment of the glow and blaze that held the outer world.

After their mid-day meal Lucy was sitting idly on the outer wall of the *loggia* which commanded the bit of road just outside the convent, when she perceived a figure mounting the hill.

"Father Benecke!" she said to Eleanor. "What a climb for him in this heat! Did you say he had gone to Selvapendente? Poor old man!—how hot and tired he looks!—and with that heavy parcel too!"

And withdrawing herself a little out of sight, she watched the priest. He had just paused in a last patch of shade to take breath after the long ascent. Depositing the bundle he had been carrying on a way-side stone, he took out his large colored handkerchief and mopped the perspiration from his face, with long sighs of exhaustion. Then, with his hands on his sides, he looked round him. Opposite to him was a little shrine, with the usual rude fresco and enthroned Madonna behind a grating. The priest walked over to it and knelt down.

In a few minutes he returned and took up his parcel. As he entered the outer gate of the convent, Lucy could see him glancing nervously from side to side. But it was the hour of siesta and of quiet. His tormentors of the morning were all under cover.

The parcel that he carried had partly broken out of its wrappings during the long walk, and Lucy could see that it contained clothes of some kind.

"Poor father!" she said again to Eleanor. "Couldn't he have got some boy to carry that for him? How I should like to rest him and give him some coffee! Shall I send Cecco to ask him to come here?"

Eleanor shook her head.

"Better not. He wouldn't come. We shall have to tame him like a bird."

The hours passed on. At last the western sun began to creep round into the *loggia*. The empty cells on the eastern side were now cool, but they looked upon the inner cloistered court, which was alive with playing children and all the farm life. Eleanor shrank both from noise and spectators. Yet she grew visibly more tired and restless, and Lucy went out to reconnoitre. She came back recommending a descent into the forest.

So they braved a few yards of sun-scorched road and plunged into a little right-hand track, which led downward through a thick undergrowth of heath and arbutus towards what seemed the cool heart of the woods.

Presently they came to a small gate, and beyond appeared a broad, well-kept path, winding in zigzags along the forest-covered side of the hill.

"This must be private," said Eleanor, looking at the gate in some doubt. "And there, you see, is the Palazzo Guerrini."

She pointed. Above them through a gap in the trees showed the great yellow pile on the edge of the plateau, the forest stretching steeply up to it and enveloping it from below.

"There is nothing to stop us," said Lucy. "They won't turn us out, if it is theirs. I can't have you go through that sun again."

And she pressed on, looking for shade and rest.

But soon she stopped, with a little cry,

\* Begun in January number, 1900.





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FATHER BENECKE



and they both stood looking in astonishment at the strange and lovely thing upon which they had stumbled unawares.

"I know!" cried Lucy. "The woman at the convent tried to tell me—and I couldn't understand. She said we must see the 'Sassetto'—that it was a wonder—and all the strangers thought so. And it *is* a wonder! And so cool!"

Down from the very brow of the hill, in an age before man was born, the giant force of some primeval convulsion had flung a lava torrent of molten rock to the bed of the Paglia. And there still was the torrent—a rock stream composed of huge blocks of basalt—flowing in one vast steep fall, a couple of hundred yards wide, through the forest from top to bottom of the hill.

And very grim and stern would that rock river have been but for Italy and the powers of the Italian soil. But the forest and its lovely undergrowths, its heaths and creepers, its ferns and periwinkles, its lichen and mosses, had thrown themselves on the frozen lava, had decked and softened its wild shapes, had reared oaks and pines amid the clefts of basalt, and planted all the cranberries below with lighter, featherier green, till in the dim forest light all that had once been terror had softened into grace, and Nature herself had turned her freak to poetry.

And throughout the "Sassetto" there reigned a peculiar and delicious coolness—the blended breath of mountain and forest. The smooth path that Eleanor and Lucy had been following wound in and out among the strange rock masses, bearing the signs of having been made at great cost and difficulty. Soon, also, benches of gray stone began to mark the course of it at frequent intervals.

"We must live here!" cried Lucy in enchantment. "Let me spread the shawl for you—there!—just in front of that glimpse of the river."

They had turned a corner of the path. Lucy, whose gaze was fixed upon the blue distance towards Orvieto, heard a hurried word from Eleanor, looked round, and saw Father Benecke just rising from a seat in front.

A shock ran through her. The priest stood hesitating and miserable before

them, a hot color suffusing his hollow cheeks. Lucy saw that he was no longer in clerical dress. He wore a gray alpaca suit, and a hat of fine Leghorn straw with a broad black ribbon. Both ladies almost feared to speak to him.

Then Lucy ran forward, her cheeks too a bright red, her eyes wet and sparkling. "How do you do, Father Benecke? You won't remember me, but I was just introduced to you that day at luncheon—don't you remember—on the Aventine?"

The priest took her offered hand, and looked at her in astonishment.

"Yes—I remember—you were with Miss Manisty."

"I wish you had asked me to come with you this morning," cried the girl, suddenly. "I'd have helped you carry that parcel up the hill. It was too much for you in the heat."

Her face expressed the sweetest, most passionate sympathy—the indignant homage of youth to old age unjustly wounded and forsaken. Eleanor was no less surprised than Father Benecke. Was this the stiff, the reticent Lucy?

The priest struggled for composure, and smiled as he withdrew his hand.

"You would have found it a long way, signorina. I tried to get a boy at Selvapendente, but no one would serve me."

He paused a moment, then resumed, speaking with a sort of passionate reluctance, his eyes upon the ground:

"I am a suspended priest—and the Bishop of Orvieto has notified the fact to his clergy. The news was soon known through the whole district. And now it seems the people hate me. They will do nothing for me. Nay, if they could, they would willingly do me an injury."

The flush had died out of the old cheeks. He stood bareheaded before them, the tonsure showing plainly amid his still thick white locks—the delicate face and hair, like a study in ivory and silver, thrown out against the deep shadows of the Sassetto.

"Father, won't you sit down and tell me about it all?" said Eleanor, gently. "You didn't send me away, you know—the other day—at the villa."

The priest sighed—and hesitated. "I don't know, madame, why I should trouble you with my poor story."



"It would not trouble me. Besides, I know so much of it already."

She pointed to the bench he had just left.

"And I," said Lucy, "will go and fetch a book I left in the *loggia*. Father Benecke, Mrs. Burgoyne is not strong. She has walked more than enough. Will you kindly make her rest while I am gone?"

She fixed upon him her kind beseeching eyes. The sympathy, the homage, of the two women enveloped the old man. His brow cleared a little.

She sped down the winding path, aglow with anger and pity. The priest's crushed strength and humiliated age—what a testimony to the power of that tradition for which Mr. Manisty was working—its unmerciful and tyrannous power!

Why such a penalty for a "mildly Liberal" book—"a fraction of the truth"? She could hear Manisty's ironic voice on that bygone drive to Nemi. If he saw his friend now, would he still excuse—defend—Her thoughts wrestled with him hotly—then withdrew themselves in haste, and fled the field.

Meanwhile Father Benecke's reserve had gradually yielded. He gave Eleanor a long troubled look, and said at last, very simply,

"Madame, you see a man broken-hearted—"

He stopped, staring desolately at the ground. Eleanor threw in a few gentle words and phrases, and presently he again mustered courage to speak:

"You remember, madame, that my letter was sent to the *Osservatore Romano* after a pledge had been given to me that only the bare fact of my submission, the mere formula that attends the withdrawal of any book that has been placed upon the Index, should be given to the public. Then my letter appeared. And suddenly it all became clear to me. I cannot explain it. It was with me as it was with St. Paul: 'Placuit Domino ut revelaret filium suum in me!'—My heart rose up and said, 'Thou hast betrayed the truth'—'*Tradidisti Sanctum et Justum*!' After I left you that day I wrote withdrawing my letter and my submission. And I sent a copy to one of

the Liberal papers. Then my heart smote me. One of the Cardinals of the Holy Office had treated me with much kindness. I wrote to him—I tried to explain what I had done. I wrote to several other persons at the Vatican, complaining of the manner in which I had been dealt with. No answer—not one. All were silent—as though I were already a dead man. Then I tried to see one or two of my old friends. But no one would receive me; one and all turned me from their doors. So then I left Rome. But I could not make up my mind to go home till I knew the worst. You understand, madame, that I have been a Professor of Theology; that my Faculty can remove me—that my Faculty obeys the bishops, and the bishops obey the Holy See. I remembered this place—I left my address in Rome—and I came down here to wait. Ah! it was not long!"

He drew himself up, smiling bitterly.

"Two days after I arrived here I received two letters simultaneously—one from my bishop, the other from the Council of my Faculty—suspending me both from my priestly and my academical functions. By the next post arrived a communication from the bishop of this diocese, forbidding me the sacraments."

He paused. The mere recital of his case had brought him again into the bewilderment of that mental anguish he had gone through. Eleanor made a murmur of sympathy. He faced her with a sudden ardor.

"I had expected it, madame; but when it came I was stunned—I was bowed to the earth. A few days later I received an anonymous letter—from Orvieto, I think—reminding me that a priest suspended *a divinis* has no right to the soutane. 'Let the traitor,' it said, 'give up the uniform he has disgraced—let him at least have the decency to do that. In my trouble I had not thought of it. So I wrote to a friend in Rome to send me clothes.'"

Eleanor's eyes filled with tears. She thought of the old man staggering alone up the dusty hill under his unwelcome burden.

He himself was looking down at his new clothes in a kind of confusion. Suddenly he said, under his breath: "And for what?—because I said what every

educated man in Europe knows to be true.

"Father," said Eleanor, longing to express some poor word of comfort and respect, "you have suffered greatly—you will suffer—but it is not for yourself."

He shook his head.

"Madame, you see a man dying of hunger and thirst! He cannot cheat himself with fine words. He starves!"

She stared at him, startled—partly understanding.

"For forty-two years," he said, in a low, pathetic voice, "have I received my Lord—day after day—without a break. And now 'they have taken Him away—and I know not where they have laid Him!'"

Nothing could be more desolate than tone and look. Eleanor understood. She had seen this hunger before. She remembered a convent in Rome where on Good-Fridays some of the nuns were often ill with restlessness and longing, because for twenty-four hours the sacrament was not upon the altar.

Under the protection of her reverent and pitying silence he gradually recovered himself. With great delicacy, with fine and chosen words, she began to try and comfort him, dwelling on his comradeship with all the martyrs of the world, on the help and support that would certainly gather round him, on the new friends that would replace the old. And as she talked there grew up in her mind an envy of him so passionate, so intense, that she could have thrown herself at his feet there and then, and opened her own wretched heart to him.

He, tortured by the martyrdom of thought, by the loss of Christian fellowship! She, scorched and consumed by a passion that was perfectly ready to feed itself on the pain and injury of the beloved, or the innocent, as soon as its own selfish satisfaction was denied it! There was a moment when she felt herself unworthy to breathe the same air with him.

She stared at him, frowning and pale, her hand clasping her breast, lest he should hear the beating of her heart.

Then the hand dropped. The inner tumult passed. And at the same moment the sound of steps was heard approaching.

Round the farther corner of the path came two ladies, descending towards them. They were both dressed in deep mourning. The first was an old woman, powerfully and substantially built. Her gray hair, raised in a sort of toupé under her plain black bonnet, framed a broad and noticeable brow, black eyes, and other features that were both benevolent and strong. She was very pale, and her face expressed a haunting and prevailing sorrow. Eleanor noticed that she was walking alone, some distance ahead of her companion, and that she had gathered up her black skirts in an ungloved hand, with an absent disregard of appearances. Behind her came a younger lady, a sallow and pinched woman of about thirty, very slight and tall.

As they passed Eleanor and her companion, the elder woman threw a lingering glance at the strangers. The scrutiny of it was perhaps somewhat imperious. The younger lady walked past stiffly with her eyes on the ground.

Eleanor and Father Benecke were naturally silent as they passed. Eleanor had just begun to speak again when she heard herself suddenly addressed in French.

She looked up in astonishment, and saw that the old lady had returned and was standing before her.

"Madame—you allow me to address you?"

Eleanor bowed.

"You are staying at Santa Trinità, I believe?"

"*Oui, madame.* We arrived yesterday."

The Contessa's examining eye, whereof the keenness was but just duly chastened by courtesy, took note of that delicate and frail refinement which belonged both to Eleanor's person and dress.

"I fear, madame, you are but roughly housed at the Trinità. They are not accustomed to English ladies. If my daughter and I, who are residents here, can be of any service to you, I beg that you will command us."

Eleanor felt nothing but an angry impatience. Could even this remote place give them no privacy? She answered, however, with her usual grace:

"You are very good, madame. I sup-



pose that I am speaking to the Contessa Guerrini?"

The other lady made a sign of assent.

"We brought a few things from Orvieto—my friend and I," Eleanor continued. "We shall only stay a few weeks. I think we have all that is necessary. But I am very grateful to you for your courtesy."

Her manner, however, expressed no effusion, hardly even adequate response. The Contessa understood. She talked for a few moments, gave a few directions as to paths and points of view, pointed out a drive beyond Selvapendente on the mountain-side, bowed, and departed.

Her bow did not include the priest. But he was not conscious of it. While the ladies talked, he had stood apart, holding the hat, that seemed to burn him, in his finger-tips, his eyes, with their vague and troubled intensity, expressing only that inward vision which is at once the paradise and the torment of the prophet.

Three weeks passed away. Eleanor had said no more of farther travelling. For some days she lived in terror, startled by the least sound upon the road. Then, as it seemed to Lucy, she resigned herself to trust in Father Benecke's discretion, influenced also, no doubt, by the sense of her own physical weakness and piteous need of rest.

And now—in these first days of July—their risk was no doubt much less than it had been. Manisty had not remembered Torre Amiata—another thorn in Eleanor's heart! He must have left Italy. As each fresh morning dawned, she assured herself drearily that they were safe enough.

As for the heat, the sun indeed was lord and master of this central Italy. Yet on the high table-land of Torre Amiata the temperature was seldom oppressive. Lucy, indeed, soon found out from her friend the Carabiniere that while malaria haunted the valley, and scourged the region of Bolsena to the south, the characteristic disease of their upland was pneumonia—caused by the daily ascent of the laborers from the hot slopes below to the sharp coolness of the night.

No, the heat was not overwhelming. Yet Eleanor grew paler and feebler.

Lucy hovered round her in a constantly increasing anxiety. And presently she began to urge retreat, and change of plan. It was madness to stay in the south. Why not move at once to Switzerland, or the Tirol?

Eleanor shook her head.

"But I can't have you stay here," cried Lucy, in distress.

And coming closer, she chose her favorite seat on the floor of the *loggia* and laid her head against Eleanor's arm.

"Oughtn't you to go home?" she said, in a low urgent voice, caressing Eleanor's hand. "Send me back to Uncle Ben. I can go home any time. But you ought to be in Scotland. Let me write to Miss Manisty!"

Eleanor laid her hand on her mouth. "You promised!" she said, with her sweet stubborn smile.

"But it isn't right that I should let you run these risks. It—it—isn't kind to me."

"I don't run risks. I am as well here as anywhere. The Orvieto doctor saw no objection to my being here—for a month, at any rate."

"Send me home," murmured Lucy again, softly kissing the hand she held. "I don't know why I ever came."

Eleanor started. Her lips grew pinched and bitter. But she only said:

"Give me our six weeks. All I want is you—and quiet."

She held out both her hands very piteously, and Lucy took them—conquered, though not convinced.

"If anything went really wrong," said Eleanor, "I am sure you could appeal to that old Contessa. She has the face of a mother in Israel."

"The people here seem to be pretty much in her hand," said Lucy, as she rose. "She manages most of their affairs for them. But poor, poor thing!—did you see that account in the *Tribuna* this morning?"

The girl's voice dropped, as though it had touched a subject almost too horrible to be spoken of.

Eleanor looked up with a sign of shuddering assent. Her daily *Tribuna*, which the postman brought her, had, in fact, contained that morning a letter describing the burial—after three months!—of the remains of the army slain in the carnage of Adowa on March 1. For



three months had those thousands of Italian dead lain a prey to the African sun and the African vultures, before Italy could get leave from her victorious foe to pay the last offices to her sons.

That fine young fellow of whom the neighborhood talked, who seemed to have left behind him such memories of energy and goodness, his mother's idol—had his bones too lain bleaching on that field of horror? It did not bear thinking of.

Lucy went down stairs to attend to some household matters. It was about ten o'clock in the morning, and presently Eleanor heard the postman from Selvapendente knock at the outer door. Marie brought up the letters.

There were four or five for Lucy, who had never concealed her address from her uncle, though she had asked that it might be kept for a while from other people. He had accordingly forwarded some home letters, and Marie laid them on the table. Beside them were some letters that Lucy had just written and addressed. The postman went his round through the village; then returned to pick them up.

Marie went away, and suddenly Eleanor sprang from the sofa. With a flush and a wild look she went to examine Lucy's letters.

Was all quite safe? Was Lucy not tampering with her, betraying her in any way? The letters were all for America, except one, addressed to Paris. No doubt an order to a tradesman? But Lucy had said nothing about it—and the letter filled Eleanor with a mad suspicion that her weakness could hardly repress.

"Why! by now—I am not even a lady!" she said to herself at last with set teeth, as she dragged herself from the table and began to pace the *loggia*.

But when Lucy returned, in one way or another Eleanor managed to inform herself as to the destination of all the letters. And then she scourged and humbled herself for her doubts, and became for the rest of the morning the most winning and tender of companions.

As a rule, they never spoke of Manisty. What Lucy's attitude implied was that she had in some unwitting and unwilling way brought trouble on Eleanor; that she was at Torre Amiata to repair it; and that in general she was at Eleanor's orders.

Of herself she would not allow a word. Beyond and beneath her sweetness Eleanor divined a just and indomitable pride. And beyond that Mrs. Burgoyne could not penetrate.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

MEANWHILE Eleanor found some distraction in Father Benecke.

The poor priest was gradually recovering a certain measure of serenity. The two ladies were undoubtedly of great assistance to him. They became popular in the village, where they and their wants set flowing a stream of *lire*—more abundant by far than had hitherto attended the summer guests, even the Sindaco of Selvapendente. They were the innocent causes, indeed, of some evil. Eleanor had been ordered goats' milk by the Orvieto doctor, and the gentleman who had secured the order from the *massaja* went in fear of his life at the hands of two other gentlemen who had not been equally happy. But in general they brought prosperity, and the popular smile was granted them.

So that when it was discovered that they were already acquainted with the mysterious foreign priest, and stoutly disposed to befriend him, the village showed the paralyzing effect of a conflict of interests. At the moment, and for various reasons, the clericals were masters. And the clericals denounced Father Benecke as a traitor and a heretic. At the same time the village could not openly assail the ladies' friend without running the risk of driving the ladies themselves from Torre Amiata. And this clearly would have been a mere wanton slight to a kind Providence. Even the children understood the situation, and Father Benecke now took his walks unmolested by anything sharper than sour looks and averted faces.

Meanwhile he was busy in revising a new edition of his book. This review of his own position calmed him. Contact with all the mass of honest and laborious knowledge of which it was a summary gave him back his dignity, raised him from the pit of humiliation into which he seemed to have fallen, and strengthened him to resist. The spiritual privations that his state brought him could be sometimes forgotten. There



were moments, indeed, when the iron entered into his soul. When the bell of the little church rang at half past five in the morning, he was always there in his corner by the door. The peasants brushed past him suspiciously as they went in and out. He did not see them. He was absorbed in the function, or else in a bitter envy of the officiating priest, and at such moments he suffered all that any "Vaticanist" could have wished him to suffer.

But when he was once more among his books, large gusts of a new and strange freedom began, as it were, to blow about him. In writing the philosophical book which had now brought him into conflict with the Church, he had written in constraint and timidity. A perpetual dread, not only of ecclesiastical censure but of the opinion of old and valued friends; a perpetual uncertainty as to the limits of Catholic liberty—these things had held him in bondage. What ought he to say? What must he leave unsaid? He understood perfectly that hypothesis must not be stated as truth. But the vast accumulation of biological fact on the one hand, and of historical criticism on the other, that has become the common property of the scientific mind, how was it to be recapitulated—within Catholic limits? He wrote in fear, like one walking on the burning ploughshares of the ordeal. Religion was his life; but he had at once the keen intelligence and the mystical temperament of the Suabian. He dreaded the collision which ultimately came. Yet the mental process could not be stayed.

Now, with the final act of defiance obscurely carried out, conditioned he knew not how, there had arrived for him a marvellous liberation of soul. Even at sixty-five he felt himself tragically new-born—naked and feeble, indeed, but still with unknown possibilities of growth and new life before him.

His book, instead of being revised, must be rewritten. No need now to tremble for a phrase! Let the truth be told. He plunged into his old studies again, and the world of thought met him with a friendlier and franker welcome. On all sides there was a rush and sparkle of new light. How far he must follow and submit, his trembling soul did not

yet know. But for the moment there was an extraordinary though painful exhilaration—the excitement of leading-strings withdrawn and walls thrown down.

This enfranchisement brought him, however, into strange conflict with his own character. His temperament was that of the ascetic and visionary religious. His intelligence had much the same acuteness and pliancy as that of another and more pronounced doubter—a South German also, like Father Benecke—the author of the *Leben Jesu*. But his character was the joint product of his temperament and his habits, and was often difficult to reconcile with the quick play of his intelligence.

For instance, he was, in daily habit, an austere and most devout priest, living alone with his old sister—as silent and yet fervent as himself—and knowing almost nothing of other women, except through the confessional. To his own astonishment, he was in great request as a director. But socially he knew very little of his penitents; they were to him only "souls," spiritual cases which he studied with the ardor of a doctor. Otherwise the small benefice which he held in a South German town, his university class, and the travail of his own research absorbed him wholly.

Hence a great innocence and unworldliness; but also an underlying sternness towards himself and others. His wants were small, and for many years the desires of the senses had been dead within him. Towards women he felt, if the truth were known, with that strange unconscious arrogance which is a most real and very primitive element in Catholicism, notwithstanding the worship of Mary and the glories of St. Teresa and St. Catharine. The Church does not allow any woman, even a "religious," to wash the corporal and other linen which has been used in the Mass. There is a strain of thought implied in that prohibition which goes deep and far—back to the dim dawn of human things. It influences the priest in a hundred ways; it affected even the tender and spiritual mind of Father Benecke. As a director of women he showed them all that impersonal sweetness which is of the essence of Catholic tradition; but they often shrank nevertheless from what they



felt to be a fundamental inflexibility mingled with pity.

Thus when he found himself brought into forced contact with the two ladies who had invaded his retreat, when Lucy in a hundred pretty ways began to show him a young and filial homage, when Eleanor would ask him to coffee with them, and talk to him about his book and the subjects it discussed, the old priest was both amazed and embarrassed.

How in the world did she know anything about such things? He understood that she had been of assistance to Mr. Manisty, but that it had been the assistance of a comrade and an equal—that had never entered his head.

So that at first Mrs. Burgoyne's talk silenced and repelled him. He was conscious of the male revolt of St. Paul—"I suffer not a woman to teach"—and for a time he hung back.

On his visit to the villa, and on her first meeting with him at Torre Amiata, he had been under the influence of a shock which had crushed the child in him and broken down his reserve. Yet that reserve was naturally strong, together with certain despotic instincts which Eleanor perceived with surprise beneath his exquisite gentleness. She sometimes despaired of taming him.

Nevertheless, when Eleanor presently advised him to publish a statement of his case in a German periodical; when the few quick things she said showed a knowledge of the German situation and German current literature that filled him with astonishment; when with a few smiles, hints, demurs, she made plain to him that she perfectly understood where he had weakened his book (which lay beside her) out of deference to authority, and where it must be amended if it was to produce any real influence upon European cultivated opinion—the old priest was at first awkward or speechless. Then slowly he rose to the bait. He began to talk; he became by degrees combative, critical, argumentative. His intelligence took the field; his character receded. Eleanor had won the day.

Presently, indeed, he began to haunt them. He brought to Eleanor each article and letter as it arrived, consulting her on every phase of a controversy con-

cerning him and his book which was now sweeping through certain Catholic circles and newspapers. He was eager, forgetful, exacting even. Lucy began to dread the fatigue that he sometimes produced. While for Lucy he was still the courteous and paternal priest, for Eleanor he gradually became—like Manisty—the intellectual comrade, crossing swords often in an equal contest, where he sometimes forgot the consideration due to the woman in the provocation shown him by the critic.

And when she had tamed him, it was to Eleanor all ashes and emptiness!

"*This* is the kind of thing I can always do," she said to herself one day, throwing out her hands in self-scorn, as he left her on the *loggia*, where he had been taking coffee with herself and Lucy.

And meanwhile what attracted *her* was not in the least the controversialist and the man of letters—it was the priest, the Christian, the ascetic.

Torn with passion and dread as she was, she divined in him the director; she felt towards him as the woman so often feels towards that sexless mystery, the priest. Other men are the potential lovers of herself or other women; she knows herself their match. But in this man set apart she recognizes the embodied conscience, the moral judge, who is indifferent to her as a woman, observant of her as a soul. Round this attraction she flutters, and has always fluttered since the beginning of things. It is partly a yearning for guidance and submission; partly also a secret pride that she who for other men is mere woman, is, for the priest, spirit, and immortal. She prostrates herself; but at the same time she seems to herself to enter through her submission upon a region of spiritual independence where she is the slave, not of man but of God.

What she felt also, tortured as she was by jealousy and angry will, was the sheer longing for human help that must always be felt by the lonely and the weak. Confession, judgment, direction—it was on these tremendous things that her inner mind was brooding all the time that she sat talking to Father Benecke of the Jewish influence in Bavaria, or the last number of the *Civiltà Cattolica*.



One evening at the beginning of July Eleanor and Lucy were caught in the woods by a thunder-shower. The temperature dropped suddenly, and as they mounted the hill towards the convent Eleanor in her thin white dress met a blast of cold wind that followed the rain.

The result was chill and fever. Lucy and Marie tended her as best they could, but her strength appeared to fail her with great rapidity, and there came an evening when Lucy fell into a panic of anxiety.

Should she summon the local doctor—a man who was paid £80 a year by the Municipio of Selvapendente, and tended the Commune of Torre Amiata?

She had discovered, however, that he was not liked by the peasants. His appearance was not attractive, and she doubted whether she could persuade Eleanor to see him.

An idea struck her. Without consulting Mrs. Burgoyne, she took her hat and boldly walked up to the Palazzo on the hill. Here she inquired for the Contessa Guerrini. The Contessa, however, was out; Lucy left a little note in French asking for advice. Could they get a doctor at Selvapendente, or must she send to Orvieto?

She had hardly reached home before an answer followed her from the Contessa, who regretted extremely that Mademoiselle Foster should not have found her at home. There was a good doctor at Selvapendente, and the Contessa would have great pleasure in sending a mounted messenger to fetch him. She regretted the illness of madame. There was a fair *farmacia* in the village. Otherwise she was afraid that in illness the ladies would not find themselves very well placed at Torre Amiata. Would mademoiselle kindly have her directions for the doctor ready, and the messenger would call immediately?

Lucy was sincerely grateful and perhaps a little astonished. She was obliged to tell Eleanor, and Eleanor showed some restlessness, but was too unwell to protest.

The doctor came, and proved to be competent. The fever was subdued, and Eleanor was soon convalescent. Meanwhile, flowers, fruit, and delicacies were sent daily from the Palazzo, and twice did

the Contessa descend from her little victoria at the door of the convent courtyard to inquire for the patient.

On each occasion Lucy saw her, and received the impression of a dignified, kind, and masterful woman, bowed by recent grief, but nevertheless sensitively alive in a sort of old-fashioned stately way to the claims of strangers on the protection of the local grandee. It seemed to attract her that Lucy was American and that Eleanor was English.

"I have twice visited England," she said, in an English that was correct, but a little rusty. "My husband learnt many things from England—for the estate. But I wonder, mademoiselle, that you come to us at this time of year?"

Lucy laughed and colored. She said it was pleasant to see Italy without the *forestieri*—that it was like surprising a bird on its nest. But she stumbled a little, and the Contessa noticed both the blush and the stumbling.

When Eleanor was able to go out, the little carriage was sent for her, and neither she nor Lucy knew how to refuse it. They drove up and down the miles of zig-zag road that Don Emilio had made through the forest on either side of the river, connecting the Palazzo Guerrini with the *casa di caccia* on the mountain opposite. The roads were deserted; grass was beginning to grow on them. The peasants scarcely ever used them. They clung to the old steep paths and tracts that had been theirs for generations. But the small smart horses, in their jingling harness, trotted briskly along; and Eleanor beside her companion, more frail and languid than ever, looked listlessly out upon a world of beauty that spoke to her no more.

And at last a note from the Contessa arrived asking if the ladies would honor her and her daughter by taking tea with them at the Palazzo. "We are in deep mourning and receiving no society," said the note; "but if madame and her friend will visit us in this quiet way it will give us pleasure, and they will perhaps enjoy the high view from here over our beautiful country."

Eleanor winced and accepted.

The Palazzo, as they climbed up through the village towards it, showed it-

self to be an imposing pile of the later seventeenth century, with heavily barred lower windows, and, above, a series of graceful *loggie* on its northern and western fronts which gave it a delicate and habitable air. On the northeastern side the woods, broken by the stonefall of the Sassetto, sank sharply to the river; on the other the village and the vineyards pressed upon its very doors. The great entrance gateway opened on a squalid village street, alive with crawling babies and chatting mothers.

At this gateway, however—through which appeared a court-yard aglow with oleanders and murmurous with running water—they were received with some state. An old major-domo met them, accompanied by two footmen and a carrying-chair. Eleanor was borne up a high flight of stone stairs, and through a vast and bare “apartment” of enormous rooms, with tiled or brick floors and wide stone *cheminées*, furnished with a few old chests and cabinets, a collection of French engravings of the last century, and some indifferent pictures. A few of the rooms were frescoed with scenes of hunting or social life in a facile eighteenth-century style. Here and there was a piece of old tapestry or a Persian carpet. But as a whole the Palazzo, in spite of its vastness, made very much the impression of an old English manor-house which has belonged to people of some taste and no great wealth, and has grown threadbare and even ugly with age. Yet tradition and the family remain. So here. A frugal and antique dignity, sure of itself and needing no display, breathed in the great cool spaces.

The Contessa and her daughter were in a small and more modern *salone* looking on the river and the woods. Eleanor was placed in a low chair near the open window, and her hostess could not forbear a few curious and pitying glances at the sharp, high-bred face of the English woman, the feverish lips, and the very evident emaciation, which the elegance of the loose black dress tried in vain to hide.

“I understand, madame,” she said, after Eleanor had expressed her thanks with the pretty effusion that was natural to her, “that you were at Torre Amiata last autumn?”

Eleanor started. The *massaja*, she supposed, had been gossiping. It was disagreeable, but good-breeding bade her be frank.

“Yes, I was here with some friends, and your agent gave us hospitality for the night.”

The Contessa looked astonished. “Ah!” she said, “you were here with the D—s?”

Eleanor assented.

“And you spent the winter in Rome?”

“Part of it. Madame, you have the most glorious view in the world!” And she turned towards the great prospect at her feet.

The Contessa understood.

“How ill she is!” she thought; “and how distinguished!”

And presently Eleanor on her side, while she was talking nervously and fast on a good many disconnected subjects, found herself observing her hostess. The Contessa’s strong square face had been pale and grief-stricken when she saw it first. But she noticed now that the eyelids were swollen and red, as though from constant tears; and the little sal-low daughter looked sadder and shyer than ever. Eleanor presently gathered that they were living in the strictest seclusion and saw no visitors. “Then why”—she asked herself, wondering—“did she speak to us in the Sassetto?—and why are we admitted now? Ah! that is his portrait!”

For at the Contessa’s elbow, on a table specially given up to it, she perceived a large framed photograph draped in black. It represented a tall young man in an artillery uniform. The face was handsome, eager, and yet melancholy. It seemed to express a character at once impatient and despondent, but held in check by a strong will. With a shiver Eleanor again recalled the ghastly incidents of the war—and the story they had heard from the *massaja* of the young man’s wound and despair.

Her heart, in its natural lovingness, went out to his mother. She found her tongue, and she and the Contessa talked till the twilight fell—of the country and the peasants, of the improvements in Italian farming, of the old convent and its history.

Not a word of the war—and not a word, Eleanor noticed, of their fellow-



lodger, Father Benecke. From various indications she gathered that the sallow daughter was *dévôte* and a "black." The mother, however, seemed to be of a different stamp. She was, at any rate, a person of cultivation. That, the books lying about were enough to prove. But she had also the shrewdness and sobriety, the large pleasant homeliness, of a good man of business. It was evident that she, rather than her *fattore*, managed her property, and that she perfectly understood what she was doing.

In truth, a secret and strong sympathy had arisen between the two women. During the days that followed they met often.

The Contessa asked no further questions as to the past history or future plans of the visitors. But indirectly, and without betraying her new friends, she made inquiries in Rome. One of the D—— family wrote to her:

"The English people we brought with us last year to your delicious Torre Amiata were three—a gentleman and two ladies. The gentleman was a Mr. Manisty, a former member of the English Parliament, and very conspicuous in Rome last winter for a kind of Brunetière alliance with the Vatican and hostility to the Italian *régime*. People mostly regarded it as a pose; and as he and his aunt were rich and of old family, and Mr. Manisty was—when he chose—a most brilliant talker, they were welcome everywhere, and Rome certainly fêted them a good deal. The lady staying with them was a Mrs. Burgoyne, a very graceful and charming woman whom everybody liked. It was quite plain that there was some close relation between her and Mr. Manisty. By which I mean nothing scandalous! Heavens! nobody ever thought of such a thing. But I believe that many people who knew them well felt that it would be a very natural and right thing that he should marry her. She was evidently touchingly devoted to him—acting as his secretary, and hanging on his talk. In the spring they went out to the hills, and a young American girl—quite a beauty, they say, though rather raw—went to stay with them. I heard so much of her beauty from Madame Variani that I was anxious to see her. Miss Manisty promised to

bring her here before they left in June. But apparently the party broke up suddenly, and we saw no more of them.

"Now I think I have told you the chief facts about them. I wonder what makes you ask? I often think of poor Mrs. Burgoyne, and hope she may be happy some day. I can't say, however, that Mr. Manisty ever seemed to me a very desirable husband! And yet I was very sorry you were not at home in the autumn. You might have disliked him heartily, but you would have found him *piquant* and stimulating. And of all the glorious heads on man's shoulders he possesses the most glorious—the head of a god, attached to a rather awkward and clumsy body."

Happy! Well, whatever else might have happened, the English lady was not yet happy. Of that the Contessa Guerini was tolerably certain after a first conversation with her. Amid the gnawing pressure of her own grief there was a certain distraction in the observance of this sad and delicate creature, and in the very natural speculations she aroused. Clearly Miss Foster was the young American girl. Why were they here together, in this heat, away from all their friends?

One day Eleanor was sitting with the Contessa on a *loggia* in the Palazzo, looking northwest towards Radicofani. It was a cool and rather cloudy evening, after a day of gasping heat. The majordomo suddenly announced, "His reverence, Don Teodoro."

The young *padre parroco* appeared—a slim, engaging figure as he stood for an instant amid the curtains of the doorway, glancing at the two ladies with an expression at once shy and confiding.

He received the Contessa's greeting with effusion, bowing low over her hand. When she introduced him to the English lady, he bowed again ceremoniously. But his blue eyes lost their smile. The gesture was formal, the look constrained. Eleanor, remembering Father Benecke, understood.

In conversation with the Contessa, however, he recovered a boyish charm and spontaneity that seemed to be characteristic. Eleanor watched him with admiration, noticing also the subtle dis-

cernment of the Italian, which showed through all his simplicity of manner. It was impossible to mistake, for instance, that he felt himself in a house of mourning. The movements of body and voice were all at first subdued and sympathetic. Yet the mourning had passed into a second stage, and ordinary topics might now be introduced. He glided into them with the most perfect tact.

He had come for two reasons: First, to announce his appointment as Select Preacher for the coming Advent at a well-known church in Rome; secondly, to bring to the Contessa's notice a local poet—gifted, but needy—an Orvieto man, whose Muse the clergy had their own reasons for cultivating.

The Contessa congratulated him, and he bowed profoundly in a silent pleasure.

Then he took up the poet, repeating stanza after stanza with a perfect *naïveté*, in his rich young voice, without a trace of display, ending at last with a little sigh, and a sudden dropping of the eyes, like a child craving pardon.

Eleanor was delighted with him, and the Contessa, who seemed more difficult to please, also smiled upon him. Teresa, the pious daughter, was with Lucy in the Sassetto. No doubt she was the little priest's particular friend. He had observed at once that she was not there, and had inquired for her.

"One or two of those lines remind me of Carducci; and that reminds me that I saw Carducci for the first time this spring," said the Contessa, turning to Eleanor. "It was at a meeting of the Accademia in Rome. A great affair—the King and Queen—and a paper on Science and Religion, by Mazzoli. Perhaps you don't remember his name? He was our Minister of the Interior a few years ago."

Eleanor did not hear. Her attention was diverted by the sudden change in the aspect of the *padre parroco*. It was the dove turned hawk. The fresh face seemed to have lost its youth in a moment, to have grown old, sharp, rancorous.

"Mazzoli!" he said, as the Contessa paused. "*Eccellenza, è un Ebreo!*"

The Contessa frowned. Yes, Mazzoli was a Jew, but an honest man; and his address had been of great interest, as bearing witness to the revival of reli-

gious ideas in circles that had once been wholly outside religion. The *parroco's* lips quivered with scorn. He remembered the affair—a scandalous business! The King and Queen present, and a *Jew* daring before them to plead the need of "a new religion"—in Italy, where Catholicism, Apostolic and Roman, was guaranteed as the national religion, by the first article of the *Statuto*. The Contessa replied with some dryness that Mazzoli spoke as a philosopher. Whereupon the *parroco* insisted with heat that there could be no true philosophy outside the Church. The Contessa laughed, and turned upon the young man a flashing and formidable eye.

"Let the Church add a little patriotism to her philosophy, father,—she will find it better appreciated."

Don Teodoro straightened to the blow. "I am a Roman, *Eccellenza*—you also. *Scusi!*"

"I am an Italian, father—you also. But you hate your country."

Both speakers had grown a little pale.

"I have nothing to do with the Italy of Venti Settembre," said the priest, twisting and untwisting his long fingers in a nervous passion. "That Italy has three marks of distinction before Europe—by which you may know her."

"And those?" said the Contessa, calm and challenging.

"Debt! *Eccellenza*,—hunger!—crimes of blood! *Sono il suo primato—l'unico!*"

He threw at her a look sparkling and venomous. All the grace of his youth had vanished. As he sat there, Eleanor in a flash saw in him the conspirator and the firebrand that a few more years would make of him.

"Ah!" said the Contessa, flushing. "There were none of these things in the old Papal States?—under the Bourbons?—the Austrians? Well—we understand perfectly that you would destroy us if you could!"

"*Eccellenza*, Jesus Christ and His Vicar come before the House of Savoy!"

"Ruin us, and see what you will gain!"

"*Eccellenza*, the Lord rules."

"Well, well! Break the eggs—that's easy. But whether the omelet will be as the Jesuits please—that's another affair."

Each combatant smiled, and drew a long breath.



"These are our old battles," said the Contessa, shaking her head. "*Scusi*, I must go and give an order."

And, to Eleanor's alarm, she rose and left the room.

The young priest showed a momentary embarrassment at being left alone with the strange lady. But it soon passed. He sat a moment, quieting down, with his eyes dropped, his finger-tips lightly joined upon his knee. Then he said, sweetly:

"You are perhaps not acquainted with the pictures in the Palazzo, madame. May I offer you my services? I believe that I know the names of the portraits."

Eleanor was grateful to him, and they wandered through the bare rooms, looking at the very doubtful works of art that they contained.

Presently, as they returned to the *salone* from which they had started, Eleanor caught sight of a fine old copy of the Raphael St. Cecilia at Bologna. The original has been much injured, and the excellence of the copy struck her. She was seized, too, with a stabbing memory of a day in the Bologna Gallery with Manisty!

She hurried across the room to look at the picture. The priest followed her.

"Ah! that, madame," he said with enthusiasm—"that is a *capolavoro*. It is by Michael Angelo."

Eleanor looked at him in astonishment. "This one? It is a copy, padre, of the St. Cecilia at Bologna—a very interesting and early copy."

Don Teodoro frowned. He went up to look at it doubtfully, pushing out his lower lip.

"Oh! no, madame," he said, returning to her, and speaking with a soft yet obstinate complacency. "Pardon me—but you are mistaken. That is an original work—of the great Michael Angelo."

Eleanor said no more.

When the Contessa returned, Eleanor took up a volume of French translations from the Greek Anthology that the Contessa had lent her the day before. She restored the dainty little book to its mistress, at the same time pointing to some of her favorites.

The *parroco's* face fell as he listened.

"Ah! these are from the Greek!" he said, looking down modestly, as the Con-

tessa handed him the book. "I spent five years, *Eccellenza*, in learning Greek, but—!" He shrugged his shoulders gently.

Then glancing from one lady to the other, he said, with a deprecating smile: "I could tell you some things. I could explain what some of the Greek words in Italian come from—'mathematics,' for instance."

He gave the Greek word with a proud humility, emphasizing each syllable.

"'Economy' — 'theocracy' — 'aristocracy.'"

The Greek came out like a child's lesson. He was not always sure—he corrected himself once or twice; and at the end he threw back his head with a little natural pride.

But the ladies avoided looking either at him or each other.

Eleanor thought of Father Benecke; of the weight of learning on that silver head. Yet Benecke was an outcast, and this youth was already on the ladder of promotion.

When he departed, the Contessa threw up her hands.

"And that man is just appointed Advent Preacher at one of the greatest churches in Rome!"

Then she checked herself.

"At the same time, madame," she said, looking a little stiffly at Eleanor, "we have learned priests—many of them."

Eleanor hastened to assent. With what heat had Manisty schooled her during the winter to the recognition of Catholic learning, within its own self-chosen limits!

"It is this deplorable Seminary education!" sighed the Contessa. "How is one half of the nation ever to understand the other? They speak a different language. Imagine all our scientific education on the one side, and this—this dangerous innocent on the other! And yet we all want religion—we all want some hope beyond this life."

Her strong voice broke. She turned away, and Eleanor could only see the massive outline of head and bust, and the coils of gray hair.

Mrs. Burgoyne drew her chair nearer to the Contessa. Silently and timidly she laid a hand upon her knee.

"I can't understand," she said in a low

voice, "how you have had the patience to be kind to us, these last few weeks!"

"Do you know why?" said the Contessa, turning round upon her, and no longer attempting to conceal the tears upon her fine old face.

"No—tell me!"

"It was because Emilio loved the English. He once spent a very happy summer in England. I—I don't know whether he was in love with any one. But, at any rate, he looked back to it with deep feeling. He always did everything that he could for any English person—and especially in these wilds. I have known him often take trouble that seemed extravagant or quixotic. But he always would. And when I saw you in the Sassetto that day, I knew exactly what he would have done. You looked so delicate—and I remembered how rough the convent was. I had hardly spoken to anybody but Teresa since the news came, but I could not help speaking to you."

Eleanor pressed her hand. After a pause she said, gently.

"He was with General Arrimondi?"

"Yes—he was with Arrimondi. There were three columns, you remember. He was with the column that seemed at first to be successful. I only got the full account last week, from a brother-officer, who was a prisoner till the end of June. Emilio, like all the rest, thought the position was carried—that it was a victory. He raised his helmet and shouted: '*Viva il Re! Viva l'Italia!*' And then all in a moment the Scioans were on them like a flood. They were all carried away. Emilio rallied his men again and again. It was hand-to-hand fighting—under a hail of bullets. Several heard him say: 'Courage, lads—courage! Your Captain dies with you! *Avanti! avanti! Viva l'Italia!*' Then at last he was frightfully wounded, and perhaps you may have heard in the village"—again the mother turned her face away—"that he said to a *caporale* beside him, who came from this district, whom he knew at home—'Federigo, take your gun and finish it.' He was afraid—my beloved!—of falling into the hands of the enemy. Already they had passed some wounded horribly mutilated. The *caporale* refused. 'I can't do that, *Eccellenza*,' he

said; 'but we will transport you or die with you!' Then again there was a gleam of victory. They thought the enemy were repulsed. His brother-officer saw him being carried along by two soldiers, and Emilio beckoned to him. 'You must be my confessor!' he said, smiling. And he gave him some messages for me and Teresa—some directions about his affairs. Then he asked: 'It is victory—isn't it? We have won, after all?' And the other couldn't bear to tell him the truth. He said, 'Yes.' And Emilio said, 'You swear it?' 'I swear.' And the boy made the sign of the cross—said again, '*Viva l'Italia!*'—and died. . . . They buried him that night, under a little thicket. My God, I thank Thee that he did not lie on that accursed plain!"

She raised her handkerchief to hide her trembling lips. Eleanor said nothing. Her face was bowed upon her hands, which lay on the Contessa's knee.

"His was not a very happy temperament," said the poor mother presently. "He was always anxious and scrupulous. I sometimes thought he had been too much influenced by Leopardi—he was always quoting him. That is the way with many of our young men. Yet Emilio was a Christian—a sincere believer. It would have been better if he had married. But he gave all his affection to me and Teresa—and to this place and the people. I was to carry on his work—but I am an old woman—and very tired. Why should the young go before their time? . . . Yet I have no bitterness about the war. It was a ghastly mistake—and it has humiliated us as a nation. But nations are made by their blunderings as much as by their successes. Emilio would not have grudged his life. He always thought that Italy had been 'made too quick,' as they say—that our day of trial and weakness was not done. . . . But *Gésu mio!*—if he had not not left me so much of life!"

Eleanor raised her head.

"I, too," she said, almost in a whisper.—"I, too, have lost a son. But he was a little fellow."

The Contessa looked at her in astonishment and burst into tears.

"Then we are two miserable women!" she said, wildly.



Eleanor clung to her—but with a sharp sense of unfitness and unworthiness. She felt herself a hypocrite. In thought and imagination her boy now was but a hovering shadow compared to Manisty. It was not this sacred mother-love that was destroying her own life.

As they drove home through the evening freshness Eleanor's mind pursued its endless and solitary struggle.

Lucy sat beside her. Every now and then Eleanor's furtive, guilty look sought the girl's face. Sometimes a flying terror would grip her by the heart. Was Lucy graver—paler? Were there some new lines round the sweet eyes? That serene and virgin beauty—had it suffered the first withering touch since Eleanor had known it first? And if so—whose hand?—whose fault?

Once or twice her heart failed within her, foreseeing a remorse that was no sooner imagined than it was denied, scouted, hurried out of sight.

That brave, large-brained woman with whom she had just been talking—there was something in the atmosphere which the Contessa's personality shed round it that made Eleanor doubly conscious of the fever in her own blood. As in Father Benecke's case, so here; she could only

feel herself humiliated and dumb before these highest griefs—the griefs that ennobled and enthroned.

That night she woke from a troubled sleep with a stifled cry of horror. In her dreams she had been wrestling with Manisty, trying to thrust him back with all the frenzied force of her weak hands. But he had wrenched himself from her hold. She saw him striding past her, aglow, triumphant. And that dim white form awaiting him, and the young arms outstretched!—

"No—no! False! she doesn't, doesn't love him!" her heart cried, throwing all its fiercest life into the cry. She sat up in bed trembling and haggard. Then she stole into the next room. Lucy lay deeply, peacefully asleep, one long and shapely arm outstretched. Eleanor sank down beside her, hungrily watching her.

"How could she sleep like that—if—if she cared?" asked her wild thoughts; and she comforted herself, smiling at her own remorse. Once she touched the girl's hand with her lips, feeling towards her a rush of tenderness that came like dew on the heat of the soul. Then she crept back to bed, and cried, and cried—through the golden mounting of the dawn.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## ASPIRATION

BY JOHN B. TABB

I ENVY not the sun  
His lavish light;  
But O to be the one  
Pale orb of night,  
In silence and alone  
Communing with mine own!

I envy not the rain  
That freshens all  
The parching hill and plain;  
But O the small  
Night-dewdrop now to be,  
My noonday flower, for thee!

# AN ADULTERATION ACT

BY W. W. JACOBS

**D**R. FRANK CARSON had been dreaming tantalizing dreams of cooling effervescent beverages. Over and over again in his dreams he had risen from his bed, and tripping lightly down to the surgery in his py-jamas, mixed himself something long and cool and fizzy, without being able to bring the dream to a satisfactory termination.

With a sudden start he awoke. The thirst was still upon him; the materials for quenching it, just down one flight of stairs. He would have smacked his lips at the prospect if they had been moist enough to smack; as it was, he pushed down the bedclothes, and throwing one leg out of bed—became firmly convinced that he was still dreaming.

For the atmosphere was stifling and odorous, and the ceiling descended in an odd bulging curve to within a couple of feet of his head. Still half asleep, he raised his fist and prodded at it in astonishment—a feeling which gave way to one of stupefaction as the ceiling took another shape and swore distinctly.

“I *must* be dreaming,” mused the doctor; “even the ceiling seems alive.”

He prodded it again—regarding it closely this time. The ceiling at once rose to greater altitudes, and at the same moment an old face with bushy whiskers crawled under the edge of it, and asked him profanely what he meant by it. It also asked him whether he wanted something for himself, because, if so, he was going the right way to work.

“Where am I?” demanded the bewildered doctor. “*Mary! Mary!*”

He started up in bed, and brought his head in sudden violent contact with the ceiling. Then, before the indignant ceiling could carry out its threat of a moment before, slipped out of bed and stood on a floor which was in its place one moment and somewhere else the next.

In the smell of bilge-water, tar, and

the fetid atmosphere generally his clouded brain awoke to the fact that he was on board ship, but resolutely declined to inform him how he got there. He looked down in disgust at the ragged clothes which he had on in lieu of the usual py-jamas; and then, as events slowly pieced themselves together in his mind, remembered, as the last thing that he could remember, that he had warned his friend Harry Thomson, solicitor, that if he had any more to drink it would not be good for him.

He wondered dimly as he stood whether Thomson was there too, and walking unsteadily round the forecastle, roused the sleepers, one by one, and asked them whether they were Harry Thomson, all answering with much fluency in the negative, until he came to one man who for some time made no answer at all.

The doctor shook him first and then punched him. Then he shook him again and gave him little scientific slaps, until at length Harry Thomson, in a far-away voice, said that he was all right.

“Well, I’m glad I’m not alone,” said the doctor, selfishly. “*Harry! Harry! Wake up!*”

“All ri’!” said the sleeper; “I’m all ri’!”

The doctor shook him again, and then rolled him backwards and forwards in his bunk. Under this gentle treatment the solicitor’s faculties were somewhat brightened, and, half opening his eyes, he punched viciously at the disturber of his peace, until threatening voices from the gloom promised to murder both of them.

“Where are we?” demanded the doctor, of a deep voice from the other side of the forecastle which had been particularly threatening.

“Barque *Stella*, o’ course,” was the reply. “Where’d you think you was?”

The doctor gripped the edge of his friend’s bunk and tried to think; then,



a feeling of nausea overcoming all others, he clambered hurriedly up the fore-castle ladder and lurched to the side of the vessel.

He leaned there for some time without moving, a light breeze cooling his fevered brow, and a small schooner some little distance from them playing seesaw, as he closed his eyes to the heaving blue sea. Land was conspicuous by its absence, and with a groan he turned and looked about him—at the white scrubbed deck, the snowy canvas towering aloft on lazily creaking spars, and the steersman leaning against the wheel regarding the officer who stood near by.

Dr. Carson, feeling a little better, walked sternly aft, the officer turning round and glancing in surprise at his rags as he approached.

"I beg your pardon," began the doctor, in superior tones.

"And what the devil do you want?" demanded the second officer; "who told you to come along here?"

"I want to know what this means," said the doctor, fiercely. "How dare you kidnap us on your beastly bilge-tank?"

"Man's mad," murmured the astonished second officer.

"Insufferable outrage!" continued the doctor. "Take us back to Melbourne at once."

"You get for'ard," said the other, sharply; "get for'ard, and don't let me have any more of your lip."

"I want to see the captain of this ship," cried the doctor; "go and fetch him at once."

The second officer gazed at him, limp with astonishment, and then turned to the steersman, as though unable to believe his ears. The steersman pointed in front of him, and the other gave a cry of surprise and rage as he saw another tatterdemalion coming with uncertain steps towards him.

"Carson," said the new arrival, feebly; and coming closer to his friend, clung to him miserably.

"I'm just having it out with 'em, Thomson," said the doctor, energetically. "My friend here is a solicitor. Tell him what 'll happen if they don't take us back, Harry."

"You seem to be unaware, my good fellow," said the solicitor, covering a

large hole in the leg of his trousers with his hand, "of the very dangerous situation in which you have placed yourselves. We have no desire to be harsh with you—"

"Not at all," acquiesced the doctor, nodding at the second officer.

"At the same time," continued Mr. Thomson—"at the—" He let go his friend's arm and staggered away; the doctor gazed after him sympathetically.

"His digestion is not all it should be," he said to the second officer, confidentially.

"If you don't get for'ard in two twos," said that gentleman, explosively, "I'll knock your heads off."

The doctor gazed at him in haughty disdain, and taking the limp Thomson by the arm, led him slowly away.

"How did we get here?" asked Mr. Harry Thomson, feebly.

The doctor shook his head.

"How did we get these disgusting clothes on?" continued his friend.

The doctor shook his head again. "The last thing I can remember, Harry," he said, slowly, "was imploring you not to drink any more."

"I didn't hear you," said the solicitor, crustily; "your speech was very indistinct last night."

"Seemed so to you, I dare say," said the other.

Mr. Thomson shook his arm off, and clinging to the mainmast, leaned his cheek against it and closed his eyes. He opened them again at the sound of voices, and drew himself up as he saw the second officer coming along with a stern-visaged man of about fifty.

"Are you the master of this vessel?" inquired the doctor, stepping to his friend's side.

"What the blazes has that got to do with you?" demanded the skipper. "Look here, my lads; don't you play any of your little games on me, because they won't do. You're both of you as drunk as owls."

"Defamation of character," said the solicitor, feebly, to his friend.

"Allow me," said the doctor, with his best manner, "to inquire what all this means. I am Dr. Frank Carson, of Melbourne; this gentleman is my friend Mr. Thomson, of the same place, solicitor."



HE SAW ANOTHER TATTERDEMALION COMING TOWARDS HIM

"What?" roared the skipper, the veins in his forehead standing out. "Doctor! Solicitor! Why, you damned rascals, you shipped with me as cook and A. B."

"There's some mistake," said the doctor. "I'm afraid I shall have to ask you to take us back. I hope you haven't come far."

"Take those scarecrows away," cried the skipper, hoarsely; "take them away before I do them a mischief. I'll have the law of somebody for shipping two useless lubbers as seamen. Look to me like pickpockets."

"You shall answer for this," said Carson, foaming; "we're professional men,

and we're not going to be abused by a bargee."

"Let him talk," said Mr. Thomson, hurriedly drawing his friend away from the irate skipper. "Let him talk."

"I'll put you both in quod when we get to Hong-kong," said the skipper. "Meantime, no work, no food; d'ye hear? Start and cook the breakfast, Mr. Doctor; and you, Mr. Lawyer, turn to and ask the boy to teach you an A. B.'s duties."

He walked back to the cabin; and the new cook was slowly pushed towards the galley by the second officer, the new A. B., under the same gentle guidance, being conducted back to the forecastle.



Fortunately for the new seaman the weather continued fine, but the heat of the galley was declared by the new cook to be insupportable. From the other hands they learned that they had been shipped with several others by a resourceful boarding-house master. The other hands, being men of plain speech, also said that they were brought aboard in a state of beastly and enviable intoxication, and chaffed crudely when the doctor attributed their apparent state of intoxication to drugs.

"You say you're a doctor?" said the oldest seaman.

"I am," said Carson, fiercely.

"Wot sort of a doctor are you, if you don't know when your licker's been played with, then?" asked the old man, as a grin passed slowly from mouth to mouth.

"I suppose it is because I drink so seldom," said the doctor, loftily. "I hardly know the taste of liquor myself, while as for my friend Mr. Thomson, you might almost call him a teetotaler."

"Next door to one," said the solicitor, who was sewing a patch on his trousers, looking up approvingly.

"You *might* call 'im a sailor if you liked," said another seaman, "but that wouldn't make him one. All I can say is I never 'ad enough time or money to get in the state you was both in when you come aboard."

If the forecastle was incredulous, the cabin was worse. The officers at first took but little notice of them, but feeling their torn and tattered appearance was against them, they put on so many airs and graces to counteract this that flesh and blood could not endure it quietly. The cook would allude to his friend as Mr. Thomson, while the A. B. would persist in referring, with a most affected utterance, to Dr. Carson.

"Cook!" bawled the skipper one day when they were about a week out.

Dr. Carson, who was peeling potatoes, stepped slowly out of the galley and went towards him.

"You say 'Sir,' when you're spoken to," said the skipper, fiercely.

The doctor sneered.

"My—if you sneer at me, I'll knock your head off!" said the other, with a wicked look.

"When you get back to Melbourne," said the doctor, quietly, "you'll hear more of this."

"You're a couple of pickpockets aping the gentleman," said the skipper, and he turned to the mate. "Mr. Mackenzie, what do these two ragamuffins look like?"

"Pickpockets," said the mate, dutifully.

"It's a very handy thing," said the old man, jeeringly, "to have a doctor aboard. First time I've carried a surgeon."

Mr. Mackenzie guffawed loudly.

"And a solicitor," said the skipper, gazing darkly at the hapless Harry Thomson, who was cleaning brass-work. "Handy in case of disputes. He's a real sea-lawyer. *Cook!*"

"Sir?" said the doctor, quietly.

"Go down and tidy my cabin, and see you do it well."

The doctor went below without a word, and worked like a house-maid. When he came on deck again, his face wore a smile almost of happiness, and his hand caressed one trousers pocket as though it concealed a hidden weapon.

For the following three or four days the two unfortunates were worked unceasingly. Mr. Thomson complained bitterly, but the cook wore a sphinxlike smile and tried to comfort him.

"It won't be for long, Harry," he said, consolingly.

The solicitor sniffed. "I could write tract after tract on temperance," he said, bitterly. "I wonder what our poor wives are thinking? I expect they have put us down as dead."

"Crying their eyes out," said the doctor, wistfully; "but they'll dry them precious quick when we get back, and ask all sorts of questions. What are you going to say, Harry?"

"The truth," said the solicitor, virtuously.

"So am I," said his friend; "but mind, we must both tell the same tale, whatever it is. Halloo! what's the matter?"

"It's the skipper," said the boy, who had just run up; "he wants to see you at once. He's dying."

He caught hold of the doctor by the sleeve; but Carson, in his most professional manner, declined to be hurried. He went leisurely down the companion-

ladder, and met with a careless glance the concerned faces of the mate and second officer.

"Come to the skipper at once," said the mate.

"Does he want to see me?" said the doctor, languidly, as he entered the cabin.

The skipper was lying doubled up in his bunk, his face twisted with pain. "Doctor," he panted, "give me something quick. There's the medicine-chest."

"Do you want some food, sir?" inquired the other, respectfully.

"Food be damned!" said the sufferer. "I want physic. There's the medicine-chest."

The doctor took it up and held it out to him.

"I don't want the lot," moaned the skipper. "I want you to give me something for red-hot corkscrews in the inside."

"I beg your pardon," said the doctor, humbly; "I'm only the cook."

"If you—don't—prescribe for me at once," said the skipper, "I'll put you in irons."

The doctor shook his head. "I shipped as cook," he said, slowly.



"YOU SAY YOU'RE A DOCTOR?"



"Give me something, for Heaven's sake!" said the skipper, humbly. "I'm dying."

The doctor pondered.

"If you dinna treat him at once, I'll break your skull," said the mate, persuasively.

The doctor regarded him scornfully, and turned to the writhing skipper.

"My fee is half a guinea a visit," he said, softly; "five shillings if you come to me."

"I'll have half a guinea's worth," said the agonized skipper.

The doctor took his wrist, and calmly drew the second officer's watch from its owner's pocket. Then he inspected the sick man's tongue, and shaking his head, selected a powder from the chest.

"You mustn't mind its being nasty," he said. "Where's a spoon?"

He looked round for one, but the skipper took the powder from his hand, and licked it from the paper as though it had been sherbet.

"For mercy's sake don't say it's cholera," he gasped.

"I won't say anything," said the doctor. "Where did you say the money was?"

The skipper pointed to his trousers, and Mr. Mackenzie, his national spirit rising in hot rage, took out the agreed amount and handed it to the physician.

"Am I in danger?" said the skipper.

"There's always danger," said the doctor, in his best bedside manner. "Have you made your will?"

The other, turning pale, shook his head.

"Perhaps you'd like to see a solicitor?" said Carson, in winning tones.

"I'm not bad enough for that," said the skipper, stoutly.

"You must stay here and nurse the skipper, Mr. Mackenzie," said the cook, turning to the mate; "and be good enough not to make that snuffling noise; it's worrying to an invalid."

"Snuffling noise?" repeated the horror-struck mate.

"Yes; you've got an unpleasant habit of snuffling," said the cook; "it worries me sometimes. I meant to speak to you about it before. You mustn't do it here. If you want to snuffle, go and snuffle on deck."

The frenzied outburst of the mate was interrupted by the skipper. "Don't make that noise in my cabin, Mr. Mackenzie," he said, severely.

Both mates withdrew in dudgeon, and Carson, after arranging the sufferer's bedclothes, quitted the cabin and sought his friend. Mr. Thomson was at first incredulous, but his eyes glistened brightly at the sight of the half-sovereign.

"Better hide it," he said, apprehensively; "the skipper 'll have it back when he gets well; it's the only coin we've got."

"He won't get well," said Dr. Carson, easily; "not till we get to Hong-kong, that is."

"What's the matter with him?" whispered the solicitor.

The doctor, evading his eye, pulled a long face and shook his head. "It may be the cooking," he said, slowly. "I'm not a good cook, I admit. It might be something got into the food from the medicine-chest. I shouldn't be at all surprised if the mates are taken bad too."

And indeed at that very moment the boy came rushing to the galley again, bawling out that Mr. Mackenzie was lying flat on his stomach in his bunk, punching the air with his fists and rending it with his language. The second officer appeared on deck as he finished his tale, and glancing forward, called out loudly for the cook.

"You're wanted, Frank," said the solicitor.

"When he calls me doctor, I'll go," said the other, stiffly.

"Cook!" bawled the second officer. "Cook! Cook!"

He came running forward, his face red and angry, and his fist doubled. "Didn't you hear me calling you?" he demanded, fiercely.

"I've been promoted," said Carson, sweetly. "I'm ship's surgeon now."

"Come down below at once, or I'll take you there by the scruff of your neck," vociferated the other.

"You're not big enough, little man," said the doctor, still smiling. "Well, well, lead the way, and we'll see what we can do."

He followed the speechless second officer below, and found the boy's description of the first officer's state as moon-

light unto sunlight, as water unto wine. Even the second officer was appalled at the spectacle, and ventured a protest.

"Gie me something at once," yelled Mr. Mackenzie.

"Do you wish me to undertake your case?" inquired the doctor, suavely.

Mr. Mackenzie said that he did, in seven long, abusive, and wicked sentences.

"My fee is half a guinea," said the doctor, softly. "Poor people who cannot afford more, mates and the like, I sometimes treat for less."

"I'll die first," howled the mate; "you won't get any money out of me."

"Very good," said the doctor, and rose to depart.

"Bring him back, Rogers," yelled the mate; "don't let him go."

But the second officer, with a strange awesome look in his eyes, was leaning back in his seat, tightly gripping the edge of the table in both hands.

"Come, come," said the doctor, cheerily; "what's this? You mustn't be ill, Rogers. I want you to nurse these other two."

The other rose slowly to his feet and eyed him with lack-lustre eyes. "Tell the third officer to take charge," he said, slowly; "and if he's to be nurse as well, he's got his hands full."

The doctor sent the boy to apprise the third officer of his responsibilities, and then stood watching the extraordinary and snakelike convolutions of Mr. Mackenzie.

"How much—did—ye—say?" hissed the latter.

"Poor people," repeated the doctor, with relish, "five shillings a visit; very poor people, half a crown."

"I'll have half a crown's worth," moan-



THE SECOND OFFICER LEANED FORWARD

ed the miserable mate.

"Mr. Mackenzie," said a faint voice from the skipper's cabin.

"Sir?" yelled the mate, who was in torment.

"Don't answer me like that, sir," said the skipper, sharply. "Will you please to remember that I'm ill, and can't bear that horrible noise you're making?"

"I'm — ill — too," gasped the mate.

"Ill? Nonsense!" said the skipper, severely. "We can't both be ill. How about the ship?"

There was no reply, but from another cabin the voice of Mr. Rogers was heard calling wildly for medical aid, and offering impossible sums in exchange for it. The doctor went from cabin to cabin, and, first collecting his fees, administered sundry potions to the sufferers; and then, in his capacity of cook, went forward and made an unsavory mess he called gruel, which he insisted upon their eating.

Thanks to his skill, the invalids were freed from the more violent of their pains, but this freedom was followed by a weakness so alarming that they could hardly raise their heads from their pillows—a state of things which excited the intense envy of the third mate, who, owing to his responsibilities, might just as well have been without one.

In this state of weakness, and with the fear of impending dissolution before his eyes, the skipper sent for Mr. Harry Thomson, and after some comparisons between lawyers and sharks, in which stress was laid upon certain redeeming features of the latter, paid a guinea and made his will. His example, save in the amount of the fee, was followed by the mate; but Mr. Rogers, being approached tentatively by the doctor in his friend's



behalf, shook his head and thanked his stars he had nothing to leave. He had enjoyed his money, he said.

They mended slowly as they approached Hong-kong, though a fit of temper on Mr. Mackenzie's part, during which he threw out ominous hints about having his money back, led to a regrettable relapse in his case. He was still in bed when they came to anchor in the harbor; but the skipper and his second officer were able to go above and exchange congratulations from adjoining deck-chairs.

"You are sure it wasn't cholera?" asked the harbor-master's deputy, who had boarded them in his launch, after he had heard the story.

"Positive," said Carson.

"Very fortunate thing they had you on board," said the deputy — "very fortunate."

The doctor bowed.

"Seems so odd, the three of them be-

ing down with it," said the other; "looks as though it's infectious, doesn't it?"

"I don't think so," said the doctor, accepting with alacrity an offer to go ashore in the launch and change into some decent clothes. "I think I know what it was."

The captain of the *Stella* pricked up his ears, and the second officer leaned forward with parted lips. Carson, accompanied by the deputy and the solicitor, walked towards the launch.

"What was it?" cried the skipper, anxiously.

"I think that you ate something that disagreed with you," replied the doctor, grinning meaningly. "Good-by, captain."

The master of the *Stella* made no reply, but rising feebly, tottered to the side, and shook his fist at the launch as it headed for the shore. Doctor Carson, who had had a pious upbringing, kissed his hand in return.

## WELTSCHMERZ

BY JOEL BENTON

THE child-eyed wonder with which life began,  
The prattling voice of joy, the heart of glee,  
Have followed not the footsteps of the man;  
A world more sorrowful it is that he  
Must battle with, and fearlessly explore:  
Far fades the gleam of Life's once purpled sea  
When Youth was ours—the Youth that comes no more.

Those happy shores retreat which once we knew;  
The well-loved voices, hushed and still are they;  
Lost halcyon years, with skies of deepest blue.  
Dear hearts that vanished some sad yesterday  
Leave our life's journey dark. Alas, how true  
This deep World-Sorrow shadows all our way!

Yet somewhere, to some unknown, far-off strand,  
Whose silver coast beyond the horizon's rim  
Gleams with sweet promise, they perchance have passed,  
Where all is plain which now seems dark and dim;  
And when we reach it we shall understand  
The mystery—the puzzle read at last;—  
And find beyond these shadows and shed tears  
The perfect joy of Heaven's untarnished years.



CAPTAIN CABLE OF THE "HOLLAND," STEERING  
THE SUBMARINE ABOVE WATER

## SUBMARINE TORPEDO-BOATS

BY WILLIAM W. KIMBALL

**A**LTHOUGH the land animal man has for untold years been in the habit of going to and fro upon the face of the waters in vehicles of his own construction, he has always been very chary about moving down into it in any kind of fabric. He connects going under water in a boat with drowning, and therefore is rather willing to conclude that submarine navigation has difficulties too great to be overcome to any practical degree, that little difficulties are very great ones, and that if some success be attained it can be put to no practical use.

The unhappy submarine navigator is always told, "You can't see and you can't breathe under water, and if you could, a submarine boat would be only a toy."

It is true that there is no way of seeing through water for any practical distance ahead; but, on the other hand, a course can be steered under water by compass as readily as upon the surface on a dark night or in a thick fog.

There is no difficulty whatever about providing enough compressed air to keep the boat perfectly ventilated for days, and it is certain that very valuable military results otherwise unattainable can be had by utilizing water for cover against gun-fire in the approach afloat, for the same reason that earth cover is used for the same purpose ashore.

At least three hundred years ago attempts were made to solve the problem of submarine navigation, and at nearly the same time attempts were made to provide practical breech-loading fire-arms.





THE SUBMARINE BOAT "GUSTAVE ZÉDÉ," OF TOULON HARBOR

One hundred years ago the practicability of devices to make both successful was demonstrated, but utterly failed to be recognized. The breech-loading fire-arm has been in general use for forty years. Perhaps the demonstrated utility of the submarine is about to be recognized.

During the Revolution, Bushnell of Connecticut grasped the main principles of submarine navigation. He built and operated a submarine boat that functioned as well, comparatively, as did Stephenson's first locomotive. He navigated in New York Bay, placed his boat under the bottom of a British frigate, and only failed to attach his torpedo because the wood screw used for the purpose met a copper bolt in entering the hull, and of course failed to hold. He designed a boat slightly lighter than the water she displaced when totally submerged, pulled her forward with a hand-turned propeller worked by her one-man crew, and forced her under by a vertically acting propeller. But his marvelous mechanical success made no impression at the time. He was one hundred and twenty-odd years ahead of the world—perhaps more.

Fulton built and used in France a submarine boat that he manœuvred well below the surface in the time of Napoleon; but it was rejected as impracticable, just

as, at the same time and in the same country, a gun was rejected that had all the necessary features of a modern breech-loader. So Fulton dropped the development of his submarine craft and turned his attention to steamboating.

The principal difficulties met with to-day in designing a submarine torpedo-boat are as follows: providing for sufficient stored power of a kind that can be economically expended in driving her when submerged; devising a good method of directing her toward an object constantly changing its position; installing an efficient armament; retaining a fixed centre of gravity and fixed weight in spite of exhaustion of stores and movements of weights; modelling her to meet the physical requirements of crushing strains and the tactical requirements of handiness; ballasting and trimming her so that she will have sufficient stability, and at the same time move readily in obedience to both horizontal and vertical rudder efforts.

No practical power for turning a propeller is known that does not use air in its generation. In a submarine, when running submerged, no supply can be drawn from above water, because any kind of an air-duct projecting upward from the hull would hamper facility of movement, would limit the depths of the dives, would show her location to the en-



THE FRENCH SUBMARINE BOAT "GYMNOTE" AT A NAVAL REVIEW OFF TOULON, FRANCE

THE TALL TUBE FORWARD OF THE CONNING-TOWER CONTAINS THE CAMERA GUIDE,  
WHICH ENABLES THE HELMSMAN TO SHAPE HIS COURSE WHILE UNDER WATER

emy, and would offer the enemy an easily attained and most vital point of attack.

Steam generated under water by burning fuel is out of the question, because the amount of compressed air that can be stored for use in combustion is so small, and because it is so difficult to dispose of the products of combustion. In the Nordenfelt submarine boats steam has been used for submerged work with a fair degree of success, by taking down a large quantity of superheated water and drawing the steam from it until the water cooled. Gas-engines fed by petroleum products have been used by Holland in some of his earlier boats, but his expenditure of power was limited, not so much by the amount of fuel he could carry as by the amount of compressed air he could store to mix with the gases in the engine in order to obtain working explosions in the cylinder. At present the best available source of power for submerged work is electricity drawn from storage cells; it is the one generally adopted, and will probably continue to be the best for some time. There are many attractive features about liquid air, and it may be rendered serviceable for the required purpose, but the making, storing, and renewing the store of it in

a submarine seem difficult to the writer—perhaps only because he is not well informed upon the subject.

The *Gustave Zédé*, the French submarine boat regularly in commission in the navy, upon whose performance was based the building of six French boats now in hand, is propelled by stored electricity. The weak point of the *Zédé* is that she has no means within herself of renewing her store of power for submerged work, and that therefore her "radius of action"—i. e., the distance she can move from a base of supply—is very limited. At the time she was designed storage batteries were very crude, compared with what they are to-day, and although her large size, over 250 tons, would point to much better results if modern storage cells were provided, she is credited with a radius of action of only thirty miles. With the best electrical appliances in a boat of the most efficient size—some-what less than 100 tons, as will be shown hereafter—it is not possible to store enough electricity to give more than about fifty miles' radius of action at a speed of eight knots. The radius will of course decrease with increase of speed, and slightly increase with decrease of speed; in other words, a boat can be kept in fighting trim at full speed for



about six hours, and at the varying speeds of a coast-defence fight from sunrise to sunset.

A boat might need all this power and more in an action, since while within range of hostile gun-fire she must be always ready to dive, and must therefore be constantly sealed up, and consequently she must draw from her stored power from the beginning to the end of an action. She should be able, moreover, to move on the surface hundreds of miles to a field of action and be ready for work on arrival. These considerations necessitated the adoption of two kinds of power—one which could be used for driving a boat a long distance on the surface and for keeping her stored power always at a maximum meantime; and the other, the stored power for submerged work within the range of hostile guns.

Nordenfelt used steam from a coal-fired boiler for surface work, and after dousing fires, taking in water ballast, and sealing up preparatory to going under, the steam from the hot water in the boiler was ready for submerged work.

The new French boat, the *Narval*, that is to have a half-dozen sister boats, has a petroleum-engine for surface, and storage-battery electricity for submerged running.

The *Holland*, an American boat, uses a gasoline-engine for surface and stored electricity for under-water work. Her surface radius of action is a good 800 miles, and her submerged one about fifty. The large dynamo is run by her gas-engine to store electricity when the boat is on the surface; and when going under, the gas-engine is thrown out of gear and the dynamo is used as an electric motor, taking current from the cells it has stored. For auxiliary power necessary for blowing out water from ballast-tanks, operating steering-engines, working the battery, moving weights, etc., compressed air is readily available, and is so used by *Holland*, and is probably made use of more or less by the French.

To steer the boat when submerged a compass or gyroscope may be used, or some method of obtaining, by means of a camera-lucida, a reflected image of the object steered for. All attempts at light-

ing the water ahead by strong electric arc-lights have proved futile, because the penetration of the light ray through water is too slight for practical use in navigation, and would be tactically bad even if it had sufficient penetration, since it would reveal the position of the boat to the enemy. The arc-light may, and probably will, be useful for under-water work in connection with mines and wrecks, in such constructions as the Lake boat the *Argonaut* in the United States, and the *Travailleur Sous-Marin* in France, which are not designed or adapted for submarine torpedo-boat duty.

In the early days of experiments with metal submarines the effect of the "heeling error" of the compass, due to the varying inclinations of the craft in diving and rising, was little and the general compensating of the compass not fully understood; when the compass showed lack of reliability it was attributed to some mysterious effect of submergence. Compasses can be, and are, sufficiently compensated for fair work in submarines. Of course no compass can be expected to act perfectly when installed where it has magnetic metal near to and all about it, as in a submarine's conning-tower; the conditions, however, are no worse than in the compass positions in a battle-ship's conning-tower or in her below-decks tiller-room. The gyroscope, in its present stage of development, offers no advantage over the compass.

A camera-lucida tube may be run up from within the boat so as to be useful for reconnoitring when moving slowly, but when moving at speed it interferes with manœuvring—the quick movements of the image due to the motion of the boat confuse the eye; it is difficult to place it in a convenient position near the conning-tower, and it does not quickly give an all-around view. For these reasons submarine men generally favor rising to the surface for a few seconds, at the risk of exposing a few inches of armored conning-tower. Without taking observations from the surface in some manner there is no known way of steering for an object whose speed and direction cannot be predicted, as, for instance, a hostile ship in action.

The armament of a sixty to eighty ton submarine may be made very efficient

against any ship within the close range that the boat could work. The *Holland* had originally an automobile torpedo-tube placed nearly level in the axis of the boat forward, an aerial torpedo-tube in the same vertical plane as the other secured over it at a fixed elevation, and an elevated projectile torpedo-tube aft. In

few inches of target for a few seconds, and in an unforeseen direction and at an unknown range, the likelihood of her suffering under the present condition of gunnery is small enough to give her an excellent fighting chance. The use of the aerial torpedo was to give her more range than the automobile torpedo allows,



THE ENGINE-ROOM OF THE "HOLLAND"

DRAWN FROM LIFE DURING A RUN UNDER THE SURFACE IN THE POTOMAC RIVER

so small a craft the aerial torpedo-tube must be short, but it is sufficiently long to give a thousand yards' range to a shell containing 100 pounds of guncotton or nitrogelatine. Since it must be used over water the boat must show her conning-tower top and tube muzzle as she delivers; but as she would expose only a

which last cannot be depended upon to get home at distances greater than three hundred to four hundred yards under battle conditions. In delivering this last the conning-tower must show at four hundred yards from the ship, but even then the ship could hardly sink her before the torpedo was driven home.



The projectile torpedo astern, fired through water, cannot be depended upon for a range greater than one hundred yards. It is of use only at the moment of passing out from the shadow of a ship; for though one can see practically nothing when looking ahead through water, an object on the surface is always discernible by the shutting out of the sunlight from above. Whether the projectile torpedo is worth the room it takes is questionable, because, in the presence of submarines, ships would be likely to haul off; still, if the work in hand were such as to require the ships to charge home over the submarines, it could be readily delivered upward through the ship's bottom. The French submarine flotilla is to be armed with automobile torpedoes only, and the five boats of the *Holland* type lately authorized by Congress are to have only the French armament.

The necessity of retaining a fixed weight when submerged springs from the fact that if the boat were allowed to grow lighter she would not dive so readily, and if heavier she would not rise so easily; in other words, she would lose manœuvring facility in the vertical plane. As for the centre of gravity, if it were allowed to move she would grow more stable or less so, and would get out of trim.

It is therefore necessary to make all weights except the crew immovable, and to compensate for all weights expended by taking in equal weights of water, whose centres of gravity give practically the same trimming moments. There is, of course, no difficulty in fixing the position of rigid expendable weights, such as torpedoes. The immovability of the water in the large ballast-tanks is arranged for by always filling the tanks chock-up; the small tanks that are used for securing the necessary delicate balance and trim are of such shape and so placed that the movement of water in them cannot practically alter the position of the centre of gravity of the boat as a whole.

The compensation for expended weights is provided for by mechanically arranging for the automatic receipt of equal weights of water. How far this matter has been attended to in the de-

sign of the new French submarines is not known to the writer; but in some of the earlier boats the water ballast was not fixed, and the natural consequence was that the boat stood on her stem and sat on her stern, much to the surprise and discomfort of her crew.

The best shape for withstanding the strain due to pressure from depth of water is, of course, the sphere, and this shape is adopted for the French bottom worker the *Travailleur Sous-Marin*; but such a model will not manœuvre readily in either vertical or horizontal plane, is very slow for power expended, and would not at all fill the requirements of model for a submarine torpedo-boat. Considerations of strength, speed, and manœuvring qualities, and arrangement of internal space, have led to the adoption of the same shape for submarine boats as is used for automobile torpedoes. The circular cross-section gives great strength, and the spindle-of-revolution shape lends itself to manœuvring qualities of all kinds.

Curiously enough, though experts can advise to a nicety as to bursting strains, there are no authoritative data on water-pressure crushing strains, and no expert in the world can positively tell what strength of material is needed to meet them. The factors of safety used for submarine hulls would seem to be ridiculously large, considering the depths the boats are designed to reach. There is, of course, no tactical necessity for going below the depth necessary to comfortably clear a deep-draught battle-ship's keel.

The need of making a boat steer up and down readily limits her length to about six or seven diameters, and the need for submerged work in four or five fathoms of water limits her diameter to about twelve feet, for she must have a little water over her and must have a working clearance from the bottom. Therefore it would seem that the most practical dimensions for submarine torpedo-boats are about seventy to eighty feet length and twelve feet diameter. The French made the *Zédé* much larger, but in the new boats they are approximating the correct dimensions, though the length is rather too great for good work, probably because they require space for



A BATTLE-SHIP DESTROYED BY A SUBMARINE BOAT  
IN THE FOREGROUND THE SUBMARINE IS SEEN RETREATING, AFTER HAVING LAUNCHED  
HER TORPEDO, WHICH, STRIKING THE SHIP, CAUSED THE DESTRUCTION



generating power to furnish a speed which can be obtained only at the expense of handiness.

A submarine boat is easily given plenty of stability for surface work, for there is practically no side to make her roll in a seaway; the water meets little resistance in passing over. If in heavy weather the boat rolls, it is because she is riding light and is showing too much above water; it is only necessary to drop her a bit and the water will pass over freely. In very heavy weather combers might splash into the smoke-stack of a steamer and cause delay, but in a gas-engine boat there would be no harm in taking a little water down the air-tube. In any event, the worst that the heaviest weather could do would be to force her to seal up, ballast down to diving trim, and drift till the storm broke. The *Holland* when in diving trim in a seaway does not roll at all, although she is as round as a bottle, but to one on board there is a curious feeling of side movement of translation as she slides down the back of a sea.

In order to dive, a submarine of practical design takes in water ballast until the remaining buoyancy can be overcome by the action of the horizontal rudders; then the boat is steered under as she moves ahead. And therefore it is very apparent that, given a rudder surface sufficient to steer the submarine under at slow speeds, varying speeds and varying rudder angles will give a wide range in angular direction in the vertical plane, provided that the boat is not so long as to be slow in turning, and provided that her longitudinal stability is not so great as to make her sluggish about inclining her bow up or down.

This very simple method of control in the vertical plane is in use to-day in the thousands of successful submarine boats that we know as automobile torpedoes, as well as in the few submarine boats proper, which in general principles of functioning differ from the torpedoes only in substituting directing brains for directing automata. In the torpedo the horizontal rudders are actuated automatically by the pressure of the water, which, of course, corresponds to the depth, and these thus steer her up or down until the depth she is set to run at is steadied upon; in the

submarine boat the horizontal rudders are governed by the helmsman, who is guided by a depth gauge in front of his eyes; or, as in the torpedo, an automatic depth-finder may be thrown into gear.

Simple as is the method of steering a slightly buoyant boat up and down, it was arrived at only after many attempts in other directions. A number of boats have been designed to rise and sink at will by changing the amounts of ballast while keeping the bulk constant, or by keeping the weight constant and varying the bulk by mechanical means. There is no great difficulty in accomplishing these methods of varying the specific gravity, but they are dangerous and non-effective. They are dangerous because if anything goes wrong with her lightening arrangements when she is heavier than water she will sink and be crushed by the water-pressure, whereas the buoyant boat would rise. They are non-effective because changes in weight cannot be made rapidly enough to give the quick working in the vertical plane that is absolutely necessary. For instance, when coming to the surface to get a look around within a ship's secondary-battery range, the boat cannot wait to take in ballast water and sink slowly from sight; she must be pushed under by the effort of her full motive power in the fewest possible seconds.

A large submarine boat, *Le Plongeur*, built in France in the middle of the century, to function by change of weight, made a most ridiculous exhibition on trial. She was ballasted to weigh slightly more than her displacement, and driven forward by her motive power. She sunk to the bottom in moving ahead, impinged upon it at a small angle, and as she weighed almost nothing, she rebounded to the surface, and so went undulating along between bottom and surface.

Another, the English *Nautilus*, was constructed to rise and sink by forcing out or drawing in hollow cylinders, which would change the bulk while the weight remained constant. Some official visitors took passage in her to the bottom of a dock, but when the operator wished to return to the surface the cylinders declined to out-thrust, because the power for working them, though amply sufficient for working in water, was not great enough to drive them into mud; and be-





#### EIGHT FEET BELOW THE SURFACE

THE CAPTAIN STANDS IN THE CONNING-TOWER STEERING THE BOAT,  
WHILE THE MAN NEXT TO HIM OPERATES THE DIVING-GEAR

sides, the adhesiveness of the mud had not been considered. She was finally ignominiously hauled up by a tackle, and the official visitors did not enjoy themselves very much. The curious things about this trial are that it was made in England only a few years ago, long after the absurd inadequacy of the mechanism tried was fully understood, and that it is even now quoted in English service journals to prove the inefficiency of real submarine boats.

The Nordenfelt submarines, built in Sweden in the last decade, embodied many excellent features, and would have been fairly successful had they been designed for diving instead of for rising and sinking. Nordenfelt's method was to pull a buoyant craft down by vertically acting propellers, and to aid the lift of buoyancy by the propellers in rising. The expenditure of stored power required to pull a boat perpendicularly against the resistance of her horizontal longi-



tudinal section is enormous compared with the slight effort needed to push her, bow on, down an incline in the water. Nordenfelt held the theory that it was dangerous ever to let the axis of a submarine depart from parallelism to the surface, lest she thrust her nose in the mud of the bottom and stick fast, or go too deep and be crushed. As a matter of fact no submarine can be held rigidly parallel to the surface of the water, and if it could it would lose all the advantages of quick manœuvre in the vertical plane possessed by a properly designed diving-boat. But Nordenfelt insisted that submarines must work on an even keel, and this idea, in spite of theory, practice, experience, and common-sense, was widely accepted. It has been most difficult to dislodge, because it was founded on faith, and could not be reached by physical proofs; but it is generally waning now, although still firmly asserted in England and Germany.

It was the basis of much false reasoning in a lecture delivered by a high authority in naval architecture at a meeting of naval architects in Berlin last December. The learned lecturer concluded that if the submerged boat were depressed by the head a few degrees through movement of the crew, she would necessarily follow the direction of her axis, and reach a critical depth in a few seconds. This is like concluding that if a ship's head were thrown toward a neighboring rock by a current, she would necessarily strike that rock in a few seconds—and so she certainly would if the pilot forgot that her helm was useful in such cases, and that her engines could be reversed.

The *Holland* has been trimmed by the head about ten degrees, and in that condition has been run submerged for half a mile with a variation of only a few inches in the vertical plane, by using the horizontal rudder to meet the tendency to dive. Incidentally the same authority states that the weight of the water displaced is equal to the weight of the submerged boat, and thus shows that he forgets that all practical diving-boats are buoyant when submerged.

The chief difficulties in designing a submarine can all be satisfactorily met except those of propelling power under all

conditions, and of field of vision when submerged. She will be deficient in speed until a now unknown power be found, and she cannot retain her invisibility below the surface and at the same time see her enemy without some discovery in the property of light that it is difficult to imagine. Although a submarine can be perfectly lighted by means of the storage cells, and perfectly ventilated by pumping the vitiated air overboard and renewing the supply from the compressed-air tanks, she will be uninhabitable for long periods owing to the cramped quarters; and the duties of the crew are so severe that the men must be relieved frequently.

The best submarine that can be built at present must be slow, more uninhabitable than surface craft, and of limited time endurance while moving in fighting trim; but with relief crews she can occupy indefinitely a position required by an enemy for blockade or bombardment, and by showing her camera-lucida tube or conning-tower top for a few seconds she can move up to a battle-ship in the face of her fire and search-lights, day or night, and force her to move away or accept the probability of being put out of the fight by a craft rating three per cent. of her cost and one per cent. of her crew—a craft that neither gun-fire nor torpedo practice would stop.

With properly manned submarines in the defensive, blockades cannot be held nor bombardments attempted; and in attacking ports they will be useful in countermining the protecting mines and in entering unseen to destroy ships, dry docks, and buildings. When it was supposed that the *Holland* might be used in the attack of the Havana batteries, enough qualified men volunteered from the navy to make up a dozen crews.

Submarines have never been tried in action. The Confederate torpedo-boat which sunk the *Housatonic* off Charleston was designed to work as a submarine, but was used only as a surface boat when she made her successful attack, and went down with her enemy, as any successful torpedo-boat may expect to do.

This is the one boat among fifty or sixty experimented with in the last hundred years that drowned her crew, and is the one much quoted to show the





*From bow looking back in war trim. Holland while submerged—*

THE SUBMARINE U. S. S. "HOLLAND" IN WAR TRIM  
THE CRAFT CARRIES THREE WHITEHEAD 18-INCH TORPEDOES—ONE IN THE TORPEDO-TUBE FORWARD, THE TWO OTHERS SECURED TO THE SIDES OF THE VESSEL.



dangers of submarine navigation, although all accidents connected with her were due to the fact that she was used as a surface boat, and as such was of course inefficient. The submarine has arrived. The recognition of her capabilities within her limited field of usefulness cannot

enemy's ships, ports, or lines of communication. Other civilized nations will then be forced to follow her lead, just as they did in the matter of surface torpedo-boats. Germany is yielding to the pressure of progress, and is to have a competition of submarine models at Kiel



#### READY TO RISE TO THE SURFACE

TRIMMING THE FORWARD AIR AND WATER TANKS OF THE "HOLLAND" WHILE SUBMERGED.  
AIR IS FORCED INTO THE TANKS, DRIVING OUT THE WATER, THEREBY INCREASING THE  
BUOYANCY OF THE BOAT.—DRAWN FROM LIFE WHILE BEING SUBMERGED

be much longer delayed. France has grasped the idea of the effectiveness of the type in general, and has so far developed it that she has a dozen submarines on her naval register, and has provided for thirty-eight all told. When she has employed them for coast defence sufficiently to make their potential felt, it will be apparent that she will be able to send her whole cruising fleet against an

during the current year. Russia is at work on submarines, but her results are wisely kept secret. England discredits them as much as possible, for the same reason that she discredited surface torpedo-boats when they appeared. Her policy is quite correct, since, as the strongest power at sea, she should in every way try to prevent the appearance of craft that will so greatly limit

the effectiveness of her present fleet. A year or two ago English service journals asserted that torpedo-boat-destroyers thrown out ahead of a fleet would readily destroy submarines as they rose to correct direction on the ships, though how this was to be done, when the submarines could readily dive under the destroyers and hold for the ship, was not explained. Later the English attitude was voiced in a discussion of an experimental French boat, published in an authoritative naval paper, as follows: "The *Gustave Zédé* may turn out to be a valuable adjunct for harbor defence; but even in that case it can only be the arm of the weak at sea, and thus finds no place in our arsenal of offensive weapons." This view of the matter was supported by the First Lord of the Admiralty in answering an interpellation in Parliament, and amplified by the statement that since it was evident that submarines could not be met by submarines, the Admiralty was seeking some method of counteracting their effect.

The English press contains at present many suggestions to the effect that the British Admiralty should give the submarine question more serious consideration. Great Britain was forced to meet the inexpensive torpedo-boat with the expensive torpedo-boat-destroyer, and she will be forced to meet the submarine in some way not at present apparent. She accepts the truism that "the best coast defence is the energetic attack of the enemy's coast," and accordingly directs her policy toward the increase of her offensive military sea power. But she continues to provide shore fortifications and mobile sea defences for the security of her wealth centres and strategic positions, and, as the most practicable feature for these last, she will provide submarines when other nations have brought them forward.

What the naval policy of the United States may be the writer does not know; and if he did he could not publicly discuss it. The newspapers show that the governmental development of the submarine has been dallied with in this country for a dozen years or more, generally encouraged by Congress, and generally opposed by naval officers, many of whom are inclined to follow the lead of England, and conclude that submarines

are death-traps when they are not toys. Last November the *Holland*, a submarine boat built by private parties and manned by civilians, fulfilled, on official trials, all the requirements that the Navy Department had laid down. Her sale to the government was then proposed by her owners, and the proposition was reported against by the Board on Construction of the Navy. Finally she was accepted, and shortly after Congress authorized the construction of five more boats of the *Holland* type.

Many naval officers of standing express the opinion that the mechanism of a submarine is too complicated to be successfully handled by our navy, that the type has no tactical place in naval warfare, and that the *Holland* will soon find her way to the scrap-heap. On the other hand, the Admiral, the Constructor-in-chief, almost all naval officers who have seen the *Holland* at work, and all who have been under water in her, favor submarines, and hold that a naval crew can do in the *Holland* what a civilian crew has done, since the latter was drawn from the same class of men that fill many naval enlistments.

In the late war with Spain public opinion hampered naval operations by requiring a portion of our fleet to be retained in the defence of our coasts. Evidently there must be some means of providing a coast defence. The United States cruising fleet is very small for the work that may soon be required of it; it will remain so for at least fifty years, and during that time we will sadly need submarines and surface torpedo-boats. But it is very doubtful whether the craft themselves and a rational organization for their use will be provided. In this country, where they are needed more than in any other in the world, surface torpedo-boats are discredited because a few Spanish torpedo-boats greatly terrified us during the Spanish war, and then failed to damage our fleet.

Submarines are beginning to gain a certain recognition here, but they have yet to meet opposition of many kinds, one of which was formulated by a man connected with armor manufacture, who declared: "We will oppose submarines. For if they succeed, Congress won't appropriate for so many ships."





"AFTER MY DEATH"

[SEE PAGE 586]



# THE MANTLE OF ELIJAH\*

BY ISRAEL ZANGWILL

## BOOK II

### CHAPTER I.

#### TENEBRÆ.

**B**EFORE an altar in the Cathedral of Orvieto a beautiful, fashionably dressed English woman knelt in silent prayer. Beside her knelt a ragged old *contadina*, with a small baby and a large basket. And the ancient Cathedral canopied and environed both women with its impartial glories of arch and gallery, of pediment and marigold window, with its warmth of mosaics and many-hued marbles, with the gathered peace of its centuries.

The Italian peasant woman prayed to a very definite Madonna, with a *bambino* like her own: a Madonna who looked down graciously on you in marble as you passed under the portal, and shed her sweetness on you from the frescoes as you came within, and from her shining home in heaven—especially in this Holy Week—leaned down lovingly to hear your sorrows and send you your heart's desire. But the English woman prayed to she knew not what, sent out her bruised soul to the nameless silences, as a wrecked creature clinging to a spar in the waste of ocean cries aloud to the starless darkness for help, unknowing if there be any ship to hear. She had come to admire this miracle of Italian Gothic art: had, indeed, duly admired the marvellous façade with the quaint bass-reliefs of the human story, from God's kindly presence in the Garden of Eden, to the scrambling from coffins on the Resurrection Day—remembering it all from the beautiful reproduction in the Duke of Dalesbury's monograph—and had passed within, promising herself a rich feast of black and white perspectives and carven choir-stalls, and fretted arches and glowing windows and mosaics, and gently stimu-

lated by the thought of seeing a fresco by Gentile da Fabriano, whose Flemish naïveté particularly pleased her. But suddenly—perhaps it was from the girlish memories brought back by that many-colored façade—she knew that all this cult of the æsthetic was a barren mockery, empty of the faith which had built cathedrals, and for which cathedrals were really built; that all her interest in life was a make-believe, that her long struggle was hopeless, that she had come to the end of her strength, that she must throw up her arms and sink.

And she sank—before the waxen candles and the marble images—less in prayer than in prostration beneath the crushing weight of existence, and, thus fallen, prayed, not with her lips, but with the heaving of her racked bosom and the hot bitter drops of her tears. O for the faith of this simple market-woman, enfolded still by this mediæval atmosphere of love and worship, treading surely amid the relics of saints, under whose feet, as they had walked on earth, sprang up the blossom of miracle, and whose dead bones still brought healing to the living. Ah, surely for the complex, for the modern, there was healing too!

But a slight relief from the pressure on her brain was all the answer to her prayer, and that she knew was only the relief of tears. If she had only had a baby, like this twice-blessed peasant woman! All her emotions had to be turned inwards.

The tragedy of herself terrified her: still young, still pretty, a leader of society, a Cabinet Minister's wife—the envied of the mob—and with it all a parched heart and soul, a joyless dragging on, ennui alternating with fits of dull fury against the nature of things, with a longing to shriek out against everything. Impossible to endure it all another hour!

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Long after the *contadina*—the little baby on her arm and the big basket on her head—was gone, long after her own passion of abandonment had ebbed back, leaving an arid despair, she remained kneeling, as if the effort to rise and face life again were beyond her powers. Here, with the sense of religious gloom and incense, with Earth so naively near to Heaven, she was in a harbor of refuge, she was in the Middle Ages. Outside in the garish sunlight, she would be back again in her own century, and even the old-world streets had failed of late to obliterate her consciousness of the grinding present.

At last she arose, and forgetting even to look at the Gentile da Fabriano, she walked out into the silent Piazza S. Maria, under the deep blue, cloudless sky, and as in a daze descended the long slope of the tufa rock till she found herself outside the town, and overhung by its sheer cliff. Far off some oxen with tinkling bells were drawing a cart; otherwise only the murmur of insect life broke the drowsy stillness. Her eye followed the green flicker of lizards on the barren rock. And as she looked upwards there came into her head a long-forgotten sentence from the Duke's monograph: "Orvieto on its rock is not unlike Jerusalem." And with it came a stir of girlhood's fresh feeling. Orvieto! Jerusalem! How the words had rung like music through her brain, prolonged their echoes in her rich young blood! Even now, though Orvieto—actually confronting her—had lost its visionary charm, Jerusalem still held a vibratory magic, touched long-latent, religious emotion, rekindled the vivid imaginings of childhood. With her old trick of fantasy and allegory, she crowned the arid rock with the Temple of David, and lifting her hands towards it, prayed aloud—no longer wordless—in her solitude.

"O God, send me a Deliverer!"

Surely from Jerusalem her help would come.

"O God, send me a Deliverer!"

But though her anguish was now translated into words, she knew not what she meant, nor who could deliver her, nor how.

"O God, send me a Deliverer!"

But Heaven stared at her—an azure

impassible blank. And Earth was this bare rock. And herself was emptier, arider than either.

She turned back up the path that climbed gradually towards her visionary Temple, but had made only a few paces when, raising her eyes, she saw a man's figure descending to meet her.

Her heart leaped violently—the Deliverer! Then she smiled sadly at her childishness.

As he approached, she saw that he was a gentleman, but whether a native or a traveller she could not tell. He wore a neat tweed suit and a felt hat, such as English tourists affected, but his face seemed to wear the color of the South. He walked broodingly, with a slight stoop, each hand grasping one end of a walking-stick held behind his neck, as if to prop up his weariness. For an instant her morbid fancy figured him on a cross. And as he passed her there gloomed from his face such tragic peace that her memory instantly linked it with that painted head in "The Last Supper" at Milan, Da Vinci's head of "the Redeemer."

Was this indeed her Deliverer? Had God indeed sent her an answer? Again she smiled bitterly at her superstitious make-believe. Unconsciously to herself, her smile seemed an accentuation of her polite salutation.

"*Buon' giorno*," she said, as was her way-side habit.

"*Giorno*," he replied, startled, dropping one end of his stick, to raise his hat.

The solitary word rang Italian in cadence. Her miseries and fantastic make-believes vanished before her sudden interest in the earthly man. He struck long-silent chords, reached back mysteriously into some far past in her soul. She would have liked to turn back and look after him, but dignity forbade. Would they ever meet again, she wondered, as she mounted towards her hotel. Probably never. But he had given a distraction to her thoughts; to speculate on his personality, on the mystery of his face of sorrows, was a relief from her own intolerable pain.

## CHAPTER II.

### "A DELIVERER?"

SHE found her Welsh maid, Barda, impatiently awaiting *déjeuner* in the private

sitting-room she had engaged in the queer old hotel popularly known as *La Posta*. It was not a luxurious sitting-room, but it had a native flavor, as of metaphoric garlic. Large and oblong, it was not unlike a Venetian room, save that the windows were in the longer wall. A sliding-panel in the wooden wall opposite the windows led to two connected bed-rooms. The furniture was old and heavy-fashioned, and included a bookcase with glass doors, devoted to cutlery and crockery. Colored prints of the King and Garibaldi hung near the fly-blown mirror. Greasy back numbers of Roman newspapers and comic journals had been lying on a little chess table near the door, but these were now piled on the faded piano, and replaced by a table-cloth with a cover for one.

"The silly waiter would lay the things there for one, your ladyship," the maid explained. "I told him we ate together, so he laid here for me, and left the other there as well, the idiot."

"I'm afraid your Italian isn't equal to your Welsh," her mistress laughed. She liked to eat with Barda—this escapade from social forms. She was always glad to make such facile concessions to her democratic principles. She had also begged Barda not to call her "your ladyship," but the girl would not be robbed of this superiority over the maids of plebeians. Over the black olives, Barda inquired wistfully whether they were going back to Rome by the evening train. Reminded thus that she had forgotten to "do" the Cathedral, the mistress replied that after all it was too tiring to rush about like that, especially as they had got up so early to catch the train. Perhaps they had best stay the night. The bed-rooms seemed decent. Anyhow she could decide later.

Barda looked disconcerted, yet not astonished; she was used to her ladyship's whims. "It's lucky I brought a bag in case of accidents. But I told your ladyship to let me take the india-rubber bath."

Her ladyship laughed. "I shall manage quite well with that speckled and spotted thing I see hanging in the corridor."

"It will be two *lire* at least."

"Poor folks—there's not much custom here—let them have a windfall."

"If they'd only be satisfied with wind-

falls," grumbled the girl. "I shall have to lock up the bag every time I stir out of the bed-room."

"You did the same even in Grand Hotels." She got an additional spice of enjoyment from Barda's detestation of outlandish places, especially as aggravated unnecessarily by outlandish hotels. Barda liked those elegant English hotels which annex to Belgravia all that is mediæval and mystic, plant the flag of fashion in the shadow of hoary cathedrals, dot the eternal mountains with billiard-rooms, and supply French menus and Church of England services near the shrines of sainted ascetics.

The honeyed waiter had borne away the plates of their first course when the door opened. Both were vaguely aware of the waiter's re-entry. But when her ladyship looked up an instant later, lo! there was the brooding stranger, seated at the little table in this private sitting-room of hers, and already munching his bread. She was pleased, yet puzzled.

"Well, I like that!" said Barda.

"So do I," said her mistress, smiling.

"Waiter!" Barda began angrily.

"Hush, hush, Barda. The waiter doesn't understand your English, but that gentleman may. There's some mistake."

"There's no mistake," the girl muttered crossly. "They pretended to let us a sitting-room, but they hadn't any, and they palmed off the common dining-room on us because there happened to be nobody in the house when we came."

"Perhaps it's *his* private sitting-room, only he's politer than you. Box and Cox."

"Well, and will he dine here and sit on here to-night? And your ladyship's bed-room—" her horrified glance indicated the sliding-panel. "I think we had better go back to Rome."

"You have no spirit of adventure."

"I don't like his face—he frightens me."

Her ladyship gave her a hushing glance, yet shivered herself. The furtive glimpses she had taken at the face had combined with his curious proximity to renew her sense of weirdness.

Surely this man was to play some part in her life. Perhaps a Deliverer, indeed.

She tortured herself to divine something of his personality. But the outer



indications were contradictory. The neat dress, the short hair punctiliously parted at the side and brushed up from the forehead, suggested a man of affairs; the stoop, a scholar; the mobile mouth was an actor's, but the small trim Vandyke beard eliminated this possibility and suggested rather a painter; the fingers prosaically handling a spoon were those of a musician. But there was an absence of expansiveness, a sense of suppression that repudiated these romantic occupations. Even the lips, she noted, returned, as soon as he put down the spoon, to their stern compression. Well might the face frighten the simple Welsh maid—a face of infinite mobility frozen to impassivity, less a face than a death-mask with live coals for eyes.

She saw him draw out a cigarette-case, then as by an after-thought replace it in his pocket. She called the waiter.

"Tell the *signore* he may smoke."

"The *signore* thanks the *signora*," came the reply, "but he will smoke in the air."

And presently the *signore* rose, and, with an almost imperceptible bow towards his fellow-guests, disappeared.

"Well, I'm going down to talk to that Ananias of a landlady." Barda was still outraged at the invasion of her ladyship's privacy, as well as at the man's being served from the same dish.

"It's only for a day," the *signora* argued deprecatingly.

"Then we do stay to-night?"

"Yes."

"Well, we should have had to pay for the bed-rooms just the same."

But despite this consolation, Barda looked so bored that her mistress resolved to let her accompany her to the Cathedral, at the risk of the Methodist's iconoclastic comments. On their way she told the landlady they would be remaining, and sent a telegram to her sister at Rome to inform her of her whereabouts and her plans. Barda behaved unexpectedly well, the famous façade striking her open-mouthed. The Biblical scenes, the copious angels and saintly companies, and the remorseless resurrection of the damned, accorded so agreeably with her Calvinistic conceptions that her mistress left her outside. This time the beautiful English woman was her artistic self again: the despair of the

morning had irrationally vanished, and a mild disappointment before the Gentile da Fabriano was her deepest misery. When at last Barda rejoined her, they passed together into the *Cappella Nuova* in the right transept. And here the first thing that she saw—despite the painted masterpieces that seized the eye—was the stranger. He was seated on a bench, gazing at a fresco, his chin sunk on the ivory pommel of his stick. It was not surprising to meet him again—there were few points of repair in Orvieto—yet her heart leaped: here in this small side-chapel they would be too near together for silence.

"Look, look—oh, the poor soul!" Even Barda's creed-hardened heart softened at the horror in the face of the dishevelled nude woman who was being borne hellward on the back of a loathly devil, with horrid wings outspread. Her mistress followed her direction, and was overpowered by the sense that here was another great master, surely as Titanic as Michael Angelo himself. Later, she found that everybody, even the Duke of Dalesbury, had discovered Signorelli long ago, but she was no less pleased to have rediscovered him for herself. It was an hour of rare sensations. And even Barda, to whom technique made no appeal, did not tire; for, after she had quite exhausted Hell, there was Heaven with its lute-playing and fiddling angels, and after that there was the upstanding of the dead at the last trump, some with joyous bodies swift-clothed in flesh, doleful resurgents still in the nudity of their bones, other skeletons in all stages of scrambling out of their graves, and—lowest stage of all—odd skulls and bones that had not yet found themselves.

But the stranger gave no sign of consciousness of his companions. In the intervals of her æsthetic glow, the English woman remembered him, peeped at him out of the corner of a beautiful blue-gray eye. She would have liked to compare notes with him about this forerunner of Michael Angelo. But she felt he ought to make the advances, and she was irritated that he took no notice of her—of her, the courted of every *salon*, to fetch whom an ice the Archbishop of Canterbury had once contended with the Prime Minister and the President of the Royal

Academy. A few hours ago life had held nothing; now she wished intensely to know this strange soul. But she had to go away at last, leaving him still in that strange brooding immobility, the chin sunk on his stick, the eyes gazing at the "Descent into Hell," the shadows falling round him.

She was angry with him, and though she expected to see him at dinner, she had no hope that he would speak. They, the only two civilized creatures on this mediæval rock, must be formally introduced, forsooth. It seemed absurd.

At dinner, as she had foreseen, he sat silent at his little round table, the dish passing between them—by way of the waiter—but no conversation, not even by way of the waiter. After the meal she had a fire lit of pine branches and logs, partly because the evening struck chill, partly for the picturesque companionship of the flames and the shadows. He gave no sign of desiring to draw nigh. The waiter brought lamps—one for the big table, one for the little. The English woman was glad—in a town lit incongruously by electric light—to find her hostelry devoid even of gas.

The stranger began to write on some sheets of paper. Ah! a writer, then! How wonderful his face in the little circle of lamp-light, in the dusk of the spacious apartment! She established herself and Barda in the two rickety but cozy arm-chairs at the fireside, and threw on kindling-wood for the mere joy of the glorious flare.

But perhaps he was only writing a letter.

"We ought not to keep him from the fire, Barda."

Barda tossed her plump head. "It 'll be on *our* bill."

Presently Barda's eyes closed, and she fell asleep in the comfortable arm-chair, and the firelight danced upon her lids. And then the silence became painful.

The English woman, taking courage, got up to break it. She walked deliberately towards the *signore*, then grew abashed and walked back to the fire; turning back again and pacing pensively up and down the room to explain her first movement.

"My walking does not disturb the *signore*?" she said at last, in Italian.

"Not at all; but I am sadly afraid I disturb your ladyship," he replied, in flawless English.

She had a double shock. "You know me?" she murmured.

"Who does not know Lady Allegra Broser's portrait—*Le Dame Rousse*? But I also happen to have seen you."

"Where?"

He did not reply; he bent over his papers, as if regretting he had said so much. Piqued, she repeated, "Where have you seen me?"

"At Midstoke, when you were a girl."

It was a third shock, and a more complex. Ah, those dear divine days of girlhood! Her emotions came and went with the old eloquence on her beautiful candid face. "You have remembered me all those years?"

He frowned. "Had you remained in obscurity, I should not have remembered you."

She ignored his impatience. "Then let us chat for auld lang syne. I love chats before great wood fires—don't you?"

"If your ladyship will excuse me," and he gathered up his papers, turned out his lamp as if mechanically, and murmuring "*Buona notte*," left her to her conscience.

"You are well rebuked, dear Allegra," it told her. And with an attempt at humor, "How such forwardness would have shocked your mother and Gwenny!" But there were tears of humiliation in her eyes as she re-established herself opposite the sleeping Barda.

Her thoughts passed to her mother, the Countess, so rich and radiant in her aristocratic old age, a centre of patronage to swarms of Welsh dependents, including Barda's father, the younger brother of Gwenny. She smiled sadly at the poor man's Druidic and mystical theories which had broken up his flourishing pawnbroker's business in Cardiff. His daughter's name was really Gwendolen, like her aunt's. But there could not be two Gwennies. Old memories forbade. Allegra had first thought of calling the girl by her "bardic name," but even that was unfortunately Gwenllian; so she compromised by calling her Barda. She watched her now as she slept, thought with a shade of envy of the naïve conceptions of life housed within that pretty firelit forehead.



Presently she touched Barda on the shoulder. The girl awoke with a scream.

"Oh!" she cried, in blinking relief. "Is it only your ladyship? I thought it was the devil carrying me to hell on his back. I saw the flames leaping, leaping. He had such eyes—coal-black. Ah, I remember—it was that Jew."

"What Jew?"

"That foreign-looking man. Is he gone?"

She looked fearfully around; the wind began to howl, shaking the windows. Both women shuddered. It seemed suddenly courageous, even foolhardy, to sleep in this deserted old posting-inn.

"You are tired, Barda. Go to bed. I shall not need you."

She drew back the panel with a creaking rattle; and Barda, relighting and carrying the smaller lamp, passed through her mistress's bed-room into her own.

"Good-night, Barda."

"Good-night, your ladyship. I am sorry about the india-rubber bath."

Lady Allegra stood in her own dusky bed-room, lost in reverie. It was no longer the apathy of ennui, but of delicious sadness, accentuated by the fitful firelight leaping through the open partition. The fountains had been loosed, and all her girlhood swam back to her on tears.

She moved lingeringly into the cheerier sitting-room. Ah, how splendid—this fire so full of pictures! She should have had one lighted in Barda's bed-room. She crouched in the fender, heaping log on log from the great wood-box. The flame roared in the chimney, and the wind without. And as she listened, lonely, to the dual roar, her thoughts passed from herself—passed to things even more melancholy, to a panorama of the dead over whose bones one walked in this marvelous tomb called Italy. In vain she strove to call up its living beauty—sapphire seas and pergolas overlooking them from bold headlands; terraced hills and white villages and way-side shrines; the lovely gleam of oranges through thatch; olive-trees and pink and white almond blossoms and solemn lines of cypresses—the dead underworld obsessed her—that vast stratified ossuary of the vanished generations. She saw pagan skulls, with teeth perfect after thousands of years; the

catacombs of the early Christians with their naïve pictures of the raising of Lazarus; the portraits of Etruscan wives and husbands outside their stone urns; the bones of swashbuckling nobles, once marrowed with the gross lustful life of the Middle Ages; confined saints and virgins exposed in ancient churches; the tumbled Roman forum more funereal than a sepulchre, mute memorial of still-ed voices. And suddenly it came upon her—so clearly, so very clearly—what the wind was saying out there.

It was the voice of the dead generations calling—calling—calling to Life, whose antiphonal roar of flame rose jubilantly in the warm lighted room. All around the great barren rock and through the narrow sleeping streets they wailed their pitiful yearning, making their vain appeal to the strange new world that had trodden them down, that had grown its grass over them.

When would the angels of Signorelli's fresco blow their great silver trumps for them? When should they scramble from their graves back to the sunlight?

And with their voices joined the plaint of her dead self, her self that had lived and loved; very small and piping in the vast chorus, but oh so full of heart-break!

It, too, called aloud to Life. Was there no Resurrection, no Redeemer?

### CHAPTER III.

#### RESURRECTION.

HER lamp went out abruptly, as if in reply. She looked up startled, and saw the silent stranger fumbling at it. She was ashamed of her childish posture on the fender, but unable to amend it without further loss of dignity. The rustle of her dress drew his eyes down towards her.

"A thousand pardons," he said, in consternation. "I thought you had gone to bed. And the moths—" He broke off, and the firelight flickered on his face of mystery. What vague memory stirred within her, so that she needed no further explanation?

"I think it is much nicer like this," she said, "with only the firelight."

"Well, good-night again. I was on my way to bed when I noticed the lamp. Forgive my intrusion on your meditation."

He turned to go. She cried desperately: "Why are you afraid to talk to me?"

He paused and looked back at her; at the face so witching in the firelight.

"Because you are a woman," he said at last.

Little spurts of flame flickered across her face like blushes.

"Ah, you are a woman-hater!" She raised herself unobtrusively into the arm-chair behind her.

"I hate no one." He moved towards the fire and stood with his back to it, his gigantic shadow shrugging spasmodic shoulders.

"A man who won't talk to a woman must be a woman-hater."

He looked down sadly at her. "How do you know I am a man?"

Her heart almost stood still with a sense of eeriness. His downward glance had decapitated his shadow, and a monstrous blotch loomed over her. She forced herself to laugh.

"You may be a woman like George Sand or Rosa Bonheur. If so, your conversation will interest me all the more. Come, let us chat of Midstoke. The very name of that blatant municipality gives me courage in this uncanny nook of the Middle Ages. I am nervous, frightened. I am glad there's an Englishman in the hotel—even if he is a woman. There! did you hear that wail of the wind? Do you know what it seems to me—the cry of the dead generations?" His impassive face twitched a little. How luminous his eyes were in the half-gloom! "Come," she said, her fluent torrent of words coming from depths below her conscious will, "make yourself cozy in the other arm-chair. I want to get the cry of the dead generations out of my ears. Let us talk—we, the only two living people in this world of the dead."

"How do you know I am living?"

This time she had a clammy feeling at her heart. The wind moaned, shrieked. He stood statuesque, impassive, the face full of its tragic peace.

"You frighten me," she said.

He smiled faintly. "Oh, I was not speaking your language."

"Now you mystify me."

"That is why. You wished us to talk. But first have we a common medium of intercommunication? Secondly, can a

man and a woman ever really intercommunicate?"

"But you are a man?" she retorted smartly.

"No—not in my language. Man is a species I hope I have outpassed. In your language, I am a Superior Person, a Prig. And that is what you will end by calling me."

"Not if you take that arm-chair. I promise you."

He shook his head. "That is how you will end." But he sank into the chair opposite hers, and their two shadows hovered behind them like the tall swarthy attendants on Oriental monarchs.

And, thus seen face to face, it seemed to her that he was verily an Oriental monarch, that his short hair and neat English clothes were unreal. Exquisitely as his coat followed the lines of his figure, it did not fit. His personality demanded the flowing robes of the Magi, ay, and the flowing locks. His apparent desire to disguise himself in order to pass through life unobtrusively was thwarted by his face.

"Prig is the last thing I should call you," she assured him.

"The last thing you *will* call me," he repeated obstinately, with his faint smile. "Though why people should suppose Evolution can stop suddenly short at man, I do not understand. As a matter of fact, man long ago disappeared from this planet."

A new idea leaped like a flirt of flame into her terrified eyes. What if he were merely mad?

"You mean—?" she muttered uneasily.

"I mean that as soon as bows and spears came in, the animal that had evolved from the ape gave way to an animal with detachable weapons of offence and defence; instead of the cumbersome fixed horn or the heavy irremovable hoof, man protruded a separable club or sword. Arms and the man are one. On horseback he changed to the centaur. To-day he has evolved into a monster worse than the chimeras dire that wallowed in antediluvian marshes—no fire-breathing dragon of primeval imagination could spit shells to destroy towers and troops miles away. His eyes are the microscope and the telescope, his arms



reach electrically round the globe. What each generation inherits in detached shape is no different in essence from what it inherits in fixed structure. We do not rank the snail as more of a housed creature than man, because its habitation is not even semi-detached."

"No," she said, smiling, and reassured as to his sanity.

"You admit this evolution of the animal man. But the spiritual man—did he stand still? No; there came the type that meditates on all—and finds its apotheosis in the Buddha, the type that loves and pities all—and finds its apotheosis in the Christ. The Christian is literally a 'new man.' He has reached the stage of opposing Love to Force. Such a type is of course still very rare, for the Christian spirit, like other forms of genius, is an unfavorable variation that can scarcely maintain itself in the hostile environment, still less propagate itself. The reason why we assume that all 'men' are 'men' is that man's further external evolution being rendered unnecessary by these detachable limbs and weapons, and taking place outside him in balloons and bicycles, the real human evolution has gone on in the brain, which is not superficially visible. Only when we wear our brains outside does the higher type become patent."

"But we can't wear our brains outside!" laughed Allegra.

"That is just what we can do. Self-expression means pressing ourselves outside. All literature and art are our brains made visible; detachable like the weapon-limbs and transmissible to our posterity. It is thus the poets, artists, mystics, philosophers, recognize and gravitate to one another: schools are formed, religions, sects. Religious wars are really racial wars. Externally there is no telling; the banker might take Browning for a banker, and no man is a hero to his valet."

"I see, and so you doubt whether I am of your species."

"Even if you are, the difference of sex is in itself almost an insuperable bar to profitable conversation."

"Then you never talk to a woman!"

"It is a game at which I sometimes play—when she is pretty—but I do not pretend to myself I am listening to anything but her voice, or learning any-

thing but how the firelight plays across her face."

She started. "I see," she said resentfully. "A king may look at a cat."

"You mean a prig may look at a queen," he replied calmly. "But how if the queen's beauty says deeper things than her talk? Verbal conversation exists sufficiently in manuals. That too is detachable. 'It is a fine day.' 'Do you think it will rain?' 'How beautifully green the trees are!' 'Does this train stop at Genoa?' Why should we become echoes of conversation-manuals?"

She laughed. "But I didn't begin like that!"

"Does my walking disturb you?" "Not at all; but I am sadly afraid I am disturbing your ladyship." Your walking did disturb me, and I am sadly afraid I lied."

She looked so conscience-stricken that a gleam of humor shot across his face. "But your choice of this hotel," he added, "was in your favor."

"Ah!" she said, comforted. "I had suffered enough in our English hotel in Rome. Rome is but an *annexe* to it. We keep a Protestant parson on the premises, and, to quote Mr. Fitzwinter, his sermons are longer than they are broad."

"Ah, the English! The earth is theirs and the fatness thereof; and they have a mortgage on heaven, and will foreclose when they die."

"Come—let us abuse our countrymen!" she cried joyfully.

"Ah, you are like the painter of *La Dame Rousse*. I was in Paris during its last paroxysm against perfidious Albion. He read the French abuse religiously. 'One knows it's mostly lies,' he said to me. 'But it's very pleasant to read.'"

"But is it lies? Are they not warranted in suspecting we desire now to annex the whole of Novabarba?"

He hesitated. "Block number one. You are the wife of a prominent Cabinet Minister."

"My husband and I are two persons," she said recklessly, and stooped to throw a bundle of kindling-wood on the fire. It blazed effulgently in a splendid spurt of flame. "Ah, if one could have lived always like that!" she cried.

"You are not still at your Midstoke furnace-heat?"

"Was it at the Bryden Memorial Meeting you saw me, or when I was canvassing—?"

"At the meeting. I heard Mr. Broser's panegyric on your father."

Her face contracted in pain. "And that makes you wonder at his political position to-day."

"Not at all. It is another interesting study in Evolution."

"Evolution! Evolution!" she repeated, scornfully.

"Well, the survival of the fittest," he conceded, with a smile.

"Ah, yes!" she said, unsmiling. "Anything—anything—that *he* may survive." Her recklessness was gaining on her; she wished to pour out her years of misery to this unknown. He sat there so imperturbably—appeared to think it simple and natural that she should bare her soul to him. And this poise of his reacted on her; she explained his face to herself now—the face of a priest, to whom women are drawn; of a modern priest who could understand the modern soul.

"He will survive to be Prime Minister," he said.

"I hope to God not! The country in his hands!"

"It is practically in his hands now—despite his nominally minor post."

She sighed. "Yes, he always gets his own way."

"But does he? Didn't he start to make England a Republic?"

"You know I don't mean that. The way he gets is the way to Power. When we married, I thought it was the way to the Kingdom of God on earth."

His gaze, she fancied, had a compassionate softening. "You must have had many shocks," he said, and surely his voice was gentler.

"Ah, how I draped him in illusions—"

"In your father's mantle!"

"Yes. He was to carry on the great tradition."

"You and he together."

"I was to work for him and he for the world. And he has worked only for himself."

"Then you and he *have* both worked together—for the same man. Ah, he will end as the Earl of Midstoke. And that will be following your father, after all."

"Don't laugh at me. When I look

back to that Midstoke meeting, and see how far he has diverged—I wonder that I have been able to live with him at all."

"Ah, it is the problem of the *Soros*."

"What is the *Soros*?"

"The *Soros* is the heap. The Greek sophists used to ask, when was a heap a heap? They added pebble to pebble till you said it was a heap, then they took the last pebble away, and asked you to explain why it had ceased to be a heap. The change in your husband was subtle, gradual. There was no moment in which you could cry convincingly, '*Soros!*' Every time you remonstrated he said that you didn't understand the world—that in politics you had to give a little in order to get more, that the line of advance was up a spiral staircase—"

"You are a seer."

"A simple student of spiral Evolution. By-the-way, have you seen the *Pozzo di S. Patrizio* near the amphitheatre here?"

"Didn't know there was an amphitheatre."

"Yes—go and see the view of the Tiber Valley and the Umbrian Mountains, and then go down the wonderful well. There's a spiral staircase down and another up from it. Poor Truth! She is approached spirally and abandoned spirally. Your husband is very near the top now. Even the Prince who has never forgiven him his plain-spoken attacks on Royalty will shake hands with him on the day when, head of a Tory government, he moves that the grant to the Crown be doubled. If only he doesn't tell you that to double his Sovereign's income was his boyish day-dream!"

"How well you know him!"

"His character has always fascinated me."

"Why?"

He did not answer. She repeated her question.

"Oh, because—because he is everything I am not."

"Then I am glad I spoke to you," she cried impulsively.

"You are premature. But I am glad I spoke to *you*. Your own *Soros* is so much more interesting than your husband's."

"You mean," she said, a whit taken aback, "my gradual concessions to him."

"I mean—what have *you* done to realize the Kingdom of God on earth?"



One of her girlish blushes suffused her cheek. The voice and face of a priest, indeed!

"I tried—I did try," she said humbly.

"But you got entangled in society functions, in keeping house for a rising politician. Then also the romantic revival in art and letters interested you, and the professors thereof. You allowed them to build you the House Beautiful. Also you went to Bayreuth."

"Well, think of those early Victorian sideboards! And oh, the clock in my father's drawing-room!"

"Ah, yes—we have all travelled very far from the Marshmont period. Let it be counted unto you for righteousness that you have not become a leader in the smart set." He shuddered. "And I have seen your name on Charity Committees. But I will wager you never attended them like your sister, Mrs. Fitzwinter."

"You know about Joan, too?"

"One cannot escape knowing the champion lady philanthropist, interested in all humanity, plain and colored, in all animals, wild or tame; herself keeping the largest stud of hobby-horses in England."

"Poor dear Joan! Don't be satirical at her. I am living with her in Rome now, and see her life. Day and night she works for humanity. Its woes keep her from sleeping."

"She should use mosquito-nets—like you."

"Ah, I lie awake, too, sometimes."

"Still?"

"Still. If only I could work, too, like Joan!"

"You cannot. You have a generalizing intellect. You wish to set things straight by a great universal method. You cannot stoop to set right small individual lives and isolated grievances. Between the impossible universals and the intolerable particulars you fall to the ground."

"You are a magician. Ah, I had almost forgotten. You may smoke."

"Do magicians smoke?"

"No, but you will oblige me by smoking. Joan would have thought of it long ago."

He lit a cigarette at the fire and puffed it.

"The new man does smoke?" she said, smiling.

"Yes—to build a spiral staircase by which his dreams mount."

"What do you see in the smoke?"

"I see," he said slowly, "a pair of yoked carriage-horses fallen down in the *Corso*, and kicking themselves to death in their efforts to rise."

"And the interpretation thereof, O magician?"

"The interpretation is as obvious as the oracle. Cut the traces before the horses fall."

She opened her eyes wide. "Oh, I thought you were dreaming about your own life."

"My own life! That has done with dreams—and with yokes, too!"

"So has mine!" she confessed desperately.

"With dreams or yokes?"

"Both," she murmured, blushing furiously.

"You have left him?" he asked, with provoking priestly calm.

"No—no. But — you understand." And she hid her face in her hands. "The traces are cut, really."

"A truly modern evolution," he commented grimly. "Marriage as a public partnership, and a private divorcement."

"Well, I had to consider the children."

"Ah, you have children—that makes a difference."

"Not children of my own. There were Polly and Molly and Bobby. Oh, what have I not suffered!"

"But they are grown up now?"

"Polly and Molly got married in their first season—one to a poor Marquis who supports Mr. Broser in the Lords, and one to a baroneted brewer who supports Mr. Broser in the Commons."

"Ah, he strengthens himself by alliances—the peerage and the beerage. And Bobby?"

"Bobby is at Oxford."

"A mistake! He will grow ashamed of his father."

"You forget his father is a Doctor of every university in Great Britain!"

He smiled. "And you have no children of your own. How lucky! That solves your problem. Leave him. Even by your title you were always symbolically semi-detached. Accept the omen."

"You seriously advise—?"

"Ah, you think all these things serious—title, position, politics, scandal—"

She interrupted, flushing: "No, I do not."

He continued languidly, as he watched the smoke spirals. "Society—to rule—to shine—all dearer to you than you think—the breath of your nostrils."

"You wrong me!"

"And then to be the Prime Minister's wife!"

She felt teased, tormented. She broke down with a sob: "Oh, if you only knew how I have prayed for deliverance from it all!"

"Forgive me," he said gently. "I did not know you were of my species."

Then rising he put out his hand. "Good-night," he said.

"Good-night," she murmured, too disconcerted by his abruptness to give him the smile and the cordial hand-clasp she felt. And when he was gone, she abandoned herself to her fit of sobbing.

But when it was over, and she was undressing in her bed-room, it occurred to her suddenly that something improbable, something entirely unworldly and unreal, had happened. She, the cold English woman, had stripped her inmost soul before this stranger, whose name—good heavens! whose very name—she did not know. And yet her soul refused to blush. On the contrary, some of its virginal buoyancy was miraculously returning: she felt the sap rising, some reserve battery of energy revealing itself, sending thrills of life upwards to her brain, nerving her anew for the battle of idealism. And by some queer resuscitation of buried impressions, she recalled, as she lay in the strange hotel bed, that night of insomnia at Midstoke in the first hotel bed of her girlhood, after her first glimpse of the red-faced young man whose name she did not know.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### CAUSERIE.

IN the morning, he appeared imperturbable, at his little breakfast table, and except that the "Good-morning" they exchanged was cordial, all that had passed between them might have taken place in dream-land. She had confessed every-

thing to him—everything except that this was her private room. And he—he had told her nothing.

She wanted to ask him to come over to her table, but the presence of Barda—that specimen of a lower human species—would make real conversation awkward. His morning coffee sipped, he left the room with a courteous salutation, a revert to silence. Perhaps he had already repented of his assignment of her to his own species. She was more piqued than yesterday. And then there was Barda waiting to know by what train they were going back to Joan. And she had a faint memory that her husband had written about joining her at Rome during the Easter recess. But the outside world beat faintly on the mediæval portals of Orvieto, and stronger than anything else was her desire to solve the riddle of this sphinx of whom she had made a Father Confessor.

"I want to see those Signorellis again," she murmured.

"Those pictures, your ladyship?" Barda shuddered. "I should think once was enough to give anybody the creeps."

"You seemed to enjoy them."

"So I do Welsh rabbits. But they give me the nightmare."

Allegra laughed. The girl was growing as decisive as her aunt Gwenny, though she had not inherited her Puritan tastes. In Rome there was fun. The band played. The *Scala di Spagna* was gay with flower-women. You could watch the carriages on the Pincio, and perhaps the King himself would bow to you. But in these sunless old streets! Allegra knew well that every hour in Orvieto beyond the original day's excursion was a grievance to Gwenny's niece.

But how delicious that talk beside the roaring fire, with the dead wailing outside! A golden hour snatched out of life's dross. Surely one other at least fate held for her. To-morrow there was time enough to return to the Fitzwinthers. All roads lead to Rome: only a rare by-path led to romance.

"There's a wonderful well to see," she said, with a happy recollection. Barda consented to see the well, and they inquired their way to it. The maid was disgusted to find her mistress had to pay for their admission to the spiral staircase.



"The whole country is a show," she said. "Even the beggars show their sores as if they expect you to pay for the peep."

Her mistress's chagrin was not so overt. But she had cherished a hope as secret that the sphinx would be at the well. He had instructed her so definitely to go to see the view. "In a French novel that would have meant a rendezvous," she thought, with a self-mocking smile. Still, she would see him at lunch.

But she did not. His place was empty, and only the fact that his cover was laid suggested that he had not left the hotel. She could not bring herself to ask the waiter. Vaguely promising Barda that they would take an evening train to Rome, she started out alone down the *Corso* in the opposite direction from the Well, to walk to the Etruscan Necropolis, a sight Barda had no stomach for.

But near one of the mediæval towers she came upon her Father Confessor, his stick clasped behind his neck. She smiled upon him.

"You are late for lunch," she said.

"I have already lunched," he rejoined, "with an agnostic priest."

"Is there such a thing?" she asked, as they walked along together.

"Oh yes: a delightful person: the father of his flock."

"And does he teach them Signorelli?"

"You mean paint Damnation? Of course! Why should he spoil their zest of life?"

"I should have thought the contrary—that he made them morbid."

"Oh no: as I was looking at Signorelli's 'Descent into Hell' yesterday, I was thinking how vividly our ancestors enjoyed life, how important each individual soul was, to have the ranged battalions of Heaven and Hell fighting for it. What an intense sense of the *significance* of life, when the Church Fathers taught that between Right and the smallest Wrong lay an infinity! Asceticism gains all its saintliness from the supposed intensity of pleasure. What rich vitality to give material for Dantesque tortures! To the modern soul the material Crucifixion is no longer the divinest tragedy. Do you know Nietzsche's wonderful saying: 'God hath his own hell: his love for men.' And again, 'God hath died of his pity for men.'"

"I have not read Nietzsche, but after those two sentences I shall."

"Do: you will find in him the doctrine of the Beyond-Man. But don't imagine I'm a disciple."

"So, to get a hold on life, I must brood upon death."

"No: it must come naturally. Do you care where you are buried, or what your tombstone will say?"

"No."

"Then you are hopelessly decadent. Think of the tomb Napoleon built himself in the Invalides. He who thinks death worth dying alone thinks life worth living."

They had left the little town unconsciously and were now on a country road. Despite her companion's diagnosis of her, Allegra strode along with buoyant stride under the blue heaven. Her fearlessness, her grace, her wild beauty—she had inherited her mother's witchery, magically proof against the years and the griefs—smote him to the unuttered thought: "She should be waving the thyrsus and crying '*Evœ Bacche!*'"

"You stride like Botticelli's Judith," he said, "and I follow like the handmaid with my *caput mortuum* of Philosophy."

"But I haven't slain your Philosophy."

"It might be a holy deed. Let us forget death. Even Signorelli did. Let me figure you as the wine-bearing *donzella* in his 'Temptation of the Fasting Monk' at Monte Oliveto. Wonderful frescoes, are they not? There are bits you can hardly believe are four centuries old—bits in the latest daintiest Parisian manner."

"I am ashamed to say I haven't seen them. Signorelli is only an acquaintance of a day. I only ran over to Orvieto—a thing I have been waiting to do for years—because of the monograph on the town given me by the Duke of Dalesbury when I was a girl. There were no reproductions of Signorelli, if I remember—it was mainly architectural."

"The Duke's monograph!" He sniffed.

"Isn't it good?"

"For a Duke."

"I was disappointed in the *Gentile da Fabriano*, which he gushes over. Poor old Duke! I should like to see him again."

"What hinders you?"

"The Duchess. She cut me dead when

I married." Her face clouded. "The last time I ever saw her was at my brother's wedding, and then she wouldn't even insult me. But I wish I had taken her advice. I shall really have to make it up with her."

"By taking it now?"

"Don't be absurd. We cannot undo the past."

"We can undo the future."

She shook her head sadly. Then her eyes lit up. "A sudden thought strikes me."

"Please let it ricochet to me."

"Minnie and my brother! They must be your and Nietzsche's Beyond-Persons!"

"Who's Minnie?"

"The Duchess's daughter; she married my brother Jim, you know—Viscount Marjorimont. It always struck me as amusing—this union of a Superior Couple."

"You see you still laugh at us." He smiled, himself. "They might found, like Noah, a new race!"

"Unfortunately they haven't even an heir. I hear the Duchess worries dreadfully over it."

"What a variety of shoes Providence has invented to put a pea in! A sudden thought strikes me, too! I saw the Duke's name—in all the majestic isolation of 'Dalesbury'—in the Visitors' Book at the monastery of Monte Oliveto—where the Signorellis are."

"Recently?"

"Last week. I often go there and chat with the padre."

"How happy the Duke must be! He must have persuaded my aunt to cross the Channel at last."

"Or to let him cross it alone."

"No; she would never desert Mr. Micawber. And now I shall be going to Monte Oliveto."

"To see the Signorellis?"

"No—to see your name in the Visitors' Book."

He smiled. "My name is Raphael Dominick."

"Raphael Dominick!" she repeated, with a strange throbbing of her veins. The name was a moon to frozen depths of herself, and they stirred. But all her struggles to associate something definite with the name failed.

They walked on, and he began to talk of Rome and its strata of civilizations—ancient Pagan, mediæval Christian, and neo-Pagan, or Fashionable Modern—all on view together as in a great natural socio-geological museum. Allegra listened, gaining more in five minutes from him than from all the lecturing cicerones under whom she had explored the Forum or the Coliseum. His mind had the instinct of relations, brushed aside men's own labels. The chaos of phenomena ranged itself. You saw currents of influence rising, meandering, drying up, losing themselves in oceans, or joining in confluences. The pedestrian's blocked view was exchanged for the aeronaut's, over-traversing a lucid chart of cities and mountains. His scholarship embraced the arts, the religions, the sciences, but nothing was dead lumber in his mind. All things were vitally inter-related, expressions of man's changing spirit; even forms and modes outworn were not withered leaves pressed between the pages of a history, but glowing with sap and greenness.

And in the middle of an excursion into the Saracenic Empire, she remembered.

## CHAPTER V.

RAPHAEL DOMINICK.

RAPHAEL DOMINICK! Raphael Dominick! Her old competitor in the *Cornucopia*. The victorious poet of "Fame!" He whose verses she had hung up as wall-texts, the singer of Truth and Beauty, whose name she had imagined registered eternally on "The Scroll!" No wonder she had felt him a friend of immemorial standing. The freemasonry of the Cornucopians had drawn them together unconsciously.

She was no longer listening to his analytical lore. He grew aware of it.

"Ah, I bore you!" he said.

"No, no," she replied hastily. Then, with a humorous mouth: "Forgive me if I have seemed to throw your conversation into the W. P. B."

He flushed under her arch look.

"*Arcades ambo*," she cried, laughing heartily.

He seemed puzzled.

"Do I pronounce it wrong? I don't know Latin. But I do know Raphael



Dominick. His 'Fame' has reached me—in heroic couplets."

He laughed with embarrassment, but she was glad to hear how his laugh sounded. It was low and pleasant.

"Now *you* are the magician," he replied. "How do you know of my early sins?"

"I, too, am a Cornucopian. Ah, how jealous I was of you when you won that Five Pounds!"

"Why—did you compete?"

"Yes—that is—no."

"A truly Hegelian answer."

"Oh, well—it was very stupid." She stammered and became crimsoner than he. "I couldn't finish my poem because the moths would fly at the light. So I had to put it out—just like you last night." His crimson leaped up to her standard. "That was why I felt you so *simpatico*, I suppose. Tell me, what do you think of Fame now?"

"The prize-poem, or Fame itself?"

"Both."

"I think that—neither is worth five pounds."

"Oh!" she said glumly. "And you wrote about it so beautifully!" She quoted a couplet.

"It is like a voice from another world," he said. "But the world in which young poets yearn for Fame is not the world in which they achieve it. Theirs is a dream-world of strenuous fellow-souls, aspiring, winging, tremulous with love and pity, enamoured of musical words, a world whose ears are pricked up to catch the faintest accents of new melody. Overhead hover the Old Poets, as in Mrs. Browning's 'Vision'! But they grow up to find out that it is a world of trading publishers and jealous critics and sharp lawyers and leaseholders, a world of puffs and paragraphs. And if they are wise, they find out, too, that it is all one whether Raphael Dominick or Jack Robinson is buzzed on the lying lips of men. Not till 'the last infirmity of noble minds' is gone, can their Evolution be complete."

His bitterness saddened her afresh. "I, too, seem to have lived in a great darkened room of many windows, from which blind after blind was lifted till I saw the whole bleak landscape around me. But still at the time you must have

been happy, and I shall always be glad to think you did get the five pounds."

"But I didn't."

"You didn't! And I imagined them saving Chatterton in his garret!"

"What made you fancy I was poor?"

"I beg your pardon—but I—"

"But you were right. In my garret the moths had no chance at all, and they have now consumed my poem in revenge. We had no candle, and it was written under a gas-jet on the common staircase of a great tenement-house. When the gas was turned out, I arose from the stairs, where many a foot had trampled on my poetic inspiration, and went to bed—on two chairs and a pillow."

"Did you live alone then?"

"I have always lived alone."

"But I mean, literally."

"My biography is irrelevant."

"I beg your pardon."

"What, again! I had better extend you a general amnesty in advance—a papal indulgence. You are at liberty to say what you like, and I am to be at liberty to be silent when I like."

"It is a fair contract. Then, I ask, why didn't you get the five pounds?"

"First, because I needed them. Secondly, because the Editor of the *Cornucopia* was a scoundrel."

"What!" Allegra gasped. "All those high editorial principles, all those noble 'Answers to Correspondents!'"

"Another window-blind up?"

"Yes—the nursery window, alas! He stuck to the five pounds?"

"No—only to three. He sent for me to his sanctum—that long-mysterious sanctum."

"Yes—" Allegra breathed, her eyes sparkling betwixt smiles and tears.

"It was also a garret—worse than mine. There was a rickety wooden desk, and the floor was littered with heaps of old numbers, technically known as 'returns.' Over the door was a great rusty bell without a clapper—I don't know why I remember that, because I only saw it as I was leaving—"

"And the Editor—what was he like? How I used to wonder!"

"Not a bit English-looking—that was the first shock. In fact he wasn't an Englishman at all, despite his weekly gush about the glories of the Empire, and

the wooden walls of Old England. He had a big beard, with a curious pouch under his right eye, which gave his face a strange look of intensity."

Allegra wrinkled her forehead. "Where have I seen such a face? What was his name?"

"Otto Pont."

"The Professor!" She came to a standstill.

"You know him!" He paused too.

"Ah, I might have left my nursery illusions in peace. Pont used to come to our house in the early days."

"Till your husband found him out?"

"Till my husband found out that the Ponts weren't married. I had already discovered the Brosers weren't. But Mr. Broser was virtuously indignant."

"Poor old Otto! Everybody treated him very considerately, but he at last stumbled on a Philistine who not only had the indelicacy to tell him he was a scoundrel, but who clapped him into gaol."

"Yes, I remember something of it now. I wanted to help Mrs. Pont, but—don't tell me she was a fraud, too."

"No; she was a fine spirit. And why didn't you help her?"

"She was away in America lecturing on Land Nationalization. And so—so I put off writing, until—"

"*Soros*. But she's made a brave struggle. I think she's a Theosophist now, though. She never stands still."

"But why are we standing still?"

"Shall we sit amid the olive-trees? You must be tired."

"Has nature ever made anything more beautiful than an olive branch?" she said, as she sat down on a grassy mound.

"It is partly artificial."

"Another illusion gone! Great heavens, is nothing real?"

"Real? 'Nature is made better by no mean but Nature makes that mean.' You yourself do not disdain a pretty bonnet."

"Joan chose this one. But you haven't yet told me why you only got two pounds?"

"Oh, the Professor told me, stroking his big beard"—he stroked his own little beard mimetically—"that the best poem on 'Fame' had really been written by a cousin of his, also named Pont. But he

was afraid to award the prize to Pont, for fear of being thought unfair. I was therefore to have the public glory, but only the coin of the second prize. Overwhelmed by such scrupulousness, I signed the nominal receipt for five pounds from the proprietor."

"When did you find him out?"

He flicked the grass with his stick. "When I sent him to report the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race."

"You sent him?"

"Yes—the rôles soon changed. You see, our Editor, finding me such a dab with the pen, gave me journalistic work to do; which for a year appeared in a leading weekly. Long after, I found out that the Professor had been using me as a 'ghost,' and getting five times what he gave me."

"The brute!"

"It was for this weekly I went to Midstoke—in the Professor's place."

"Ah, I wondered what you were doing in that gallery."

"Doing a descriptive report. Of course I was delighted with Mr. Broser's speech, being then a Socialist and disciple of Pont. That reminds me of a Concert in aid of the Cause (the Cause was Pont) at which I recited 'Fame'—by request." He smiled. "The curtain couldn't go up till I had lent the Professor a guinea towards the rent of the hall."

"But about the Boat Race?"

"Oh, that was years later. I had just been appointed sub-editor of an evening paper. Pont came begging me to let him do the Boat Race. Then he asked for a sovereign for the Press-Boat. Unless you were on that, you could not really describe the Race. When his 'copy' came in, it was obviously faked. Journalism, you know, is the art of disguising your ignorance in order to add to other people's, but Pont's was too palpable. He had probably taken a lady to dinner with the sovereign. That was not my only failure in sub-editing. I would not put lies on the bills, so I resigned."

"And then?" Her voice was tender.

"Oh, a morning paper tried me as dramatic critic. When I look back, I wonder at the number of people that have believed in me."

"I don't," she murmured almost inaudibly.



"Probably I had some sort of reputation as a conversationalist and after-dinner speaker. Anyhow, my first billet as dramatic critic was at a fashionable theatre, the first night of a romantic drama. The play was supposed to be in blank verse, but even if it had been, the actors would have mouthed it away. The action was improbable, the psychology impossible. Only the scenery was good. Being on my trial and modest—ah, you smile, you confound my simple knowledge of how tall I am with conceit—I was anxious to hear what my fellow-critics thought, and as they all went out to smoke and drink between the acts, I joined them. Imagine my relief to find they all thought as I did. 'Poor old chap,' they said of the actor-manager. 'His day is over.' And at the end, even some of the audience gave signs of disapprobation. But this made me sympathize so with the poor actors and author that I said my kindest for the piece. Imagine my consternation next morning when I read column after column of hysterical eulogium, crowned by accounts of the enthusiastic reception. My organ stood alone, damning with faint praise. The actor-manager was very angry at my malice, the editor at my poor judgment, I at my fellow-critics. I never did another dramatic criticism, till I became my own editor." He smiled. "Then I remember writing to another actor-manager who threatened libel, that I was sorry he objected to honest criticism. Back came a letter full of the pathos of outraged virtue: 'So far from objecting to honest criticism, I have often paid newspapers to insert attacks on me!'"

"How delicious!" She laughed heartily. "But you did get to the top of the tree!"

"It was scarcely a Californian giant. However, I did wield considerable influence till a couple of years ago, when the paper was bought up by Sir Donald Bagnell and devoted to this wretched conspiracy for the total British annexation of Novabarba in the interest of his Company."

Some of the old righteous indignation leaped into her face.

"And you resigned?"

"Very soon; but most of my staff remained, pleading that they became mer-

cenaries of Bagnell on the same principle as the penniless mediæval free-lances took service with this or that marauding prince. Of course my standing out made me seem trebly desirable. Bagnell invited me down to his Highland Castle to talk it over, and hoping to talk *him* over into leaving me a free hand, I went. Bagnell, however, said nothing for a week, and his pretty wife and daughter purred round me. Then one day Bagnell took me out for a walk, and we climbed up a mountain to see the view of the lochs and six counties. Bagnell suggested my standing for Parliament at his expense—he needed mercenaries there, too—told me everybody predicted a brilliant political career for me. He foreshadowed my marrying a daughter of his and carrying on the Novabarbes business—"

"The mantle of Elijah!" interrupted Allegra. "You, too! How strange! I am so glad you refused."

"Not without a moment's temptation. The girl was very sweet and innocent, and Bagnell in his home life was quite a paragon of domestic virtue, a charming host and father, though he could meditate plunging two countries into war for his own ends—men have these little contradictions. No, there was, I admit, a moment in which, feeling in my brain tissues the force of the Beyond-Man, I was tempted to prey, like Nietzsche's 'free-roving splendid beast of prey,' upon the lower creatures, called men, to use them for my purposes as they use horses, which bear their burdens in peace and are shot for their quarrels in war. Backed by riches and power, what might I not achieve? In that moment the empery of the earth seemed at my feet, to be had for the stooping. But all I picked up on that mountain was the skull of a poor frozen lamb, which still adorns my mantle-piece in the Mile End Road."

"You live there still?"

"Yes—I went back there—after my death."

"After your death?"

He sprang up. "We ought to be going back."

She rose. "But what do you mean?"

"I appeal to our contract."

"You mean the Beyond-Man had committed suicide on the mountain?"

"No, but not bad for a beginner. However," he went on quickly, "Bagnell has got on without me; he has acquired several other press-organs since (detachable poisoned weapons very useful in his struggle for existence), and you see the result in this swelling of John Bull's veins and arteries. He itches for a second Novabarbesse war, to repair his magnanimity in not having annexed the whole country after the first. Ah, the mob! It is a barrel-organ into which any air may be inserted. What tunes have I not heard it grinding out—in Italy, in Germany, in France; unconscious of the politician turning the handle. Bagnell has made Britain resound with martial melodies."

"But he will not get his war. That at least my husband will never permit."

"You think not?"

"If he does, he will not be my husband. The first Novabarba war brought us together—the second would separate us forever."

"Then I shall pray for war."

"Ah, no! no! Don't say such horrible things. If you only knew how I suffer from every one of 'England's little wars,' which we are flippantly told exist to teach us geography!"

"You suffer from hyperæsthesia. Your hell is also a love of men. You will have to follow me and die, too."

Some obscure glimpse of his meaning came to her. Her old idealizing faculty, incurable by all life's lessons, was busy draping him in the radiance of honor, self-sacrifice, martyrdom for great principles. Before her rose Orvieto and her visionary Tower of David, and the drowsy town and brooding sky affected her like some mystic fresco of *Puvis de Chavannes*.

"I could follow you," she said simply, "like the women who followed Christ."

He turned a sad startled glance upon her. "But I shall not rise from the dead," he said.

#### CHAPTER VI.

#### MORS ET VITA.

THEY reached the *Corso* almost in silence.

"I shall be going back to Rome to-

morrow," she said, "and to England after Easter."

"The London season!" he said dryly.

She winced. "My day is Wednesday, but I suppose it's no use asking you to come when you return to the Mile End Road."

"Not unless you have a day of the dead, as in Paris."

"How about dinner?"

"I shouldn't care to meet your husband."

"Well, I shall have to read you, then."

"I publish nothing."

"Oh, why?"

"What shall I publish? Love-*tales* for the libraries? My early thoughts I no longer believe: my later thoughts nobody would believe."

"I should believe them."

He shook his head. "Nobody could read them but myself. All writings are in cipher: though the key to the average writing is supplied by the average experience. What should a Hottentot make of Hegel?"

"Well, let me have a try at the MS.?"

"Useless. No woman has ever understood life. Ah, you are angry already. Woman is an inveterate idealizer—I dare say you have already a fancy picture of me."

He was truly provoking. "I have a truer picture than you fancy."

"Is it anything like this?" He held up the ivory pommel of his stick, showing it a motley of carved heads, cherubic, Mephistophelian, grinning, weeping, poetic, bestial. "That is the only true picture of me."

She smiled obstinately. "You are making faces at me."

"It is at myself."

"Japanese, I suppose?"

"Yes." That launched him upon Japanese art and brought them up to the hotel.

Barda waited anxiously at the doorway with a telegram.

It was from Joan. "Broser telegraphs arriving Rome this evening."

"We start to-morrow morning, Barda," she said calmly. And poor Barda, vaguely hypnotized into a belief that the telegram ordained thus, uttered no protest.

Raphael Dominick, too, was docile that



evening, joining Allegra at the fireside as from old habit, and conversing in Italian till Barda had gone to bed. And, as if the exotic language made it easier for him to unveil himself—removing everything, as it somehow did, into an impersonal artistic atmosphere—he allowed Allegra to penetrate his simple secret.

The new additions to his biography astonished her, so romantic were they. He was illegitimate to begin with, and doubly illegitimate, for his mother was a Jewess and his father a Christian. This father Allegra now remembered to have heard of in her girlhood—a dilettante Englishman, who wrote fantastic novels, penetrated the Mosque of Omar in Jerusalem disguised as a Mohammedan, and was drowned during a mistral in the Mediterranean. She now learned that he bore with him a beautiful Jewish girl, who was saved from the shipwreck and picked up by a French cattle-boat, on board of which Raphael was born prematurely. From Marseilles mother and child had been passed on by charitable Jewish committees to London. Here they had undergone terrible poverty and isolation, till the boy grew up, and then—when years of comparative happiness lay before the poor woman—she died lingeringly of cancer. With her death, soon after the Bagnell episode, the frenzied Raphael had felt his relations with life ended. "The universe had no further claims upon me—I was a pariah, who had morally no right to be in the world at all. Whether suicide was wrong for others or not, I belonged to myself. I was without parents or relatives, or creed, or country, or rights, or duties."

"What a unique position!" said Allegra.

"Was it not? It was the consideration of that which kept me from crude physical suicide. I felt that never before had a man been so well born for the impartial observation of life. I therefore retired from actual living—just as, had I been a believer, I should have retired to a monastery—I committed suicide of the emotions and the will, and became the passive spectator of the tragic humors of existence. I took out of my life all aspiration, all pity, all love."

"How horrible!"

"Horrible! It was life that was horrible. Before my death I heard the grass grow. Every drowning fly hurt me, every whipped horse. I wished to be the voice of all dumb creatures. The hypocrisies and injustices of the social order fretted every nerve. The mere reading of history was a torture. I could as little live with 'men' as you could live with the lepers of Assisi. Now I sit serene," he puffed lazily at his cigarette, "as deaf to the agony of my days as to that of antiquity. I had done nothing to mitigate that, why should I stick my little finger into this? I enjoy the strut of the Pharisees and the Philistines. The social spectacle gives me an exquisite and bitter laughter. It amuses me to see England fooled by Bagnell. I say to suffering and injustice, Let me alone, cry to the living!"

"If I believed you," said Allegra, "I should think you a fiend."

He rose and looked down mockingly at her, making again that monstrous headless shadow, for only the small lamp by which Barda was knitting pierced the gloom. But Barda's presence steadied Allegra's nerves, and the strange baleful look in his eyes did not frighten her. "Didn't I say you wouldn't believe me? But shall there be no peace even in the grave? How could I live in this poverty-stricken Italy at all, unless I reminded myself hourly that I am dead? No, I am content to know and not to be, and with my small income safe in consols I rejoice that nothing save the bankruptcy of England can touch me personally."

"Nothing?" she asked, mocking in her turn.

"Nothing!" he replied fiercely. Then in English, "Cursed be she that moves my bones."

She replied calmly, almost rebukingly: "And how long will you go on like this?"

"Until my organ of consciousness grows diseased. I cannot hope it will always remain lucid and clear. The nervous tissues will wear away. Aphasia and amnesia will overtake my brain as rheumatism and senility my body."

His deadly lucidity made her shudder despite Barda's presence. He seemed like one crucified on the cross of consciousness.

"But what if the brain were not the organ of knowledge?" she remonstrated. "Goethe took your own ideal of omniscience, but didn't he say, no one can write about anything unless he writes about it with love?"

"Goethe was a creature of Courts and Kings, and mistresses," he said brutally. "I wish to be the first man to face life straight."

An immense maternal pity welled up in her breast: all her latent optimism resurged to do battle with this sicklier soul.

"Shall I play you something?" she said abruptly, remembering Saul agonizing in his tent, "drear and stark, blind and dumb."

"It would be more pleasant than quarrelling. But I doubt if you'll get anything out of that old piano."

"Barda—you are nodding. Go to bed." She lit the big lamp and gave Barda the little. Raphael Dominick resumed his easy-chair and threw on another log. Allegra tried the keys.

"Not so bad," was her verdict. She started a soft rippling melody, touching the notes lightly as though her fingers were soothing his forehead. To-night the wind was still, and the room listened to the cheerful uprush of the flame and the dainty music.

"What was that?" he said, when she ceased.

"The *Allemande* of Paradies."

"I don't know it. Play me something else I don't know."

She laughed. "That might be as difficult as telling you something you don't know." She pondered. "Do you know John Field's things?"

"No."

"He was an Englishman who lived in Russia." She played a dreamy reverie, but as he expressed no opinion at the close, her fingers glided into the *Melancholie*. When she had finished that, it struck her suddenly that she had soothed him asleep. "A successful *Schlummerlied*," she thought, smiling. She moved on tiptoe towards him and sat down opposite him, and studied his sleeping face, so spiritual in its repose, so different from the animality of that other man's sleeping face. And then she thought that on that very spot where his head was resting, Barda's head had rested the

night before, and it came over her that he was right, that he and Barda might be inhabitants of different planets; ay, and if human evolution moved through soul, not body, Robert Broser, too, was several species behind Raphael Dominick.

She watched his gentle breathing—his simple unconsciousness. The universe had passed through that brain, with its seas and forests, and the stars in their courses: the panorama of history had passed through it; the grotesque kaleidoscope of modern social life; the arts, the sciences, the mathematics, the Babel of languages; Egypt and Babylon and the old civilizations—what had it not harbored?

Through the window the Southern night faced her, and the throbbing clusters of stars in the vast silences. The earth, bathed in moonlight, continued its imperceptible spinning. And there, against the back of the chair, lay the head that had reflected the immeasurable vision: apparently as blank and dreamless as the chair itself. What a mockery was human knowledge! And she knew that the head knew this, and—when the blood-tide flooded it back to consciousness—itself mocked at itself.

She groped for a memory, that began calling to her from the deep. Yes—surely here was the statue of her girlish dream-poem, the dead figure with the heart of flesh that felt impotently the tears of things.

## CHAPTER VII.

### POWER.

A PERFUNCTORY knock at the door was followed by its abrupt opening and the appearance of the waiter, with a gentleman behind him. Allegra started up from her chair.

"*Ecco la signora!*"

The gentleman advanced quickly towards her. Allegra grew scarlet with surprise and resentment. It was the Right Honorable Robert Broser.

"*Carissima!*" he said. It was one of the few Italian words he had picked up. She drew back, shuddering.

"But I was coming to Rome in the morning!" she said.

"Your sister was not certain. I could



not wait. I caught the last train. You forget how long you have been away from me."

"It seems very short to me." She addressed the waiter. "*Il signore vuole una camera—ma buona.*"

"*Subito, signora.*" He smirked himself out.

"What did you tell him?"

"To get you a good room."

He frowned at her. They had not even shaken hands.

"You must be very tired," she said more gently.

"Not now I see you." He threw down his hat and came nearer.

"No, no. We are not alone."

Startled, his eye followed her nod. Raphael Dominick still slept in his easy-chair. Broser's brow grew blacker, Allegra's cheek redder. It came upon her as a sudden embarrassment that it would be too complex to explain how the stranger came to be in her room.

"Who is this gentleman?" said her husband grimly, yet half dazed.

"He is staying in the hotel."

"He seems to be very much at home in your room."

His tone set up her instinct of antagonism so strongly that she heard her voice saying coldly, "It is not my room," almost before she had consciously remembered that this was indeed the fortunate case.

"Not your room? Whose then? His?"

"Nobody's — everybody's — the public room."

"I find my wife in a public sitting-room!" His shock was little lessened. His respect for the Right Honorable Robert Broser's wife amounted to a cult.

"There are no private sitting-rooms."

"And why did you poke yourself in such a pig-sty? I was wondering as I came up the fusty stairs."

"I like pig-sties. It is the only way of avoiding pigs."

"Don't talk such nonsense, Allegra." He sniffed. "A smoking-room, too! I'm glad your sleeping beauty isn't an Englishman, and I sincerely trust your undignified freak won't leak out."

She tossed her head. "Have you dined?" she said.

"With the Fitzwinters, but I want a snack of something. Oh, by-the-way, I have brought some letters for you. And I have lots of news and messages from London."

"It is kind of you to trouble."

He produced a little packet. "Joan gave me two. Five I brought from home, not reckoning that large unstamped one with the printed envelope and the great black seal. It fell out of your desk."

"Out of my desk?" She took it, wondering.

"Yes—in the spring cleaning, which you have fortunately escaped, your desk was overturned and flew open. That was picked up among the papers. It seems only about one of your charities, but I thought it might be something important you had forgotten to open, so I brought it along."

She opened it automatically, her mind engaged apprehensively in trying to remember whether there was anything among the other papers picked up that she would have preferred kept from the servants' or her husband's gaze. But she had only a vague memory of old poems buried deep down under the accumulations of years, like her own freshness of emotion. Even when she found a smaller sealed envelope inside, addressed in her own handwriting "To Allegra at Forty," she did not remember that this was the letter which she had written to herself in her girlhood, and which (finding it in her desk after her marriage) she had sealed up for privacy in a big printed charity envelope. She opened the envelope wonderingly, though even her enemies did not call her forty, and began to read.

"MY DEAR ALLEGRA,—Although we have not met for a quarter of a century, I take the liberty of addressing you still by your Christian name."

Ah, she remembered: tears started to her eyes. How could she read it now in this incongruous environment — this whimsical appeal to her young self! She turned the page with a confused sense of an innocent voice calling to her in the wilderness. She skipped the second page, reading only the quotation that stood out:

"So on our heels a fresh perfection treads,  
A power more strong in beauty, born of us  
And fated to excel us, as we pass  
In glory that old darkness."

Emotion overcame her: the lines radiated light, shimmered with infinite suggestiveness and promise. She was about to put away the letter for after-perusal when the name "Raphael Dominick" caught her eye and beat at her heart: "Ah, if you should happen to have married a man like Keats or Raphael Dominick—a man with the eye of faith and the lips of song—then you may at once throw this letter into the W. P. B."

Oh God! What involuted irony! And that her letter should reach her now and thus!

She turned her head involuntarily towards the fire. Raphael Dominick had risen, and the two men were surveying each other, the table between them: it seemed to Allegra like Death looking at Life. Broser was so aglow with bounding vitality: he exhaled success from every pore. He had grown stouter, and even ruddier, and seemed to throb with will-power as a steamer with its screw. Getting a fresh impression of him after absence, Allegra was astonished that she had succeeded so long in keeping him at arm's-length. Was it that her own will had developed under antipathy?

"Forgive my rudeness, Lady Allegra," said Raphael Dominick. "Your music must have charmed me to sleep."

His impeccable English startled Broser as it had startled his wife. Allegra hastened to say: "You must have been very sleepy already, or my husband's arrival would have woke you." She introduced the men, and they nodded curtly to each other.

"Was there anything urgent in that letter?" her husband asked.

"Quite the contrary," she said, thinking ruefully of her premature breaking of the seal.

The waiter popped in his head to ask if the *signore* would inspect the room chosen. Broser hesitated. Allegra stood in frozen dignity. "*Si*," he said, "and bring me *acqua calda*—I want a wash. Tell the beggar also to get me something to eat, Allegra. Good-night, Mr. Dominick," he said, with intention.

Raphael Dominick dropped languidly

into his arm-chair and threw a log on the fire. "Good-night, Mr. Broser."

The Right Honorable gentleman banged the door.

"We had better say good-night, Mr. Dominick," said Allegra quickly, "and good-by too. I shall go by the first train. I could not bear to be in Orvieto any longer."

"Ah, you would hear only the voice of the living!"

"Alas!"

He got up. "But you play beautifully. And I did not sleep in vain—I had a dream. From heaven, *chi sa?* You said you were tired of Society, that you prayed for deliverance."

"Yes?" Her eyes flashed eagerly.

"Could you spare an hour, say twice a week?"

"Certainly."

"Then go to a flat, whose address I've scribbled on this card—it's quite near you—a Japanese man in armor will receive you. There you will play on the piano—a grand and good."

She took the card. "It sounds like the Arabian Nights. And when I play, you will appear?"

"Not at all. I may never appear."

"Then I sha'n't play."

"Yes, you will. My complementary half lives there."

"Your complementary—?"

"A girl who is dying—crudely dying of an incurable and agonizing disease. A girl who can neither live nor die."

"How ghastly!"

"It is only her body. Being my complement, she lives intensely by her emotions and her Faith. This Katharine Engelborne has a sister, Margaret, who lives only for her, and who, I fear, is dying of her. Margaret used to give her the consolation of music, but the Nemesis which dogs virtue dislocated her shoulder-bone."

"But hasn't she any friends—in this piano age?"

"Even Heine's friends wearied of the dead-alive. I will write her that you are coming. One day you will knock and say, 'Here I am.'"

"But the girl may be dead."

"I fear not. Perhaps Margaret may."

"And what shall be my reward? The Nemesis that dogs virtue?"



"You will meet my only Christian."

"Margaret?"

"Yes. Not having been brought up as a Christian, I have always been curious—in my thirst for omniscience—to know what this rare species was like, or whether it was entirely mythical."

"And Margaret is the only one you've met."

"Yes—and even she isn't a Christian." He smiled whimsically as he gave her his hand. "Good-night and good-by."

"Good-by," she murmured, with no responsive smile, but with oppressive emotion. "I will go to her. I will be a bit of a Christian—for your sake."

Broser found her reading the letter to herself, the others still unopened. She put it hastily away when he entered.

He saw it and looked suspicious. "He's gone, is he? Where is Barda?"

"In bed."

He picked up a card on the table. "Raphael Dominick!" he said aloud and threw it fireward.

"Oh, I want that card," said Allegra. "It has an address."

He rescued it, looked at the address pencilled, and gave it to her silently. The waiter brought him a cold fowl and salad and the best bottle of wine in the house, and he supped voraciously, flinging Allegra the home news between mouthfuls. He spoke of the children with pride and affection—he loved his brood—and of a large addition to his income consequent on the falling in of some leases of Midstoke property he had inherited from his poor old father. She listened, reading her letters. When he was satisfied, he went over to her and captured her soft warm fingers.

"Has my little Allegra no welcome for me after all my journey?"

"I hope the holiday will refresh you. Parliament must have risen rather early for the Easter recess."

"I did not wait. There was nothing further for me to do in the House. I had better work. I am to have an audience with the Pope, and we are to attend mass in the Sistine Chapel. I have brought my Privy Councillor's dress."

The juxtaposition of the venerable Pope and Broser made her smile—the smile of Raphael Dominick.

"Ah, you are pleased," he said. "But you will have to wear black, and I prefer you in white, as to-night."

Her loveliness was infinitely alluring to him after his lonely journeyings. The strange shabby room and the log fire, and the old-world town—all stimulated his sense of romance. His wife moved him afresh; he was angry with himself for having let her slip away from him too easily in the whirl of politics. His ambitions had occupied his whole soul: now, in this holiday moment, he felt that nothing could replace the loss of Allegra's love.

He bent his cheek to touch hers, but she sprang away and wrested herself free. His dignity and hers forbade that he should provoke the noise of a scuffle, but his face grew demoniac, his eyes protruded almost comically: the expression of gigantic will ludicrously self-baffled.

"Do you permit me at least to smoke a cigar?" he said sardonically.

"I permit you anything that excludes me."

He gave a sneering laugh, and seating himself upon Dominick's vacated chair, surrounded himself fiendishly with thick volumes of smoke, that had, however, a heavenly smell. "Won't you take the other arm-chair?"

But she would not profane her memories. "I prefer this," she said, and seated herself rigidly nearer the table than the fire. There was a silence.

"So this is your conception of a wife's duty!" he said at last.

"I tell you for the hundredth time—I will give you everything except love. In what else have I been remiss?"

"You scarcely consulted my dignity when you came here."

"I will be more careful."

Her unexpected humility softened him, gave him new hope. At the worst he had this glorious creature to flaunt before the world.

"If you don't consider your own rank, you should remember that the Premiership is almost within my grasp. And but for the drag of your domestic arguments, of the perpetual critic on the hearth, I should have grasped it already. You have never understood politics."

"It is true. I only understood principles. I will never argue any more with

you." She was ready to promise anything, anything that would cut her life away from his. He was unscrupulous: let her accept it, as Raphael Dominick accepted what he could not alter.

"Now you speak sense, Allegra. Trust me and I will yet carry out your principles. Unless one is Premier one is so hampered. How much nicer it would be if I could tell you my plans, sure of your sympathy. That would be a true partnership."

"I am sorry. I will do my best in future."

"Thank you." He reached out his hand again and took hers, and it lay passively in his own. "Let me tell you, then, that my visit to the Pope is only a blind. In reality I left England last Thursday, though even the *Morning Mirror* announced that I left Saturday night, receiving an ovation on the platform of Victoria station. He's very smart, that new secretary of mine, and in with all the press agencies." He chuckled, glad as ever of a confidante for his cleverness.

"You did go somewhere else first, then?"

"Don't give it away to Fizzy. I went to Brussels to meet Sir Donald Bagnell and representatives of the northern countries that have percentages on the Novabarbesse railways, or suzerainty over parts of the country. Of course I didn't dare meet Bagnell in England."

Novabarba! The fatal word sucked the blood from her cheek. Oh, but this was horrible, incredible.

"We've settled the concessions they are to get in compensation, when England acquires the country."

"But how will England acquire it? Most of the tribes are still independent."

"That was Lord Ruston's mistake. They must be conquered again."

"On what pretext?"

"Pretexts we have always with us—like the poor."

"Yes, poor pretexts—the wolf's to the lamb!" She rose in agitation.

"Not at all. We don't desire to eat 'em: only to civilize 'em."

"To shear 'em, you mean."

He shrugged his shoulders: "They're dirty—and too lazy to develop their own country. The dark places of the earth must be lit up."

"That the electric-light companies may make a profit!"

"Why not? If I add Novabarba to the Empire, I shall ultimately become Premier. Granted. But all the same it is the march of civilization."

"And the Dead March of Christianity! I can see the tribes mowed down by your machine-guns. Oh, how can you wade through blood to your throne?"

He flushed angrily: "Have you forgotten your promise already?"

"My promise! My promise!" She laughed half hysterically. "And what of your promise to my father whose mantle you were to inherit? What of your promise to me? We were to make an end of war—you and I. My God, a pretty pair!"

"And so we shall, Allegra, so we shall. The more we consolidate the world into great empires, the more we check these internecine racial insanities. You are a woman—you see only the crude present fact. But we politicians—we have to dream and build for generations to come." She was silenced for a moment. "If you only trusted me a little, Allegra," he said pathetically.

"But how can I trust you? It was Novabarba for which my father sacrificed his career; it was the Novabarbesse war that killed my brother, and made you and me swear to war against war."

"We were young. Good heavens, Allegra, do you still hold the opinions you expressed to your dolls? Why, ha! ha! ha! it was in a nursery that we made our highfalutin compact. Accept the omen." He threw away the cigar that had gone out in the argument and lit another.

Her brain was busy reviving the tragic scene in that nursery, and she did not share his laughter. He went on complacently:

"Do you think that Sir William Orr-Stenton, the Governor of Novabarba, would recommend war unless he believed it was justified?"

"Does he recommend war?"

"To tell you another secret, yes. He has advised the Colonial Office that if we don't annex, one of the northern countries will. Isn't it better it should fall into the hands of England and get the boon of British government?"

"Sir William Orr-Stenton is an English gentleman, and you know I still



consider that order the highest in Europe."

"Well, then!" he said triumphantly.

"But when he was Colonel Orr-Stenton and I was a girl, I saw a good deal of him at Rosmere. And in his mind's eye he sees the whole round globe under the British flag—like one of those Christmas puddings, with a flag stuck in it."

"So do I, Allegra, so do I. It is the note of English gentlemen. And what a delightful destiny for the globe—to be a Christmas pudding. Peace on earth and plums to all men. It is your father's very ideal, and if I help to bring it about, I shall be truly the inheritor of his mantle. And you accuse me of not keeping my promise!" He laughed, highly pleased with his neat Parliamentary repartee.

Allegra bit her lips. "I shall keep mine," she said. "I was a fool to argue. Good-night."

He sprang up: "And you'll not tell my inconvenient brother-in-law?"

"An English gentleman should understand the laws of honor. Good-night."

"Not without a kiss?"

She snatched up the lamp, half in defiance. Their shadows shifted grotesquely. "Ring for another," she said. "I need this for my room."

"Put it down and say 'Good-night,' like a good little girl."

"No murderer's lips shall touch mine."

He laughed sneeringly. "You are becoming melodramatic. You remind me of the Midstoke Theatre Royal."

"Remember rather the Midstoke Town Hall."

He winced. But her defiance stung his blood, intensified her piquancy. "Come," he said more lightly. "You cry 'Peace, Peace,' and you are all war. Let us kiss and make it up."

"Not if you are to bring this war."

"Your terms are high, my dear Allegra. The Premiership for a kiss? They ask less even in the Charity Bazaars."

"Good-night!" She pushed back the panel, disgusted, passed through, and slid it back. But he stuck his foot in the aperture ere it closed, laughing good-humoredly.

"Sliding panels, too! No wonder we are melodramatic."

She put down the lamp on a chair and

tried to close the panel. "I'll scream for Barda," she threatened.

"Little spitfire! You shall have your terms. All for love, or the world well lost." And, as she hesitated a moment, he thrust back the panel and kissed her on the lips. "Good-night, you little fool," he laughed. "All's fair in love and war. What do you think of *my* melodrama?"

And as he went to his room he pondered on the vexatiousness and feather-headedness of the modern woman, thrusting her pretty personality into affairs of state. But all the same he felt that the situation between them had been improved.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

##### TALK AND TRUMPET.

FIZZY was enjoying himself, chaffing the Right Honorable Robert Broser for the amusement of the ladies and the mystification of the Italian Deputy who had been Fizzy's dinner guest, in his magnificent suite of apartments in the hotel at Rome. All the men were smoking (by request). Fizzy's Radical spirits had not been damped either by age or matrimony, but Broser refused to take either him or the attacks of the *Mirror* seriously. The Deputy took both men very seriously as illustrious British Deputies, and this dinner would figure in his Memoirs. He spoke English and was a great admirer of English institutions. In Rome he was a rabid follower of the Court party, with a venomous hatred of the Vatican, and whenever he stopped in his street walks, ground his teeth, rapped the pavement with his cane, and barked out oaths, his friends knew that a clerical robe was within eyeshot. He was an ecclesiastical pointer or setter. "Those cursèd intolerant priests!" was his mildest invective. Joan, too, had abated no jot of her atheism; and Allegra, lonely among them all, felt in herself stirrings of all sorts of mysterious impulses, vague instincts, flashes of insight, divinations, emotions, which to them were apparently as music to the deaf: she reached out as with antennæ towards a dim, evasive, yet pervasive spiritual world, of which they had no suspicion. Was there more than fancy in Raphael Dominick's theory of new species groping to adjust themselves to new spiritual environments?

"Ah, you are a great man, Bob," said Fizzy. "I am wondering what poor corpse you are destined to displace at Westminster Abbey. That is our Pantheon, you know," he explained to the Deputy, "but it is so chock-full that whenever we wish to bury a new god we have to dig up an obscure citizen who was buried there before we made it a Temple."

"Not really?" exclaimed Lady Joan.

Fizzy puffed out a mouthful of smoke. "When Lord Ruston had that great national funeral, the sextons quietly chucked a poor peaceful citizen into the Thames: as quietly as they smuggle corpses out of this hotel in the height of the season."

"But that is scandalous!" his wife cried.

Fizzy squeezed her fingers affectionately. "Aha! have I found a new grievance for my pretty to play with?"

Broser laughed. "There will be a new Society."

"Yes. The Anti-Ghoul Association," said Fizzy. "Isn't it wonderful how my wife gratifies her unselfishness all day long? She weeps even over waiters carrying too many trays on their heads. She reminds me of the image of the Virgin I saw in the Canary Islands, which has a tear screwed into each cheek, and only smiles on Corpus Christi day, when they are taken out."

"Ah, those scoundrelly priests!" cried the Deputy.

"Leave the priests alone," said Fizzy. "The fact that my valet believes in the next world saves policemen in this."

"But the waiters here are shamefully overworked," persisted Joan, unabashed. "I shall not come to this hotel again. That Hôtel de Castile looks attractive. Is it quite respectable?" she asked the Deputy.

"My wife means, is it an hotel where ladies can smoke cigarettes and have golden hair?"

"Oh yes!" said the Deputy, and the others laughed.

"Golden hair seems to be in circulation again," said Broser.

"I wish I could get change for my silver," said Fizzy ruefully.

Lady Joan passed her hand lovingly over his white hair. "Don't," she said. "That would leave you almost bald—at

the current rate of exchange." This time even the Deputy laughed.

"Did I ever tell you I was in China when the amusing gold-silver gang were exposed?" asked Fizzy.

"No," Lady Allegra laughed. "But we know you have been everywhere whenever anything happened."

"The gold-silver gang quartered themselves in different coignes of China, which then knew even less about 'foreign devils' than now, and began steadily giving the Chinese twenty English sovereigns in return for one English shilling."

The ladies gasped.

"What daring!" said Broser admiringly. "And so they hoodwinked the Chinese into the belief that silver was the metal that was twenty-times as valuable as gold?"

"Yes," replied Fizzy, "as certain politicians bamboozle the British as to which is the really valuable national ideal. After some months of this unblushing persistence that gold was silver and silver gold, the Chinese began eagerly bringing them their gold for small bits of silver. But in the end the rogues' ears were cut off. We British," he blew a smoke-cloud at his brother-in-law, "only eject them from office. For my part, so long as I get twenty shillings over the counter for my gold piece, I don't care who keeps the bureau. I'd as lief be governed from New York or Berlin as from London."

"Surely not! Surely not!" said the bewildered Deputy.

"Well, perhaps New York is too far off. But Berlin—why not? We should learn German quicker, and there would still be suppers after the play. The dirty work of government could be taken off our hands, as we've taken it off the hands of the Hindoos. We don't possess India, by-the-way; it possesses us, and sits smoking its opium-pipe while we fuss in the sun. The British Empire is only a great firm of Government Contractors, supplying Governments as Gunter's supplies ball-suppers."

"I wish it would take over Italy," sighed the Deputy.

"It is doing so, with the help of America. Already Anglo-Saxon capital runs your electric cars and your factories. That is real conquest, real possession. Military conquest is only skin-deep.



England is really a French conquest—the greatest boast of our families is to have come over with the Conqueror. Yet the Saxon absorbed his Gallic conquerors. To plant one's self inside a lion is not to conquer the lion."

"Bravo!" cried Broser. "That's the first time I've heard you do justice to the British Lion. You are right: we shall soon be running Italy as a Picture Gallery."

A waiter here appeared to say that an old lady wished to see Lady Allegra Broser. She was in the public drawing-room: she would not come up. No, nor give her name. She had an ear-trumpet. Oh, yes, richly dressed, the waiter assured Broser. Nobody could identify her, and Allegra cut the interrogatory short by volunteering to descend. She pushed open the swinging door timidly, for the room was full of people in evening dress, and she had never entered it before, not because she was Broser's wife, but because of her personal shrinking from the wealthy tourist. She had, however, met many ladies in the hall and on the stairs who had struck up an informal speaking acquaintance with her. In fact she could not but be aware that their anxiety to talk about the weather and her health had exceeded the due courtesies of hotel life. As she entered, a group clustered round her. Near her, she was morbidly conscious of another group of ladies and gentlemen listening eagerly, almost reverentially, to the disquisitions of a horrible American boy of about twelve, who was holding forth on the history and antiquities of Italy.

"It was in Perugia that the Baglioni—"

"Show me Perugia on the map, dear," said a stout lady.

"There, mother. The capital of Umbria!"

"The capital, dear? But it's not in the middle."

"Don't be so stupid, mother. You've put me out. At Perugia we have got to see some more Pinturicchios."

She was disgusted: "I thought we were through with those!"

"We had such lots in the churches here," her husband added.

"Well, anyhow, I guess you'll have to do the Peruginos," said the boy reluctantly.

"Perugino!" cried another lady in self-congratulatory accents. "I got through with *him* when I was a girl."

Lady Allegra's eyes roved in search of the old lady with the ear-trumpet. And presently she found the stranger sitting stiffly, but very lonesome-looking, in a deserted corner. She disentangled herself from her gushing acquaintances, and walked towards the pathetic figure, so pointedly ignored of all this swiftly sociable crowd.

"Oh, Alligator, how your dress smells of smoke!" And even before she had felt the old motherly kiss she knew by this scolding that she and the Duchess she had failed to recognize were friends again. "Somehow it was easier to see you abroad than at home," the Duchess explained, and Allegra cut short her apology by taking the whole blame of the long separation upon herself. It was delightful in her loneliness to rest upon this garrulous breast, and to know, too, that she comforted it, and she listened to the Duchess's complaints of the degenerate age (whose so-called gentlemen smoked even in the Row) and to her "extensions of egotism" with a loving tolerance she had not felt in her girlhood.

"I am sorry I didn't get to Rome before the Beast arrived!" said the Duchess.

"You talk like Revelations," smiled Allegra.

"Revelations! I dare say you have had plenty of Revelations of what he is. A Beast like that to get a Beauty like you, and to have our beloved country under his unwashed thumb!"

"Oh, Aunt!" Allegra protested into the ear-trumpet.

"Yes, I'm glad you agree with me," replied the Duchess, and hastily shifted the trumpet. "I always said you'd come round to my views in everything." And she refused to raise the trumpet for the reception of Allegra's contradiction. Allegra, amused, saw that her Aunt had now a new weapon in the battle of existence—"a detachable weapon of defence, Raphael Dominick would have phrased it," she thought. "You must come round and see the Duke at our hotel," the Duchess said. "I'm so glad you haven't a baby, though I'm not so pleased with my Minnie. I don't know what's comin' over the women. It was

bad enough when they had babies and no husbands: now they have husbands and no babies. As for London society, I can't set foot in it. People talk of nothing but Stock Exchange and racing tips. The parvenu plutocrats have it all their own way, and spend as much on the flowers as we used to do on the season. You heard how that little Russian actress was allowed in the Royal Quadrille at the Court Ball, and how that Mrs. Duncan was in the enclosure at Ascot. Stanfield House is the only decent house left, and when the Duke dies, even that will join the smart set, especially if the heir marries that Miss North, as they say he will, though she is twenty-nine. Ah, they are a bad lot, the heirs."

"But what about *my* house? Won't you come to that, Aunt?"

But the ear-trumpet would not receive the invitation. Allegra saw the Duchess to the hotel door.

"Good-by, Alligator!" She kissed her. "Oh, I've forgotten my purse. Go and get it."

Allegra went back to the drawing-room.

"Who's your frumpy friend?" smilingly inquired a lady in elegant toilet.

"The Duchess of Dalesbury," she replied simply.

Consternation spread through the drawing-room.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE DEVIL'S LITTLE FLY

BY VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE

IN the long ago, when the nether world was not so densely populated as it now is, and the days were not so full of interest, never having forgotten an early experience with a most beautiful woman, and often feeling the spirit of adventure strong upon him, the lord of that domain used to walk abroad upon the earth in the cool of the evening.

Many of these excursions were full of excitement and variety, and sometimes of great daring upon the part of Satan, as there was no need of the slightest disguise, for the world was not so wise as it is now, and those simple folk, both fine and poor, white and black, dallied with Satan without question.

But the subjugation of an entire plantation, from the "Quality" to the "Quarters," required time—more time, often, than Satan could give consecutively—so there were certain emissaries to be employed during enforced absences.

Now, by way of practice, the devil had conquered the "Quarters" of a great plantation, even to every soul, with the exception of an old Mammy and a certain Zacheus who was very cautious, and was preparing plans for the "Big House" when something went wrong with the eternal fire below, and the devil was besought to depart in haste

An old courier, the jay-bird, brought the message from the underworld, whither he had gone to deposit his usual load of firewood; and he was in no fine humor, for every Friday he bitterly remembered the day he had sold himself, in an unguarded moment, to the devil for a worm-eaten, half-filled ear of corn—"sight unseen," complained the jay to Mrs. Jay when he sometimes filled the air with vain regrets.

"Dey says dat dey want you mighty bad down dar; de fire hain't half hot, an' dar's sumpen de matter wid de furnace," said the jay.

"Yo' right sho dey needs me?" asked the devil, for he had other fish to fry that Friday morning.

"Course I is," said the jay, crossly, for he was very tired, and had carelessly gotten his feathers scorched in the lower regions. "Think I gwine come all de way back ter tell yo' er lie? Ax my cousin de crow; he went wid me ter de do' an' heared 'em gib hit out."

"Go back," said the devil, getting angry, "an' tell 'em I hain't gwine come twel dis day week, an' ter keep dat fire hot ef dey knows what's good fur dey-se'fs! I got er job er my own ter 'ten' ter, 'dout any partnerships!"

"Go ter hell yo'se'f! I hain't due dar



twel nex' Friday, an' I hain't gwine budge twel den," said the jay-bird as he preened his scorched wing and flew away.

Now the devil had a love-affair on hand, one of those strange, inexplicable things that require very careful handling, and it was the same old cry down below—any ordinary devil who knew his business could attend to that.

So the devil importuned the crow to take the message; but Squire Billups had just planted a large field of corn; there was work enough in that for Mister Crow to do for a whole week; he was not compelled to serve the devil but a single day out of the seven, and he had already given that service; besides, Mrs. Crow was just beginning to hatch, and no self-respecting *paterfamilias* could fail to be within call during such an important event. The owl was too blind to go, for the journey had to be made by daylight; the blacksnake was too sleepy, for his season was not yet fully arrived; the tarrapin was too slow; and there was nothing left except the little fly; but the little fly was always ready, though his work must always be rendered upon the earth.

So, with many impatient stampings of his foot, the devil set about to take his departure.

He got down upon his knees and blew his breath into a dandelion puff, and whispered to the seed, and a wind rose, and the seed scattered, and the down floated through an open window of the Big House, and tickled Marse Charles's ear as he lay asleep.

Now Marse Charles was come to attend the house party of Marse Beverly Baillie, and was mad with love of Miss Demetria, Marse Beverly's youngest daughter, who looked above the highest, and had no mind to marry any man. But Marse Charles, in his cloak of green and gold lace, swore upon his jewelled sword that he would win. Even now as he slept he held between his moist fingers a withered rose that had nestled upon the bosom of the cold Demetria.

It was such as this that the devil was loath to leave, and as he blew the down of the dandelion ball he sowed the seeds of jealousy in Marse Charles's heart. Marse Charles sighed in his sleep, and clutched the withered rose; then the night became as daylight to him, and his eyes were wide open.

Biding his time so that jealousy might

breed the mushroom hate, the devil lingered, leaving the doubtful hours of the night to pass away; but between midnight and day, when the young man was wellnigh crazed with evil passions, the devil threw off all disguise and stood before him.

"Who are you?" cried Marse Charles, springing from his bed, and stretching his swollen eyelids in the dusky light, as his hand sought his sword.

"One who can do you a service," said the devil, talking fine, for he always chose his language according to his surroundings.

Marse Charles's brain was full of fever, and he put up his sword and listened, while he crushed nervously the rose within his palm.

"You are young, you are noble, you have the treasures of the earth before you," said the devil, soothingly, "and yet you are the most miserable man in all creation."

"What do you know about my misery?" cried Marse Charles, angrily.

"What do I *not* know?" asked the devil, sagely. "I know that you love Demetria, that she disdains you, that you have a rival."

"Ah!" sighed Marse Charles, "that is it—I have a rival! Whoever, whatever you are, aid me if you can, for I am mad with love. I have written a challenge to my rival, that we may settle this at daylight. I was about to send it when you called."

"Not so fast," said the devil, lifting a warning finger and drawing nearer. "Hot blood is the father of many regrets. Your rival is a better swordsman."

"But 'tis honor! I do this for my honor!" said Marse Charles, loudly, puffing out his breast frog-fashion.

"Hush! not so loud! Your honor will do you much credit when you rot in the ground, run through with your rival's sword," sneered the devil, "leaving him in possession of Demetria's favor. My plan is better than that."

"What is your plan, and who the devil are you?" cried Marse Charles, writhing at the possibility of losing Demetria.

"That's just it—I am he," said the devil, chuckling; and stretching out his arm, he touched Marse Charles with a hand as soft as velvet. "The world is mine, and I would sit upon a throne, my rightful seat, if it were not for this!"



and he kicked out his hoof foot petulantly.

"Well, what is your plan? I haven't time to listen to your miserable troubles; I've enough of my own," said Marse Charles, impatiently.

"That's so; I was talking to no purpose then," said the devil, fingering Marse Charles's ruffles. "But this, briefly, is to the point. Upon a certain condition, if you will do as I bid you, Demetria shall detest the very presence of your rival, disasters shall come upon him, and, lastly, Demetria shall smile upon your suit."

"Words are cheap," said Marse Charles, languidly. "What proof can you give me that you can do all of these things?"

"Look out upon the occurrences of every day—look out upon the world—what better proof need I give?" said the devil, archly. "Moreover, if you wish, you shall know the innermost life of your lady as though you held a mirror ever before her face; her every act, her every sigh—nothing shall be hidden from you that you may have the desire to hear or know."

Marse Charles pondered awhile, but the devil and the moonlight, together with his old-fashioned frenzy of love, had turned his head.

"Name your condition!" he cried, tearing the challenge into little bits; and there, in the beginning of the gray dawn, Marse Charles did what many a man, both before and since, has done.

It matters little to the story to give the exact specifications of the bargain, though Mammy, in the telling of it, was always very particular to describe minutely all of the virtues that go to make up the best part of a man—in other words, his soul. The awfulness of the bargain was duly impressed upon Mammy's small listeners; how Marse Charles, for the love of a woman, had given up happiness forever and forever; how the eternal fires of hell were to be kept at white heat with fiendish delight by those who had made similar bargains; how the days of his coming were written in fiery letters upon the walls; and how there would be no water in all hell for Marse Charles to drink, save the tears of the lost, which flowed forever, and they were exceedingly bitter and full of regret.

"Can't he ever, ever get out, Mammy?" asked the little maid, whose lips were

quivering and whose great eyes were full of unshed tears.

"Yas, honey," said Mammy, hastily, "ef er good hoodoo kim erlong 'fore de bref leabe Marse Charles, er 'pentance kim 'fore de wo'ms 'stroy de body—an' er good hoodoo sho 'gwine kim!—so don' yo' cry, honey!"

But now, said Mammy, the devil had his man hard and fast, heart and hand, and when it became his time to leave the earth for a season, he took Marse Charles out into a lonely place and put into his hand a tiny snuff-box made of gold, curiously wrought upon the top.

"I will leave you now," said the devil, "for the rest will be fair sailing. I have jaundiced your Demetria's eyes to your rival. She sees that he has a squint and talks with a drawl, and that he drags one foot in dancing. Misery is entering her soul, and she is very unhappy, for she believes that the squint is due to the hard counting of her father's acres and slaves."

"In this box," continued the devil, "I leave you my most useful possession, one that will never slumber and never sleep. You can keep watch upon Demetria when she goes abroad; but when the doors are closed between you, when you would know her every word and every act, just open the box, for nothing can be hid from the little fly. In two weeks I will come again, and in the mean time I wish you joy."

So the devil went back to hell, chuckling as he went, for he carried Marse Charles's conscience, fluttering like a wounded bird, in his hand, and Marse Charles put the little gold box beneath his lace ruffles and went on his way rejoicing.

Now it chanced soon after that there was a great Meet, and the ladies and their gallants rode into the far woods. It was a fine company, for Marse Beverly Baillie had scattered his invitations broadcast, that the world might see the young Demetria. Marse Charles, on his great bay, rode sulkily alone, for his rival was in a high humor, having been paired to ride with the fair Demetria.

As he rode, Marse Charles was ready to question the efficacy of his bargain, when just in the second mile his rival's horse went lame, so lame that he was forced to turn back, and Marse Charles, with much bantering and light laughter, gallantly



rode forward with a dozen others, to take his place. But the sun shone for Marse Charles and the world was fair, for Demetria gave him her sweetest smile.

Late in the day the rival came, upon a fresher horse, but Demetria had no eyes for him; all of her favors were reserved for Marse Charles; and as they rested upon a shady knoll after dinner, beside a bubbling spring, Marse Charles lost no time, and told his love in most vehement fashion.

But perplexities will creep in, even into the best-planned schemes, for as Marse Charles talked he thoughtlessly drew from his bosom the devil's snuff-box, and as he toyed idly with the lid, the sharp eyes of Demetria remarked its curious workmanship.

"A trophy!—a memento to mark the day!" she cried, throwing down a jewelled medallion, into which she had deftly slipped a ring of her own bright hair.

"A pawn of love, as precious as heart's blood!" cried Marse Charles, twirling his mustache and gallantly kissing the golden curl, as he threw upon the grass an Egyptian bracelet, which he always wore concealed from view, and which held a tiny needle and a poisoned drop, forgotten by Marse Charles.

"No!" pouted the spoiled Demetria. "A manlier trophy—I would have the box—the little box you toyed with just now!"

The blood of poor Marse Charles ran cold. What would he not give to please the sweet Demetria? He almost reached his hand to yield it, but the little fly buzzed hard within, and starting with a shock, he hid it in his bosom.

"A princess wore the bracelet once," began Marse Charles. "It has a wonderful history. Make it more wonderful and wear it for me, sweet!"

"But I would have the box!"

"But it will make thee sneeze!"

"Then I will sneeze! Your love means less than any bubble here if you shall hold so fast to such a trifling thing!"

Then Demetria shed tears, and more reproaches followed, and Marse Charles, cold even to the marrow's centre from fear, let loose the devil's little fly and threw the box upon the grass.

"How beautiful!" said Demetria, snatching it up; "but, Charles, you played me false; it holds no snuff, and cannot make me sneeze. I only thought to try you,

but now I will not give it back again, to punish you for the teasing!"

So Charles, restored, basked in the light of love, and comforted himself with the thought that Demetria soon would tire of the box.

There was fine sport and much merriment in the far wood, and such ado to make shelter when a thunder-storm came on. But the rain would not cease, and in the cold drizzle which followed, the gay company, with limp gauderies and feathers, mounted for the return. But nothing damped the ardor of Marse Charles, and as they rode, his hearty laughter, mingled with Demetria's, fell upon the ears of the cavalcade.

Marse Charles had made a scoop at something with his hand, and Demetria laughed again. "On my word, Mr. Charles, such grace it has seldom been my good fortune to see!"

"A most persistent fly," said Marse Charles, catching at it again, as he felt the cold clinging feet upon his forehead. Then suddenly remembering, he was silent, and with reddening cheek he caught the little fly out of the rain into the folds of his cloak.

The days wore on, and as the devil had promised, disasters, one close upon the heels of another, overtook the rival of Marse Charles. Now it was an ague, now a broken limb, now a fever—so fast they came, indeed, that he dared not try to reach his home between his woes; and, courteous to all men, Demetria salted his gruel, but made sweet eyes at Marse Charles.

But all this time Marse Charles was troubled about the little fly. Demetria still treasured the box, and there was no spot in which to keep the little fly in safety. Marse Charles felt that it was a precious trust, and faith must be kept by a man of honor, though even with the devil. And sometimes, but for an opportune buzz, Marse Charles would have killed it for a common house pest, which always made him very serious.

Every day and every night the little fly brought in a full report, over which Marse Charles gloated as a miser over gold; but at last even the devil's emissary grew weary of roosting in precarious places, and considering that Marse Charles had broken faith by disposing of the box, was less and less vigilant, and finally cultivated a spirit of rebellion.

Now Demetria was blest with an old Mammy, as fine a blending of mother-wit and shrewdness as ever wore a Madras kerchief, and she was married to that Zacheus who dealt in charms and "cungers."

Every night since Demetria's babyhood Mammy had drawn the bed-curtains back for her mistress, and sitting in the same old chair, had fanned and told her stories until she fell asleep; but of late Demetria was restless, and the stories did not soothe. In vain Mammy shook the curtains and drew them farther back, then opened the French windows wide upon the broad veranda. In vain she brushed out the long yellow locks; Demetria still sighed, and would not close her eyes.

"What ail my chile?" crooned Mammy, softly wielding her great palm leaf, and forgetful that she was speaking to other than a child.

"I'm miserable, Mammy, miserable, ever since the day of the Meet. Something seems to be taking my strength. See how I have fallen away!" And the little figure in its white robes was small enough indeed.

"Um!" crooned Mammy. "I gwine mek my chile some sassafac tea—dat mek her better! Hi! dar dat mizerbul fly ergin! I sho gwine git hit out 'fore I lets down de bar dis night. Don' be 'feared, honey!"

"It's no use. I can't sleep, Mammy!" said Demetria, fretfully.

"Nebber min'," said Mammy, as soft as a cradle-song; "yo' be all right bime-by. Hain't yo' tell Marse Charles you lub him? Hain't yo' done promus ter marry wid him whedder Marse Avery die or no? An' hain't Marse Charles des plum crazy 'bout yo', an' cain't say 'good-by' 'fore he say 'howdy,' fur de lub er yo'?"

"Yes, yes," said Demetria, wearily; "and yet I am not happy, Mammy."

"My Lord!—wid all dem di'munts an' things? Yo' is er mighty sp'ilt chile, honey! But I hope do it," added Mammy, complacently.

"Nebber min', baby, yo' be all right arter while; yo' des narvous."

"Cuss dat fly!" said Mammy, under her breath, for the little thing eluded her at every turn, and giving it up, Mammy softly fanned until Demetria moaned in uneasy slumber.

"I gwine git ter de bottom er dis.

Hain't all right sho 'nough. I been er-tryin' nigh onter two weeks now, an' I cain't ketch dat fly nary time!"

Demetria's hand was under her pillow, as it had been on all of these restless nights.

"Won'er what she got unner dar, po' little gal!"

Mammy tenderly drew the little hand from its hiding, and in its palm the devil's snuff-box lay. Mammy eyed it curiously.

"Mighty quare thing fur my chile ter hug up so close, fur she des hate snuff! Um! dat ole fly sho think dat box got sugar in hit—Shoo!"

But curiosity was too much for Mammy, and she opened the lid, and the fly dropped down and nestled in the corner of the box. Mammy closed the lid with a snap, shutting the little fly in.

"Sumpen mighty quare 'bout dis. I gwine tek dis ter Zacheus!"

The whole plantation rang next day with the loss of the curious box, an heirloom and a token from Marse Charles to Demetria; but the box was not found, and Marse Charles wandered about, pale and ill at ease, for the little fly did not return.

The narrative of the dusky story-teller does not falter at this juncture, for there were always three pairs of eager eyes that were burning into hers.

"Zacheus was the hoodoo—the good hoodoo who could steal souls back from the devil!" sang the chorus.

"Um! and when de ole Mammy, what were his wife, lay de gole worked box in Zacheus' han', Zacheus gib er great big laugh, 'case es soon es hit tech his han' hit turn ter nuffin but er debil's snuff-box—you know, chillen—one er dem brown spongy things wid dus' in 'em dat you fin' in de woods; an' den de little fly fly up mighty survigrous an' try ter bite Zacheus on de mouf."

"An' dat what de Little Miss been sleepin' wid unner her head," said Zacheus. "De charm Marse Charles gib her? Um dar's work for Zacheus!"

Of course the gold snuff-box was never found, though the plantation was searched far and near, and to Demetria no one bemoaned its loss louder than Mammy; but down in the Quarters, when she could steal away, she was watching Zacheus mix his pot of sweet ointment with which to kill the fly, for the fly would not eat.



"I kin kill de fly," growled Zacheus, "but I don' wanten 'do' Marse Charles, so I gotter change de charm."

Marse Charles, whiter and thinner by reason of sleeplessness, listened to Demetria's songs with a ringing in his ears, and gorged every common house-fly that he could coax, on sugar, in the vain hope of finding again the devil's little fly; but the little fly was lying with stiff wings outside of Zacheus's pot of ointment, and James, the barber, had given Zacheus a lock of Marse Charles's hair.

The time was up. The devil would return. What then?

Marse Charles hardly remembered how it was; but after a night when sleep would not come he found himself sitting opposite, in the hazy light, as once before.

"How dare you," said the devil, "part with my box—to give it as a token—a lover's toy? You have forfeited your bargain and I am undone,—but the girl is mine!"

"No!" cried Marse Charles, his eyes starting from their sockets.

"I tell you that I love her; that I am mad with love for her, and by the token that she keeps, she is lost!"

"The token cannot be found," said Marse Charles.

"What does it matter? She is mine! She is mine!" cried the devil, tremulous with passion, for the hoodoo had given him a human heart in order to torment him, and to change the charm. "Do you think that I would yield her now, to such dirty scum as you?"

"I will protect her with my life, even if I cannot win her," said Marse Charles, hotly, for the devil in his rage had let loose Marse Charles's conscience.

"Choose your weapons," said the other,

mockingly, "for the sword of the devil wounds the soul, not the flesh."

And back of the orchard, said Mammy, while the whole world was asleep, was fought grimly and silently the bitterest duel of the earth.

There were no witnesses save Zacheus, and though he rendered yeoman service to his mistress and to her lover's bartered soul, he looked upon the duel, and Mammy solemnly declared that the sight of it made him blind.

Through and through the devil thrust Marse Charles, but the blade came out dry and bright; not a drop of blood was spilled; and after Marse Charles's lunges, Zacheus swore that he could see the light through the body of the devil.

Marse Charles was almost sinking to his knees, and the devil raised his arms exulting, when, on a sudden impulse, Marse Charles rose with a mighty effort, and made a double cut in the shape of a cross on the breast of his opponent. That was what he should have done long ago, said Mammy; even if he had only worn a little gold cross on his watch-guard, it would have been a protection, for at Marse Charles's new movement the devil gave one hoarse cry and fled.

Of course the "Quality" at the Big House did not know of the plotting that had been going on, or of the fearful duel that had ended it. They only knew it was with pale brow and downcast eyes that Marse Charles came to say farewell, and that Marse Beverly Baillie clapped him on the shoulder, like the good soul that he was, by way of comfort—

"To think my minx Demetria should flirt you!" cried Marse Beverly, "for she marries Avery in the fall. But cheer up, lad, cheer up! there's as good fish yet to catch as ever have been caught."

## THE PINES

BY ARTHUR KETCHUM

THESE are the friars of the wood,  
The Brethren of the Solitude,  
Who fill the dim house of the trees  
With softly whispered litanies,  
Till all the still space of the air  
Thrills with the passion of their prayer.



## THE PARROT

BY MARY E WILKINS

**T**HE parrot was a superb bird: a vociferous symmetry of green and gold and ruby red, with eyes like jewels, with their identical irresponsibility of fire, with a cling, not of loving dependence, but of ruthless insistence, to his mistress's hand, or the wires of his cage, and a beak of such a fine curve of cruelty as was never excelled.

The parrot's mistress was a New England woman, with the influence of a stern training strong upon her, and yet with a rampant force of individuality constantly at war with it. She lived alone, except for the parrot, in a sharply angled village house, looking upon the world with a clean repellent glare of windows, and white broadside of wall, in a yard whose grass seemed as if combed always by one wind, so evenly slanted was it. There was a decorously trimmed rose-bush on either side of the front door, and one elm-tree at the gate which leaned decidedly to the south with all its green sweep of branches, and always in consequence gave the woman a vague and unreasoning sense of immorality.

Inside, the house showed stiff parallelograms of white curtains, and dull carpets threadbare with cleanliness, and little pools of reflected light from the polished

surfaces of old tables and desks, and one glass-doored bookcase filled with works on divinity bound uniformly in rusty black.

The woman's father had been a Congregational clergyman, and this was his old library. She had read every book over and over with a painful concentration, and afterwards admitted her crime of light-mindedness and prayed to be forgiven, and have her soul so wrought upon by grace that she might truthfully enjoy these goodly publications. She had never read a novel; she looked upon cards as wiles of the devil; once and once only had she been to a concert of strictly secular music in the town-hall, and had felt thereby contaminated for days, having a temperament which was strangely wrought upon by music, and yet with a total ignorance of it. She felt guilty under the influence of all harmonies which did not, through being linked to spiritual words, turn her soul to thoughts of heaven; and yet sometimes, to her sore bewilderment, the tunes which she heard in church did not so sway her wayward fancy; and then she accused herself of being perverted in her comprehension of good through the influence of that worldly concert.

This woman went nowhere except to church, to prayer-meeting, to the village store, and once a month to the missionary sewing circle, and the supper and sociable in the evening. She dressed always in black, her hair was delicately spare, her





"HE'S COMING, HE'S COMING, MARTHA!"

in one of the lower creation. He swore such oaths that his mistress would fairly fly out of the door with hands to her ears. Always, when she saw a caller coming, she would remove his cage to a distant room and shut all the doors between. She felt that if any one heard him sending forth those profane shrieks, possibly to his spiritual contamination, she might be driven by her sense of duty to have the bird put to death. She knew, as she believed, that she risked her own soul by listening and yet loving, but that she had no courage to forego.

As for the parrot, he loved his mistress if he loved

lips were a compressed line of red, and yet she was pretty, with a prettiness almost of youth, from that undiminished fire of the spirit which dwelt within her, as securely caged by her training and narrowness of life as was the parrot by the strong wires of his house.

The parrot was the one bright thing in the woman's life; he was the link with that which was outside her, and yet with that which was of her truest inwardness of self. This tropical thing, screaming and laughing, and shrieking out dissonant words, and oftentimes speeches, with a seemingly diabolical comprehension of the situation, was the one note of utter freedom and irresponsibility in her life. She adored him, but always with a sense of guilt upon her. Often she said to herself that some judgment would come upon her for so loving such a bird, for there was in truth about him as much utter gracelessness as can be conceived of

anything. He would extend an ingratiating but deceitful claw toward her between his cage wires whenever she approached. If ever she had a torn finger in consequence, she made light of it, like any wound of love. He would take morsels of food from between her thin lips.

When she talked to him with that language of love which every soul knows by instinct, and which is intelligible to all who are not too deadened and deafened with self, he would cock his glittering head and look at her with that inscrutable jewel-eye of his, and thrust out a claw toward her with that insistence which was ruthless, and yet not more ruthless than the insistence of love, and often say something which confounded her with its apparent wisdom of sequence, and then the doubt and the conviction which at once tormented and enraptured her would seize upon her.

She tried to conceal it from herself, she



held it as the rankest atheism, she thought vaguely of the idols of wood and stone in the hymn-book, of Baal, and the golden calf, and the witch of Endor, and every forbidden thing which is the antithesis of holiness, and yet she could not be sure that her parrot had not a soul. Sometimes she wondered if she ought to speak of her state of mind to the minister and ask his advice, but she shrank from doing that, both because of her natural reserve and because he was unmarried, and she knew that people had coupled his name with hers. He was of suitable age, and it was argued that a match for him with the solitary daughter of the former minister would be eminently appropriate.

The woman had never considered the possibility of such a thing, although she had heard of the plan of the parish from many a female friend. She had had her stifled dreams in her early youth, but she had not been one to attract lovers, being perchance bound as to her true graces somewhat too much after the fashion of her father's old divinity books. No man in her whole life had ever looked at her with a look of love, and she had never heard the involuntary break of it in his voice. Sometimes on summer evenings, she, sitting by her open window, saw village lovers going past with covert arms of affection around slim girlish waists. One night she saw, half shrinking from the sight, a fond pair standing in the shadow of the elm-tree at her gate, and clasped in each other's arms, and saw the girl's face raised to the young man's for his eager kisses, the while a murmur of love, like a song in an unknown tongue, came to her ears.

It was a warm night, and the parrot's cage was slung for coolness on a peg over the window, and he shrieked out, with his seemingly unholy apprehension of things: "What is that? what is that? Do you know what that is, Martha?" Then ended his query with such a wild clamor of laughter that the lovers at the gate fled, and his mistress, Martha, rose and took in the bird.

She set him on the sitting-room table along with the Bible and the Concordance, and a neat little pile of religious papers, while she lighted a lamp. Then she looked half affrightedly, half with loving admiration, at the gorgeous thing, swinging himself frantically on the ring in his cage.

Then, swifter than lightning, down on his perch he dropped, cast a knowing eye



SHE OVERLOOKED  
HER SUPPLY OF LINEN



like a golden spark at the solitary woman, and shrieked out again:

"What was that, what was that, Martha? Martha, Martha, Martha, Martha. Polly don't want a cracker; Polly don't want a cracker; Polly will be damned if she eats a cracker. You don't want a cracker, do you, Martha? Martha, Martha, Martha want a cracker? What was that, Martha? Martha want a cracker? Martha will be damned if she eats a cracker. Martha, Martha, Martha!"

Then the bird was off in such another explosion of laughs, thrusting a claw through his wires at his mistress, that the house rang with them. Martha took the extended claw tenderly; she put her pretty, delicate, faded face to that treacherous beak; she murmured fond words. Then ceased suddenly as she heard a step on the walk, and the parrot cried out, with a cry of sharpest and most sardonic exultation,

"He's coming, he's coming, Martha!"

Then, to Martha's utter horror, before she had time to remove the bird, a knock came on her front door, which stood open, and there was the minister.

He had called upon her before, in accordance with his pastoral duty, but seldom, and always with his mother, who kept his house with him. This time he was alone, and there was something new in his manner.

He was a handsome man, no younger than she, but looking younger, with a dash of manner which many considered not ministerial. He would not allow Martha to remove the parrot, though she strove tremblingly to do so, and laughed with a loud peal like a boy, when the parrot shrieked, to his mistress's sore discomfort:

"He's come, Martha, damned if he ain't. Martha, Martha, where in h-ll is that old cracker?"

Martha felt as if her hour of retribution had come, and she was vaguely and guiltily pleased and relieved when the minister not only did not seem shocked with the free speaking of her bird, but rather seemed amused.

She watched him touch the parrot caressingly, and heard him talk persuasively, coaxing him to further speech, and for the first time in her life a complete sense of human comradeship came to her.

After a while the parrot resolved himself into a gorgeous plummy ball of slumber on his perch, then his mistress sat an hour in the moonlight with the minister.

She had put out the lamp at his request, timidly, and yet with a conviction that such a course must be strictly proper, since it was proposed by the minister.

The two sat near each other at the open window, and the soft sweetness of the summer night came in, and the influence of the moonlight was over them both. The lovers continued to stroll past the gate, and a rule of sequence holds good in all things. Presently, for the first time in her life, this solitary woman felt a man's hand clasping her own little slender one in her black cashmere lap. The minister made no declaration of love in words, but the tones of his voice were enough.

When he spoke of exchanging with a neighboring clergyman in two weeks, the speech was set to the melody of a love-song, and there was no cheating ears which were attuned to it, no matter if it had been long in coming.

When the minister took his leave, and Martha lighted her lamp again, the parrot stirred and woke, and brought that round golden eye of his to bear upon her face flushed like a girl's, and cried out:

"Why, Martha! why, Martha! what is the matter?"

Then Martha dropped on her knees beside the cage, and touched the bird's head with a finger of tenderest caressing.

"Oh, you darling, you darling, you precious!" she murmured, and began to weep. And the parrot did not laugh, but continued to eye her.

"He has come, hasn't he, Martha?" said he.

Then Martha was more than ever inclined to think that the bird had a soul; still she doubted, because of the unorthodoxy of it, and the remembrance of man and man alone being made in God's own image.

Still, through having no friend in whom to confide her new hope and happiness, the parrot became doubly dear to her. Curiously enough, in the succeeding weeks he was not so boisterous, he did not swear so much, but would sit watching his mistress as she sat dreaming, and now and then he said something which seemed





A WOMAN OF AFFECTIONATE GLIBNESS APPROACHED HER

inconceivable to her simple mind, unless he had a full understanding of the situation.

The minister came oftener and oftener, staid longer. He came home on Sunday nights with her after meeting. He kissed her at the door. He always held her little hand, which yielded to his with an indescribably gentle and innocent maidenliness, while he talked about the mission work in foreign lands, and always his lightest speech was set to that love-melody.

Martha began to expect to marry him. She overlooked her supply of linen. Visions of a new silk for a wedding dress, brown instead of black, flashed before her eyes. She talked more than usual to the parrot in those days, using the words and tone which she might have used toward the minister, had not the restraints of her New England birth and training enclosed her like the wires of a cage, and the parrot eyed here with wise attentiveness which grew upon him, only now and then uttering one of his favorite oaths.

Then suddenly the disillusion of the poor soul as to her first gospel of love came. She went to the sewing circle one

Wednesday in early spring, after the minister had been to see her for nearly a year, and she wore her best black silk, thinking he would be there, and she had crimped her hair, and looked as radiant as a girl when she entered the low vestry filled with the discordant gabble of sewing women.

Then she heard the news. It was told her with some protest and friendly preparation, for everybody had thought that the match between herself and the minister was as good as made. There was a whispered discussion among groups of women, with sly eyes upon her face; then one, who was a leader among them, a woman of affectionate glibness, approached her, after Martha had heard a feminine voice lingering in the outskirts of a sudden hush say,

"And she's got on her best silk too, poor thing."

Martha now looked up, and her radiant face paled slowly as the woman began to talk to her. The news seemed to smite her like some hammer of fate, her brain reeled, and her ears rang with it.

"The minister was engaged, and had in fact gone to be married. He would



bring his bride home the next week; another minister was to occupy his pulpit the next Sunday. He was to marry a woman to whom he had been attached for years, but the marriage had been delayed.

Martha listened, then suddenly the color flashed back into her white cheeks—she had stanch blood in her.

"Well, I am glad to hear it," she said, and lied with no compunction for the first time in her life, and never repented it. "I have always thought it was much better for a minister to be married," she said. "I have always thought that his usefulness would be much enhanced. Father used to say so." Then she took out her needle and thread and went to work with the others.

The women eyed her furtively, but she made no sign of noticing it. When one said to her that she had kind of thought that maybe the minister was shining up to her, she only laughed, and said gently that they were very good friends, but

there had never been a word of anything else between them.

She overheard one wo-

man whisper to another that "if Martha wasn't cut up, she would deceive the very elect," and the other reply "that maybe he had told Martha all about the woman he was going to marry."

Martha staid as usual to the supper and the entertainment. A young couple sat on a settee in front of her while some singing was going on, and at a tender passage she saw the boy furtively press the girl's hand, and she set her lips hard.

But at last she was free to go home, and when she had unlocked the door and entered her lonely house, down upon the floor in her sitting-room she flung herself, with all the floodgates of her New England nature open at last. She wept and wailed her grief and anger aloud like a Southern woman.

Then in the midst of it all came a wild wailing cry from the parrot, a cry of uncanny sympathy and pain and tenderness outside the pale of humanity.

"Why, Martha! why, Martha! what's the matter?"

Then the woman rose and went to the cage, her delicate face and lips so swollen with grief that she was appalling; she had even trailed her best black silk in the mud on her way home. She was past the bounds of decency in her frenzy of misery. She opened the cage door, and the parrot flew out and to her slender shoulder, and she sobbed out her grief to him amid his protesting cries.

"Poor Martha, why, poor Martha," he said, and she felt almost certain that he had a soul, and she no longer felt so shocked by her leaning toward that belief, but was comforted.

But all of a sudden the parrot on her shoulder gave a tweak at her hair, and shrieked out:

"That was a damned cracker, Martha," and her belief wavered.

She put him back in his cage, and locked up her house for the night and put out her lamp, and went to bed, but she could not go to sleep, for the loss of her old dream of love gave the whole world and all life such a hollowness



"WHY,  
MARTHA!  
WHY, MARTHA! WHAT IS THE MATTER?"





BUT INWARDLY HER VERY SOUL STORMED AND PROTESTED

and emptiness that it was like thunder in her ears, and forced its waking realization upon her.

All during the next week, if it had not been for the parrot, she felt that she would have gone mad. She went out in her small daily tracks to the village store, and the prayer-meetings, and on Sunday to church, her agony of concern being that no one should know that she was fretting over the minister's desertion of her.

She talked about the engagement and marriage with her gentle stateliness of manner, which never failed her, but when she got home to her parrot, and the healing solitariness of her own house, she felt like one who had a cooling lotion applied to a burn.

And she wondered more and more if the parrot had not verily a soul, and could not approach her with a sympathy which was better than any human sympathy, since it was so beyond all human laws, but she was not fully convinced of it until the minister brought his new wife to call upon her a few weeks after his marriage.

She had wondered vaguely if he would do it, if he could do it, but he came in with all his dashing grace of manner, and his bride was smiling at his side, in her wedding silks, and Martha greeted them with no disturbance of her New England calm and stiffness, but inwardly her very soul stormed and protested, and as they were sitting in the parlor there came of a sudden from the next room, where he had been at large, the parrot, like a very whirlwind of feathered rage, and with a wild shriek he dashed upon the bridal bonnet, plucking furiously at roses and plumes.

Then there was a frightened and flurried exit, with confusion, and apologies, and screams of baffled wrath, and rueful smoothing of torn finery.

And after the minister and his bride had gone, Martha looked at her parrot, and his golden eyes met hers, and she recognized in the fierce bird a comradeship and an equality, for he had given vent to an emotion of her own nature, and she knew for evermore that the parrot had a soul.



# THE TEUTON TUG OF WAR

BY JULIAN RALPH

THE English enjoyed a generally quiet sense of satisfaction as it became more and more evident how unprepared we were for our war with Spain. It was natural, for they were then conducting to a finish the most carefully planned, slowly arranged, and thoroughly executed campaign in modern history—that against the Dervishes at Omdurman. Even we, possessing the same self-confidence and faith in our capacity, could see that we were not conducting our operations on any such finished and scientific lines. But now, even at this early day, it is our turn to find them unprepared, and not only unprepared but unfitted for their later task in war. We fondly imagine that we should not have been in the same plight had we confronted an absolutely new problem like theirs in South Africa. This is because we have a comparatively small regular army, and in turning our chief reliance upon irregular volunteer forces, made up of our Western Indian fighters, cowboys, and lifelong horsemen, we should not have violated the most sacred traditions of a European fighting nation by thus giving our regulars something like a subordinate place. But our irregulars would, I firmly believe, have made shorter work of the Boer than the British regulars will be able to do.

Then, again, we should have lacked in greater or less degree that temper with which the British are treating both rebel and enemy in South Africa—that extraordinary magnanimity, forbearance, and leniency which gains no thanks from the enemy, is almost certain to be discredited by foreign powers, and must seek its reward no nearer than heaven. We might enter upon such a war with blinders upon our eyes to prevent our seeing the all but open treason and rebellion all around us. We might begin with leaders pledged to act the part of parents reluctantly chastising a pair of thoughtless and mistaken

children. But I fear we should not have been able to maintain that calm and kindly temper after the best bud and flower of our people had been cut off, and the ranks beneath them had been razed as grass is left behind the sickle. It was not General Grant's way—or General Sherman's. It does not match the idea Sherman had of it when he said, during his march through Georgia, "The more terrible war is made, the sooner it will end."

Acting upon that theory, Great Britain would have put on at least "the front of war" at Cape Town, and with that grim mask before her face would have marched through Cape Colony. Had she done so, we who are with the British army would have been at home to-day, in my opinion, for nothing so spurred the Boers at first or so buoys them now as the treasonous aid and support they receive from the Cape Dutch. It is a case where an ounce of blood-letting would have saved thousands of lives, and it is dwelt upon here—though very lightly—not as part of the politics of the situation, as the English mistakenly regard it, but as a very large and serious part of the strength of the enemy. It is, indeed, part of their enemy, part of what they are fighting, one of the novel features of the generally new problem which the Boers last October challenged them to master or retire from Africa.

If America would not have found herself as unfitted for this war she is the only country except, possibly, Russia of which this can be said. England has had wide experience in small wars with semi-civilized nations, which fight in their own way, without consulting the military textbooks of Europe. Of equal value is it that she has waged these wars in many latitudes and on peculiar fighting-grounds. She came here with that experience behind her, and it must have told in her favor. But though it is true

that she had been trying to whip a hill-climbing shelter-clutching, swift, and light-riding people with a cumbrously organized army of European type, we may be certain that France and Germany would have known and possessed no more suitable soldiery. Those two countries would have had but one advantage over England. The officers of their armies would have been men whose training, lives, and ambitions were wholly military.

When Field-Marshal Lord Roberts came out to us he came to take the command of what had every outward aspect of a losing game. The army was not daunted, though it was checked. The people of England were not despondent, but they were depressed. We had fancied the English much less mercurial than they have proved themselves in this war, in which they have yielded their spirits to be alternately swept along upon high waves of jubilation or dashed down into gulfs of anxious misgiving. They did not realize and do not yet understand that their armies were fighting a country quite as much as an enemy; that the veldt offered a proposition which no army had ever before encountered; that in England's own colonies were the conditions of civil war in full, and yet so masked that the government abstained from dealing with them as with civil war. The Boer was, perhaps, the least difficult to overcome of the three novel obstacles in the army's path. Like any other mass of enlightened and republican people, the English only realized that they were not doing as gloriously as they were wont to do; they were not even having their own way slowly, and, like all democratic peoples, each citizen became a general and criticised all the other generals who were in the field.

When Lord Roberts actually arrived, the army in the field was seeing the day-break of a change for the better from no single point at which it was halted. Over in Natal an army was locked up in Ladysmith, with the Boers holding the door, and an outer force battering at it and at them in vain. In the south, General French, the cavalry leader, who had done so splendidly at Elands-laagte, and was yet to do as well under Lord Roberts, was harassing the Boers with spirited and incessant energy along such a front as

only the latest warfare produces—a thirty to forty mile position. But he was "getting no forrarder." On the west, Lord Methuen had run the front wheels of his army against a boulder called Maghersfontein, and could not get over it. It was to this state of things that the Field-Marshal came, and, as if the magic of his name was but the glory of a hard and sparkling materialization of wizardry in himself, he altered the entire situation in what now seems to us no time at all—as with a blow.

Let us look back over the experience of Lord Methuen, who seemed for a time to be conducting a military waltz rather than a mere promenade from the Orange River to Kimberley. We shall see that it was the country of the Boers that he was fighting quite as much if not more than it was the Boers of the country. To begin with, we set up an advanced supply station at De Aar, in Cape Colony, 80 miles below the Orange River. There we stored more and more goods until we had gathered at least five million dollars' worth. These stores comprised everything needed by an army in the field: horses, mules, carts, forage, food, saddles, uniforms, accoutrements, shoes, harness—everything. When we had half our stores there, the tents and corrugated iron sheds in which they were stored were in a tiny huddle in the middle of a valley commanded on the right and left by kopjes, with a wide open piece of veldt to the southward and a narrow pass at the other end. We had almost no troops to guard the treasure, and we did not fortify the hills. When the largest amount of stores was there we had one regiment of infantry, a battery, and a corps of scouts to defend the place. We dug trenches across the veldt and fortified the principal hill on either side. Even then we could not have withstood such an attacking force as it would have been well worth an enemy's while to send against us.

Mark how thus, at the very beginning, the enemy began to prove its inferiority to the country—the peculiar surface of the ground. No attack was made; yet we were surrounded by Boers and rebels. Practically every so-called farmer in the neighborhood was against us; rebels were in and out of the camp all day and every



day, pretending to have horses, forage, or garden-stuff to sell. Commandoes were hovering about in the north, on both sides of us and never far off; yet no attack was made. This proved that the Boer knew the true value of his country, and that he knew how to use it to the best advantage. He could hold a place like De Aar with a thousand men against ten thousand, but he would not attack it—or any place, or any one, unless the topography of the surroundings offered nearly complete shelter to himself. He has attacked in the open in daylight only once or twice in these seven months; he has made a night attack only once or twice—once only, I believe. De Aar, then, was unmolested because the Boer uses himself and his strange surroundings in combination. In what follows we shall see how he does this, and what proportion of the impediment in the way of British success should be credited to the land around Great Britain's army.

The South-African veldt is the most easily defended country in the world—"the best defensive country," is how a military man might put it. On every mile or two there is a natural fort—or half a dozen of them. These are the so-called kopjes, short, thick, volcanic-looking hills, often with a squared-off top or a craterlike bowl in the top, such as Majuba has. They are rocky hills, but not rocky as the reader is likely to understand the term, for these are nothing but rocks—hills made of rocks, so that the surface is a fret-work of the outermost boulders. Between and around these lies the veldt. It always looks level. It is never so.

It looks level because it is a dead and dull monotony of baked earth, sage tufts, and stones, any single acre being precisely like the next hundred or ten thousand acres. Instead of being smooth, it rises and falls in earthen billows, and often in the depression behind the ridge of such a billow an army can move. I have seen a long railway train lost on an apparently level veldt when the train turned into one of these depressions. But there is far better cover than these afford to the Boers. There are the so-called nullahs and spruits, which seam the veldt in millions of places. No one can see them until he is

almost upon them, yet in them troops can move unseen on horseback. In hundreds of them the whole Boer army could ride, invisible, for miles. At Belmont I was watching the retreating Boers and our pursuing mounted men. From the kopje's top where I was I saw the entire cavalcade suddenly disappear as if the earth had yawned and swallowed it. I went to the place afterward and saw that it was one of these rifts made by a torrent in the rainy season. It was a dozen or fourteen feet deep, and a great deal wider. Had our mounted force pushed on they would have been decimated before they saw this gutter, but their horses were too jaded, and they did not go so far. At Modder River, on the left of the Boers' main position, they used a part of one of these huge cracks in the earth as a kraal (corral) for their horses. This was a spruit, but, being bone-dry, was the same as a nullah. You could hide a two-storied house in it, and it ran to the river from a distance of half a mile. Here all their horses were knee-haltered and left with forage, and when the Boers retreated they ran to this place, under cover of the river-side trees and shrubbery, sprang upon their horses, and rode the length of the gutter before they could have been seen—had it been daylight—by any of our riflemen.

Only think what their position was at Modder River! Here they took advantage of the extraordinary defensive qualities of one of their rivers. What use could an army make of the Hudson, the Hackensack, Passaic, Housatonic, or Mohawk? It is needless to bring into comparison our great Western rivers. These South-African rivers are, during nine months in the year, narrow, shallow, muddy streams that dampen, so to speak, a ribbon in the centre of a very wide, very deep cavity in the earth. The configuration of this bed is marked or terraced, as if to show the varying heights to which the river rises. For this reason there is, first, a short but precipitous fall from the level of the veldt to where the incline of the bed begins. Small trees and shrubs grow on this incline down to the point which the water reaches in normal seasons of flood. Below the incline is a flat broad bed, all paved with large smooth-topped stones.



In the middle of this bed flows the normal river. In short, these rivers are, like the dry clefts in the veldt, natural defensive positions, ready-made trenches, impromptu sunken forts. We shall see, by describing how the Boers used the Modder at the battle of that name (and again at Paardeberg, where Cronje surrendered), either how perfect a defence such a place gives, or how skilfully the Boers use the opportunities their country offers—or both.

They dug a trench parallel with the river-bank, close to its edge, and turned the excavated earth into a breastwork, into which they stuck boughs and branches of trees to blend with the trees behind them. Here the riflemen, thousands strong, took their position, and held it for nearly twelve hours without its ever being known to most of the British troops whose progress they stopped whether the Boers were on the same side of the river as themselves or on the farther side. Of such immense value is smokeless powder. By its use the Boers, whose principal aim is to keep invisible, made even their fire—their fighting—invisible. As I have said, the South-African river-beds begin with a sheer declivity, a precipitous outer edge. This wall provided shelter for the officers, stretcher-bearers, ammunition-distributors, and water-carriers, who passed freely and safely up and down the rear of their line, even on horseback if they were so minded. Those who had occasion to pass to and from the trenches and this deep-sheltered “runway” found that the plentiful vegetation skirting the bed’s edge in a narrow but dense line gave them their needed chance to remain out of view of the British.

As a rule, I think, the adjacent land slopes toward a river, but South-African topography violates all rules, and at this place the land inclined downward and away from the river, so that every object as large as a jack-rabbit could be seen by the intrenched Boers at a distance of three miles. There appears, now, to have been nothing but luck in our winning that battle. We used to say that there were 7000 or 8000 Boers in those trenches, but there was nothing like so many, in all probability. Yet they held us flat upon our stomachs all day, while they pumped

lead over our heads as I verily believe bullets were never shot before. They did no other fighting than to stay in a gutter and shoot. Their country was what perplexed and hindered us most, for most of us did not even know where they were. We never saw them. At last a handful of our ever-valorous, recklessly brave men got across the river, and cheered with an Anglo-Saxon “Hip, hip, hurrah!” in order to warn a British battery and some of our own men not to continue shooting where we were. At this sound the Boers, imagining that our ten thousand men were about to flank them, took alarm and fled.

There is another feature of the veldt to help make this land easily defensible by any army that attacks as well as defends, against any power on earth. I refer to the so-called spruits, the usually dry beds of the small tributaries of the rivers. They are deep, broad, steep-walled trenches dug into the earth by running water. You see one only at a distance of a few score yards, at the uttermost, before you come to it. It was in one of these (“Corne Spruit”), a little tributary of the Modder near Bloemfontein, that Colonel Broadwood’s convoy was trapped when he was being shelled by an enemy that he supposed was entirely in his rear. The Boers suddenly came out from their hiding-places in the spruit and demanded the surrender of the wagons, and also of the guns of a battery which had been driven into the web. This was another instance of utilizing nature as an ally—but it was a fine bit of strategy, the finest the Boers have as yet worked out.

But South-African topography has not contented herself with assisting her lords and masters merely with hollows, ridges, sluits, spruits, and kopjes. In order to provide a fortification to every square mile of the land she has devised stone breastworks. These are oftenest found at the foot of a kopje, but the rule has such plentiful exceptions that one never knows where he will come across a collection of great boulders behind which men may hide and attack wild game or human foe. These collections of great black rocks may comprise a few in an irregular line or two, or they may cumber a square half-mile of the veldt, thrown over it



thickly and in confusion. These the Boers can utilize on the open veldt, or, as they did at Maghersfontein, they may fringe the foot of a kopje, and, with the added help of bushes, may make them serve as a screen, from behind which re-enforcements, ammunition, and water can be safely passed to the men in the trenches.

Of all these obstacles the men of Lord Methuen's flying column made light, by sheer valor—by a bravery we thank God our soldiers can match, but which no men on earth can possibly excel. These British officers and "Tommies" have a quality of courage that passes my understanding. It even befogs my judgment, as I have said in writing to England, upon the return it makes for the cost it entails. At Belmont and Graspan the troops stalked up kopjes against almost literal ropes of bullets. The more experienced were placed five paces apart, and most of them escaped, but the naval brigade and a regiment of guards, who lacked either proper orders or experience, marched along almost shoulder to shoulder, seeing their comrades drop like autumn leaves in a gale, but still plodding on, until the Boers must have imagined them demons, so that, with terror at their heartstrings, they turned and fled from both battle-fields. The naval force lost precisely fifty per cent., or one man in every two. Thus Methuen's men marched on, hungry, tired, thirsty, losing a battalion out of ten, but rushing at the foe three times in one week, though his haunt each time was a volcano's crater spewing lead. At Maghersfontein the very men who lost the battle were those whose bravery had earned them more celebrity than any troops in the British army—the Highlanders.

You must never think of the Boer as a farmer, which he is not—any more than Governor Roosevelt was when he was ranching in the Bad Lands. The Boer is a cattle-herder, but this is so new a vocation of his that we must consider him as, first of all, a hunter. He was nothing else three or four decades ago—and more recently in some parts of his countries. He clings to his sporting-rifle to-day, and to-day he longs to be a hunter solely, as our Indians do, and his father was.

"The Boers have the great defect of

all amateur soldiers," wrote George W. Steevens from the Natal side early in the war: "they love their ease, and do not mean to be killed." The Boer is an amateur soldier; but then, again, he is a natural soldier, and of his kind the best natural soldier in the world. He does not mean to be killed. I wrote privately last December what I will here set down openly—that I do not believe Belmont and Graspan were genuine victories for the British; they were simply instances illustrating the Boer method of staying in battle as long as he can inflict harm, and then removing to a stronger position, previously agreed upon, as soon as the tide turns and he begins to receive damage. He did not follow these tactics at Paardeberg, but this was owing to the stupidity of Cronje, who could not be made to believe that he was surrounded, and continued to wait for the frontal attack which he had good reason to believe was the only mode of assault known to the British.

The Boer may love his ease, but he has most heroically restrained himself from taking it. In European military parlance, he is a mounted infantryman, and the lightest-riding, most mobile man that we know among civilized or semicivilized peoples. In this war we know that some of the same leaders and commandoes have frequently crossed and recrossed the Free State, now fighting Buller in Natal, now engaging French at Rensburg, and even combating or threatening Methuen at Modder and Maghersfontein. This rapid work must have been done with only biltong in the saddle-bags, and with no transport. But that is not the Boer's favorite or characteristic mode of soldiering. He usually has a considerable transport near by, in which is carried not only plenty of good and varied fare, but often his women as well. It is not wise to believe anything that any Boer says, under any circumstances, for the Spartans never can have reduced theft to such a science as these singular people have developed in the practice of lying, and yet I have heard this statement as to their comforts in such ways and with such details that I am inclined to think there is some basis for it.

The Boers seem not to know or to like to tell the truth, for they lie to one another.



er, are lied to by their leaders, and are all but fattened with lies by their newspaper organs. It is a condition so extraordinary that I cannot comprehend it, though every one of us in South Africa knows it to be true. I have seen the files of a Boer newspaper dating from the beginning of the war, and every battle report ended with "our loss was two killed and fifteen wounded," or "one killed, while the English dead covered the field." Kimberley's relief, Cronje's surrender, Ladysmith's freedom, were all denied, and at the same time the commandants told their fighting-men that Russia and England were at war, that Russia had seized a large part of India, and that 15,000 Russian troops had landed in Natal. I do not exaggerate when I say that the only case of veracity I have yet heard of among the Boers brought upon the truth-teller's head a sentence for treason. He had fought at Belmont, and on returning home to Barkly West had declared that the British won the battle. Since it is an axiom that "truth will prevail," and since every lie about the war has to be retracted more or less quickly, I cannot understand the minds which at one and the same time indulge the practice and are humbugged by it. What it leads to has to do with the fighting habits of the Boer, so that these remarks are not of the nature of a digression. It leads to British soldiers' being invited into a Dutch garden to help themselves to fruit, and then being shot at by Boers hiding in the garden. It leads to such incidents as that at Jacobsdal, where every garden wall vomited shot, and yet where, when the town was taken, the men came out—very many with Red Cross badges on their arms—to welcome the soldiers and tell them how glad they were that the British were coming to give them good rule and honest rulers. It leads to an instance the exact opposite of that, in which, at a village near Ladybrand, Colonel Broadwood and his men, while scattering Lord Roberts's proclamation, were entertained at tea in the best houses, and were told that all the people were glad the British had come. Within the half-hour that the little band of British enjoyed the hospitality of the place a galloper came in to warn Broadwood that several thousands of Boers

were approaching. The colonel and his men leaped upon their horses and made a hasty escape, but—as they fled—from the windows and the garden walls the Boers who had welcomed them fusilladed them with rifle-fire. Both this form of deception and the other one called lying are included in the definition of the Boer word "slim." To be "slim" is the aim of every man of that much-mixed blood. They openly boast of and glory in it. In a dictionary the word would stand thus:

SLIM—cunning, tricky, able to get the better of all with whom one has to do.

I have called the Boer a great natural soldier, but I suspect that what he is as a soldier is merely what he first became as a hunter. All his attributes are those of the clever stalker of wild and savage game. One trait that belongs to the born hunter he has lost—at least he has lost it in warfare; that is, his marksmanship. Considering the vast stores of cartridges he has burned in this war, and taking into weighty account the fact that the British have always been the attacking party, usually approaching him in full view, it is amazing how small a percentage of men the English have lost. That is one of the universally circulated bits of knowledge of the Boer that we have had to unlearn, for at the outset the most that was urged in his behalf as a warrior was that he was an excellent marksman. I still believe that he is, but the modern magazine-rifle destroys marksmanship while the marksman uses it. When an enemy is approaching and you can shoot at him as often as you can move your right forefinger, you are apt, if not certain, to prefer throwing a hail of shot rather than take the time for deliberate aiming and the chance of missing at the end. It is simpler, easier, and more satisfactory to send a mass of lead into a mass of men—particularly when they are Britishers rushing toward you as if their khaki uniform covered bodies of Harveyized steel.

The inspection of half a dozen battlefields immediately after their desertion by the Boers has led me to believe that the Boers admit of classification in three groups, the Transvaaler, the Free-Stater,



and the wretchedly poor soldier—the last being common to both countries. It is a queer way to study people, but I began my studies among the dead Boers, and, in a measure, have continued them with the same material. To describe the three sorts of Boers with a wide brush and a few strokes, as a cartoonist would do, I should say that I pick out the Transvaaler as the sturdy, tall, lithe young man in homespun, or the burly, heavily bearded elder in the same dress; both rude, not caring for clothes except as covering, not barbered, yet not very unkempt; always vigorous, powerful, thick-necked, and stubborn-jawed. I decide those to be Free-Staters who are of finer mould, softer skin, better dress, who (even in death) carry an atmosphere that connects them with the English colonists who live near them. One notices a hint of ornament, the path of the razor, the missing toll taken by the scissors from the hair and beard. Once I even saw a pair of gloved dead hands—the only gloves I've ever seen worn by "Brother Boer." And then there are the dreadful-looking poor. Tigrish they look when one sees them marching to prison, with cunning little eyes set only a finger apart, as baboons' eyes are put, with long matted beards and knotted hair. The memory of some of these whom I have seen dead will cling to me till I follow them.

At first I thought that the dreadful-looking poorer Boers were servants or ranch-hands. I have not yet quite cleared this up, but I am advised that they more nearly correspond to our "poor whites" in the South than to any other people with whom so many of us are acquainted. They may work on the ranches in kraaling and feeding the cattle and horses and doing the chores; or, singularly, they may be simply squatters who have settled upon a ranch, built themselves a hutchlike sort of cabin, and never been disturbed by the ranch-owner. For I am told that always, when misfortune overwhelms a typical Boer of the genuine stripe, he gives up ambition, but clings to his rifle and to the land he once owned, upon which latter he squats and remains undisturbed. The existence of this class completes and perfects the resemblance

which I early noticed to exist between the Boers of the two republics and the mountain folk in West Virginia. Whenever I have seen a throng of Boers my mind has gone back to memorable days spent in the Blue Ridge mountains a few years ago, and to a village festival which brought together the people of the valleys and hills from far and near. The Boers are heavier men, and in advanced years grow portly, but otherwise the type is much the same, and I should say that the social and intellectual grade is nearly identical in the two regions. Both peoples are bearded, and wear the same sort of rough-and-ready shop-made clothes; both live out-door lives on the backs of horses; both keep their rifles handy in simple homes which are arranged and appointed surprisingly alike.

Some of the well-to-do Free State Boers used to drive to battle in their Cape carts, a luxurious practice of which I never heard anywhere else, and which wholly justifies the late Mr. Steevens's happy designation of them as "amateur soldiers." When they had slain as many British as they thought possible, and the tide of victory was setting toward the foe, they rolled back to their ranches in their comfortable carts (for a Cape cart is a very roomy, heavy, two-wheeled carriage of somewhat the pattern of an old-time chaise or gig), or, more often, upon the fleet spare horse which they had led behind them in the morning. I saw this at Belmont and at Graspan; and there, also, I first saw the wolfish, tangle-bearded, wretchedly poor dead to whom I have made reference. I inferred, from their being the only dead on the kopjes, that the poor wretches, whose surroundings showed that they had lived and slept in their rocky crannies for weeks, were laborers, and had been commanded to stay there, to continue a hopeless fight and to mask the retreat of the others.

I know better now, and what I have learned reveals one of the most peculiar habits of the Boer in battle. They were left lying dead where they were killed because they were poor, and because they had no relatives in the commando, at least none who was able to carry their bodies away. Understand that the British find very few dead on the field, even after the hottest battle. This is because a



Boer who dies in battle dies among his people, and they carry his body away. He has his brothers, sons, uncles, or cousins fighting by his side, and it is as if he fell on his own ranch. Immediately one of his relations takes away the body. The bodies that are left—and none are left unless the field is vacated by sudden flight—are the always-despised foreigners, and those who have no kin at hand to care for them. From a kopje on one of Methuen's battle-fields we saw the dead being thrown over the saddles of the living, and one officer declared that he saw a dead Boer lifted upon his horse and held there by another man, who rode away holding up the corpse with one hand. At Maghersfontein a friendly woman who lived on the veldt behind the Boer position declared that the dead were carried past her house all day during the long and bitter fight. On that battle-ground I found many new graves, into which, without doubt, the despised Hollanders, French, Germans, and Scandinavians were tumbled hastily, while others were sunk in the Riet River, which joins the Modder at that battle-field. One gathers from the systematic deception practised by their leaders upon the Boers, with regard to their losses in battle, that this instant removal of the dead by various means is intended to deceive their own soldiers quite as much as to conceal the truth from the British.

I speak of the Boer disrespect for foreigners in his own ranks because so many facts attest it. The Scandinavians whom we captured at Maghersfontein told us they had never been so kindly treated by the Boers. An American who is a burgher and fought against the British told me that the Boer distrusts every foreigner, including the Hollander. Another burgher, in a Boer home and surrounded by a Boer family, assured me that Albrecht was the only foreigner whom the Boers respected. Him they trusted because he had lived so long with them—yet his speech was always half Taal and half German. Poor gallant Villebois, who, though misguided, was sincere, suffered continual rudeness at the hands of his comrades. When, at Jacobsdal, he warned Cronje that he was being flanked by the British, the

obstinate old fighting rancher replied, "The British will never leave the railway." And when Villebois persisted, Cronje said to him, in coarse language, what can be clumsily refined in this sentence: "Shut up! I was a soldier when you were a baby." Subsequently he is said to have torn up Villebois's plan for the recapture of Kimberley after the paper had been approved by the *Kriegs-raad*.

As for the war itself, we have come to a second pause as I write. The first halt all along the line was, as I have said, apparently without a break to let in the light of hope. Field-Marshal Lord Roberts ended that crisis and set every one of four armies in motion. He darted from Modder Station to take in Kimberley with one arm, and to encircle Cronje's force with the other, though the Boer force melted down, by night escapes, to one-half its original size before it surrendered. Then the magician "Bobs," as the soldiers love to call him ("the Little Man" is the affectionate phrase of the officers), pushed on to Bloemfontein, fighting practically all the way and winning everywhere. At Bloemfontein he has halted five weeks, and I fancy that once again I can hear the murmuring of the millions of self-appointed generals predicting all misfortunes, suggesting all conceivable projects for ending the war.

At this distance from the day when this will be published I may say that perhaps the stay-at-home critics do not know how many British horses died on the last march, or how fagged were those that survived; that perhaps not every one remembers what a large amount of stores and wagons the army lost at Waterfall Drift—or how difficult it is to get more wagons. Again, it cannot be that those at a distance can see the veldt which lies all around us—a new veldt to us; no longer baked and swept by "dust devils," but a spongy, stodgy bog of a veldt, drenched by daily torrents. Lord Roberts's horses would not last four days at pulling a convoy through that mud—and the rains are about to cease.

Furthermore, the 7000 Boers who incautiously went south of Bloemfontein a week after we took the capital had better be surrounded and sent to St. Helena if



possible before the army starts, since, as Lord Roberts has said, "there will be so many the less to get in front of us." It will amuse every one who is with the British to read the above paragraph and to try to realize that a writer is explaining why Lord Roberts stood still at Bloemfontein. It will amuse them because in the British army it is quite enough to know that he did it. No one questions or doubts "Bobs" in the British army. His place is unique there—and in all the world besides.

In all the world besides no other man has the confidence, affection, and pride of so many men. It is not merely the private soldier who is wholly satisfied simply to be led by him. The feeling is the same among the officers. He has infinite tact, because he is in complete sympathy with every man in or above the ranks. He returns every salute; he talks to every sort of soldier; he knows them by name by the hundreds. He is more profuse in kind words and compliments than in reproof, just as he is most inclined to be gentle and kindly, yet every man knows how firm and severe he can be. In those two sentences lies the definition of perfect justice, which he nearly personifies. He makes so little show and parade that there is no plainer man among his 200,000; and yet he is always as neat as a pin; a straight-built, solidly set up, quick, nervous little man, with bright eyes under a majestic forehead and above a masterful chin. His face is so sad and gentle when it is in repose that you have to look at it again and again—and then only to add to your wonder how that can be the visage of a man who deals death for a profession, and leads to death the flower of the army he loves. Look at the same face again when he is speaking, giving orders. It is just as kindly, but the melancholy has fled, and in its place is the indefinable tracery called "command."

At Dreefontein he came out to where the naval battery was and sat down on a camp-stool brought for him by his Indian attendant. He spoke to the officer in command of the battery cheerily, and now and then he asked the younger officers a question. All the time he was smiling and looking most pleased, though, for its size, there has not been a hotter

battle in the war. Gallopers and staff-officers came and went, bringing news and taking away orders. "Tell Colonel So-and-so to move a little forward and to the left." "Say that I wish So-and-so would push forward." It was all as quietly and calmly said and done, there in the heat of battle and within range of the enemy's guns—as calmly and quietly done as ever a bank-manager issued orders to his clerks on a dull afternoon. And, just as suddenly as he came, the Field-Marshal sprang up and walked away, with the Indian and the chair at his heels.

He trusts every man implicitly until he finds himself mistaken in an individual; then it is not comfortable to be in that man's shoes. He is never angry. He controls his temper as he does his appetite, for he never smokes, and drinks hardly at all. He lives, in war, as plainly as any colonel under him, to say the least. Beyond and behind and above all else that distinguishes him is this: that though he is a general among men, he counts himself, before God, a humble soldier, for, without ever intruding the fact, he is a devout Christian.

I think that Lord Methuen is another very religious man. I am quite sure he is a very good man, and as high a type of the courteous and polished gentleman as the army contains. Next to that—and, some may say, above it—he is distinguished for a degree of bravery which leads one to imagine that he would fight a lion with a pocket-knife rather than show the animal his back. I used to think, when I was attached to his command, that he was braver than a general ought to show himself, so often did he risk being killed or wounded, even on days of rest, when he persisted in going to the outposts to study his and the enemy's position. At Modder River he made at least two attempts to lead his men across the stream under heavy fire, and there, you remember, he was wounded.

It is impossible here to describe the characteristics of all the British leaders. Really there has been but one leader since "Little Bobs" came. Even a name which filled the world has now been merged in his, for he alone commands—and absolutely.

BLOEMFONTEIN, April 19, 1900.



# A BICYCLE OF CATHAY

BY  
FRANK  
R  
STOCKTON

4<sup>th</sup>  
PART

sary for me to go back to the main road.

The good gentleman fairly shouted at me. "You aren't going to any hotel!" he declared. "Do you suppose we are heathens, to let you start off at this late hour in the afternoon for a hotel? You

I WAS immensely relieved to get rid of the bear and to leave him in such good quarters, for it now appeared to me quite reasonable that I might have had difficulty in lodging him anywhere on the premises of the Cheltenham, and under any circumstances I very much preferred appearing at that hotel without an ursine companion. As soon as we reached the house I told Mr. Larramie that it was now necessary for me to hurry on, and asked if there were not some way to the hotel which would not make it neces-

have nothing to do with hotels—you spend the night with us, sir! If you are thinking about your clothes, pray dismiss the subject from your mind. If it will make you feel better satisfied, we will all put on golf suits. In the morning we will get your machine from the Holly Sprig, and when you want to go on, we will send you and it to Waterton in a wagon. It is not a long drive, and it is much the pleasanter way to manage your business."

The family showed themselves delighted when they heard that I was to spend



the night with them, and I did not object to the plan, for I had not the slightest desire to go to a summer hotel. Just before I went up to my room to get ready for supper, the young Genevieve came to me upon the porch.

"Would you mind," she said, "letting me feel your muscle?"

Very much surprised, I reached out my arm for her inspection, and she clasped her long thin fingers around my *biceps flexor cubiti*. Apparently, the inspection was very satisfactory to her.

"I would give anything," she said, "if I had muscle like that!"

I laughed heartily. "My dear little girl," said I, "you would be sorry, indeed, if you had anything of the sort. When you grow up and go to parties, how would you like to show bare arms shaped like mine? You would be a spectacle, indeed."

"Well," said she, "perhaps you are right. I might not care to have them bulge, but I would like to have them hard."

It was a lively supper and an interesting evening. Miss Edith sat opposite to me at table—I gave her this title because I was informed that there was an elder sister who was away on a visit. I could see that she regarded me as her especial charge. She did not ask me what I would have, but she saw that every possible want was attended to. As the table was lighted by a large hanging-lamp I had a better view of her features than I had yet obtained. She was not handsome. Her eyes were too wide apart, her nose needed perhaps an eighth of an inch in length, and her well-shaped mouth would not have suffered by a slight reduction. But there was a cheerful honesty in her expression and in her words which gave me the idea that she was a girl to believe in.

After supper we played round games, and the nervous young lady talked. She could not keep her mind on cards, and therefore played no game. In the course of the evening Mrs. Larramie took occasion to say to me, and her eyes were very full as she spoke, that she did not want me to think she had forgotten that that day I had given her her daughter, and although the others—greatly to my satisfaction—did not indulge in any such embarrassing expres-

sions of gratitude, they did not fail to let me know the high estimation in which they held me. The little girl, Clara, sat close to me while I was playing, every now and then gently stroking my arm, and when she was taken off to bed she ran back to say to me that the next time I brought a bear to their house she hoped I would also bring some little ones. Even Percy took occasion to let me know that, under the circumstances, he was willing to entirely overlook the fact of my being a schoolmaster.

After the games, when the family was scattering—not to their several bed-chambers, but apparently to various forms of recreation or study which seemed to demand their attention—Miss Edith asked me if I would not like to take a walk and look at the stars. As this suggestion was made in the presence of her parents I hesitated a moment, expecting some discreet objection. But none came, and I assented most willingly to a sub-astral promenade.

There was a long flagged walk which led to the road, and backward and forward upon this path we walked many, many times.

"I like starlight better than moonlight," said Miss Edith, "for it doesn't pretend to be anything more than it is. You cannot do anything by starlight except simply walk about, and if there are any trees, that isn't easy. You know this, you don't expect anything more, and you're satisfied. But moonlight is different. Sometimes it is so bright out-of-doors when the moon is full that you are apt to think you could play golf or croquet, or even sit on a bench and read. But it isn't so. You can't do any of these things—at least, you can't do them with any satisfaction. And yet, month after month, if you live in the country, the moon deceives you into thinking that for a great many things she is nearly as good as the sun. But all she does is to make the world beautiful, and she doesn't do that as well as the sun does it. The stars make no pretences, and that's the reason I like them better.

"But I didn't bring you out here to tell you all this," she continued, offering me no opportunity of giving my opinions on the stars and moon. "I simply wanted to say that I am so glad

and thankful to be walking about on the surface of the earth with whole bones and not a scratch from head to foot"—at this point my heart began to sink: I never do know what to say when people are grateful to me—"that I am going to show you my gratitude by treating you as I know you would like to be treated. I shall not pour out my gratitude before you and make you say things which are incorrect, for you are bound to do that if you say anything—"

"I thank you from the bottom of my heart," I said, "but now let us talk some more about the stars."

"Oh, bother the stars!" said she. "But I will drop the subject of gratitude as soon as I have said that if you ever come to know me better than you do now, you will know that in regard to such things I am the right kind of a girl."

I had not the slightest doubt that she was entirely correct. And then she began to talk about golf, and after that of croquet.

"I consider that the finest out-door game we have," she said, "because there is more science in it than you find in any of the others. Your brains must work when you play croquet with intelligent opponents."

"The great trouble about it is," I said, "that it is often so easy."

"But you can get rid of that objection," she replied, "if you have a bad ground. Croquet needs hazards just as much as golf does. The finest games I have ever seen were played on a bad ground."

So we talked and walked until some of the lights in the upper windows of the house had gone out. We ascended to the porch, and just before entering the front door she turned to me.

"I wish I could go to sleep to-night with the same right to feel proud, self-confident, superior, that you have. Good-night." And she held out her hand and gave mine a strong, hearty shake.

I smiled as she left me standing on the porch. This was the same spot on which her sister Genevieve had felt my muscle. "This is an appreciative family," I said, and guided by the sound of voices, I found Mr. Larramie and his son Walter in the billiard-room.

Before going to bed that night I did

not throw myself into an easy-chair and gaze musingly out into the night. On the contrary, I stood up sturdily with my back to the mantel-piece, and with the forefinger of my right hand I tapped my left palm.

"Now, then," said I to myself, "as soon as my bicycle is put into working order I shall imitate travellers in hot countries; I shall ride all night, and I shall rest all day. There are too many young women in Cathay. They turn up one after another with the regularity of a continuous performance. No sooner is the curtain rung down on one act than it is rung up on another. Perhaps after a while I may get out of Cathay, and then again I can ride by day."

In taking my things from my valise, I pulled out the little box which the doctor's daughter had given me, but I did not open it. "No," said I, "there is no need whatever that I should take a capsule to-night."

After breakfast the next day Mr. Larramie came to me. "Do you know," said he, "I feel ashamed on account of the plans I made for you."

I did not know, for I could see no earthly reason for such feeling.

"I arranged," said he, "to send to the Holly Sprig for your machine, and then to have you and it driven over to Waterton. Now this I consider brutish. My wife told me that it was, and I agree with her perfectly. It will take several days to repair that injured wheel—Walter tells me you cannot expect it in less than three days—and what will you do in Waterton all that time? It isn't a pretty country, the hotels are barely good enough for a night's stop, and there isn't anything for you to do. Even if you hired a wheel you would find it stupid exploring that country. Now, sir, that plan is brushed entirely out of sight. Your bicycle shall be sent on, and when you hear that it is repaired and ready for use, you can go on yourself if you wish to."

"My dear sir," I exclaimed, "this is entirely too much!"

He put his hands upon my shoulders and looked me squarely in the face. "Too much!" said he, "too much! That may be your opinion, but I can tell you you have got the whole of the rest



of the world against you. That is, you would have if they all knew the circumstances. Now you are only one, and if you want to know how many people are opposed to you, I have no doubt Percy can tell you, but I am not very well posted in regard to the present population of the world."

There was no good reason that I could offer why I should go and sit solitary in Waterton for three days, and if I had had any such reason I know it would have been treated with contempt. So I submitted—not altogether with an easy mind, and yet seeing cause for nothing but satisfaction and content.

"Another thing," said Mr. Larramie; "I have thought that you would like to attend to your bicycle yourself. Perhaps you will want to take it apart before you send it away. Percy will be glad to drive to the Holly Sprig, and you can go with him. Then when you come back I will have my man take your machine to Waterton. I have a young horse very much in need of work, and I shall be glad to have an excuse for giving him some travelling to do."

I stood astounded. Go back to the Holly Sprig! This arrangement had been made without reference to me. It had been supposed, of course, that I would be glad to go and attend to the proper packing of my bicycle. Even now, Percy, running across the yard, called to me that he would be ready to start in two minutes.

When I took my seat in the wagon, Mr. Larramie was telling me that he would like me to inform Mrs. Chester that he would keep the bear until it was reasonable to suppose that the owner would not come for it, and that then he would either sell it or buy it himself, and make satisfactory settlement with her.

I know I did not hear all that he said, for my mind was wildly busy trying to decide what I ought to do. Should I jump down even now and decline to go to the Holly Sprig, or should I go on and attend to my business like a sensible man? There was certainly no reason why I should do anything else, but when the impatient Percy started, my mind was not in the least made up; I remained on the seat beside him simply because I was there.

Percy was a good driver, and glad to exhibit his skill. He was also in a lively mood, and talked with great freedom. "Do you know," said he, "that Edith wanted to drive you over to the inn? Think of that! But it had all been cut and dried that I should go, and I was not going to listen to any such nonsense. Besides, you might want somebody to help you take your machine apart and pack it up."

I was well satisfied to be accompanied by the boy and not by his sister, and as the wheels and his tongue rattled along together, we soon reached the inn.

Percy drove past it and was about to turn into the entrance of the yard, but I stopped him. "I suppose your wheel is back there?" he said.

"Yes," said I, "but I will get out here."

"All right," he replied; "I'll drive around to the sheds."

At the open door of the large room I met Mrs. Chester, evidently on her way out of doors. She wore a wide straw hat, her hands were gloved, and she carried a basket and a pair of large shears. When she saw me there was a sudden flush upon her face, but it disappeared quickly. Whether this meant that she was agreeably surprised to see me again, or whether it showed that she resented my turning up again so soon after she thought she was finally rid of me, I did not know. It does not do to predicate too much upon the flushes of women.

I hastened to inform her why I had come, and now, having recovered from her momentary surprise, she asked me to walk in and sit down, an invitation which I willingly accepted, for I did not in the least object to detaining her from her garden.

Now she wanted to know how I had managed to get on with the bear, and what the people at the Cheltenham said about it, and when I went on to tell her the whole story, which I did at considerable length, she was intensely interested. She shuddered at the runaway, she laughed heartily at the uprisings of the McKenna sisters, and she listened earnestly to everything I had to say about the Larramies.

"You seem to have a wonderful way," she exclaimed, "of falling in with—"



I think she was going to say "girls," but she changed it to "people."

"Yes," said I. "I should not have imagined that I could make so many good friends in such a short time."

Then I went on to give her Mr. Larramie's message, and to say more things about the bear. I was glad to think of any subject which might prolong the conversation. So far she was interested, and all that we said seemed perfectly natural to the occasion, but this could not last, and I felt within me a strong desire to make some better use of this interview.

I had not expected to see her again, certainly not so soon, and here I was alone with her, free to say what I chose; but what should I say? I had not premeditated anything serious. In fact, I was not sure that I wished to say anything which should be considered absolutely serious and definite, but if I were ever to do anything definite—and the more I talked with this bright-eyed and merry-hearted young lady, the stronger became the longing to say something definite—now was the time to prepare the way for what I might do or say hereafter.

I was beginning to grow nervous, for the right thing to say would not present itself, when Percy strode into the room. "Good-morning, Mrs. Chester," said he, and then turning to me he declared that he had been waiting in the yard, and began to think I might have forgotten I had come for my wheel.

Of course I rose and she rose, and we followed Percy to the back door of the house. Outside I saw that the boy of the inn was holding the horse, and that the wheel was already placed in the back part of the wagon.

"I've got everything all right, I think," said Percy. "I didn't suppose it was necessary to wait for you, but you'd better



*There Was A Sudden Flush Upon Her Face*

take a look at it to see if you think it will travel without rubbing or damaging itself."

I stepped to the wagon and found that the bicycle was very well placed. "Now,



then," said Percy, taking the reins and mounting to his seat, "all you've got to do is to get up, and we'll be off."

I turned to the back door, but she was not there. "Wait a minute," said I, and I hurried into the house. She was not in the hall. I looked into the large room. She was not there. I went into the parlor, and out upon the front porch. Then I went back into the house to seek some one who might call her. I was even willing to avail myself of the services of citric acid, for I could not leave that house without speaking to her again.

In a moment Mrs. Chester appeared from some inner room. I believe she suspected that I had something to say to her which had nothing to do with the bear or the Larramies, for I had been conscious that my speech had been a little rambling, as if I were earnestly thinking of something else than what I was saying, and that she desired that I should be taken away without an opportunity to unburden my mind; but now hearing me tramping about and knowing that I was looking for her, she was obliged to show herself.

As she came forward I noticed that her expression had changed somewhat. There was nothing merry about her eyes; I think she was slightly pale, and her brows were a little contracted, as if she were doing something she did not want to do.

"I hope you found everything all right," she said.

I looked at her steadily. "No," said I, "everything is not all right."

A slight shade of anxiety came upon her face. "I am sorry to hear that," she said. "Was your wheel injured more than you thought?"

"Wheel!" I exclaimed. "I was not thinking of wheels! I will tell you what is not all right! It is not right for me to go away without saying to you that I—"

At this moment there was a strong, shrill whistle from the front of the house. A most unmistakable sense of relief showed itself upon her face. She ran to the front door, and called out, "Yes, he is coming."

There was nothing for me to do but to follow her. I greatly disliked going away without saying what I wanted to say, and I would have been willing to

speak even at the front door, but she gave me no chance.

"Good-by," she said, extending her hand. It was gloved. It gave no clasp—it invited none. As I could not say the words which were on my tongue, I said nothing, and raising my cap, I hurried away.

To make up for lost time, Percy drove very rapidly. "I came mighty near having a fight while you were in the house," said he. "It was that boy at the inn. He's a queer sort of a fellow, and awfully impertinent. He was talking about you. He wanted to know if the bear had hurt you. He said he believed you were really afraid of the beast, and only wanted to show off before the women."

"I stood up for you, and I told him about Edith's runaway, and then he said, fair and square, that he didn't believe you stopped the horse. He said he guessed my sister pulled him up herself, and that then you came along and grabbed him and took all the credit. That's the sort of a fellow you were."

"That's the time I was going to pitch into him, but then I thought it would be a pretty low-down thing for me to be fighting a country tavern boy, so I simply gave him my opinion of him. I don't believe he'd have held the horse, only he thought it would make you get away quicker. He hates you. Did you ever kick him or anything?"

The scene vividly recurred to my mind—the horse leaping onward at furious speed, the swaying vehicle, and the girl tugging at the reins. But in spite of my disturbed state of mind I laughed, and thanked Percy for his championship of me.

When my unfortunate bicycle had been started on its way to Waterton, I threw myself into the family life of the Larramies, determined not to let them see any perturbations of mind which had been caused by the extraordinary promptness of the younger son. If a man had gone with me instead of that boy, I would have had every opportunity of saying what I wanted to say to the mistress of the Holly Sprig. I may state that I frequently found myself trying to determine what it was I wanted to say.

I did my best to suppress all thoughts





*The Scene Vividly Recurred To My Mind*

relating to things outside of this most hospitable and friendly house. I went to see the bear with the younger members of the family. I played four games of tennis, and in the afternoon the whole family went to fish in a very pretty mill-pond about a mile from the house. A good many fish were caught, large and small, and not one of the female fishers, except Miss Willoughby, the nervous young lady, and little Clara, would allow me to take a fish from her hook. Even Mrs. Larramie said that if she fished at all she thought she ought to do everything for herself, and not depend upon other people.

As much as possible I tried to be with Mr. Larramie and Walter. I had not the slightest distaste for the company of the ladies, but there was a consciousness upon me that there were pleasant things in which a man ought to restrict himself. There was nothing chronic about this consciousness. It was on duty for this occasion only.

That night at the supper table the conversation took a peculiar turn. Mr. Larramie was the chief speaker, and it pleased him to hold forth upon the merits of Mrs. Chester. He said, and his wife and others of the company agreed

with him, that she was a lady of peculiarly estimable character; that she was out of place; that every one who knew her well felt that she was out of place; but that she so graced her position that she almost raised it to her level. Over and over again her friends had said to her that a lady such as she was—still young, of a good family, well educated, who had travelled, and moved in excellent society—should not continue to be the landlady of a country inn, but the advice of her friends had had no effect upon her.

It was not known whether it was necessary for her to continue the inn-keeping business, but the general belief was that it was not necessary. It was supposed that she had had money when she married Godfrey Chester, and he was not a poor man.

Then came a strange revelation, which Mr. Larramie dwelt upon with considerable earnestness. There was an idea, he said, that Mrs. Chester kept up the Holly Sprig because she thought it would be her husband's wish that she should do so. He had probably said something about its being a provision for her in case of his death. At any rate, she seemed desirous to maintain the establishment exactly as he had ordered it in



his life, making no change whatever, very much as if she had expected him to come back and wished him to find everything as he had left it.

"Of course she doesn't expect him to come back," said Mr. Larramie, "because it must now be four years since the time of his supposed murder—"

"Supposed!" I cried, with much more excited interest than I would have shown if I had taken proper thought before speaking.

"Well," said Mr. Larramie, "that is a fine point. I said *supposed* because the facts of the case are not definitely known. There can be no reasonable doubt, however, that he is dead, for even if this fact had not been conclusively proved by the police investigations, it might now be considered proved by his continued absence. It would have been impossible for Mr. Chester alive to keep away from his wife for four years—they were devoted to each other. Furthermore, the exact manner of his death is not known—although it must have been a murder—and for these reasons I used the word *supposed*. But, really, so far as human judgment can go, the whole matter is a certainty. I have not the slightest doubt in the world that Mrs. Chester so considers it, and yet, as she does not positively know it—as she has not the actual proofs that her husband is no longer living—she refuses in certain ways, in certain ways only, to consider herself a widow."

"And what ways are those?" I asked, in a voice which, I hope, exhibited no undue emotion.

"She declines to marry again," said Mrs. Larramie, now taking up the conversation. "Of course, such a pretty woman—I may say, such a charming woman—would have admirers, and I know that she has had some most excellent offers, but she has always refused to consider any of them. There was one gentleman, a man of wealth and position, who had proposed to her before she married Mr. Chester, who came on here to offer himself again, but she cut off everything he had to say by telling him that as she did not positively know that her husband was not living, she could not allow a word of that sort to be said to her. I know this, because she told me so herself."

There was a good deal more talk of the sort, and of course it interested me greatly, although I tried not to show it, but I could not help wondering why the subject had been brought forward in such an impressive manner upon the present occasion. It seemed to me that there was something personal in it—personal to me. Had that boy Percy been making reports?

In the evening I found out all about it, and in a very straightforward and direct fashion. I discovered Miss Edith by herself, and asked her if all that talk about Mrs. Chester had been intended for my benefit, and if so, why?

She laughed. "I expected you to come and ask me about that," she said, "for of course you could see through a good deal of it. It is all father's kindness and goodness. Percy was a little out of temper when he came back, and he spun a yarn about your being sweet on Mrs. Chester, and how he could hardly get you away from her, and all that. He had an idea that you wanted to go there and live, at least for the summer. Something a boy said to him made him think that. So father thought that if you had any notions about Mrs. Chester you ought to have the matter placed properly before you without any delay, and I expect his reason for mentioning it at the supper table was that it might then seem like a general subject of conversation, whereas it would have been very pointed indeed if he had taken you apart and talked to you about it."

"Indeed it would," said I. "And if you will allow me, I will say that boys are unmitigated nuisances! If they are not hearing what they ought not to hear, they are imagining what they ought not to imagine—"

"And telling things that they ought not to tell," she added, with a laugh.

"Which is an extremely bad thing," said I, "when there is nothing to tell."

For the rest of that evening I was more lively than is my wont, for it was a very easy thing to be lively in that family. I do not think that I gave any one reason to suppose that I was a man whose attention had been called to a notice not to trespass.

As usual, I communed with myself before going to bed. Wherefore this feeling of disappointment? What did it

mean? Would I have said anything of importance, of moment, to Mrs. Chester, if the boy Percy had given me an opportunity? What would I have said? What could I have said? I could see that she did not wish that I should say anything, and now I knew the reason for it. It was all plain enough on her side. Even if she had allowed herself any sort of emotion regarding me, she did not wish me to indulge in anything of the kind. But as for myself. I could decide nothing about myself.

I smiled grimly as my eyes fell upon the little box of capsules. My first thought was that I should take two of them, but then I shook my head. "It would be utterly useless," I said; "they would do me no good."

In the course of the next morning I found myself alone. I put on my cap, lighted a pipe, and started down the flag walk to the gate. In a few moments I heard running steps behind me, and turning, I saw Miss Edith. "Don't look cross," she said. "Were you going for a walk?"

I scouted the idea of crossness, and said that I had thought of taking a stroll.

"That seems funny," said she, "for nobody in this house ever goes out for a lonely walk. But you cannot go just yet. There's a man at the back of the house with a letter for you."

"A letter!" I exclaimed. "Who in the world could have sent a letter to me here?"

"The only way to find out," she answered, "is to go and see."

Under a tree at the back of the house I found a young negro man, very warm and dusty, who handed me a letter, which, to my surprise, bore no address. "How do you know this is for me?" said I.

He was a good-natured looking fellow. "Oh, I know it's for you, sir," said he. "They told me at the little tavern—the Holly something—that I'd find you here. You're the gentleman that had a bicycle tire eat up by a bear, ain't you?"

I admitted that I was, and

still, without opening the letter, I asked him where it came from.

"That was give to me in New York, sir," said he, "by a Dago, one of these I-talians. He give me the money to go to Blackburn Station in the cars, and then I walked over to the tavern. He said he thought I'd find you there, sir. He told me just what sort of a lookin' man you was, sir, and that letter is for you, and no mistake. He didn't know your name or he'd put it on."

"Oh, it is from the owner of the bear," said I.

"Yes, sir," said the man, "that's him. He did own a bear—he told me—that eat up your tire."

I now tore open the blank envelope, and found it contained a letter on a single sheet, and in this was a folded paper, very dirty. The letter was apparently written in Italian, and had no signature. I ran my eye along the opening lines, and soon found that it would be a very difficult piece of business for me to read that letter. I was a fair French and German scholar, but my knowledge of Italian was due entirely to its relationship with Latin. I told the man to rest himself somewhere, and went to the house, and finding Miss Edith, I informed her that I had a letter from the bear man, and asked her if she could read Italian.

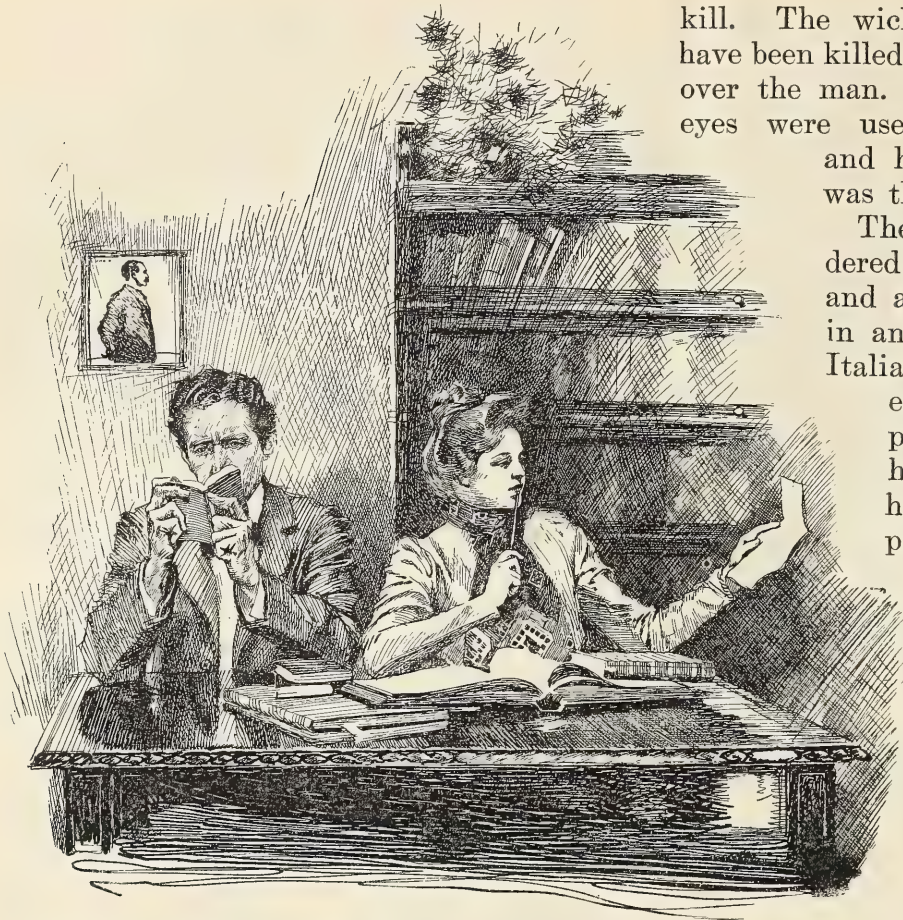
"I studied the language at school," she said, "but I have not practised much. However, let us go into the library—there is a dictionary there—and perhaps we can spell it out."

We spread the open sheet upon the library table, and laid the folded paper near by, and sitting side by side, with a dictionary before us, we went to work. It was very hard work.

"I think," said my companion, after ten minutes' application, "that the man who sent you this letter writes Italian about as badly as we read it. I think I could decipher the meaning of his words if I knew what letters these funny scratches were intended to represent. But let us stick to it. After a while we







*"The Man Who Sent You This Letter Writes Italian About As Badly As We Read It"*

may get a little used to the writing, and I must admit that I have a curiosity to know what the man has to say about his bear."

After a time the work became easier. Miss Edith possessed an acuteness of perception which enabled her to decipher almost illegible words by comparing them with others which were better written. We were at last enabled to translate the letter. The substance of it was as follows:

The writer came to New York on a ship. There was a man on the ship, an Italian man, who was very wicked. He did very wicked things to the writer. When he got to New York he kept on being wicked. He was so wicked that the writer made up his mind to kill him. He waited for him one night for two hours.

At last the moment came. It was very dark, and the victim came, walking fast. The avenger sprang from a doorway and plunged his knife into the back of the victim. The man fell, and the moment he fell the writer of the letter knew that he was not the man he had intended to

kill. The wicked man would not have been killed so easily. He turned over the man. He was dead. His eyes were used to the darkness, and he could see that he was the wrong man.

The coat of the murdered man had fallen open and a paper showed itself in an inside pocket. The Italian waited only long enough to snatch this paper. He wanted to have something which had belonged to that poor wrongly murdered man. After that he heard no more about the great mistake he had committed. He could not read the newspapers, and he asked nobody any questions. He put the paper away and kept it. He often thought he ought to burn

the paper, but he did not do it. He was afraid. The paper had a name on it, and he was sure that was the name of the man he had killed. He thought as long as he kept the paper there was a chance for his forgiveness.

This was all four years ago. He worked hard, and after a while he bought a bear. When his bear ate up the India rubber on my bicycle he was very much frightened, for he was afraid he might be sent to prison. But that was not the fright that made him run away.

When he talked to the boy and asked him the name of the keeper of the inn, and the boy told him what it was, then the earth seemed to open and he saw hell. The name was the name that was on the paper he had taken from the man he had killed by mistake, and this was his wife whose house he was staying at. He was seized with such a horror and such a fear that everything might be found out, and that he would be arrested, that he ran away to the railroad and took a train for New York.

He did not want his bear. He did not



want to be known as the man who had been going about with a bear. One thing he wanted, and that was to get back to Italy, where he would be safe. He was going back very soon in a ship. He had changed his name. He could not be found any more.

But he knew his soul would never have any peace if he did not send the paper to the wife of the man he had made a mistake about. But he could not write a letter to her, so he sent it to me for me to give her the paper and to tell her what he had written in the letter. He left America forever. Nobody in this country would ever see him again. He was gone. He was lost to all people in this country, but his soul felt better now that he had done that which would make the lady whose husband he had killed know how it had happened. The bear he would give to her. That was all that he could do for her.

There was no formal close to the letter; the writer had said what he had to say and stopped.

Miss Edith and I looked at each other. Her eyes had grown large and bright. "Now, shall we examine that paper?"

"I do not know that we have a right to do so," I said. I know my voice was trembling, for I was very much agitated. "That belongs to—to her!"

"I think," said Miss Edith, "that we ought to look at it. It is merely a folded paper. I do not think we ought to thrust information upon Mrs. Chester without knowing what it is. Perhaps the man made a mistake in the name. We may do a great deal of mischief if we do not know exactly what we are about." And so saying she took the paper and opened it.

It was nothing but a grocery bill, but it was made out to—Godfrey Chester, Dr. Evidently it was for goods supplied to the inn. It was receipted.

For a few moments I said nothing, and then I exclaimed, in tones which made my companion gaze very earnestly at me: "I must go to her immediately! I must take her these papers! She must know everything!"

"Excuse me," said Miss Edith, "but don't you think that something ought to be done about apprehending this man—this Italian? Let us go and question his

messenger." We went out together, she carrying, tightly clasped, both the letter and the bill.

The black man could tell us very little. An Italian that he had never seen before gave him the letter to take to the Holly Sprig Inn, and give to the gentleman that had had his tire eaten by a bear. If the gentleman was not there, he was to ask to have it sent to him. That was everything he knew.

"Did the Italian give you money to go back with?" asked Miss Edith, and the man rather reluctantly admitted that he did.

"Well, you can keep that for yourself," said she, "and we'll pay your passage back. But we would like you to wait here for a while. There may be some sort of an answer."

The man laughed. "'Tain't no use sending no answer," said he; "I couldn't find that Dago again. They're all so much alike. He said he was goin' away on a ship. You see, it was yesterday he gave me that letter. I 'spect he'll be a long way out to sea before I get back, even if I did know who he was and what ship he was goin' on. But if you want me to wait, I don't mind waitin'."

"Very good," said Miss Edith, "and you can go into the kitchen and have something to eat." And calling a maid, she gave orders for the man's entertainment.

"Now," said she, turning to me, "let us take a walk through the orchard. I want to talk to you."

"No," said I, "I can't talk at present. I must go immediately to the inn with those papers. It is right that not a moment should be lost in delivering this most momentous message which has been intrusted to me."

"But I must speak to you first," said she, and she walked rapidly toward the orchard. As she still held the papers in her hand, I was obliged to follow her.

As soon as we had begun to walk under the apple-trees she turned to me and said: "I don't think you ought to take this letter and the bill to Mrs. Chester. It would not be right. There would be something cruel about it."

"What do you mean?" I exclaimed.

"Of course I do not know exactly the state of the case," she answered, "but I



will tell you what I think about it as far as I know. You must not be offended at what I say. If I am a friend to anybody—and I would be ashamed if I were not a friend to you—I must tell him just what I think about things, and this is what I think about this thing: I ought to take these papers to Mrs. Chester. I know her well enough, and it is a woman who ought to go to her at such a time."

"That message was intrusted to me," I said.

"Of course it was," she answered, "but the bear man did not know what he was doing. He did not understand the circumstances."

"What circumstances?" I asked.

She gave me a look as if she were going to take aim at me and wanted to be sure of my position. Then she said: "Percy told us he thought you were courting Mrs. Chester. That was pure impertinence on his part, and perhaps what father said at the table was impertinence too, but I know he said it because he thought there might be something in Percy's chatter, and that you ought to understand how things stood. Now, you may think it impertinence on my part if you choose, but it really does seem to me that you are very much interested in Mrs. Chester. Didn't you intend to walk down to the Holly Sprig when you were starting out by yourself this morning?"

"Yes," said I, "I did."

"I thought so," she replied. "And that, of course, was your own business, and what father said about her being unwilling to marry again need not have made any difference to you if you had chosen not to mind it. But now, don't you think, if you look at the matter fairly and squarely, it would be pretty hard on Mrs. Chester if you were to go down to her and make her understand that she is really a widow, and that now she is free to listen to you if you want to say anything to her? This may sound a little hard and cruel, but don't you think it is the way she would have to look at it?"

She stopped as she spoke, and I turned and stood silent, looking at her.

"My first thought was," she said, "to advise you to tell father all about this, and take his advice about telling her,

but I don't think you would like that. Now, would you like that?"

"No," I answered, "I certainly would not."

"And don't you really think I ought to go to her with the message, and then come back and tell you how she took it and what she said?"

For nearly a minute I did not speak, but I knew that she was right, and at last I admitted it.

"I am glad to hear you say so!" she exclaimed. "And as soon as dinner is over I shall drive to the Holly Sprig."

We still walked on, and she proposed that we should go to the top of a hill beyond the orchard, where there was a pretty view.

"You may think me a strange sort of a girl," she said, presently, "but I can't help it. I suppose I am strange. I have often thought I would like very much to talk freely and honestly with a man about the reasons which people have for falling in love with each other. Of course I could not ask my father or brother, because they would simply laugh at me and tell me that falling in love was very much like the springing up of weeds—generally without reason and often objectionable. But you would be more likely to tell me something which would be of advantage to me in my studies."

"Your studies!" I exclaimed. "What in the world are you studying?"

"Well, I am studying human nature—not as a whole, of course, that's too large a subject, but certain phases of it—and I particularly want to know why such queer people come together and get married. Now I have great advantages in such a study, much greater than most girls have."

"And what are they?" I asked.

"The principal one is that I never intend to marry. I made up my mind to that, a good while ago. There is a great deal of work that I want to do in this world, and I could not do it properly if I were tied to a man. I would either have to submit myself to his ways, or he would have to submit himself to my ways, and that would not suit me. In the one case I should not respect him, and in the other I should not respect myself."

"But suppose," said I, "you should



meet a man who should be in perfect harmony with you in all important points."

"Ah," she said, "that sort of thing never happens. You might as well expect to pick up two pebbles exactly alike. I don't believe in it. But if at any time during the rest of my life you show me

it which interests you so much in Mrs. Chester?"

I looked at her in astonishment. "Truly," I exclaimed, "that is a remarkable question."

"I know it," she replied, "and I suppose you are saying to yourself, 'Here is a girl who has known me less than three



*"I Don't Think You Ought To Take This Letter"*

an example of such harmony, I will change my opinions. I believe that if I can wait long enough, society will catch up with me. Everything looks that way to me."

"It may be that you are right," I answered. "Society is getting on famously. But what is it you want to ask me?"

"Simply this," she replied. "What is

days, and yet she asks me to tell her about my feeling toward another woman.' But, really, it seems to me that as you have not known that other woman three days, as much friendship and confidence might spring up in the one case as affection in the other."

"Affection!" said I. "Have I said anything about affection?"



"No, you have not," she replied, "and if there isn't any affection, of course that ends this special study on my part."

We reached the top of the hill, but I forgot to look out upon the view. "I think you are a strange girl," I said, "but I like you, and I have a mind to try to answer your question. I have not been able to quite satisfy myself about my feelings toward Mrs. Chester, but now I think I can say that I have an affection for her."

"Good!" she exclaimed. "I like that! That's an honest answer if ever there was one. But tell me why it is that you have an affection for her. It must have been almost a case of love at first sight."

"It isn't easy to give reasons for such feelings," I said. "They spring up, as your father would say, very much like weeds."

"Indeed they do," she interpolated; "sometimes they grow in the middle of a gravel path where they cannot expect to be allowed to stay."

I reflected a moment. "I don't mind talking about these things to you," I said. "It seems almost like talking to myself."

"That's a compliment I appreciate," she said. "And now go on. Why do you care for her?"

"Well," said I, "in the first place, she is very handsome. Don't you think so?"

"Oh yes! In fact, I think she is almost what might be called exactly beautiful."

"And then she has such charming manners," I continued. "And she is so sensible—although you may not think I had much chance to find out that. Moreover, there is a certain sympathetic cordiality about her—"

"Which, of course," interrupted my companion, "you suppose she would not show to any man but you."

"Yes," said I. "I am speaking honestly now, and that's the way it strikes me. Of course I may be a fool, but I did think that a sympathy had arisen between us which would not arise between her and anybody else."

Miss Edith laughed heartily. "I am getting to know a great deal about one side of the subject," she said. "And now tell me—is that all? I don't believe it is."

"No," I answered, "it is not. There

is something more which makes her attractive to me. I cannot exactly explain it except by saying that it is her surrounding atmosphere—it is everything that pertains to her. It is the life she lives, it is her home, it is the beauty and peace, the sense of charm which infuses her and everything that belongs to her."

"Beautiful!" said Miss Edith. "I expected an answer like that, but not so well put. Now let me translate it into plain simple language. What you want is to give up your present life, which must be awfully stupid, and go and help Mrs. Chester keep the Holly Sprig. That would suit you exactly. A charming wife, charming surroundings, charming sense of living, a life of absolute independence! But don't think," she added, quickly, "that I am imputing any sordid motives to you. I meant nothing of the kind. You would do just as much to make the inn popular as she would. I expect you'd make her rich."

"Miss Edith Larramie," said I, "you are a heartless deceiver! It makes my blood run cold to hear you speak in that way."

"Never mind that," she said, "but tell me, didn't you think it would be just lovely to live with her in that delightful little inn?"

I could not help smiling at her earnestness, but I answered that I did think so.

She nodded her head reflectively. "Yes," she said, "I was right. I think you ought to admit that I am a good judge of human nature—at least, in some people and under certain circumstances."

"You are," said I. "I admit that. Now answer me a question. What do you think of it?"

"I don't like it," she said. "And don't you see," she added, with animation, "what an advantage I possess in having determined never to marry? Very few other girls would be willing to speak to you so plainly. They would be afraid you would think that they wanted you, but, as I don't want anybody, you and I can talk over things of this kind like free and equal human beings. So I will say again that I don't like your affection for Mrs. Chester. It disappoints me."

"Disappoints you!" I exclaimed.



"Yes," she said, "that is the word. You must remember that my acquaintance with you began with a sort of a bump. A great deal happened in an instant. I formed high ideas of you, and among them were ideas of the future. You can't help that when you are thinking of people who interest you. Your mind will run ahead. When I found out about Mrs. Chester I was disappointed. It might be all very delightful, but you ought to do better than that!"

"How old are you?" I asked.

"Twenty-two last May," she replied.

"Isn't that the dinner bell I hear in the distance?" I said.

"Yes," she answered, "and we will go down."

On the way she stopped, and we stood facing each other. "I am greatly obliged to you," she said, "for giving me your confidence in this way, and I want you to believe that I shall be thoroughly loyal to you, and that I never will breathe anything that you have said. But I also want you to know that I do not change any of my opinions. Now we understand each other, don't we?"

"Yes," I answered, "but I think I understand you better than you understand me."

"Not a bit of it," she replied; "that's



*"Do You Think You Could Hit  
It With An Apple? Let's Each  
Take Three Apples And Try"*



nonsense. Do you see that flower-pot on the top of the stump by the little hill over there? Percy has been firing at it with his air-gun. Do you think you could hit it with an apple? Let's each take three apples and try."

It was late in the afternoon when Miss Edith returned from the Holly Sprig, where she and Genevieve had driven in a pony-cart. I was with the rest of the family on the golf links a short distance from the house, and it was some time before she got a chance to speak to me, but she managed at last.

"How did she take the news?" I eagerly asked.

The girl hesitated. "I don't think I ought to tell you all she said and did. It was really a private interview between us two, and I know she would not want me to say much about it. And I don't think you would want to hear everything."

I hastened to assure her that I would not ask for the particulars of the conversation. I only wished to know the general effect of the message upon her. That was legitimate enough, as, in fact, she received the message through me.

"Well, she was very much affected, and it would have been dreadful if you had gone. On the whole, however, I cannot help thinking that the Italian's letter was a great relief to her, particularly because she found that her husband had been killed by mistake. She said that one of the greatest loads upon her soul had been the feeling that he had had an enemy who hated him enough to kill him. But now the case is very different, and it is a great comfort to her to know it."

"And about the murderer?" I said. "Did you ask her if she wanted steps taken to apprehend him?"

"Yes," she said, "I did speak of it, and she is very anxious that nothing shall be done in that direction. Even if the Italian should be caught, she would not have the affair again publicly discussed and dissected. She believes the man's story, and she never wants to hear of him again. Indeed, I think that if

it should be proved that the Italian killed Mr. Chester on purpose, it would be the greatest blow that could be inflicted upon her."

"Then," said I, "I might as well let the negro man go his way. I have not paid him his passage-money to the city. I knew he would wait until he got it, and it might be desirable to take him into custody."

"Oh, no," she said. "Mrs. Chester spoke about that. She doesn't want the man troubled in any way. He knew nothing of the message he carried. And now I am going to tell father about it—she asked me to do it."

That evening was a merry one. We had charades, and a good many other things were going on. Miss Willoughby was an admirable actress, and Miss Edith was not bad, although she could never get rid of her personality. I was in a singular state of mind. I felt as if I had been relieved from a weight. My spirits were actually buoyant.

"You should not be so unreasonably gay," said Miss Edith to me. "That may be your way when you get better acquainted with people, but I am afraid some of the family will think that you are in such good spirits because Mrs. Chester now knows that she is a widow."

"Oh, there is no danger of their thinking anything of that sort," I said.

"Don't you suppose they will attribute my good spirits to the fact that the man who brought my bicycle to Waterton brought back my big valise, so that I am enabled to look like a gentleman in the parlor? And then, as he also brought word that my bicycle will be all ready for me to-morrow, don't you think that it is to be expected of me that I should try to make myself as agreeable as possible on this my last evening with all you good friends?"

She shook her head. "Those excuses will not pass. You are abnormally cheerful. My study of you is extremely interesting, but not altogether satisfactory."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



# THE DRAWER

## "ENGLISHMAN'S LUCK"

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

SOME years ago, during the real-estate excitement in the West, I spent several weeks in one of the feverish boom cities of that time and locality. Where a Western boom is in progress the land-agent abounds. Not the steady-going, conservative highwayman of the Atlantic States, with silk waistcoat and ministerial air, but the joyous-hearted rough-rider of the plains, who charges anywhere from ten to fifty per cent. for his services, and will "locate" anything on a farm to sell it, from a silver-mine to a covey of quails.

Such a one was Willis Wilkins, who was perhaps the most genial freebooter that ever demanded a purse at the point of plausibility. Shortly after my arrival I made his acquaintance, at a price which I do not now consider excessive when I recall the entertainment I subsequently enjoyed during a period in which I made his office my temporary headquarters—this being while I waited with some eagerness for the tenderfoot who was to succeed me in my purchase, with a resulting profit to both Wilkins and myself.

It is no part of this story to mention that these expectations were not entirely realized. I was satisfied in time to offset an apparent loss by certain physical benefits, due to what Wilkins referred to as "our glorious climatic conditions."

Wilkins always kept his horse and buggy hitched at the door of his office, ready for instant use. Frequently when he had an errand in the country alone he would ask me to accompany him. These trips he enlivened

with stories of various properties which he pointed out as we went along. He seemed to know every bit of land for miles around, and had been more or less concerned in their mortgage or sale from time to time. On one of these trips we passed a beautiful farm where the buildings, hedges, and crops indicated more than usual care and prosperity. Wilkins whipped up his horse and drove by it in silence. This was so remarkable that I ventured an inquiry concerning the ownership of the place.

"I'll tell you," said he, mournfully. "That farm recalls a sad memory. I've sold it, I reckon, oftener than any farm in the country, and never got one good square commission out of it all put together. You see," he continued, "it was a dry farm—couldn't get a drop of water anywhere on it. One of the finest farms in the country, only for that. Every man that got it bought it cheaper than the one before, and every one tried his hand at well-digging. Then he'd give up and put the thing in my hands again to get what I could over and above a certain price.

"Well, every man that came along would see all those dry wells and beat me down on the price until I wouldn't get enough out of it to pay for buggy grease. Then he'd try some scheme of well-boring himself, and make a failure of it, like the rest. After a while there were dry wells in about every field on the place, and it used to make me nearly crazy trying to steer men away from those holes when I was making a sale. I kept a map of them in the office, and when



*The Englishman Is Convinced*



I had nothing else to do I used to get out that map and study it. Even then I'd run on to excavations every few days that I hadn't kept track of and didn't have down on the chart. The last man that sold the place had more money than the others, and staid with the well business longer. He filled up all the superfluous wells around the house, and then dug another one, bigger and deeper and dryer than any of the rest.

"Then he went back East along with the others, and I had that Jonah of a farm on my hands again.

"I don't know how many people I took over that place after that, but they every one inquired about the water, and stumbled into one or more of those dry wells in spite of all I could do. One fellow, who was just about to take the place, fell head-first into one of them, and skinned his nose so bad on the dry bottom that it broke up the trade. I finally gave up all hope of getting any commission out of it, as usual.

"One morning there was a dandy-looking Englishman came into the office and said he wanted to look at a farm. He didn't look like a farmer, and he wasn't—then. He thought he was, though. He had filled himself up with theories, and had come out West to try them. Well, I brought him out here, thinking maybe he'd have some new theories on well-boring too, and I could get that place off on him as a sort of experimental station.

"He looked all over the house, and suggested improvements here and there, such as he said they had in England. Then he looked at the barns, and got up on the fence



*The Farmers Seemed To Enjoy The Joke*

and gazed over the fields, and climbed down and dug a little in the dirt with the toe of his boot. From the way he made his investigations I concluded that he didn't want any farm at all, and was glad enough when he said he was ready to go back to town. When we got about half-way home he came out of a deep study and asked me what the place was worth. I didn't expect to sell anyway, so I put a little raise on the price over what I'd asked the last man that went over the place. Then he went into another study, and awoke in a half an hour to remark that he had overlooked the water-supply, but that he supposed there was a good well on the place. I told him that there was as fine a well there as I ever saw. I didn't need to tell him that he might take his choice out of about fifty of them all over the place, and you could have knocked me over with

a straw when he said that he'd drive out in the morning and look at the well, and if the water was good, and plenty of it, he'd take the place.

"It didn't take me long to make up my mind what to do. I got that fellow to his hotel as fast as possible, and went back out in the country at a two-forty gait. All the way out I hired men with wagons and barrels and water-supply. I hired everything I could get hold of in the shape of water-haulers, and I staid with the job to see it through. This ground here holds water pretty well after you get it wet, and by morning we had that hole, big as it was, about half full of mixed water. I told the farmers that it was an Englishman that was going to get the place, and they, being



mostly Populists, seemed to enjoy the joke, and worked like troopers. I went back to town for breakfast and to get my Englishman out there as soon as possible, before the tide got low. All the way out he talked to me about his farming theories, and I could see that he was eager for the place and thought it dirt-cheap. When we got there he noticed all the wagon tracks made the night before, and asked what they meant. I had expected that, and explained to him that it had got noised around that the farm was about to be sold that day, and that neighbors with dry wells had come during the night to lay in a supply, thinking maybe he wouldn't let them get water there afterwards. Then I got a bucket out of the barn and drew up some of it. He looked at it and said it was pretty murky, but I told him that came from dipping so much. Then he tasted of it, and said it had a taste of mixed properties which he couldn't place exactly, but supposed it would be all right when it got settled. I told him that there was no doubt of it. Then I got him away as quick as possible, for it seemed to me that the water was already settling a good deal too fast to suit me. He remarked as we were leaving that he supposed there were other wells on the place, and I said, "Oh yes."

"When we got back to town again I drew up the papers and he paid over the money, as innocent as a child. Then he went after his family, that was visiting in Chicago, and was gone two weeks. Two days after he was gone they had the big

earthquake in Charleston, and we got a good healthy shock here. Some of the people were scared up about it, and I was feeling a little remorseful myself, thinking there might be another kind of an earthquake when that Englishman got back. I was sitting in my office thinking it over the next morning, when one of the men that I had hired to haul water came in. He was grinning all over, and I asked him what was so funny. He said he wanted me to come out and look at the Englishman's wells. I couldn't see the point, and he explained it.

"He said that in the morning after the earthquake shock he had passed the 'dry-well farm,' as they called it, and saw water running across the road out of the pasture. He had followed it up, and what do you reckon he found?"

"That earthquake had opened up an underground river, and every well on the place had from ten to a thousand feet of water in it, and two artesianians that had been bored in a low place were sending up water-spouts.

"I never was so cast down in my life. That farm was worth more than five times what I got for it, and after all my hard work and trouble with it, then to have a smart Alec of an Englishman come in and get all the benefit! Somehow it sort o' shook my faith in Providence. And ever since then," concluded Wilkins, bitterly, "the neighbors have been hauling water from there, sure enough, and that blooming Englishman has never known any difference."



PATSY. "What's the latest ball news?"  
THE KID. "Baseball or cannon ball?"



## CONVINCING PROOF.

"You think, Mars Henry, that a culled man isn' as good as a white man?" asked a quondam slave of his former master, some years after the Emancipation Act.

"What do you mean, Berry?"

"I means, that you don't allow as how a darky's got as much sense and can be educated as good as a white man."

"No, I do not think so, Berry. There may be exceptions, but the average colored man cannot take the education that the average white man can."

"Wull, now, Mars Henry, I's gwine to prove to you dat he can. I was at a public meeting lately, and there was lots of white people there, and culled ones too. Mr. Daniels, a monsus smart man of our color, had to speak, and when he tooken the stand he said: 'Gen'l'men, there is many of you what thinks a culled man isn' as smart as a white man, and I's gwine to convince you to the contrarywise. Sirs, I'm a-thinkin' of a wud, and I'll bet thar isn' one of you as can guess what that wud is!' And 'fore God, Mars Henry, there wasn' one of 'em as could answer him. Now, sir, arter dat, don' you tell me a culled man isn' equal to a white one!"

## A LESSON IN NATURAL HISTORY.

ANDREWS had been dining for some weeks at a favorite Italian restaurant, and was great chums with the proprietor. One night at dinner the latter approached Andrews's table.

"How you do, Meesteur Andrews? Ver' glad to see you. Exguse mi, Meesteur Andrews, bot I like to assk a favor, eef you plees."

Andrews told him he would be delighted.

"I t'ank you, Meesteur Andrews. I like to assk, eef you plees, w'at ees a pol' bear?"

"A polar bear?" said Andrews. "Why, he's a—a bear, you know, a big, white bear."

"Yess, Meesteur Andrews, I know. Exguse mi. Bot I like to know w'at 'e do."

"What he does?" said Andrews. "Why, he—he lives up at the north pole."

"Exguse mi, Meesteur Andrews, I no care w'ere 'e leef. I like know w'at ees a pol' bear, w'at 'e do."

"Oh, what he does," said Andrews. "Well, he's up there at the north pole, you know. He just sits around on the ice."

"Aw—he seet on dthe ice? You most exguse mi, Meesteur Andrews, I donno de Engleesh moch. I like know, eef you plees, w'at else 'e do w'en 'e no seet on dthe ice."

"What else he does?" said Andrews. "I don't know of anything else he does. He just sits around up there on the ice."

"Aw!—he do notting bot seet on dthe ice? I t'ank you, Meesteur Andrews. Ver' moch oblige. Exguse mi deesturb your deenair. I t'ank you ver' moch."

Andrews's host was retiring, but Andrews's curiosity was somewhat aroused, and he called him back.

"Why are you so much interested in polar bears?" Andrews asked.

Andrews's host looked troubled.

"Ah, Meesteur Andrews, I tell you. I hat a goot friend w'at die. He haf beeg funerell naix Sondag—oh, beeg funerell! Dthey assk me be pol' bear. Bot no, I t'ink not—I no seet on ice."

## A NATURAL INFERENCE.

LITTLE WILLIE. "Papa, do camels use hair-brushes?"

PARENT. "Why do you ask such foolish questions?"

LITTLE WILLIE. "Miss Artiste was buying one at the store."



A Quaker Meeting



## THE GOLFER'S CALENDAR—SEPTEMBER

Cupid caddies in September;  
Bachelors all are put at scratch;  
Many a charming lady member  
Wins her first and only match.



## ESPECIAL CONSIDERATION.

TWENTY years ago, or more, when Mr. Joseph Jefferson first came to southern Louisiana, he was expected on a short visit to one of the prominent families, who had as house-maid a small, middle-aged, spirited, and very opinionated darky, to whom the lady of the house gave particular instructions as to the care of Mr. Jefferson's rooms. The morning after his arrival, the master of the house could not find his tooth-brush, which chanced to be a new one, so Lucinda was summoned, and inquiry being made for the tooth-brush, she replied, with a fine toss of her head: "What is I done wid Mr. William's *new* tooth-brush? I's put it in Mr. Jefferson's room, of cose; you didn't spec me ter put de *ole* one in dere!"

## A FACE.

Its lines of beauty are a poem sweet  
That with a smile upon my fancy shines—  
The poetry that makes my joy complete  
I read between the lines.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

## AN ACE-HIGH ROYAL BLUFF.

"WAS any one killed this morning?" asked the new arrival at Sunset, timidly, as he walked in to a breakfast of corn bread and side meat at the Bullet House.

"Well, no, not ezzactly," replied Landlord Duffy. "I reckon the boys on the other side of the mountain be a-shootin' at each other, but they've been at it these six months, and never hit nothin', so we don't count much on no funeral in that direction."

"The boys," as the landlord called them, were, and are still, notwithstanding the shooting, old man Zieman and young Bill Cassidy, who have prospect holes within a hundred yards of each other. They located at about the same time, and each dreamed that the inside of the mountain was filled with the gold left over after the construction of the golden streets above. Most Rocky Mountain miners are built slightly on the plan of Armour's product, and these two in particular would have staked a claim on the golden streets and kicked every angel off the place—if they ever got a chance, which, from their records, is not at all probable.

Both Cassidy and Zieman wanted all the gold in the mountain, and would have wanted it if there had been a billion's worth—which there wasn't; but that is not the story. The old man was possibly a day or so ahead of his rival in the locality, and thought he owned the mountain. Cassidy had an idea that as Zieman apparently had only a few years longer to live, he might as well not find any gold.

So each brought out his rifle, and as both appeared at about the same time, they got behind convenient trees, and blazed away enough powder to have blasted their prospect holes into genuine mines.

After a few moments of this pleasant amusement both prospectors quietly stood their guns in corners of their shacks, and proceeded to work all day within shooting distance of each other, but with apparently no desire to kill.

During the day the man who somehow or another got to be styled town marshal investigated the cause of the shooting over the hill, but finding no blood-stains, decided it a false scent, and pushed back to camp. The next morning the same rattle of musketry was heard, and still no explanation was had. This continued for a week, when finally all the miners in Sunset were out looking for the bloodthirsty villain who was wasting so much powder.

The one woman in the camp declared it her opinion that it was the "old Harry" guarding some mountain especially rich in the yellow ore. But it is hard to make a miner believe in anything supernatural—unless some very ignorant prospector strikes a very rich lode—and a watch was set on the particular hill from which the shooting came.

Promptly at 6 A.M., as though by preconcerted arrangement, the two belligerents appeared, and the first shot pealed over the camp. Then another blaze came from the opposite direction, and soon from both ways the shots came thick and fast, while the on-lookers stood in amazement—not that the men should shoot at each other—that is common—but never before in their lives had they seen such beastly poor shooting. It was a disgrace to the community, and when it was reported at headquarters there was talk of drumming both out of camp; and one man even suggested lynching, as "it 'ud be a shame to send any such duffers to any other camp, and have it reported they came from Sunset."

But a better spirit prevailed, and it was finally decided to wait awhile, in hopes that one of them might accidentally be killed, when there would be an excuse for hanging the other for not killing his man with greater despatch.

Thus it ran along for nearly six months, to the time when the story opens. After the usual peppery salute to each other on this occasion, old man Zieman said to his rival, from behind his particular tree: "I say, over there! I'm out o' shootin'. What 'll you gi' me for my claim?"

"What's she worth?" asked Cassidy, without sticking his head from behind his fortifications.

"Oh, 'bout fifty dollars."

"I'll give you my gun."

"Don want yer darn gun. Can't shoot straight enough to hit a man at fifty yards."

"Didn't expect to. 'Hain't had no bullets for five months."

"Was you a-bluffin'? Say, so was I. I'll take the gun, and you take the hole. Is it a bargain?"

And so the war at Sunset ended.

FRANK A. PARKER.





## MANNERS CHANGE, NOT MEN

BY E. S. MARTIN

IN time of wigs and flowered brocades  
The dealings of young men with maids  
A somewhat statelier fashion ruled  
Than now, in days less primly schooled.



"I love you, dear," our gallants say.  
 "Pray, will you marry me?" but they—  
 "Madame, your charms my heart command.  
 Rejoice your servant with your hand."

But phrases alter more than folks.  
 The sentiment that duly yokes  
 The pair that would be joined 's the same  
 For us that erstwhile set aflame  
 Our grandsires' hearts. True love to be  
 True love they knew, and so do we.  
 And by its pangs when we're pervaded  
 We seek the same old cure that they did.

#### AN IMPARTIAL JUDGE.

A WEALTHY bachelor, now in middle life, with a historic name and lineage, and who can be seen in New York on, probably, three hundred days of the year, owned at the date of this story (and owns now) a handsome country-seat in a rural river town, where he claimed (and claims) that sort of a residence which entitles a man to the rights of citizenship—to pay taxes, and be elected to office if the people will it.

The people, his admiring fellow-citizens, did will it some years ago, when younger and perhaps more ambitious than now, to elect him a Justice of the Peace. Why he consented to the nomination, and to "qualify" afterwards, no man has ever been able to find out. His tastes are not judicial—in fact, rather more convivial than judicial; and besides, it was not an easy thing to find him when wanted for judicial functions, as he might be in New York, New Orleans, San Francisco, or Peking—anywhere except where one would naturally expect to find a rural Justice of the Peace. But he did qualify, and this is how he performed at least one judicial duty to the full satisfaction of all the parties immediately interested, and in a way to show that all office-holders do not run an office for all it is worth:

A citizen of Irish extraction was so unfortunate one day as to show too much excitement in one of the village beer-saloons, and as he threatened to clean out the establishment before he finished, and actually began on the work, the proprietor called in a constable and had the customer arrested. The first step was to put him into the corporation "cooler"—otherwise the lock-up—which duty was safely effected in spite of some artistic and vociferous howling. When he had cooled down so that his presence in court would not disturb its dignity the plan was to habeas corpus him to the Justice's court-room and have him fined, jailed, or bound over to keep the peace by a 'squire who was generally accessible for such cases, but who just then could not be found at any of his usual haunts. But just as things looked their worst for the speedy infliction

of justice, the constable saw our friend Rollingstone (I call him so because that wasn't his name) coming into the village from his rural home in a buckboard wagon, along with two or three boon companions, all dressed and duly prepared for a fishing excursion to the river. They stopped at the post-office, and then Constable Jones informed Judge Rollingstone that he had "a case" for him to try, and that his action was necessary because the other Justice (naming him) could not be found anywhere.

"Jerusalem!" said the Judge. "I can't try him now; I'm all ready, as you see, to go a-fishing with these fellows—invited guests."

"I'm sorry," replied the constable, "but something ought to be done with Pat at once. To-morrow is Sunday, and his family will have to be seen to if he is locked up over Sunday. He is sober now, and some official action will tend to keep him so, at least for a few days."

"Can you testify against him?" asked the Justice.

"Yes, indeed; I saw most of the row."

"Then you bring him here, and I'll settle him without going into the court-room."

Pat was brought, sober as a deacon, and without getting out of the wagon, "court was open."

"Now, Pat," said Judge R. to the offender, whom he knew very well, "are you guilty of this disorderly conduct as charged, or not? Tell me the truth and it'll be better for you."

"Yes, sorr, I am," answered Pat, in a sheepish way.

"Now that's manly. I like that, and it's a recommendation to mercy. But I can't be merciful, and therefore I fine you five dollars and costs. Do you hear that?"

"Yes, sorr," said Pat; "but oi can't pay it," and he looked much like crying.

"Never mind, Pat. You go home now and behave yourself, and I'll pay the fine and costs myself. Court's adjourned; so g'lang," and he touched up the blooded horses and away the party went.

There was no appeal from the Court's unselfish action!







See "Michel and Angèle," page 688

SHE ROSE



# HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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## WEI-HAI-WEI

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW

EARLY in October of 1898 political clouds hung heavy in that debatable part of the Far East where Peking, Port Arthur, Japan, Korea, Kiaochau, and Wei-hai-wei are perpetually on our tongue-tips. For nearly a month the foreign legations at the Chinese capital, to say nothing of the white community generally, had been kept in ignorance as to whether the Chinese Emperor was dead or alive; whether there had been a palace revolution; whether mob-violence in Tien-tsin was merely a manifestation of local feeling, or part of a general scheme to drive out the foreign devil. One day we heard that the Yellow Kaiser had inaugurated reforms on the European plan; and soon afterwards came the vastly more probable report that six eminent native officials had been beheaded because they had encouraged such legislation. Neither in Kiaochau nor in Wei-hai-wei did the Admirals commanding respectively the German and English squadrons know who was at the head of the Chinese government, and so seriously was the situation regarded by the European powers at Peking, that for the moment they forgot their petty intrigues, in order to unite in the protection of human life. Each of the great powers sent a man-o'-war to the neighborhood of Peking. Even the United States spared one from Manila Bay, which cost Admiral Dewey something of a pang, considering the work he had in hand and the means at his disposal. While this man-o'-war

was steaming at the top of her speed towards the Pei-ho, a cable notified the American consul at Chee-foo to have coal in readiness on her arrival there, so that she might lose no time in proceeding to her destination. It was my fortune to be in Chee-foo at the time, and consequently to witness a condition of things which, but for a happy accident, would have crippled our war-ship for want of fuel. Our consul, Mr. Fowler, had been the round of every coal-merchant in Chee-foo, American, Russian, German, British, and Chinese. There was not a bucket of coal in the place available for Uncle Sam, though for every one else there appeared sufficient. Our consul was at his wits' end, and shared his perplexity with me. Having seen in Hong-kong and Manila something of the new relations existing between American and English blue-jackets, I advised an appeal to the British Admiral at Wei-hai-wei for the privilege of borrowing a few scuttlefuls of coal for our needy cruiser. The answer flashed back with cheerful spontaneity—to help ourselves—take all we needed. Sir Edward Chichester, of the *Immortalité*, is never tired of giving Admiral Dewey the credit for feeding his British blue-jackets at Manila on the best of American frozen meat. Americans in North China recall gratefully that when their need was pressing the bunkers of our cruiser were fed by Admiral Sir Edward Seymour. In each case the value of the gift or loan was trifling measured by values in



London or New York. England's fleet in the East anticipated orders to fight from one day to the other, and when such orders are published, the price of coal is like the price of blood, at least on board a battle-ship.

Chee-foo, Wei-hai-wei, and Kiao-chau are all in the province of Shan-tung, and all are white men's settlements. This province, therefore, has particular interest in our eyes, aside from the fact that Confucius, the greatest spiritual force in China, lived and died here. England and the United States had occupied Chee-foo since 1861 under treaty of commerce with China; Germany had laid violent hands on Kiao-chau in 1897, and now claims higher rights in Shan-tung than any other nation. The protest of merchants is a weak thing when made at the gangway of an unsympathetic battle-ship, and all the merchants of Chee-foo combined are of small avail compared with a message from the Governor of Kiao-chau. Whatever the cause, therefore, it was fortunate for the world at large that on the Queen's birthday (May 24), 1898, a British squadron established a British protectorate at Wei-hai-wei, whose boundaries on the west are within twenty miles of Chee-foo, and whose boundaries on the south are within eighty miles of Kiao-chau. To the north, about eighty miles, is Port Arthur, which Russia has occupied for the purpose of making it the terminus of her Trans-Siberian Railway. Germany and Russia seized their respective ports by mutual arrangement and almost simultaneously. They both claim a so-called sphere of influence for the exclusion of Anglo-Saxon enterprise.

With Russia at the gates of Peking, and a German squadron enforcing German claims in Shan-tung, it was no wonder that the traders of other nations felt insecure in northern China. Not merely was this so with English and Americans, but also with the people of many states whose individual military power is small, though their united force would be considerable—I mean such states as Switzerland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Holland, and Belgium. Until peace congresses can enforce arbitration, these small states can expect no justice in the markets of the world save under the British flag. Their only hope in the Far East

is by the enforcement of the liberal policy embodied in a cable to Lord Salisbury from Sir Claude McDonald, dated July 3, 1898, two months after the occupation of Wei-hai-wei: "I have consistently informed the Chinese government," wrote the British minister, "that, as to differential rates and privileges, we want none ourselves, and cannot admit that other nationalities have a claim to them." In this spirit England has lodged her protest against the action of Russia and Germany, and, for the benefit of us and the rest of the world, she has gone to the expense of demonstrating that her language is not merely a sentimental *pronunciamento*.

This protest finds an echo in the heart of every white man interested in Eastern trade, and American manufacturers can do nothing more politic than see to it that in China, at least, England be assured of the cordial co-operation of a strong fleet.

While passing through London a friend had given me a line of introduction to Admiral Seymour, but when at Chee-foo I saw the unsettled state of affairs in North China, I had scant hope of being permitted in Wei-hai-wei. One fine day, however, as I was sailing *Caribbee* about the beautiful bay of Chee-foo, a British torpedo-boat-destroyer came racing in from Wei-hai-wei with despatches. As soon as she had cast anchor I went alongside, and applying a visiting-card to one end of my long double-bladed paddle, reached it up to a weather-beaten young nautical demi-god, with a request to hand it to his Admiral on returning. This cheery mariner proved to be Lieutenant Gillespie, and his boat the *Handy*.

The *Handy* remained but a few minutes in Chee-foo, and I watched her as she started again for Wei-hai-wei, looking like some marine monster smashing through a mist of spray to the eastward.

On shore I had made the acquaintance of a very agreeable colonel in the Russian army, Dessino by name, who wished me to think that his long residence in this lonesome and filthy place was exclusively for health and pleasure. He was effusive in expressions of good-will, and expatiated on the traditional friendship between Russia and the United States, and that the real enemy of man-





HAULING DOWN CHINESE FLAG AT WEI-HAI-WEI

kind was the wily Briton. I did not tell him that two of my books had been forbidden to enter Russia, nor did I enlarge on what happened to Frederic Remington when he and I attempted a canoe cruise with St. Petersburg as a starting-point. But to test the warmth of his professions, I permitted the conversation to glide gently in the direction of Port Arthur, whereupon ensued a precipitate

absence of encouragement, so far as visiting that port was concerned. Colonel Dessino assured me that I would not enjoy it in the least. This proposition was one I had no difficulty in appreciating, for when a Russian official assures the inquisitive stranger that he will find any portion of the Russian Empire unwholesome, my advice is to act upon the hint, and try some other country. Russia at



this time had about 20,000 troops in the neighborhood of Port Arthur, and was vigorously making good her pretensions as "protector" of Peking. She had seized Port Arthur in a manner quite Oriental—in fact, she had begged permission to use that harbor merely as a refuge during the winter, and then quietly called it her own. She might have sacrificed a couple of missionaries for the sake of showing sympathy with the German method, but for no other reason.

The Chinese foreign office would despise Russia if she apologized on conscientious grounds.

On the 9th of March, 1898, Admiral Seymour received orders to take over Wei-hai-wei when the Japanese should have evacuated it. On the 2d of April the British foreign office cabled to its ambassador in Berlin, Sir Frank Lascelles, that he might gently break the news to the German Emperor that "Great Britain had asked for a lease of Wei-hai-wei." The despatch was couched in apologetic vein, and Germany was implored not to be angry at this apparent meddling in Shan-tung, "since it is not possible to make Wei-hai-wei a commercial port, and it would never be worth while to connect it with the peninsula by railway." With cap in hand the English foreign office begs Germany to believe that "if desired a formal undertaking on this point will be given."

All this is set forth in official "blue books," or I would hesitate to quote such language. Please contrast this language of a suppliant with the practical operations of Russia and Germany in Port Arthur and Kiao-chau Bay!

Fortunately for me the *Handy* was soon back again, and with a letter from Admiral Seymour inviting me to Wei-hai-wei. So I tumbled my ready-packed canoe bag into *Caribbee*, paddled off to the torpedo-destroyer, was taken aboard, canoe and all, and rushed away to Wei-hai-wei with a combination of sensations, suggesting the first ride on a cow-catcher over a rickety road-bed, and the first climb under Niagara Falls when every step promises sudden death. The *Handy* took the waves much after the fashion of a flying-fish, with superb indifference as to how much of her remained above water, as long as no speed was sac-

rificed. When she rolled it reminded me of the trick-canoeing amongst Esquimaux—rolling over and under and then finally rolling back the other side. The *Handy* did not turn bottom side up, but she showed every disposition to attempt it on very slight provocation. I have tried a great many exhilarating forms of motion, but they all seem tame to me now since my slappety-swish between Chee-foo and Wei-hai-wei, in a thirty-knot devil-boat.

The trip was most beautiful in the way of scenery, for the eastern end of Shan-tung, on the northern as well as the southern side, rises in a grand series of serrated mountains several thousand feet high. "Cape Cod," one of the points we passed, is four miles north of the harbor, and one of the many reminders of American assistance in the way of chart-making in these waters.

At the mouth of Wei-hai-wei Bay is Liu-kung-tao, the island on the breezy peak of which the British flag was hoisted May 24, 1898, four months and a half before my visit. Ocean steamers can pass into the harbor by one side of the island and out by the other, the island itself forming two channels—suggesting Hong-kong in this and many other respects. Of these channels the western one is two-thirds of a mile wide, while from the eastern point of the island to the mainland is two and a quarter miles, with a small fortified island midway. Ocean steamers can anchor much closer to shore here than at Kiao-chau.

As we shot into the harbor the gallant lieutenant pointed out to me the fifteen forts which had been erected by the Chinese, and smashed to pieces by the Japanese in their late war. On the right-hand side, as we entered through the westward passage, I could see the residence of the late German commander of the place, who swam away after the sea-fight off the mouth of the Yalu River.

It was on a bright afternoon that we steamed into the midst of the British fleet at Wei-hai-wei. At anchor lay the flag-ship *Centurion*, the *Victorious*, *Alacrity*, *Narcissus*, *Whiting*, *Hart*, and *Waterwitch*, all ready for work of any kind. The *Undaunted* had been ordered up to the mouth of the Pei-ho River, because of the riots at Tien-tsin and Pe-





VIEW OF WEI-HAI-WEI, SHOWING DRILL-GROUND

king. In the harbor lay also a collier and a harbor tug; and during my two days on board the flag-ship, two merchant steamers arrived and departed, discharging their cargo without difficulty, not merely because of the satisfactory sampan service, but owing to the superior shelter this harbor affords as compared with

Kiao-chau. A large number of junks were at anchor in the shallower waters directly west of the island, near Wei-hai-wei proper, where no doubt in time will be a railway terminus and vast wharves for merchant shipping, similar to those of Kow-lung, on the mainland opposite Hong-kong.



It was cheering to see the activity on all sides, but most of all the life in the recreation-grounds, where tennis-courts had been laid out, and where all of the garrison that could be spared, officers and men, from middies to gray-headed paymasters, were keeping their spirits bright and their muscles limber. The whole island seemed alive with blazers and white flannels; football, tennis, cricket, all kinds of out-door sport were going on. In its bewildering effect it suggested the three rings of Barnum's Circus. On the mainland across the way were the polo-grounds, and those who had a taste for shooting could find plenty of duck, teal, and snipe on the shores of the bay to the southward. The good Governor of Kiao-chau would have raised his hands in horror had he seen this sight. To him this would have appeared a monstrous waste of time. He would have thought these bouncing athletes better employed had they been erecting an obelisk to the glory of Admiral Seymour.

It was a pleasure at dinner that night to note the cheery, manly faces of the officers gathered in the Admiral's cabin, enthusiastically discussing the sports of the afternoon. All grades were represented; and one might suppose from the Admiral's evident relish for the athletic doings of his youngsters that her Majesty's ships in the Yellow Sea were there mainly for the encouragement of athletic exercise.

Sir Edward Seymour is credited by his professional brethren with being not only a good commander of fighting-ships, but also respectable as an administrator and diplomatist. At Wei-hai-wei he has abundant field for exercising each of these talents. Although joking about episodes on the athletic play-ground, he and his guests did so with a perfect realization that at any moment they might all be ordered to steam out of harbor and clear for action. Every detail about Wei-hai-wei was arranged with an eye to the greatest military efficiency, and under this head there can be few objects more important than keeping all hands in good health and spirits. During my visit there was no illness worth mentioning, although on the other side of the peninsula, less than 150 miles away, the

German troops could hardly boast of a corporal's guard whose internal canals had not been shaken with disease contracted in the place. In the English colony, instead of using the Chinese wells, only distilled water was permitted to be drunk, and a sharp eye was kept upon the Chinese on shore who sold refreshments to bluejackets and marines. In consequence of this regard for health, there was at Wei-hai-wei a notable lack of the depressing views so freely ventilated by officers and men at Kiao-chau.

There was no trouble on the score of coolies or domestic servants at this port. Sampanns in abundance hovered about the ships, all numbered and registered as in Hong-kong, and although the English flag had been here only since May 24, 1898, while the German had been at Kiao-chau since November 14, 1897, merchant steamers required no subsidy to induce them to call on their way to and from Chee-foo and Tien-tsin.

I retired to my bunk on board the *Centurion* for my first night's sleep in Wei-hai-wei. Next morning I was up early to hear "God save the Queen" played, to attend morning prayers, and watch the sun rise over the wreck of the *Ting Yuen*, the Chinese man-o'-war which was sunk here by the Japanese, and now stands up out of water close to the eastern end of Liu-kung-tao like an island of metallic zigzags.

I took the first opportunity of going ashore to see for myself what so far I had only gathered imperfectly through conversation and at long range from the deck of a torpedo-destroyer. On the mainland to the west of the island, in company with Flag-Lieutenant Powlett (a "blessed memory"), I climbed to a light-house which had for the first time since the Chinese-Japanese war been lighted three days before my visit. It had a radius of eight miles—sufficient, therefore, for any ship entering at night. Next I visited the walled town of Wei-hai-wei, a miniature Peking, whose houses did not reach above the ground-floor, and were made of wretched bricks, just made to absorb moist microbes. This town is half a mile long by a third broad, and is two and a half miles from the western end of Liu-kung-tao. One Chinese town is so monotonously like an-

other in matter of dirt and smells, badness of streets, and ubiquity of mangy dogs, that the traveller who has seen Kow-lung in the south, or Peking in the north, has a pretty fair notion of what he may expect in thousands of places where he may be forced to seek shelter during a journey across country. Near the landing, however, was a city of attractive houses or bungalows, which had been erected by the Japanese during their occupation—that is to say, between February, 1895, and May, 1898. No war of modern times—not even that of 1870—was fought by the conquering army with greater skill or courage. The capture of Wei-hai-wei in that frightfully cold winter, when men on the torpedo-boats were, some frozen to death, and others killed by escaping steam, furnishes plenty of themes for the pen of a poet such as the one who gave us “Jim Bludso.” This port seemed impregnable in 1894. All that money and German military science could do had been done to make the fifteen forts equal to any possible attack. But in war success rests with the man who accomplishes the impossible, and in this case it was the Japanese; once more teaching the lesson that whatever may be the improvements in machinery, it is after all the thing of flesh and blood that determines the day. Competent observers have assured me that in this attack on Wei-hai-wei every detail, from the landing of the troops to the feeding, housing, and providing them with ammunition, was carried out with splendid evidence of organizing capacity. And more than that, in this war they showed themselves not merely good soldiers and brave men, but developed a hospital service vastly superior to anything in the United States during the Spanish-American war.

They had an enormous task to accomplish. Their country numbered 40,000,000; they were pitted against a nation claiming 400,000,000. European military critics laid their bets on China, and even so brilliant an observer of Eastern things as Lord Curzon, now Viceroy of India, predicted Japanese discomfiture. Their triumph was the triumph of organization and pluck over mere numbers.

It was a sad blow to the just expectations of Japan that Germany and Russia

should have united in spoiling the fruits of her victory. We recall vividly the indignation aroused in Berlin when, in 1871, England very gently suggested an accommodation with France. In 1895, after successes worthy to be ranked with those of Moltke, Japan was compelled to surrender the larger part of what she was fairly entitled to, including Port Arthur and Wei-hai-wei. It was some consolation to the Japanese, however, that the latter port was to be handed over to England rather than to either of her enemies. The transfer took place with every mark of good feeling, and the Japanese officers presented to the new occupants not only military fixtures on the premises, but even furniture and ornaments in the officers' quarters. The barracks which the Japanese had constructed, capable of holding 5000 men, were better built and in better condition than any in Manila built by the Spaniards, and altogether admirably suited to military purposes. The ventilation left nothing to be desired; the drainage was like that of a model village—in short, it was all light, airy, strong, and tasteful—characteristic of Japan. Kitchens, latrines, bath-houses, store-houses—nothing was wanting, save 5000 Japanese to make the neighborhood joyful. The meanest building in this Japanese camp was a better home than the Governor's palace at Kiao-chau.

The English officers were delighted with their Japanese barracks, and of course very grateful for such a blessing, for it had been in the Japanese programme to have destroyed them rather than have made them a present to the Chinese or Russians. I found eighty British marines detailed here for the sole purpose of protecting the property and keeping it in order. On the island were some thirty more marines, making the whole land force of Wei-hai-wei 110 white men, against 1400 in Kiao-chau at the same moment. At that time no definite plans for the future of Wei-hai-wei had been adopted by the authorities at home, though Admiral Seymour had forwarded recommendations, to which answers were shortly expected.

Subsequently it was decided to raise a Chinese battalion at this place, and the experiment cannot fail to interest those



who speculate on the future of the yellow race. Since General Gordon organized his "ever-victorious" army of pigtailed warriors, history does not tell us much about Chinese soldiery that is encouraging. The troops of Gordon never conquered anything but what was Chinese, and what they did accomplish was under white man's leadership. The British have a company or so of enlisted Chinamen at Hong-kong, but these are all occupied with the engineering work connected with defending a seaport. That they should ever stand up in a pitched battle does not appear to have been contemplated. As artificers, boatmen, and the like, they are excellent—at least they have proved so in Hong-kong. The commander of one of our ships in the battle of Manila Bay told me that his Chinese on board, who passed ammunition during the fight, showed as much coolness and bravery as could be desired; that throughout the fleet they had earned the respect of the American "jackies." If the Chinese as soldiers have ever acted like cowards, we may fairly conclude that the average European soldiers would have acted very badly under equally demoralizing conditions.

The Chinaman has been employed as a local policeman at nearly all the ports of the Far East where there is a white settlement. He has nowhere been an unqualified success in this capacity, but then police duty and soldier-work are so vastly different that experience in this line has but a faint bearing on the present question. The best opinion I have so far gathered on the subject is from Captain Barnes, who was sent out from England for the purpose of organizing and drilling Chinese recruits at Wei-hai-wei. Under date of April 16, 1899, he wrote me an interesting letter, from which I quote the following: "About the Chinaman as a soldier I can, of course, as far as my own experience goes, only speak of him in peace time. He is marvellously quick in the 'uptak,' as they say in Scotland. (American equivalent—'catch on.')

And he can grasp the intricacies of drill with words of command in English far quicker on the average than the ordinary English recruit.

"This may seem a large order, but it is the fact all the same.

"Any one of the twelve other European officers and non-commissioned officers here would tell you the same, and we of course know, having served with both. As far as one can judge, too, the Celestial takes very kindly to discipline. It is simply marvellous how he learns to obey, promptly and with apparently no grumbling. No one, of course, has ever, or will ever, gauge a Chinese mind, but as far as we can see, discipline has set its seal firmly on the men of the four companies already formed there.

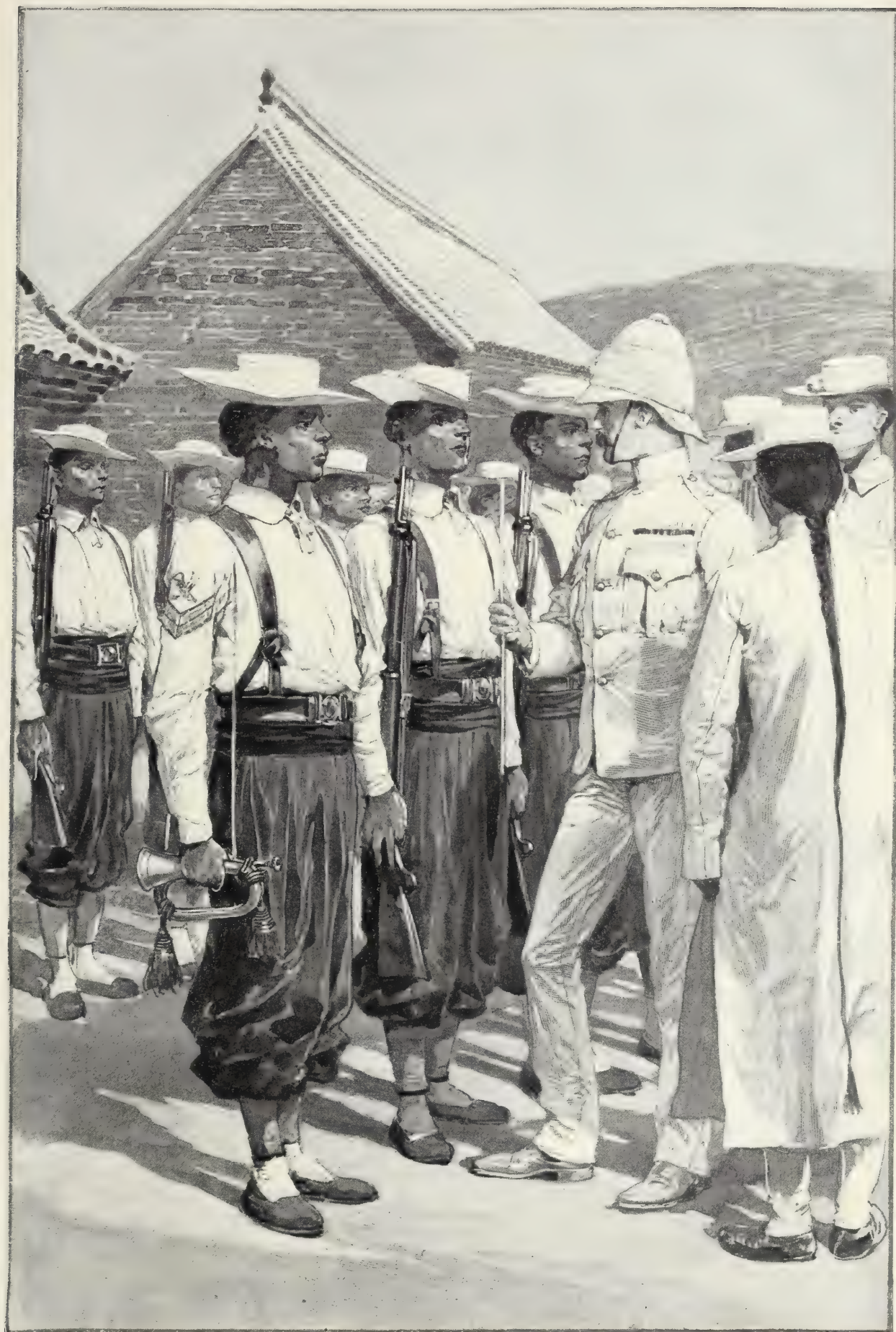
"The question of effective non-commissioned officers is one which very naturally will only be settled definitely by time. They say it is difficult to set one Chinaman to rule over another, but as we have already found that it can be done, we have little doubt that ere long we shall get a very efficient class of native non-commissioned officers—as good at all events as can be got in any other organization of Oriental or colonial troops. This matter is naturally one of very great importance in any regiment or army. We have already some very good Chinese non-commissioned officers."

Shan-tung is reported by German authorities to possess the best human material in China, and therefore, if the experiment fails at Wei-hai-wei, it is not likely to succeed at other points of the Empire.

It is fortunate for us that the Far-Eastern problem is largely economic. The Chinaman with all his superstition, devotion to hampering customs, and apparent indifference to mechanical progress is at bottom longheaded in what concerns his material welfare. This we readily discover when we see him under conditions favorable to his development.

The strategy and tactics of the Chinese army to-day form a volume of classics compiled 2000 years ago. This can be read only by certain scholars, and the Chinese officers are, as a rule, drawn from a social class so low that they can rarely read and write their own tongue, let alone master the art of war as practised in modern times. Here and there efforts have been made to establish military schools, but so profound is the hatred of the foreigner amongst the official classes that the students have to be bribed to attend by way of compensating them for





DRILLING THE FIRST CHINESE REGIMENT AT WEI-HAI-WEI



their social degradation. The foreigners who have been brought to China as military instructors are treated as social inferiors; their work is looked down upon with contempt by all officials; and when they have got their Chinese recruits into some kind of fighting shape, these are drafted off under native control, and soon drift back to the condition of a mob.

On paper China has a fighting force of nearly two millions, but these are not fit to take the field. The men of this army are mostly mere coolies, and their officers much of a piece. The Chinese second lieutenant in the territorial force gets \$25 gold a year, with allowances amounting to between \$60 and \$100. A first-class captain gets \$100 a year, with about \$250 allowances. The colonel of a regiment gets less than \$300 gold a year, with allowances fluctuating between \$300 and \$1000. When the Chinese once grasp the truth that England is prepared to recruit good men at good wages, she will find that in a short time the natives will prefer to be corporals and sergeants at Wei-hai-wei rather than lieutenants and captains at Peking.

Major Cavendish, who was British military attaché in the Chinese army in the war against Japan, has expressed the opinion that the Chinese sailor proved himself superior to the soldier because he had been more under white influence, and consequently was better drilled and fed.

Russia has a vast Chinese territory from which she might draw recruits, Manchuria having a population of 20,000,000. But hitherto the Great White Czar has shown an aversion to incorporating alien races into his army. Germany has as yet taken no steps to recruit at Kiao-chau, so for the present England is the only country with a recruiting station in the Chinese Empire. The Englishman has led into battle men of nearly every color and religion on the face of the earth.

One fine day Admiral Seymour took me a walk over the island of Liu-kung-tao. We climbed to the breezy heights, and in our mind's eye discussed the future of this famous place. Nothing had at that time been determined by government, and, indeed, a considerable section

of the English press was advocating its abandonment.

It seemed to me that nowhere else in China could be found a better health-resort. The resident population of white people in the Far East had increased considerably since my first visit in 1876, and even then, residence in China was rendered peculiarly discouraging to white families on account of the difficulty of finding a healthy summer resort for wives and children. The white population of the Philippines is bound to increase so fast as good government makes life tolerable throughout that archipelago, and it will soon be just as natural for the wives and children of the Manila merchants and officials to go for the summer to Wei-hai-wei, as it is for the people of St. Louis or Chicago to seek in August the Adirondacks or Narragansett Pier.

Chee-foo was formerly the favorite summer resort for white people on this coast, but the town has grown so much, and with it the offensive smells, that to-day the mere passage through the town in order to reach the open country is productive of headache. Old residents there told me that they could no longer allow their wives to go out unattended because of the rabble pointing at them and crying out, "There goes the white harlot." To those who understand no Chinese this is a matter of comparative indifference, but to the wives of consuls, merchants, and missionaries compelled to spend much of their life there, it is more than a joking matter. At Canton the few white people are confined to a little island not much bigger than the deck of a large steamer; and when they turn in for the night they are about as sure of sleeping till next morning as a garrison in the Soudan. I escorted one lady through Canton, but I would rather she had asked me to chaperon her across South Africa. The individual Chinaman may be a most amiable and scholarly gentleman; but the collective Celestial when rounded up in the filth of a city, and under the influence of his officials, makes a composite of mob malice. Wei-hai-wei, by the terms of its cession, gives the British policeman a range of ten miles from the centre, and consequently we shall have here the only





CHINESE COOLIES COAL STACKING—PORTABLE KITCHEN IN FOREGROUND

summering place in the Far East where a white lady with her children can ramble into the country on foot, on horseback, or on her bicycle, enjoying practically the same security that would be hers in Devonshire or in the White Mountains. In all other European settlements that I know of, the whites are

suffocated by the heaviness of the yellow man's breath. In Shanghai and Hongkong we take to the water as a refuge, for in both those settlements the recreation-grounds offer no more privacy than Trafalgar Square or the New York Battery.

From the top of Liu-kung-tao Island



I could see in my mind's eye row upon row of graceful villas rising from the midst of flowering shrubbery and shaded lawns, as in that paradise of South Africa, Durban. Near the Japanese camp I had tasted the waters of a medicinal spring of great volume and of a sulphurous flavor, suggesting Carlsbad or Saratoga. No doubt some enterprising company will build near by a casino, or *Kurhaus*, and introduce here all the diversions incident to Wiesbaden or Homburg. Admiral Seymour guards this spring carefully, and when its properties become better known, there will grow up around it a succession of charming shady walks in lieu of the present lack of refreshing foliage.

The government might wisely establish here an institution for the cure of tropical diseases, more particularly dysentery and malarious fever. The United States needs a naval and military hospital in this region, and here is a splendid opportunity for offering to share expenses in developing Wei-hai-wei as a health-resort.

Every kind of fruit and vegetable thrives about Wei-hai-wei, and since an American missionary, Dr. Nevius, introduced the California grape into northern Shan-tung, near Chee-foo, the northern slopes of that province have given rise to a considerable fruit industry. With mountains to climb near at hand, fishing in the streams, snipe abundant in the marshes, excellent boating and yachting in the beautiful bay, a well-policed country, and a climate the best of all China, what more can a white man desire? And finally we have the question of transportation solved, for there are plenty of competing steamship lines passing the port, and affording cheap and luxurious travel. Even now scarcely a day passes without a steamer passing Wei-hai-wei in either direction, whereas Kiao-chau, leading to nothing in particular and being off the main track, can only furnish passenger accommodation at long intervals.

The Admiral took me down to the "United Service Club," formerly a Chinese official residence, where light refreshments could be obtained, and where the members could recline in bamboo chairs and look over the papers. From

the terrace in front is a beautiful view across the four miles of Wei-hai-wei Bay, to the mountains of Shan-tung beyond.

Of course I wanted to see something of the administration of justice, so I called on Captain Gaunt of the Royal Navy, who had been made the general deputy-administrator in all judicial matters ashore. The work was thoroughly new to this gallant sailor, but he went at it as cheerfully as if he had been detailed to break in mustangs or build a lighthouse. I found him dressed in comfortable civilian clothes, settling a number of minor questions with one or two ship's petty officers, while a group of Chinamen were piling high upon his table what seemed a wheelbarrow load of brass coinage. Two or three bluejackets acted as doorkeepers, clerks of the court, jury, deputy-sheriffs, or almost anything else that might be required of them. They carried no military weapons, only a light stick such as the British soldier flourishes off duty, and which in this instance the British bluejacket regarded as a wand of authority. There was little formality about this court, but a most businesslike exercise of swift justice. The coinage that was being piled up on the table had been paid on behalf of a Chinese prisoner convicted of having kicked in the belly a fellow-Chinaman, for whose life fear was entertained. Two sureties came forward who paid first a fine of \$5 gold between them, and then each went bail to the extent of \$12 50 gold, this bail to be forfeited in case the injured man should die, and of course such a serious financial transaction occupied much time and space! In this instance, however, the man who had been kicked in the belly felt so deeply insulted that it was feared he would die out of "pure cussedness," for the mere satisfaction of humiliating his enemy in the eyes of his, the enemy's, family. It was delicious to watch the cool businesslike way in which Captain Gaunt's judicial business was transacted. There was no bullying, no swearing, no red tape, no lawyers; merely simple and swift justice.

The facility with which the Chinaman commits suicide in order to annoy one who has offended him is at first embarrassing to an Anglo-Saxon judge, but pretty soon we adjust ourselves to an up-

side-down world and learn to anticipate that the correct thing to do in China is often the exact opposite of what would be etiquette in Europe.

Such questions as these would have given sleepless nights to the Governor of Kiao-chau, but they evidently injured no one's digestion at Wei-hai-wei. All this work was relegated to a deputy, and the Governor had his mind free for other things. Captain Gaunt had no complaints to make. In fact I suspect that he rather relished playing at chief justice as a relief from ship-board monotony.

The crimes with which Captain Gaunt had to deal were mainly evasions of sanitary regulations, and were settled on the spot by placing the culprit at an obtuse angle with his face downwards over a nicely rounded stone in the court-yard, and dismissing him with half a dozen strokes of a cane in the hands of a blue-jacket. This saved expense, it wasted no time, and has given the Chinese an immense respect for humanity and justice.

In our walk back through the town Admiral Seymour called my attention to the flimsy manner in which the Chinese officials had constructed government buildings here. There had evidently been much stealing, for in many cases I saw the most wretched mud walls faced with very thin stone in order that the completed buildings might appear to be solid masonry.

Half of Wei-hai-wei was crumbling to pieces though the buildings could scarcely have been ten years old. Before long

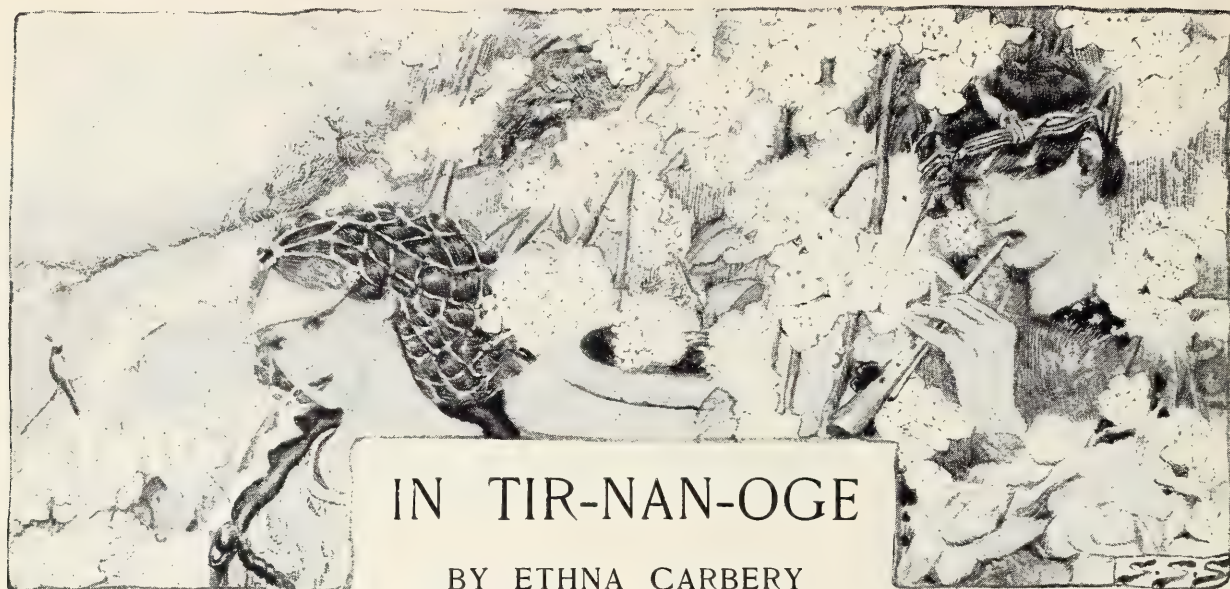
the rest will have been demolished by government, and substantial dwellings will have taken their place. I was shown large reservoirs intended to hold rain-water, but these through neglect had become worse than useless. Two distilling plants were to be erected, one for the island, one for the mainland. The streets of the town were scrupulously clean.

There were many shops open, all in Chinese hands, and these all appeared prosperous and clean. Several of them had tables ornamented with bunches of flowers and spread as for a tea party. Clean cups and saucers with slices of bread-and-butter invited the bluejacket and marine to their afternoon tea. These places were as neat and attractive as those one would find in an English cottage on a frequented road. At the public landing-place were gangs of coolies stacking up coal amongst other things. The stolid non-commissioned officer was here, acting the part of stevedore, and the work was going on with much rapidity. Yet here was no excitement. The coolies were free agents, had accepted work at the market rate, and consequently there was no occasion to exercise over them more supervision than under similar circumstances in Hong-kong or Singapore. While the Governor of Kiao-chau could get no house-servants to stay with him though he paid \$10 gold a month, and Germans of less rank were there offering in vain \$12 50 in gold a month, in Wei-hai-wei there was no difficulty in procuring excellent service at \$7 gold.



FORT AT EASTERN ENTRANCE TO WEI-HAI-WEI





[Tir-nan-oge, the land of perpetual youth, is a Celtic paradise under the sea, to which people are sometimes borne off by the *Sidhe*, or fairies.]

*In Tir-nan-oge,*  
*In Tir-nan-oge,*  
Summer and spring go hand in hand, and in the radiant weather  
Brown autumn leaves and winter snow come floating down together.

*In Tir-nan-oge,*  
*In Tir-nan-oge,*  
The sagans sway this way and that, the twisted fern uncloses,  
The quickenberry hides its head above the tender roses.

*In Tir-nan-oge,*  
*In Tir-nan-oge,*  
The blackbird lilt, the robin chirps, the linnet wearies never;  
They pipe to dancing feet of *Sidhe*, and thus shall pipe forever.

*In Tir-nan-oge,*  
*In Tir-nan-oge,*  
All in a drift of apple blooms, my true love there is roaming;  
He will not come although I pray from dawning until gloaming.

*In Tir-nan-oge,*  
*In Tir-nan-oge,*  
The *Sidhe* desired my Heart's Delight; they lured him from my keeping;  
He stepped within a fairy ring when all the world was sleeping.

*In Tir-nan-oge,*  
*In Tir-nan-oge,*  
He hath forgotten hill and glen where misty shadows gather,  
The bleating of the mountain sheep, the cabin of his father.

*In Tir-nan-oge,*  
*In Tir-nan-oge,*  
He wanders in a happy dream thro' scented golden hours;  
He flutes, to woo a fairy love, knee-deep in fairy flowers.

*In Tir-nan-oge,*  
*In Tir-nan-oge,*  
No memory hath he of my face, no sorrow for my sorrow.  
My flax is spun, my wheel is hushed, and so I wait the morrow.

# ELEANOR\*

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

## CHAPTER XIX.

THE days passed on. Between Eleanor and Lucy there had grown up a close, intense, and yet most painful affection. Neither gave the other her full confidence, and on Eleanor's side the consciousness both of the futility and the enormity of what she had done only increased with time, embittering the resistance of a will which was still fierce and unbroken.

Meanwhile she often observed her companion with a quick and torturing curiosity. What was it that Manisty had found so irresistible—when all her own subtler arts had failed?

Lucy was in some ways very simple—primitive even, as Manisty had called her. Eleanor knew that her type was no longer common in a modern America that sends all its girls to college, and ransacks the world for an experience. But at the same time the depth and force of her nature promised rich developments in the future. She was still a daughter of New England, with many traits now fast disappearing; but for her, too, there was beginning that cosmopolitan transformation to which the women of her race lend themselves so readily.

And it was Manisty's influence that was at work! Eleanor's miserable eyes discerned it in a hundred ways. Half the interests and questions on which Manisty's mind had been fixed for so long were becoming familiar to Lucy. They got books regularly from Rome, and Eleanor had been often puzzled by Lucy's selections—till one day the key to them flashed across her.

The girl, indeed, was making her way, fast and silently, into quite new regions of thought and feeling. She read and she thought. She observed the people of the village; she even frequented their humble church, though she would never go with Eleanor to Sunday Mass. There

some deep, unconquerable instinct held her back.

All through, indeed, her personal beliefs and habits—evangelical, unselfish, strong, and a little stern—seemed to be quite unchanged. But they were differently tinged, and would be in time differently presented. Nor would they ever, of themselves, divide her from Manisty. Eleanor saw that clearly enough. Lucy could hold opinion passionately, unreasonably even; but she was not of the sort that makes life depend upon opinion. Her true nature was large, tolerant, patient. The deepest forces in it were forces of feeling, and no intellectual difference would ever be able to deny them their natural outlet.

Meanwhile Lucy seemed to herself the most hopelessly backward and ignorant person—particularly in Eleanor's company.

"Oh! I am just a dunce," she said one day to Eleanor, with a smile and sigh, after some questions as to her childhood and bringing up. "They ought to have sent me to college. All the girls I knew went. But then Uncle Ben would have been quite alone. So I just had to get along."

"But you know what many girls don't know."

Lucy gave a shrug.

"I know some Latin and Greek, and other things that Uncle Ben could teach me. But, oh! what a simpleton I used to feel in Boston!"

"You were behind the age?"

Lucy laughed.

"I didn't seem to have anything to do with the age, or the age with me. You see, I was slow, and everybody else was quick. But an American that isn't quick's got no right to exist. You're bound to have heard the last thing, and read the last book, or people just want to know why you're there!"

"Why should people call you slow?"





THE CONFESSION

[SEE PAGE 664]



said Eleanor, in that voice which Lucy often found so difficult to understand, because of the strange note of hostility which, for no reason at all, would sometimes penetrate through the sweetness. "It's absurd. How quickly you've picked up Italian—and frocks!—and a hundred things."

She smiled, and stroked the brown head beside her.

Lucy colored, bent over her work, and did not reply.

Generally they passed their mornings in the *loggia* reading and working. Lucy was a dexterous needle-woman, and a fine piece of embroidery had made much progress since their arrival at Torre Amiata. Secretly she wondered whether she was to finish it there. Eleanor now shrank from the least mention of change; and Lucy, having opened her generous arms to this burden, did not know when she would be allowed to put it down. She carried it, indeed, very tenderly—with a love that was half eager remorse. Still, before long Uncle Ben must remonstrate in earnest. And the Porters, whom she had treated so strangely? They were certainly going back to America in September, if not before. And must she not go with them?

And would the heat at Torre Amiata be bearable for the sensitive Northerner after July? Already they spent many hours of the day in their shuttered and closed rooms, and Eleanor was whiter than the convolvulus which covered the new-mown hay-fields.

What a darling—what a kind and chivalrous darling was Uncle Ben! She had asked him to trust her, and he had done it nobly, though it was evident from his letters that he was anxious and disturbed. "I cannot tell you everything," she had written, "or I should be betraying a confidence; but I am doing what I feel to be right—what I am sure you would consent to my doing if you knew. Mrs. Burgoyne is *very* frail—and she clings to me. I can't explain to you how or why—but so it is. For the present I must look after her. This place is beautiful—the heat not yet too great—and you shall hear every week. Only, please, tell other people that I wish you to forward letters, and cannot long be certain of my address."

And he:—

"Dear child, this is very mysterious. I don't like it. It would be absurd to pretend that I did. But I haven't trusted my Lucy for fourteen years in order to begin to persecute her now because she can't tell me a secret. Only I give you warning that if you don't write to me every week, my generosity, as you call it, will break down—and I shall be for sending out a search party right away.... Do you want money? I must say that I hope July will see the end of your adventure."

Would it? Lucy found her mind full of anxious thoughts as Eleanor read aloud to her.

Presently she discovered that a skein of silk she wanted for her work was not in her basket. She turned to look also in her old inlaid work-box, which stood on a small table beside her. But it was not there.

"Please wait a moment," she said to her companion. "I am afraid I must get my silk."

She stood up hastily, and her movement upset the rickety cane table. With a crash her work-box fell to the ground, and its contents rolled over the *loggia*. She gave a cry of dismay.

"Oh! my terra-cottas!—my poor terra-cottas!"

Eleanor started, and rose too, involuntarily, to her feet. There on the ground lay all the little Nemi fragments which Manisty had given to Lucy, and which had been stowed away, each carefully wrapped in tissue-paper, in the well of her old work-box.

Eleanor helped to pick them up. The note of keen distress in Lucy's voice rang in her ears.

"They are not much hurt, luckily," she said.

And, indeed, thanks to the tissue-paper, there were only a few small chips and bruises to bemoan when Lucy at last had gathered them all safely into her lap. Still, chips and bruises in the case of delicate Græco-Roman terra-cottas are more than enough to make their owner smart, and Lucy bent over them with a very flushed and rueful face, examining and wrapping them up again.

"Cotton-wool would be better," she said, anxiously. "How have you put your two away?"



Directly the words were out of her mouth she felt that they had been better unspoken.

A deep flush stained Eleanor's thin face.

"I am afraid I haven't taken much care of them," she said, hurriedly.

They were both silent for a little. But while Lucy still had her lap full of her treasures, Eleanor again stood up.

"I will go in and rest for an hour before *déjeuner*. I think I might go to sleep."

She had passed a very broken night, and Lucy looked at her with tender concern. She quickly but carefully laid aside her terra-cottas, that she might go in with Eleanor and "settle her" comfortably.

But when she was left to rest in her carefully darkened room, and Lucy had gone back to the *loggia*, Eleanor got no wink of sleep. She lay in an anguish of memory, living over again that last night at the villa—thinking of Manisty in the dark garden and her own ungovernable impulse.

Presently a slight sound reached her from the *loggia*. She turned her head quickly. A sob?—from Lucy?

Her heart stood still. Noiselessly she slipped to her feet. The door between her and the *loggia* had been left ajar for air. It was partially glazed, with shutters of plain green wood outside, and inside a muslin blind. Eleanor approached it.

Through the chink of the door she saw Lucy plainly. The girl had been sitting almost with her back to the door, but she had turned so that her profile and hands were visible.

How quiet she was! Yet never was there an attitude more eloquent. She held in her hands, which lay upon her knee, one of the little terra-cottas. Eleanor could see it perfectly. It was the head of a statuette, not unlike her own which she had destroyed,—a smaller and ruder Artemis with the Cybele crown. There flashed into her mind the memory of Manisty explaining it to the girl, sitting on the bench behind the strawberry hut—his black brows bent in the eagerness of his talk—her sweet eyes, her pure pleasure.

And now Lucy had no companion—

but thought. Her face was raised, the eyes were shut, the beautiful mouth quivered in the effort to be still. She was mistress of herself, yet not for the moment wholly mistress of longing and of sorrow. A quick struggle passed over the face. There was another slight sob. Then Eleanor saw her raise the terra-cotta, bow her face upon it, press it long and lingeringly to her lips. It was like a gesture of eternal farewell—the gesture of a child expressing the heart of a woman.

Eleanor tottered back. She sat on the edge of her bed, motionless in the darkness, till the sounds of Cecco bringing up the *pranzo* in the corridor outside warned her that her time of solitude was over.

In the evening Eleanor was sitting in the Sassetto. Lucy, with her young need of exercise, had set off to walk down through the wood to the first bridge over the Paglia. Eleanor had been very weary all day, and for the first time irritable. It was almost with a secret relief that Lucy started, and Eleanor saw her depart.

Mrs. Burgoyne was left stretched on her long canvas chair in the green shade of the Sassetto. All about her was a chaos of moss-grown rocks crowned with trees, young and old; a gap in the branches showed her a distant peachy sky suffused with gold above the ethereal heights of the Amiata range; a little breeze crept through the trees; the birds were silent, but the large green lizards slipped in and out, and made a friendly life in the cool shadowed place.

The Contessa was to have joined Eleanor here at six o'clock. But a note had arrived excusing her. The visit of some relations detained her.

Nevertheless, a little after six, a step was heard approaching along the winding path, which, while it was still distant, Eleanor knew to be Father Benecke's. For his sake she was glad that the Contessa was not with her.

As for Donna Teresa, when she met the priest in the village or on the road, she shrank out of his path as though his mere shadow brought malediction.

Her pinched face, her thin figure, seemed to contract still further under an

impulse of fear and repulsion. Eleanor had seen it, and wondered.

But even the Contessa would have nothing to say to him.

"*Non, madame; c'est plus fort que moi!*" she had said to Eleanor one day that she had come across Mrs. Burgoyne and Father Benecke together in the Sassetto—in after-excuse for her behavior to him. "For you and me—*bien entendu*—we think what we please. Heaven knows I am not bigoted. Teresa makes herself unhappy about me." The stout, imperious woman stifled a sigh that betrayed much. "I take what I want from our religion—and I don't trouble about the rest. Emilio was the same. But a priest that disobeys—that deserts—! No! that is another matter. I can't argue—it seizes me by the throat. It is an instinct—an inheritance—call it what you like. But I feel like Teresa—I could run at the sight of him."

Certainly Father Benecke gave her no occasion to run. Since his recovery from the first shock and agitation of his suspension he had moved about the roads and tracks of Torre Amiata with the "recollected" dignity of the pale and meditative recluse. He asked nothing; he spoke to no one, except to the ladies at the convent, and to the old woman who served him unwillingly in the little tumble-down house by the river's edge, to which he had now transferred himself and his books—for greater solitude. Eleanor understood that he shrank from facing his German life and friends again till he had completed the revision of his book and the evolution of his thought; and she had some reason to believe that he regarded his isolation and the enmity of this Italian neighborhood as a necessary trial and testing, to be borne without a murmur.

As his step came nearer, she sat up and threw off her languor. It might have been divined, even, that she heard it with a secret excitement.

When he appeared he greeted her with the manner, at once reticent and cordial, that was natural to him. He had brought her an article in a German newspaper of the "Centre" on himself and his case, the violence of which had provoked him to a reply, whereof the manuscript was also in his pocket.

Eleanor took the article and turned it over. But some inward voice told her that the rôle of counsellor and critic was—again—played out. Suddenly Father Benecke said:

"I have submitted my reply to Mr. Manisty. I would like to show you what he says."

Eleanor fell back in her chair. "You know where he is?" she cried.

Her surprise was so great that she could not at once disguise her emotion. Father Benecke was also taken aback. He lifted his eyes from the papers he held.

"I wrote to him through his bankers the other day, madame. I have always found that letters so addressed to him are forwarded."

Then he stopped in distress and perturbation. Mrs. Burgoyne was still apparently struggling for breath and composure. His absent, seer's eyes at last took note of her as a human being. He understood, all at once, that he had before him a woman very ill, apparently very unhappy, and that what he had just said had thrown her into an anguish with which her physical weakness was hardly able to cope.

The color rose in his own cheeks.

"Madame! let me hasten to say that I have done your bidding precisely. You were so good as to tell me that you wished no information to be given to any one as to your stay here. I have not breathed a word of it to Mr. Manisty or to any other of my correspondents. Let me show you his letter."

He held it out to her. Eleanor took it with uncertain fingers.

"Your mention of him took me by surprise," she said, after a moment. "Miss Foster and I—have been—so long—without hearing of our friends."

Then she stooped over the letter. It seemed to her the ink was hardly dry on it—that it was still warm from Manisty's hand. The date of it was only three days old. And the place from which it came? Cosenza?—Cosenza in Calabria? Then he was still in Italy?

She put the letter back into Father Benecke's hands.

"Would you read it for me? I have rather a headache to-day."

He read it with a somewhat embarrass-



ed voice. Some phrases in it, scarcely noticed at the first perusal, recurred to him. She lay listening, with her eyes closed under her large hat, each hand trying to prevent the trembling of the other.

A strange pride swelled in her. It was a kind and manly letter, expressing far more personal sympathy with Benecke than Manisty had ever yet allowed himself—a letter wholly creditable indeed to the writer, and marked with a free and flowing beauty of phrase that brought home to Eleanor at every turn his voice, his movements, the ideas and sympathies of the writer.

Towards the end came the familiar Manisty-ism:

"All the same, their answer to you is still as good as ever. The system must either break up or go on. They naturally prefer that it should go on. But if it is worked by men like you, it cannot go on. Their instinct never wavers; and it is a true one."

Then:

"I don't know how I have managed to write this letter—poor stuff as it is. My mind at this moment is busy neither with speculation nor politics. I am perched for the night on the side of a mountain thickly covered with beech woods, in a remote Calabrian hamlet, where, however, last year some pushing person built a small 'health resort,' to which a few visitors come from Naples and even from Rome. The woods are vast, the people savage. The brigands are gone, or going; of electric light there is plenty. I came this morning, and shall be gone to-morrow. I am a pilgrim on the face of Italy. For six weeks I have wandered like this, from the northern Abruzzi downwards. Wherever holiday folk go to escape from the heat of the plains, I go. But my object is not theirs. .... Nor is it yours, padre. There are many quests in the world. Mine is one of the oldest that man knows. My heart pursues it, untired. And in the end I shall win to my goal."

The old priest hurried unsteadily through the last sentences. At every word he became aware of some electrical effect upon the delicate frame and face beside him; but he read on, lest she should think that he had omitted any-

thing,—not knowing how to save himself.

When he dropped the letter, his hands too shook. There was a silence.

Slowly Eleanor dragged herself higher in her chair; she pushed her hat back from her forehead; she turned her white drawn face upon the priest.

"Father," she said, bending towards him, "you are a priest—and a confessor?"

His face changed. He waited an instant before replying.

"Yes, madame—I am!" he said at last, with a firm and passionate dignity.

"Yet now you cannot act as a priest. And I am not a Catholic. Still, I am a human being—with a soul, I suppose—if there are such things—and you are old enough to be my father, and have had great experience. I am in trouble—and probably dying. Will you hear my case—as though it were a confession—under the same seal?"

She fixed her eyes upon him. Insensibly the priest's expression had changed; the priestly caution, the priestly instinct, had returned. He looked at her steadily and compassionately.

"Is there no one, madame, to whom you might more profitably make this confession—no one who has more claim to it than I?"

"No one."

"I cannot refuse," he said, uneasily. "I cannot refuse to hear any one in trouble, and—if I can—to help them. But let me remind you that this could not be in any sense a true confession. It could only be a conversation between friends."

She drew her hand across her eyes.

"I must treat it as a confession, or I cannot speak. I shall not ask you to absolve me. That—that would do me no good," she said, with a little wild laugh. "What I want is direction—from some one accustomed to look at people as they are—and—and to speak the truth to them. Say 'yes,' padre. You—you may have the fate of three lives in your hands."

Her entreating eyes hung upon him. His consideration took a few moments longer. Then he dropped his own look upon the ground, and clasped his hands.

"Say, my daughter, all that you wish to say."

The priestly phrase gave her courage.

She drew a long breath, and paused a little to collect her thoughts. When she began, it was in a low, dragging voice full of effort.

"What I want to know, father, is—how far one may fight—how far one *should* fight—for one's self. The facts are these. I will not mention any names. Last winter, father, I had reason to think that life had changed for me—after many years of unhappiness. I gave my whole, whole heart away." The words came out in a gasp, as though a large part of the physical power of the speaker escaped with them. "I thought that—in return—I was held in high value, in true affection—that—that my friend cared for me more than for any one else—that in time he would be mine altogether. It was a great hope, you understand—I don't put it at more. But I had done much to deserve his kindness—he owed me a great deal. Not, I mean, for the miserable work I had done for him; but for all the love, the thought by day and night that I had given him."

She bowed her head on her hands for a moment. The priest sat motionless, and she resumed, torn and excited by her strange task.

"I was not alone in thinking and hoping—as I did. Other people thought it. It was not merely presumptuous or foolish on my part. But—ah! it is an old story, padre. I don't know why I inflect it on you!"

She stopped, wringing her hands.

The priest did not raise his eyes, but sat quietly—in an attitude a little cold and stern, which seemed to rebuke her agitation. She composed herself, and resumed:

"There was of course some one else, father—you understood that from the beginning—some one younger, and far more attractive than I. It took five weeks—hardly so much. There was no affinity of nature and mind to go upon—or I thought so. It seemed to me all done in a moment by a beautiful face. I could not be expected to bear it—to resign myself at once to the loss of everything that made life worth living—could I, father?" she said, passionately.

The priest still did not look up.

"You resisted?" he said.

"I resisted—successfully," she said, with fluttering breath. "I separated them. The girl who supplanted me was most tender, dear, and good. She pitied me, and I worked upon her pity. I took her away from—from my friend. And why should I not? Why are we called upon perpetually to give up—give up? It seemed to me such a cruel, cold, un-human creed! I knew my own life was broken—beyond mending; but I couldn't bear the unkindness—I couldn't forgive the injury—I couldn't—couldn't! I took her away—and my power is still great enough, and will be always great enough, if I choose, to part these two from each other!"

Her hands were on her breast, as though she were trying to still the heart that threatened to silence her. When she spoke of "giving up," her voice had taken a note of scorn, almost of hatred, that brought a momentary furrow to the priest's brow.

For a little while after she had ceased to speak he sat bowed, and apparently deep in thought. When he looked up she braced herself, as though she already felt the shock of judgment. But he only asked a question.

"Your girl friend, madame—her happiness was not involved?"

Eleanor shrank and turned away.

"I thought not—at first." It was a mere murmur.

"But now?"

"I don't know—I suspect," she said, miserably. "But, father, if it were so, she is young—she has all her powers and chances before her. What would kill me would only—anticipate—for her—a day, that must come. She is born to be loved."

Again she let him see her face, convulsed by the effort for composure, the eyes shining with large tears. It was like the pleading of a wilful child.

A veil descended also on the pure intense gaze of the priest, yet he bent it steadily upon her.

"Madame—God has done you a great honor."

The words were just breathed, but they did not falter. Mutely, with parted lips, she seemed to search for his meaning.

"There are very few of whom God condescends to ask as plainly, as generous—



ly, as He now asks of you. What does it matter, madame, whether God speaks to us amid the thorns or the flowers? But I do not remember that He ever spoke among the flowers, but often—often amongst deserts and wildernesses. And when He speaks—madame! the condescension, the gift, is that He should speak at all; that He, our Maker and Lord, should plead with, should as it were humble Himself to, our souls—oh! how we should hasten to answer, how we should hurry to throw ourselves and all that we have into His hands!”

Eleanor turned away. Unconsciously she began to strip the moss from a tree beside her. The tears dropped upon her lap.

But the appeal was to religious emotion, not to the moral judgment, and she rallied her forces.

“You speak, father, as a priest—as a Christian. I understand, of course, that that is the Christian language—the Christian point of view.”

“My daughter,” he said, simply, “I can speak no other language.”

There was a pause. Then he resumed: “But consider it for a moment from another point of view. You say that for yourself you have renounced the expectation of happiness. What, then, do you desire? Merely the pain, the humiliation, of others? But is that an end that any man or woman may lawfully pursue—pagan or Christian? It was not a Christian who said, ‘Men exist for the sake of one another.’ Yet when two other human beings—your friends—have innocently—unwittingly—done you a wrong—”

She shook her head silently.

The priest observed her.

“One at least, you said, was kind and good—showed you a compassionate spirit—and intended you no harm. Yet you will punish her—for the sake of your own pride. And she is young. You who are older, and better able to control passion, ought you not to feel towards her as a tender elder sister—a mother—rather than a rival?”

He spoke with a calm and even power, the protesting force of his own soul mounting all the time like a tide.

Eleanor rose again in revolt.

“It is no use,” she said, despairingly.

“Do you understand, father, what I said to you at first?—that I have probably not many months—a year perhaps—to live? And that to give these two to each other would embitter all my last days and hours—would make it impossible for me to believe—to hope anything?”

“No, no, poor soul!” he said, deeply moved. “It would be with you as with St. John: ‘Now we know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren.’”

She shrugged her shoulders.

“I have no faith—and no hope.”

His look kindled—took a new aspect, almost of command.

“You do yourself wrong. Could you have brought yourself to ask this counsel of me if God had not been already at work in your soul—if your sin were not already half conquered?”

She recoiled as though from a blow. Her cheek burned.

“Sin!” she repeated, bitterly, with a kind of scorn, not able to bear the word.

But he did not quail.

“All selfish desire is sin—desire that defies God and wills the hurt of man. But you will cast it out. The travail is already begun in you that will form the Christ.”

“Father, creeds and dogmas mean nothing to me!”

“Perhaps,” he said, calmly. “Does religion also mean nothing to you?”

“Oh! I am a weak woman,” she said, with a quivering lip. “I throw myself on all that promises consolation. When I see the nuns from down below pass up and down this road, I often think that theirs is the only way out—that the Catholic Church and a convent are perhaps the solution to which I must come—for the little while that remains.”

“In other words,” he said, after a pause, “God offers you one discipline, and you would choose another. Well, the Lord gave the choice to David of what rod he would be scourged with; but it always has seemed to me that the choice was an added punishment. I would not have chosen. I would have left all to His Divine Majesty! This cross is not of your own making—it comes to you from God. Is it not the most signal proof of His love? He asks of you what only the strongest can bear—gives you just time



to serve Him with the best. As I said before, is it not His way of honoring His creature?"

Eleanor sat without speaking, her delicate head drooping.

"And, madame," the priest continued, with a changed voice, "you say that creeds and dogmas mean nothing to you. How can I, who am now cast out from the Visible Church, uphold them to you—attempt to bind them on your conscience? But one thing I can do, whether as man or priest—I can bid you ask yourself whether in truth *Christ* means nothing to you—and Calvary nothing."

He paused, staring at her with his bright and yet unseeing eyes, the wave of feeling rising within him to a force and power born of recent storm, of the personal wrestling with a personal anguish.

"Why is it"—he resumed, each word low and pleading—"that this divine figure is enshrined, if not in all our affections—at least in all our imaginations? Why is it that at the heart of this modern world, with all its love of gold, its thirst for knowledge, its desire for pleasure, there still lives and burns"—

(He held out his two strong clinched hands, quivering, as though he held in them the vibrating heart of man.)

"—this strange madness of sacrifice, this foolishness of the Cross? Why is it that in these polite and civilized races which lead the world, while creeds and Churches divide us, what still touches us most deeply, what still binds us together most surely, is this story of a hideous death, which the spectators said was voluntary—which the innocent Victim embraced with joy as the ransom of His brethren—from which those who saw it received in very truth the communication of a new life—a life, a Divine Mystery, renewed amongst us now, day after day, in thousands of human beings? What does it mean, madame? Ask yourself! How has our world of lust and iron produced such a thing? How, except as the clew to the world's secret, is man to explain it to himself? Ah! my daughter, think what you will of the nature and dignity of the Crucified—but turn your eyes to the Cross! Trouble yourself with no creeds—I speak thus to your weakness—but sink yourself in the story of the Passion and its work upon the world!

Then bring it to bear upon your own case. There is in you a root of evil mind—an angry desire—a *cupido* which keeps you from God. Lay it down before the Crucified, and rejoice—rejoice!—that you have something to give to your God—before He gives you Himself!"

The old man's voice sank and trembled.

Eleanor made no reply. Her capacity for emotion was suddenly exhausted. Nerve and brain were tired out.

After a minute or two she rose to her feet and held out her hand.

"I thank you with all my heart. Your words touch me very much, but they seem to me somehow remote—impossible. Let me think of them. I am not strong enough to talk more now."

She bade him good-night, and left him. With her feeble step she slowly mounted the Sassetto path, and it was some little time before her slender form and white dress disappeared among the trees.

Father Benecke remained alone—a prey to many conflicting currents of thought.

For him too the hour had been strangely troubling and revolutionary. On the recognized lines of Catholic confession and direction, all that had been asked of him would have been easy to give. As it was, he had been obliged to deal with the moral emergency as he best could—by methods which, now that the crisis was over, filled him with a sudden load of scrupulous anguish.

The support of a great system had been withdrawn from him. He still felt himself neither man nor priest—wavering in the dark.

This poor woman! He was conscious that her statement of her case had roused in him a kind of anger—so passionate and unblushing had been the egotism of her manner. Even after his long experience he felt in it something monstrous. He had been tender, patient enough?

What troubled him was this consciousness of the *woman*, as apart from the penitent, which had overtaken him—the woman with her frail physical health, possibly her terror of death, her broken heart. New perplexities and compunctions—not to be felt within the strong dikes of Catholic practice—rushed upon



him as he sat thinking under the falling night. The human fate became more bewildering, more torturing. The clear landscape of Catholic thought upon which he had once looked out was wrapping itself in clouds, falling into new aspects and relations. How marvellous are the chances of human history! The outward ministry had been withdrawn—in its stead this purely spiritual ministry had been offered to him. "*Domine, in coelo misericordia tua—judicia tua abyssus multa!*"

Recalling what he knew of Mrs. Burgoyne's history and of Manisty's, his mind, trained in the subtleties of moral divination, soon reconstructed the whole story. Clearly the American lady now staying with Mrs. Burgoyne—who had showed towards himself such a young and graceful pity—was the other woman.

He felt instinctively that Mrs. Burgoyne would approach him again—coldly as she had parted from him. She had betrayed to him all the sick confusion of soul that existed beneath her intellectual competence and vigor. The situation between them, indeed, had radically changed. He laid aside deference and humility; he took up the natural mastery of the priest as the moral expert. She had no faith; and faith would save her. She was wandering in darkness, making shipwreck of herself and others. And she had appealed to him. With an extraordinary eagerness the old man threw himself into the task she had so strangely set him. He longed to conquer and heal her—to bring her to faith, to sacrifice, to God. The mingled innocence and despotism of his nature were both concerned. And was there something else?—the eagerness of the soldier who retrieves disobedience by some special and arduous service? To be allowed to attempt it is a grace; to succeed in it is pardon.

Was she dying—poor lady!—or was it a delusion on her part, one of the devices of self-pity? Yet he recalled the emaciated face and form, the cough, the trailing step, Miss Foster's anxiety, some comments overheard in the village.

And if she died unreconciled, unhappy? Could nothing be done to help her, from outside—to brace her to action—and in time?

He pondered the matter with all the keenness of the casuist, all the *naïveté* of the recluse. In the tragical uprooting of established habit through which he was passing, even those ways of thinking and acting which become the second nature of the priest were somewhat shaken. Had Eleanor's confidence been given him in Catholic confession, he might not even by word or look have ever reminded herself of what had passed between them; still less have acted upon it in any way. Nor, under the weight of tradition which binds the Catholic priest, would he ever have been conscious of the remotest temptation to what his Church regards as one of the deadliest of sins.

And further. If as his penitent, yet outside confession—in a letter or conversation—Eleanor had told him her story, his passionately scrupulous sense of the priestly function would have bound him precisely in the same way. Here, all Catholic opinion would not have agreed with him; but his own conviction would have been clear.

But now, in the general shifting of his life from the standpoint of authority to the standpoint of conscience, new aspects of the case appeared to him. He recalled certain questions of moral theology with which as a student he was familiar. The modern discipline of the confessional "seal" is generally more stringent than that of the middle ages. Benecke remembered that in view of St. Thomas it is sometimes lawful for a confessor to take account of what he hears in confession, so far as to endeavor afterwards to remove some obstacle to the spiritual progress of his penitent, which has been revealed to him under the seal. The modern theologian denies altogether the legitimacy of such an act, which for him is a violation of the Sacrament.

But for Benecke, at this moment, the tender argument of St. Thomas suddenly attained a new beauty and compulsion.

He considered it long. He thought of Manisty, his friend, to whom his affectionate heart owed a debt of gratitude, wandering about Italy, in a blind quest of the girl who had been snatched away from him. He thought of the girl herself, and the love that not all Mrs. Burgoyne's jealous anguish had been able to deny. And then his mind returned to Mrs. Bur-

goyne, and the arid misery of her struggle.

The darkness was falling. As he reached the last of the many windings of the road, he saw his tiny house by the river-side, with a light in the window.

He leaned upon his stick, conscious of inward excitement, feeling suddenly on his old shoulders the burden of those three lives of which Mrs. Burgoyne had spoken.

"My God, give them to me!" he cried, with a sudden leap of the heart that was at once humble and audacious.

Not a word to Mr. Manisty, or to any other human being, clearly, as to Mrs. Burgoyne's presence at Torre Amiata. To that he was bound.

But—

"May I not entertain a wayfarer, a guest?"—he thought—"like any other solitary?"

#### CHAPTER XX.

THE hot evening was passing into night. Eleanor and Lucy were on the *loggia* together.

Through the opening in the parapet wall made by the stairway to what had once been the enclosed monastery garden, Eleanor could see the fire-flies flashing against the distant trees; further, above the darkness of the forest, ethereal terraces of dimmest azure lost in the starlight; and where the mountains dropped to the southwest a heaven still fiery and streaked with threats of storm. Had she raised herself a little she could have traced far away, beyond the forest slopes, the course of those white mists that rise at night out of the wide bosom of Bolsena.

Outside, the country folk were streaming home from their work,—the men riding their donkeys or mules, the women walking, often with burdens on their heads, and children dragging at their hands—dim purplish figures in the evening blue, charged with the eternal grace of the old Virgilian life of Italy, the life of corn and vine, of chestnut and olive. Lucy hung over the balcony, looking at the cavalcades, sometimes waving her hand to a child or a mother that she recognized through the gathering darkness. It was an evening spectacle of which she never tired. Her feeling clung to these laboring people, whom she

idealized with the optimism of her clean youth. Secretly her young strength envied them their primal, necessary toils. She would not have shrunk from their hardships; their fare would have been no grievance to her. Sickness, old age, sin, cruelty, violence, death,—that these dark things entered into their lives, she knew vaguely. Her heart shrank from what her mind sometimes divined; all the more perhaps that there was in her the promise of a wide and rare human sympathy, which must some day find its appointed tasks and suffer much in the finding. Now, when she stumbled on the horrors of the world, she would cry to herself, "God knows!"—with a catching breath, and the feeling of a child that runs from darkness to protecting arms; and so escape her pain.

Presently she came to sit by Eleanor again, trying to amuse her by the account of a talk on the roadside with an old *spaccapietre*, or stone-breaker, who had fought at Mentana.

Eleanor listened vaguely, hardly replying. But she watched the girl in her simple white dress, her fine head, her grave and graceful movements; she noticed the voice, so expressive of an inner self-mastery through all its gayety. And suddenly the thought flamed through her:—

"If I told her!—if she knew that I had seen a letter from him this afternoon?—that he is in Italy?—that he is looking for *her*, day and night! If I just blurted it out—what would she say?—how would she take it?"

But not a word passed her lips. She began again to try and unravel the meaning of his letter. Why had he gone in search of them to the Abruzzi of all places?

Then, suddenly, she remembered.

One day at the villa, some Italian friends—a deputy and his wife—had described to them a summer spent in a wild nook of the Abruzzi. The young husband had possessed a fine gift of phrase. The mingled savagery and innocence of the people; the vast untrodden woods of chestnut and beech; the slowly advancing civilization; the new railway line that seemed to the peasants a living and hostile thing, a kind of greedy fire-monster, carrying away their potatoes to market



and their sons to the army; the contrasts of the old and new Italy; the joys of summer on the heights, of an unbroken Italian sunshine steeping a fresh and almost Northern air—he had drawn it all, with the facility of the Italian, the broken, bold, impressionist strokes of the modern. Why must Italians nowadays always rush north, to the lakes, or Switzerland, or the Tirol? Here in their own land, in the Abruzzi, and farther south, in the Volscian and Calabrian mountains, were cool heights waiting to be explored, the savor of a primitive life, the traces of old cities, old strongholds, old faiths, a peasant world, moreover, unknown to most Italians of the west and north, to be observed, to be made friends with.

They had all listened in fascination. Lucy especially. The thought of scenes so rarely seen, so little visited, existing so near to them, in this old, old Italy, seemed to touch the girl's imagination—to mingle, as it were, a breath from her own New World with the land of the Cæsars.

"One can ride everywhere?" she had asked, looking up at the traveller.

"Everywhere, mademoiselle."

"I shall come," she had said, drawing pencil circles on a bit of paper before her, with pleased intent eyes, like one planning.

And the Italian, amused by her enthusiasm, had given her a list of places where accommodation could be got, where hotels of a simple sort were beginning to develop, whence this new land that was so old could be explored by the stranger.

And Manisty had stood by, smoking and looking down at the girl's graceful head, and the charming hand that was writing down the names.

Another pang of the past recalled—a fresh one added.

For Torre Amiata had been forgotten, while Lucy's momentary whim had furnished the clew which had sent him on his vain quest through the mountains.

"I do think," said Lucy, presently, taking her hand, "you haven't coughed so much to-day?"

Her tone was full of anxiety, of tenderness.

Eleanor smiled. "I am very well," she said, dryly. But Lucy's frown did

not relax. This cough was a new trouble. Eleanor made light of it. But Marie sometimes spoke of it to Lucy with expressions which terrified one who had never known illness except in her mother.

Meanwhile Eleanor was thinking:—"Something will bring him here. He is writing to Father Benecke—Father Benecke to him. Some accident will happen—any day, any hour. Well—let him come!"

Her hands stiffened under her shawl that Lucy had thrown round her. A fierce consciousness of power thrilled through her weak frame. Lucy was hers! The pitiful spectacle of these six weeks had done its work. Let him come.

His letter was not unhappy!—far from it. She felt herself flooded with bitterness as she remembered the ardor that it breathed—the ardor of a lover to whom effort and pursuit are joys only second to the joys of possession.

But some day no doubt he would be unhappy in earnest—if her will held. But it would hold.

After all, it was not much she asked. She might live till the winter—possibly a year. Not long, after all, in Lucy's life or Manisty's. Let them wait a little.

Her hand burned in Lucy's cool clasp. Restlessly she asked the girl some further questions about her walk.

"I met the Sisters—the nuns—from Selvapendente, on the hill," said Lucy. "Such sweet faces some of them have."

"I don't agree," said Eleanor, petulantly. "I saw two of them yesterday. They smile at you, but they have the narrowest, stoniest eyes. Their pity would be very difficult to bear."

A few minutes later Lucy left her for a moment, to give a message to Marie.

"These Christians are hard—*hard!*" thought Eleanor, sharply, closing her tired lids.

Had Father Benecke ever truly weighed her case, her plea at all? Never! It had been the stereotyped answer of the priest and the preacher. Her secret sense resented the fact that he had been so little moved, apparently, by her physical state. It humiliated her that she should have brought so big a word as death into the game—to no effect. Her thin cheek flushed with shame and anger.

The cracked bell which announced their meals tinkled from the sitting-room.

Eleanor dragged herself to her feet, and stood a moment by the parapet looking into the night.

"I cough less?" she thought. "Why?—for I get worse every day. That I may make less noise in dying? Well!—one would like to go without ugliness and fuss. I might as well be dead now—I am so broken—so full of suffering. How I hide it all from that child! And what is the use of it—of living a single day or hour more?"

She was angry with Father Benecke; but she took care to see him again.

By means of a little note about a point in the article he was just completing, she recalled him.

They met without the smallest reference to the scene which had passed between them. He asked for her literary opinion with the same simplicity, the same outward deference as before. She was once more the elegant and languid woman, no writer herself, but born to be the friend and muse of writers. She made him feel just as clearly as before the clumsiness of a phrase, the *naïveté* of a point of view.

And yet in truth all was changed between them. Their talk ranged further, sank deeper. From the controversy of science with the Vatican, from the position of the Old Catholics, or the triumph of Ultramontanism in France, it would drop of a sudden, neither knew how, and light upon some small matter of conduct or feeling—some "flower in the crannied wall"—charged with the profoundest things—things most intimate, most searching, concerned with the eternal passion and trouble of the human will—the "body of this death," the "burden" of the *Pilgrim's Progress*.

Then the priest's gentle insistent look would steal on hers; he would speak from his heart; he would reveal in a shrinking word or two the secrets of his own spiritual life, of that long inner discipline, which was now his only support in rebellion—the plank between him and the abyss.

She felt herself pursued—felt it with a mixture of fear and attraction. She

had asked him to be her director—and then refused his advice. She had tried to persuade him that she was a sceptic and unbeliever. But he had not done with her. She divined the ardor of the Christian—perhaps the acuteness of the ecclesiastic. Often she was not strong enough to talk to him, and then he read to her—the books that she allowed him to choose. Through a number of indirect and gradual approaches he laid siege to her, and again and again did she feel her heart fluttering in his grasp, only to draw it back in fear, to stand once more on a bitter unspoken defence of herself that would not yield. Yet he recognized in her the approach of some crisis of feeling. She seemed herself to suspect it and to be trying to ward it off, in a kind of blind anguish. Nothing meanwhile could be more touching than the love between her and Lucy. The old man looked on and wondered.

Day after day he hesitated. Then one evening, in Lucy's absence, he found her so pale, and racked with misery—so powerless either to ask help or to help herself, so resolute not to speak again, so clearly tortured by her own coercing will, that his hesitation gave way.

He walked down the hill in a trance of prayer. When he emerged from it, his mind was made up.

In the days that followed he seemed to Eleanor often agitated and ill at ease. She was puzzled, too, by his manner towards Lucy. In truth, he watched Miss Foster with a timid anxiety, trying to penetrate her character, to divine how presently she might feel towards him. He was not afraid of Mrs. Burgoyne, but he was sometimes afraid of this girl with her clear, candid eyes. Her fresh youth, and many of her American ways and feelings, were hard for him to understand. She showed him friendship in a hundred pretty ways; and he met her sometimes eagerly, sometimes with a kind of shamefacedness.

Soon he began to neglect his work of a morning that he might wander out to meet the postman beyond the bridge. And when the man passed him by with a short "*C'è niente*," the priest would turn homeward, glad almost that for one day more he was not called upon to



face the judgment in Lucy Foster's face on what he had done.

The middle of July was past. The feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel had come and gone, bringing processions and music, with a Madonna under a gold baldacchino, to glorify the little deserted chapel on the height.

Eleanor had watched the crowds and banners, the red-robed Compagni di Gesù, the white priests, and veiled girls, with a cold averted eye. Lucy looked back with a pang to Marinata, and to the indulgent pleasure that Eleanor had once taken in all the many-colored show of Catholicism. Now she was always weary, and often fretful. It struck Lucy, too, that she was more restless than ever. She seemed to take no notice of the present—to be always living in the future—expecting, listening, waiting. The gestures and sudden looks that expressed this attitude of mind were often of the weirdest effect. Lucy could have thought her haunted by some unseen presence. Physically she was not, perhaps, substantially worse. But her state was more appealing, and the girl's mind towards her more pitiful day by day.

One thing, however, she was determined on. They would not spend August at Torre Amiata. It would need stubbornness with Eleanor to bring her to the point of change. But stubbornness there should be.

One morning, a day or two after the festa, Lucy left Eleanor on the *loggia*, while she herself ran out for a turn before their mid-day meal. There had been fierce rain in the morning, and the sky was still thick with thunder-clouds.

She escaped into a washed and cooled world. But the thirsty earth had drunk the rain at a gulp. The hill which had been running with water was almost dry, the woods had ceased to patter; on all sides could be felt the fresh restoring impulse of the storm. Nature seemed to be breathing from a deeper chest—shaking her free locks in a wilder, keener air—to a long-silent music from the quickened river below.

Lucy almost ran down the hill, so great was the physical relief of the rain and the cloudy morning. She needed it. Her spirits too had been uneven, her cheek paler of late.

She wore a blue cotton dress, fitting simply and closely to the young rounded form. Round her shapely throat, and the lace collar that showed Eleanor's fancy and seemed to herself a little too elaborate for the morning, she wore a child's coral necklace—a gleam of red between the abundant black of her hair and the soft blue of her dress. Her hat, a large Leghorn, with a rose in it, framed the sweet gravity of her face. She was more beautiful than when she had said good-by to Uncle Ben on the Boston platform. But it was a beauty that for his adoring old heart would have given new meaning to "that sad word, Joy."

She turned into the Sassetto and pushed upwards through its tumbled rocks and trees to the seat commanding the river and the mountains.

As she approached it she was thinking of Eleanor and the future, and her eyes were absently bent on the ground.

But a scent familiar and yet strange distracted her. Suddenly, on the path in front of the seat, she saw a still burning cigarette, and on the seat a book lying.

She stopped short; then sank upon the seat, her eyes fixed upon the book.

It was a yellow-bound French novel, and on the outside was written, in a hand she knew, a name that startled every pulse in her young body.

*His book? And that cigarette? Father Benecke neither smoked nor did he read French novels.*

Beyond the seat the path branched—upwards to the Palazzo, and downwards to the river. She rose and looked eagerly over its steep edge into the medley of rock and tree below. She saw nothing, but it seemed to her that in the distance she heard voices talking—receding.

They had left the seat only just in time to escape her. Mr. Manisty had forgotten his book. Careless and hasty—how well she knew the trait! But he would miss it—he would come back.

She stood up and tried to collect her thoughts. If he was here, he was with Father Benecke. So the priest had betrayed the secret he had promised Mrs. Burgoyne to keep?

No, no!—that was impossible! It was chance—unkind, unfriendly chance.

And yet?—as she bit her lip in fear or bewilderment, her heart was rising like the Paglia after the storm—swelling, thundering within her.

“What shall I—what shall I—do?” she cried, under her breath, pressing her hands to her eyes.

Then she turned and walked swiftly homewards. Eleanor must not know—must not see him. The girl was seized with panic terror at the thought of what might be the effect of any sudden shock upon Mrs. Burgoyne.

Half-way up the hill she stopped involuntarily, wringing her hands in front of her. It was the thought of Manisty not half a mile away, of his warm, living self so close to her, that had swept upon her, like a tempest wind on a young oak.

“Oh! I mustn’t—*mustn’t*—be glad!” she cried, gulping down a sob, hating, despising herself.

Then she hurried on. With every step she grew more angry with Father Benecke. At best he must have been careless, inconsiderate. A man of true delicacy would have done more than keep his promise—would have actively protected them.

That he had kept the letter of his promise was almost proved by the fact that Mr. Manisty had not yet descended upon the convent. For what could it mean—his lingering in Italy—but a search, a pursuit? Her cheek flamed guiltily over the certainty thus borne in upon her. But if so, what could hold back his impetuous will—but ignorance? He could not know they were there. That was clear.

So there was time—a chance. Perhaps Father Benecke was taken by surprise too—puzzled to know what to do with him? Should she write to the priest—or simply keep Eleanor in-doors and watch?

At thought of her, the girl lashed herself into an indignation, an anguish that sustained her. After devotion so boundless, service so measureless—so lightly, meagrely repaid—were Mrs. Burgoyne’s peace and health to be again in peril at her cousin’s hands?

Luckily Eleanor showed that day no wish to move from her sofa. The storm had shaken her, given her a headache,

and she was inclined to shiver in the cooler air.

After luncheon Lucy coaxed her to stay in one of the inner rooms, where there was a fireplace—out of sight and sound of the road. Marie made a fire on the disused hearth of what had once been an infirmary cell. The logs crackled merrily—and presently the rain streamed down again across the open window.

Lucy sat sewing and reading through the afternoon in a secret anguish of listening. Every sound in the corridor, every sound from downstairs, excited the tumult in the blood. “What is the matter with you?” Eleanor would say, reaching out first to pinch, then to kiss the girl’s cheek. “It is all very well that thunder should set a poor wretch like me on edge—but you! Anyway, it has given you back your color. You look superbly well this afternoon.”

And then she would fall to gazing at the girl under her eyebrows with that little trick of the bitten lip, and that piteous silent look, that Lucy could hardly bear.

The rain fell fast and furious. They dined by the fire, and the night fell.

“Clearing—at last,” said Eleanor, as they pushed back their little table, and she stood by the open window, while Cecco was taking away the meal; “but too late and too wet for me.”

An hour later, indeed, the storm had rolled away, and a bright and rather cold starlight shone above the woods.

“Now I understand Aunt Pattie’s tales of fires at Sorrento in August,” said Eleanor, crouching over the hearth. “This blazing Italy can touch you when she likes with the chilliest fingers. Poor peasants!—are their hearts lighter to-night? The rain was fierce, but mercifully there was no hail. Down below they say the harvest is over. Here they begin next week. The storm has been rude—but not ruinous. Last year the hail-storms in September stripped the grapes—diminished the receipts by half—and pinched their whole winter. They will think it all comes of their litanies and banners the other day. If the vintage goes well too, perhaps they will give the Madonna a new frock. How simple!—how satisfying!”



She hung over the blaze, with her little pensive smile, cheered physically by the warmth, more ready to talk, more at ease, than she had been for days. Lucy looked at her with a fast-beating heart. How fragile she was, how lovely still, in the half-light!

Suddenly Eleanor turned to her, and held out her arms. Lucy knelt down beside her, trembling lest any look or word should betray the secret in her heart. But Eleanor drew the girl to her, resting her cheek tenderly on the brown head.

"Do you miss your mother very much?" she said softly, turning her lips to kiss the girl's hair. "I know you do. I see it in you, often."

Lucy's eyes filled with tears. She pressed Eleanor's hand without speaking. They clung together in silence, each mind full of thoughts unknown to the other. But Eleanor's features relaxed; for a little while she rested, body and mind. And as Lucy lingered in the clasp thrown round her, she seemed for the first time since the old days at the villa to be the cherished, and not the cherisher.

Eleanor went early to bed, and then Lucy took a warm shawl and paced up and down the *loggia* in a torment of indecision. Presently she was attracted by the little wooden stair which led down from the *loggia* to what had once been the small walled garden of the convent, where the monks of this austere order had taken their exercise in sickness, or rested in the sun when extreme old age debarred them from the field labor of their comrades.

The garden was now a desolation, save for the tangle of oleanders and myrtle in its midst. But the high walls were still intact, and an old wooden door on the side nearest to the forest. Beneath the garden was a triangular piece of open grass land sloping down towards the entrance of the Sassetto, and bounded on one side by the road.

Lucy wandered up and down, in a wild trance of feeling. Half a mile away was he sitting with Father Benecke?—winning perhaps their poor secret from the priest's incautious lips? With what eagle-quickness could he pounce on a sign—an indication! And then the flash of

those triumphant eyes!—and the onslaught of his will on theirs!

Hark! She caught her breath.

Voices! Two men were descending the road. She hurried to hide her white dress close under the wall—she strained every sense.

The sputter of a match—the trail of its scent in the heavy air—an exclamation.

"Father!—wait a moment! Let me light up. These matches are damp. Besides, I want to have another look at this old place—"

The steps diverged from the road—approached the lower wall of the garden. She pressed herself against its inner surface, trembling in every limb. Only the old door between her and them! She dared not move—but it was not only fear of discovery that held her. It was a mad uncontrollable joy, that, like a wind on warm embers, kindled all her being into flame.

"One more crime—that!—of your Parliamentary Italy! What harm had the poor things done that they should be turned out? You heard what that carabinieri said?—that they farmed half the plateau,—and now look at that! I feel as I do when I see a blackbird's nest on the ground, that some beastly boy has been robbing and destroying. I want to get at the boy."

"The boy would plead perhaps that the blackbirds were too many—and the fruit too scant. Is it wise, my dear sir, to stand there in the damp?"

The voice was pitched low. Lucy detected the uneasiness of the speaker.

"One moment. You remember, I was here before in November. This summer night is a new impression. What a pure and exquisite air!" Lucy could hear the long inhalation of the speaker. "I recollect a vague notion of coming to read here. The *massaja* told us they took in people for the summer. Ah! There are some lights, I see, in those upper windows."

"There are rooms in several parts of the building. Mine were in that further wing. They were hardly water-tight," said the priest, hastily, and in the same subdued voice.

"It is a place that one might easily rest in—or hide in," said Manisty, with a

new accent on the last words. "To-morrow morning I will ask the woman to let me walk through it again. And to-morrow mid-day, I must be off."

"So soon? My old Francesca will owe you a grudge. She is almost reconciled to me because you eat—because you praised her omelet."

"Ah! Francesca is an artist. But—as I told you—I am at present a wanderer and a pilgrim. We have had our talk—you and I—grasped hands, cheered each other, 'passed the time of day,' *und weiter noch—noch weiter—mein treuer Wanderstab!*"

The words fell from the deep voice

with a rich significant note. Lucy heard the sigh—the impatient, despondent sigh that followed.

They moved away. The whiffs of tobacco still came back to her on the light westerly wind; the sound of their voices still reached her covetous ear. Suddenly all was silent.

She spread her hands on the door in a wild groping gesture.

"Gone! gone!" she said, under her breath. Then her hands dropped, and she stood motionless, with bent head, till the moment was over, and her blood tamed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE NUTRITIVE VALUE OF ALCOHOL

BY W. O. ATWATER

**I**S alcohol food? Has it a nutritive value? These questions have been actively discussed for the last fifty years and more. No one doubts that its continued and excessive use is injurious to body, mind, and character, or denies that in large enough quantities it is really a poison. The question at issue is its effect when taken in small or moderate quantities. The range of views among men of science and the general public on this point is a wide one. On one side are those who believe not only that it is a valuable nutriment, but that in small amounts, as used by those who drink their glass or two of wine, beer, or whiskey a day, it may be healthful and useful, and there are many who commend it as an article of diet even for persons in health. On the other side are those who doubt its usefulness, not a few of whom go so far as to urge that it has no nutritive value and is always poisonous, even in very small quantities. The great majority of physiologists and hygienists, I think, take the middle ground, that alcohol, in small quantities, may serve the body for nutriment and be otherwise useful; that it is at times very valuable, at others extremely harmful.

To discuss the question properly, it must be subdivided. Ordinarily, people

take alcoholic beverages, not for the nutriment they contain, but for their pleasant taste and effects, and the food value must be considered apart from such ulterior effects, be they good or bad. Even the narrower question of the value as nutriment must be subdivided before it can be answered clearly. We must distinguish between the different services food may render, and inquire which of these functions alcohol can and cannot perform, and must also consider its indirect action, as, for instance, in aiding or hindering digestion, and more especially its effects upon the nerves and brain.

The two chief functions of food are to furnish material for the formation of the tissues of the body, and to yield energy for warmth, and for muscular and other work. The first of these duties is performed by the nitrogenous or protein compounds of the food, the proteids, as they are often called. These are familiar to us in the myosin of the lean of meat, in the casein (curd) of milk, the albumen of white of egg, the gluten of wheat, and the like. They build the bodily machine and repair it as it is constantly worn out. The duty of furnishing energy, of serving as fuel, falls mainly on two other chief classes of food ingredients or nutrients—the fats and the car-



bohydrates. The fat of meat, the fat of milk, which makes butter, and the oil of corn and wheat, are examples of fats; starch, which is the principal ingredient of such foods as bread and potato, represents one class and sugar another class of carbohydrates. These are burned in the body much as coal is burned in the engine, and the energy which they yield in this oxidation is transformed into heat and muscular force. They are therefore called the fuel ingredients of food, and are said to have a high or a low fuel value according as they furnish much or little energy to the body. The proteids can also serve as fuel, but the fats and carbohydrates cannot build tissue, since they have no nitrogen.

All three of these classes of nutrients can be stored in the body and held for future use. The proteids of the food are stored as body protein, and the fats as body fat. The carbohydrates are transformed into fat in the body, and thus kept for later use. The body uses the stored materials for fuel as it does the parts of the food which are not stored but which are consumed as they are eaten. Alcohol contains no nitrogen, and therefore cannot build tissue; it is rather to be classed with the fats and carbohydrates, and if it has any food value, this must be as fuel. It does not appear to be stored for any considerable time, but is disposed of soon after being taken into the body.

Recent experimental research has told us, pretty clearly, five things about the service of ordinary food and body material as fuel: (1) They are burned—*i. e.*, oxidized in the body; (2) in the oxidation their potential energy becomes active or kinetic; (3) part of this kinetic or transformed energy appears as heat; (4) another part appears as muscular work; (5) in yielding energy by its own oxidation, food protects the material of the body and other food from consumption.

#### THE BURNING OF ALCOHOL IN THE BODY.

When a man drinks wine, beer, brandy, or other liquor, is the alcohol oxidized? This has been both affirmed and denied. In a late study of the literature of the subject, I have found some seventeen investigations of sufficient importance to seem worthy of special consideration.

The earliest were in 1846. The results of all but two were interpreted by their authors as indicating that alcohol is burned in the body.

The first and most quoted of these two is a series made by Messrs. Lallemand, Perrin, and Duroy, of France, and reported in 1860. In these experiments alcohol was administered to men and dogs in the form of wine or brandy or pure diluted spirit. The doses were generally large; in several of the experiments with dogs, they were such as to cause stupor and even death. Chemical tests showed that small quantities of the alcohol were given off unconsumed by the kidneys, lungs, and skin. The various organs of the dogs which died from the effects of the alcohol or were killed for the purpose of examination were also found to contain small amounts of unoxidized alcohol. The authors searched for aldehyde and acetic acid, substances which are formed when alcohol is partly oxidized, but found none. They did not take the pains to compare the amounts unconsumed with those administered, but inferred that none was oxidized, and drew the still further conclusion that as alcohol is ordinarily taken in beverages, practically all is given off unconsumed.

The other investigation was by Subbotin, who worked in Germany in 1871. His experiments were with rabbits. As they would not drink as large doses as he desired, he made an incision in the œsophagus, poured the alcohol in through a funnel, and, to prevent its being ejected, closed the œsophagus with a ligature. The doses contained from  $3\frac{1}{2}$  to  $4\frac{1}{2}$  grams absolute alcohol, which would correspond to from 12 to 15 ounces of whiskey for a man. The amounts of alcohol given off from the body were not exactly determined, but the experimenter estimated that about 16 per cent. of the alcohol ingested was given off during the first twenty-four hours, and from these imperfect data he also drew the conclusion that, in general, little, if any, of the alcohol ordinarily taken is oxidized in the body.

In 1863, Baudot, in France, subjected the experiments of Lallemand, Perrin, and Duroy to a critical examination. He pointed out numerous defects, and showed that the actual observations by no means justified the conclusions.

Between the years 1865 and 1874, Drs. Anstie, Thudicum, and Dupré in England made a large number of elaborate experiments with animals and men. They made it very clear that the quantities of alcohol which Lallemand, Perrin, and Duroy had found to be given off by the body were extremely small, so that the most that their experiments had proven was that even when the alcohol was given in enormous doses, only a small fraction of the whole escaped oxidation. They urged that the rabbits used by Subbotin were poor subjects for such experiments, being less tolerant of alcohol than human beings; that the surgical operations on the œsophagus were so severe that they might have easily disturbed the normal processes; that the doses were so enormous that the condition of the rabbits "could have resembled nothing but the comatose dead-drunkenness which one sees in patients who from time to time are brought into the hospital on a stretcher"; and finally, that the elimination of ingested alcohol is very slight after the first twenty-four hours, so that even under these entirely abnormal conditions it is probable that little more than the 16 per cent. could have actually failed to be oxidized.

The experiments of Lallemand, Perrin, and Duroy had been so numerous, and the results were stated so definitely, that their conclusions were, for a time, accepted by men of science. But the work of Anstie, Thudicum, and Dupré was so careful and so exhaustive, and has been so well confirmed by the best work of other experimenters, that for the last twenty-five years specialists have adopted their conclusions as final. With the more critical scientific methods of to-day it seems strange that any other belief could have been held.

Since the work of Anstie the question has been, how completely is alcohol burned? Between 1875 and 1883, Professor Binz, Dr. Bodländer, and others of the University of Bonn made extensive series of experiments with men and dogs, administering varying quantities of alcohol, but generally not enough to cause stupor. With men, the doses were equivalent in some cases to a bottle of wine at a sitting. Like Anstie, Thudicum, and Dupré, these investigators, and especially Bodländer,

were careful to do what Lallemand, Perrin, and Duroy had omitted, namely, to determine the quantities of alcohol given off by the body through all the channels of excretion, and to compare the amounts which thus escaped unconsumed with the quantities actually taken. To determine how much was given off by the skin, they put the dog or the man inside a metal cylinder, with the head outside. A current of air was passed through this cylinder, so as to sweep out the moisture and alcohol which the skin gave off. The amounts of alcohol thus brought away were determined by chemical analysis. To find how much was given off with the breath, the dogs were entirely enclosed in an apparatus through which the current of air passed, and here again the amount of alcohol given off was measured. With men the expired air was passed directly through a system of absorbers which retained the alcohol. In all these experiments at least 95 per cent., and generally more, of the alcohol taken into the body was oxidized. Strassman, experimenting in Berlin in 1871, found that when large doses were taken by men, only 6 or 7 per cent. escaped oxidation.

In late experiments under my own direction, described beyond, alcohol was given in smaller doses, and especial pains were taken to measure accurately the amounts which left the body by various channels. In these cases less than 2 per cent. has generally escaped oxidation.

The outcome of the best investigation on this subject may be summarized as follows: The alcohol of ordinary beverages is easily absorbed from the stomach and the intestine into the circulation, and readily burned. If the amount taken is small, the oxidation is almost complete. When the quantity is excessive, the amount unconsumed is likely to be much larger. As the experiments with alcohol have become more accurate, the proportion actually oxidized has appeared larger and larger. When taken in small quantities, say one or two glasses of wine or a glass of whiskey at a time, the alcohol has been found to be burned at least as completely as bread or meat.

The reason for discussing at such length a theory discarded a quarter of a century ago by the leading authorities is that it has remained current in the writ-



ings of some authors, and even in some of our school physiologies which deny the food value of alcohol.

Alcohol, then, is oxidized in the body. Is its energy transformed like that of ordinary food materials?

#### TRANSFORMATION OF ENERGY IN THE BODY.

In its material manifestations life consists in transformations of matter and energy. The plant gathers the elements it needs from soil and air, and builds them into its own substance. It does so "by grace and bounty of the sun," whose energy enables the plant to do the building, and is stored in its substance. The ox eats the grass and transforms it into flesh, which makes our meat. We gather the wheat and make bread. We eat the bread and meat; their substance forms our bodies, and the energy which came from the sun becomes our energy for bodily warmth and work.

Two great laws govern the material world, the laws of the conservation of matter and of energy. In accordance with these laws matter and energy can be transformed, but they cannot be either created or destroyed. Ever since the law of the conservation of energy was propounded, men of science have believed that the living organism must be subject to it, but the absolute demonstration has been lacking. The research by which this must be proven, if proven at all, is laborious and costly. Some late experiments, however, have, I think it is safe to say, shown that the law does hold in the living organism; that when the energy of the food is transformed in the body, the income and outgo are the same. The experiments are made by measuring the material which the body burns, determining how much it would yield if burned directly with oxygen outside the body, and then finding just how much energy is produced when it is burned in the body. The first experiments in which a balance of income and outgo of energy was obtained were made with dogs by Professor Rubner at the University of Erlangen in Germany a dozen years ago. The dogs did no (external) muscular work, and the amounts of material burned in the body were partly measured and partly calculated. The quantity of heat given off from the body was measured and found

to agree almost exactly with the heat of oxidation—that is, the potential energy of the material to be burned in the body.

Within the past three years much more elaborate series of experiments with men have been made by the writer and associates in the chemical laboratory of Wesleyan University. The quantities and potential energy of the materials burned in the body have been measured, as has also the energy given off from the body in the forms of heat and muscular work. The experiments are made with an apparatus called a respiration calorimeter. The apparatus and methods of its use are so complicated that over five years were spent in their development. Its success is largely due to the co-operation of Professor E. B. Rosa on the physical and Dr. F. G. Benedict on the chemical side, as well as to the assistance of Mr. O. S. Blakeslee in mechanical details. A single experiment, with all the details which it involves, requires the labor of from three to nine men, some of them, for several weeks. Fortunately the results are such as to abundantly reward the effort.

The main feature of the respiration calorimeter is a copper-walled chamber seven feet long, four feet wide, and six and a half feet high, furnished with a folding-bed, a table, a chair, scales on which the occupant weighs himself several times a day, and when needed a stationary bicycle or other appliances for muscular work. Connected with the chamber are various devices for ventilating, for measuring and sampling all the air that passes in and out, for measuring and regulating its temperature, for passing in food, etc., and for removing the solid and liquid excreta of the body.

The experiments usually last three or four days, but often several are carried on without intermission, so that the subject may stay in the calorimeter nine or even twelve days and nights. The four men who have thus sojourned in the calorimeter have found it a very tolerable place of residence, and have always been ready to repeat the experience. There is really nothing abnormal about it except the restricted space; the air is good, its temperature is kept equable, there is telephone connection with the outside world, a limited portion of which can be seen through a window about two feet square,

there is plenty of opportunity for exercise in the "work," and for ease in the "rest" experiments. Mail and newspapers are passed in with the meals. The food is simple but wholesome, and, as far as possible, adapted to the taste of the subject. The diet is always planned to be a normal one for the subject, and usually he lives on it for a few days before he goes into the calorimeter. The bill of fare contains such things as beef, eggs, milk, butter, bread, breakfast cereals, cake, cookies, preserved fruit, and coffee. All the food is carefully weighed and analyzed, as are also the excreta. The results of these analyses, with those of the air before and after its passage through the chamber, show just what chemical elements the body receives and gives off. From this comparison of income and outgo of matter it is easy to determine how much of the different ingredients of food and body material are burned, and whether the body is losing or gaining in its accumulated store.

The heat given off from the body is measured with equal care. When the man is engaged in muscular work, that too is measured. The heat given off from the body when he is at rest, or that plus the heat equivalent of the muscular work in a "work" experiment, represents the outgo of energy. The income of energy is that of the materials burned. It is shown by the amounts and their heats of combustion, all of which are determined. We have thus the figures for the balance of income and outgo of energy. They are expressed in calories.\*

We now have the results of thirty experiments made with four different men, under various conditions of diet, work, and rest, and covering ninety-three days. When we take the figures for individual days of experiments, the income and outgo sometimes disagree, though none of the differences are larger than might be expected. When we average all together, the daily income is 2718 and the daily outgo 2719 calories.†

\* A calorie is the ordinary unit of heat measurement, and is about the amount of heat necessary to raise a pound of water four degrees F.

† Results reported at the meeting of the Chemical Section of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, June,

These results confirm, as closely as those of such experiments can, the belief that the law of the conservation of energy holds in the living organism.

#### THE TRANSFORMATION OF THE ENERGY OF ALCOHOL.

By changing the diet and other conditions, the experiments may be made to show the effects of different food materials and how the body utilizes them. In a number of cases alcohol was used in such ways as to compare it with fats, sugar, and starch. Experiments were made with an ordinary diet, and then repeated under similar conditions except that in the place of part of the fats and carbohydrates, isodynamic quantities of alcohol were used—that is, quantities having the same potential energy as the substances they replaced. This alcohol amounted to two and one-half ounces a day, about as much as would be contained in a bottle of claret or three glasses of whiskey. Pure (ethyl) alcohol was used in nearly all cases. It was mixed with water or coffee, and was given in six small doses, three with the meals and the rest at regular intervals between, in order to avoid, as far as possible, any special ef-

1900. Such extreme closeness of agreement is, of course, accidental, and cannot always be expected.

The respiration calorimeter experiments form part of a larger inquiry into the economy of food and nutrition, which is authorized by Congress, and intrusted to the Secretary of Agriculture, by whom it is placed in the immediate charge of the writer. The experiments which bear more especially upon the physiological value of alcohol, however, are under the auspices of the Committee of Fifty for the Investigation of the Liquor Problem—a self-constituted organization of well-known men who have undertaken the study of the legislative, economic, physiological, and sociological phases of the question.

The results of the inquiries, in their bearing upon the general principles of nutrition, are published by the Office of Experiment Stations of the United States Department of Agriculture. Details of a considerable number of the experiments have lately been completed. The bulletin containing them should be ready for distribution not long after the appearance of this article. An account of the experiments in their bearing upon the physiological action of alcohol is soon to appear in one of a series of volumes prepared for the Committee of Fifty referred to, by its sub-committees, and published by its authority.



fect upon the nerves. In experiments without external muscular work the alcohol furnished one-fifth, in those with severe exercise, about one-seventh, of the total energy of the diet.

Alcohol was thus used in thirteen experiments with three men. The results show that 98 per cent. or more was oxidized. Adding its energy to that of the proteids, fats, and carbohydrates burned, the sum was practically equal to the heat given off from the body when the man was at rest; when he was at work it equalled, the sum of the heat given off from the body and the heat equivalent of the work done. There is only one way to interpret this. The latent energy of the alcohol was transformed into heat and muscular work. Else how did the body dispose of the energy of the alcohol, and from what other source did it get an exactly equal amount? Any other interpretation would conflict with the law of the conservation of energy.

But did the body get the benefit of the energy of the alcohol which it transformed? To answer this we must compare the alcohol experiments with the corresponding ones with ordinary diet.

#### IS THE ENERGY OF ALCOHOL USED FOR WARMTH AND WORK?

It is often held that although the latent energy of alcohol is made active in the body, it is wasted and not used. One common argument is this: Alcohol so acts upon the nerves which control the blood-vessels that an extra amount of blood is brought to the surface of the body and cooled, and more heat is thus radiated from the body; and some go so far as to claim that the heat thus lost from the body of the drinker equals or exceeds that supplied by the alcohol.

This theory is based upon two kinds of evidence which are well attested and make it very plausible. One is the distension of the blood-vessels which cause the flush of the skin when alcohol is taken. The other is the lowering of the temperature of the body, which is shown by many hundreds of experiments and is explained by the loss of heat. But when we come to examine into the matter closely we find that although the temperature of the body falls considerably after very large doses of alcohol have been taken,

and especially under exposure to great cold, the effect of ordinary doses is slight and often imperceptible. When, further, we take pains to calculate how much heat the body would have to lose in order to reduce its temperature as much as is done with a bottle of wine or one or two glasses of whiskey, we find that it would correspond to only a small fraction of the heat which the alcohol yields to the body.

How the energy of the alcohol burned in the body compares with the extra heat radiated is a thing to be learned by actual experiment. A more searching test of the theory, however, will be made by comparing both the fuel burned and the heat given off by the body on diets with and without alcohol.

If part of the fuel is wasted, more will be needed. If the body has just enough to meet its requirements in the ordinary diet, and we take out part of the fat, sugar, and starch, and use the isodynamic amount of alcohol in their place, the bodily activity remaining the same, more fuel will be wanted to make up the loss. And if the alcohol increases the heat radiation, then the body will give off more heat with the alcohol than with the ordinary diet. Regarding these two points, the fuel burned and the heat radiated, late experiments bear very interesting testimony.

Some years ago Professor Reichert of the University of Pennsylvania made a number of interesting experiments with dogs, in which the effect of alcohol on the radiation of heat was tested. The experimental periods were, however, only five or six hours each, and there was no complete comparison of the effects of different diets. The rate of heat radiation and the change of body temperature were carefully observed. The results implied a probable but, at most, very small increase of heat radiation as the result of administering alcohol.

The experiments with men in the respiration calorimeter at Wesleyan give somewhat more extended data regarding both the consumption of fuel and the radiation of heat. To explain them in detail would require several of these pages. The final outcome, however, is simple, and may be illustrated by two cases. In each there were two experiments, prac-

tically alike, save that one was with an ordinary diet and the other with a diet in which part of the fats and carbohydrates was replaced by alcohol, as above described. In the first pair of experiments the subject was at rest—*i. e.*, doing no external muscular work. The potential energy of the material burned in the body and the amounts of heat given off in calories were practically the same, as is shown by the figures herewith. The differences in the results without and with alcohol are entirely within the limits of ordinary variation.

In another pair of experiments the man

take the results with the two men separately or put them together, whether we distinguish between the rest and the work experiments or take the average of the whole, they tell essentially the same story as the two pairs just cited. The average energy given off from the body was in the experiments without alcohol, 2949 calories, in those with alcohol, 2952 calories per day. Neither my associates nor myself can find in them any indication of any considerable extra radiation of heat under the influence of alcohol, nor can we find anything which seems to us to justify the conclusion that the energy of

EXPERIMENTS WITH MAN AT REST. DAILY INCOME AND OUTGO OF ENERGY.

	Without Alcohol.	With Alcohol.
Energy of material burned.....	2277 calories	2268 calories
Energy given off as heat.....	2309 calories	2283 calories

was engaged for eight hours a day in active muscular work, driving a stationary bicycle. The amount of work was so great that he burned enough more fuel to yield in all 3900 calories, and as the food did not supply quite enough, he used up some of his store of body fat. The results of such experimenting imply that when the body has not enough food for its support, and is forced to draw upon its reserve capital, it uses the materials economically. The results of the experiments are given below. It will be noted that the energy given off from the body was in two forms, heat and external work. This work was practically the same in both experiments, and is reckoned with the heat in the energy given off.

Here again there was no more fuel

the diet without alcohol was used more economically than that of the diet with alcohol. Besides these twelve experiments, there are sixteen others, nine without and seven with alcohol in the diet. They are similar to these twelve, but there are slight differences in the diet and other conditions, so that they cannot be quite so well compared. Taking all the experiments together, the average energy given off from the body was, in fifteen without alcohol, 2689, and in thirteen with alcohol, 2631 calories per day, thus confirming the results of the twelve experiments.

We have here considered simply the total energy transformed per day. It is possible that there may have been slight fluctuations immediately after the taking of the alcohol, which the figures did

EXPERIMENTS WITH MAN AT ACTIVE WORK. DAILY INCOME AND OUTGO OF ENERGY.

	Without Alcohol.	With Alcohol.
Energy of material burned.....	3900 calories	3923 calories
Energy given off by the body as heat and mechanical work .....	3932 calories	3928 calories

burned per day with alcohol than without, the amount of heat given off was the same in the one case as the other. So far as the disposal of the energy is concerned the figures imply that alcohol was used as economically as the fat, sugar, and starch which it replaced.

Twelve of the experiments, made with two different men, can be arranged in six such pairs for comparison. Whether we

not show. The measurements were made in six-hour periods. The scrutiny of the details leads to no material difference in the general conclusions, though there are figures which by themselves would be more unfavorable, and others which would be more favorable to the alcohol. But it is to be remembered that in these experiments the quantities of alcohol were small. If they had been large, the



results would doubtless have been less favorable to the alcohol.

The theory that the energy yielded by alcohol is lost by increased heat radiation, like the theory that alcohol is not oxidized in the body, was suggested by observed facts. In each case the facts were suggestive rather than conclusive. Under crucial tests both theories are found to fail.

It is thus reasonably clear that alcohol can supply the body with heat. It seems probable that it also yields energy for muscular work, but to prove this absolutely is not easy. The difficulty is to make experiments in such way as to show conclusively that the energy used by the muscles comes from the alcohol and not from other materials of either the food or the body itself. When a man takes beer, brandy, or other liquor with his ordinary food, the proteids, fats, sugar, starch, and alcohol are used together for fuel, and we cannot say just what is done with the energy of each. It is a case of "pooling." If the experiment were made with lean meat and alcohol—that is, a diet containing protein and no other fuel but alcohol—it might perhaps be more decisive, but it would probably be difficult to find a man who could do hard work day after day on such a diet without drawing upon the material of his body; at least such experiments have, to my knowledge, never yet been carried out.

At the same time we can judge in a general way as to the use which the body makes of the energy of alcohol. Take, for instance, the pair of experiments cited above in which the man was at hard work. His body used about 3900 calories of energy per day. The food digested and absorbed from the ordinary diet supplied about 3500, and the body burned enough of its previously accumulated fat to supply the lacking 400. When the quantity of fat, sugar, and starch was reduced by enough to furnish 500 calories, and enough alcohol to furnish the same 500 calories was used in its place, so that the whole fuel value of the food was the same as before, the body used the same amount of energy, and again drew upon its accumulated store for about 500 calories. The total fuel and the body material burned, the work done and the energy given off from the body, were

practically the same in the two experiments. In both cases the energy given off was made up of practically the same amounts of heat and external muscular work.

So far as we know, the body used the energy of the food in three ways. Part was transformed directly into heat. Part was used for internal muscular work (such as the work of the heart, which keeps up the circulation of the blood, and that of the organs of respiration and digestion); but this was changed to heat, and left the body with the heat directly formed. Part was used for the external muscular work, the driving of the bicycle. Just how the energy from the different kinds of fuel was divided up for these three purposes the experiments do not tell. The energy of the ordinary food is used for both heat and work. It seems natural that the energy of the alcohol should be used in the same way. Certain it is, so far as the supply of fuel for these purposes was concerned, the body got along as well with the alcohol as it did with the materials which it replaced.

There is another consideration which favors the belief that alcohol in some way serves for muscular work. The amount of internal work done by the body is very large. Indeed, there are physiologists who are inclined to believe that the larger part of the energy of the whole food is used in this way when no external work is done, and that the heat which keeps the body warm comes from the transformation of this energy after it has served its purpose for internal work and before it leaves the body. It is the experience of many physicians that there are cases when the body is reduced by disease so that ordinary food cannot be taken and its place can be supplied for a considerable time by alcoholic beverages. It would seem probable that in such cases the energy for internal work comes from the alcohol. There are also cases on record of people who appear to be in fairly good health, but who eat little of ordinary food, but at the same time use alcohol regularly and in considerable amounts. That they actually use its energy for their work is by no means certain. That they do so is a plausible theory. Here again the facts are suggestive but not conclusive.



DOES ALCOHOL PROTECT BODY MATERIAL  
FROM CONSUMPTION?

So far as I know, the experimenters whose work is most generally accepted as reliable are practically agreed that alcohol by being burned in the body protects fat from consumption. Exact experiments on this point require costly apparatus and are laborious and time-consuming, so that comparatively few have been made. One thing which has tended, I think, to favor the common view is the observation that many people who drink alcoholic beverages, and especially beer, are likely to grow fat. Personally, I do not think this argument is conclusive, even in the case of beer. The latter contains considerable fuel material, especially dextrin, a substance allied to starch, in addition to the alcohol. Many persons take their beer as an addition to the needed diet, so that it supplies an excess of nutriment and naturally tends to the deposition of fat in the body, the more so because the beer contains little nitrogen.

In our own experiments above cited the men lost on an average no more fat in the experiments with alcohol than in the corresponding ones with ordinary diet, and stored as much. Their testimony thus agrees with the general impression that when alcohol is burned in the body it tends to protect fat from oxidation.

The effect of alcohol upon the transformations of the nitrogenous material of the food and the body is, like other special topics I have touched upon, much too complicated and technical for brief treatment. Just now, however, it is a much-vexed question, and neglect to summarize the principal points would be hardly allowable.

Two views have been more or less strongly urged, one that alcohol tends to diminish, the other that it tends to increase the oxidation, or, to use a technical term, the metabolism of nitrogenous materials in the body. The most active exponents of both these theories, so far as I have observed, have been those who oppose the view that alcohol has a nutritive value. The former was more common some years ago, when the effects of the food were not so well understood as now. It is part of the theory that alcohol generally retards oxidation. The view that

alcohol either fails to protect protein, or that it tends to increase its metabolism, has been strongly urged within the few years past, and by experimenters who cannot be accused of prejudice.

With several associates, I have lately been going over the literature of this subject. So far as we can judge from the original data of the experiments, there appear to be cases in which the manifest tendency of the alcohol has been to increase the metabolism of nitrogen. In some this is very marked, but the effect in a number of instances has been only temporary.

There are other well-attested cases in which the quantity of nitrogen metabolized has been less with the alcohol than without. In a majority of the most reliable experiments, so far as we can judge, the alcohol has exerted no certain influence in one direction or the other.

The results of our own experiments tally with those obtained elsewhere. In two series of experiments in ten of which alcohol formed a part of the diet we were unable to detect any general result which warranted us in ascribing to either the ordinary rations or to those with alcohol any advantage in respect to protein protection. There were individual cases in which the body lost more protein with the alcohol than with the ordinary diet, but in some of these the differences were within the limits of error. In one or two instances there appeared to be a direct but temporary influence of the alcohol in increasing the metabolism of nitrogen. But the results likewise varied with the ordinary diet, so that taking the experiments as a whole, we did not feel authorized in ascribing to the alcohol any specific influence different from that of the starch, sugar, and fat. The most of these experiments were made with a man who had been accustomed to the occasional use of alcoholic beverages in moderate amounts.

A series of experiments just completed and not yet ready for publication has brought somewhat different results. They were made with a man who had always been an abstainer. In his case there was an evident increase in the metabolism of nitrogen during periods of three days each, when the alcohol was given. How long this would have con-



tinued, the experiments, of course, do not show.

The mental condition seems at times to influence the amount of nitrogen metabolized. Thus it was noticeably increased during one of our experiments after something had happened to annoy the subject.

The testimony of the experiments now available is, on the whole, to the effect that alcohol resembles fats and carbohydrates in the protection of fat from consumption, but is inferior to them as a protector of protein. It is true of alcohol as of fats and carbohydrates that it sometimes protects protein, and at other times has no apparent effect upon protein metabolism. Unlike fats and carbohydrates, however, alcohol at times appears to materially increase the metabolism of protein. These apparently conflicting observations can be explained if we accept three common views regarding the action of alcohol. According to the first, when the alcohol is burned it takes the place of body fat and protects protein, which would otherwise be burned; and in like manner it can take the place of the materials of the food, which, being thus saved from consumption, are added to the store of the body. The second is that alcohol may at times, by its action upon the nerves, retard metabolism, so that less material is consumed. The third is that alcohol has some specific though unexplained action by which it may increase the metabolism of nitrogen.

If alcohol can act in these different ways, it is easy to see how the total effect may sometimes be in one direction and sometimes in the other.

#### ALCOHOL IN ILLNESS.

In talking with physicians about this subject I have been much impressed by the frequent and emphatic statements of their experience in administering alcohol to patients in forms of disease when the bodily activities are at a low ebb. They tell me that they frequently find that people in such condition will take without intoxicating effects quantities of alcohol

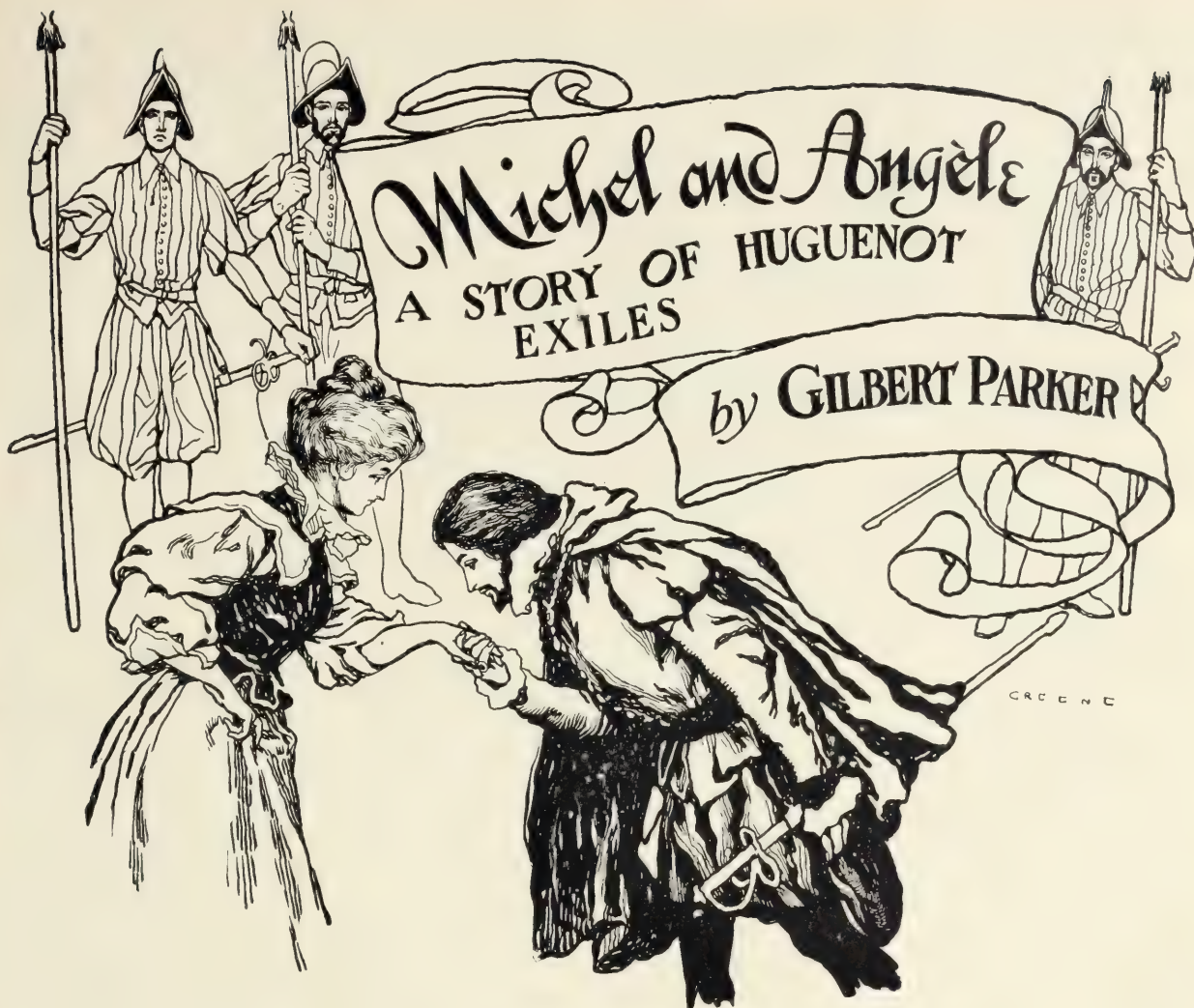
which would under ordinary circumstances produce drunkenness. They say, furthermore, that there are many cases in which the bodily functions are maintained and life is even saved by alcohol when ordinary food could not be endured. In his valuable treatise on Stimulants and Narcotics, Dr. Anstie gives the details of a number of interesting cases of this kind, which he evidently studied with great care.

From the stand-point of the physiological chemist, this effect of alcohol would seem entirely natural. The bodily functions are weakened and the power of digestion is impaired. While the patient is lying still the labor required of the muscles is not large, and the chief need is fuel to carry the body through the time of stress. What is wanted is a material which will not have to be digested, can be easily absorbed, is readily oxidized, and will supply the requisite energy.

I know of no other material which would seem to meet these requirements so naturally and so fully as alcohol. It does not require digestion, is absorbed by the stomach, and presumably by the intestine, with great ease. Outside of the body it is oxidized very readily, within the body it appears to be quickly burned, and it supplies a large amount of energy. Why it should have less effect upon the nervous system in some forms of illness than in health is perhaps hard to say, but that it should under these circumstances be an invaluable source of energy is easy to believe. But here again I only suggest a theory.

To go so far in this discussion and stop would be to take a very one-sided view of the subject. We have said nothing of the indirect effects of alcohol, of its action upon the digestion and upon the nervous system, of the danger of excess which often follows its moderate use, or of its general effect upon the health and moral character of the individual, and the welfare of the community.

I hope to refer to some of these subjects, as well as to the teaching of alcohol physiology to our youth, and to methods of rational temperance reform, in a succeeding article.



# I

IF you go to Southampton and search in the Register of the Walloon Church there, you will find that on the 3d April, 1575, "*Madame Vefue de Montgomery with all her family and servants were admitted to the Communion;*" "*tous ceux cj furent Reçus à la Cène du 1575, comme passans, sans avoir Rendu Raison de la foi, mes sur la tesmognage de Mons. Forest, Ministre de Madame, quj certifia quj ne cognoissoit Rien en tout ceux la porquoy Il ne leur deust administré la Cène s'il estoit en lieu por la ferre.*"

One year later there is another record, which says that on this date—May 8, 1576—*Demoiselle Angèle Claude Aubert*, daughter of *Monsieur de la Haie Aubert*, Councillor of the Parliament of Rouen, was married to *Michel de la Forêt*, of the most noble Flemish family of that name.

When I first saw these records, now grown dim with time, I fell to wondering what was the real life history of these two people. Forthwith I began to make their

records piece by piece in imagination, and I had reached a romantic dénouement satisfactory to myself and in sympathy with history, when the Angel of Accident stepped forward with a "human document" in his hand, and I found that my tale, which was woven back from the two obscure records I have given, was the real story of two most unhappy yet most happy people. From the note which had been struck in my mind when my finger touched that sorrowful page in the Register of the Church of the Refugees at Southampton had spread out the whole melody and the very book of the song.

The later-discovered record, the "human document," was a letter, tear-stained, faded, beautifully written in old French, from *Demoiselle Angèle Claude Aubert* to *Michel de la Forêt* at Anvers in May of the year 1574. The letter lies beside me as I write, and I can scarcely believe that three and a quarter centuries have passed since it was written, and that she who wrote it was but eighteen years old at the time. I translate it into English,



though it is quite impossible to adequately carry over either the flavor or the idiom of the language:

*"Written on this May Day of the year 1574, at the place hight Rozel in the Manor called of the same of Jersey Isle, to Michel de la Forêt, at Anvers in Flanders.*

"MICHEL,—Thy good letter by safe carriage cometh to my hand, bringing to my heart a lightness it hath not known since that day when I was hastily carried to the port of St. Malo, and thou towards the King his prison. In what great fear have I lived, having no news of thee and fearing all manner of mischance! But our God hath benignly saved thee from death, and me He hath set safely here in this isle of the sea. To Him goeth up hourly my thanksgiving for that He hath put it into thy heart to come over to us in our cause.

"Thou hast ever been a brave soldier, enduring and not fearing; thou shalt find enow to keep thy blood stirring in these days of trial and peril to us who are so opprobriously called Les Huguenots! If thou wouldst know more of my mind thereupon, come hither and seek me. Safety is here, and work for thee—smugglers and pirates do abound on these coasts, and Popish wolves do harry the flock even in this province of England. Michel, I plead for the cause which thou hast nobly espoused, but—alas! my selfish heart—where thou art lie work and fighting, the same high cause, and sadly I confess it is for my own happiness that I ask of thee to come. I wot well that escape from France hath peril, that the way hither from that point upon yonder coast called Carteret is hazardous—but all ways to happiness are set with hazard.

"If thou dost come to Carteret thou wilt see two lights turning this-wards: one upon a headland called Tour de Rozel, and one upon the great rock called of the Ecréhos. These will be in line with thy sight by the sands of Hatainville. Near by the Tour de Rozel shall I be watching and awaiting thee. By day and night doth my prayer ascend for thee.

"The messenger who bears this to thee (a piratical knave with a most kind heart, having, I am told, a wife in every port in

France and of England the south, a most heinous sin) will wait for thy answer, or will bring thee thither, which is still better. He is worthy of trust if thou makest him swear by the little finger of St. Peter. By all other swearings he doth deceive freely.

"The Lord make thee true, Michel. If thou art faithful to me, I shall know how faithful thou art in all, for thy vows to me were most frequent and pronounced, with a full savor that might warrant short seasoning. Yet, because thou mayst still be given to such dear fantasies of truth, I tell thee now that I do love thee, and shall so love when, as my heart inspires me, the cloud shall fall that will hide us from each other forever.

ANGÈLE."

A year before Angèle's letter was written, Michel de la Forêt had become an officer in the army of Comte Gabriel de Montgomery, and fought with him until what time the great chief was besieged in the Castle of Domfront in Normandy. When the siege grew desperate, Montgomery besought the intrepid young Huguenot soldier to escort his wife to England, to be safe from the oppression and misery sure to follow any mishap to the brave leader of the Camisards.

At the very moment of departure of the refugees from Domfront with the Comtesse, Angèle's messenger, the "piratical knave with the most kind heart," presented himself, delivered her letter to de la Forêt, and proceeded with the party to the coast of Normandy by St. Brieu. Embarking there in a lugger which Buonespoir the pirate secured for them, they made for England.

Having come but half-way of the Channel, the lugger was stopped by an English frigate. After much persuasion the Captain of the frigate agreed to land the Comtesse upon the island of Jersey, but forced de la Forêt to return to the coast of France, and Buonespoir elected to return with him.

## II

Meanwhile Angèle had gone through many phases of alternate hope and despair. She knew that the Comte de Montgomery was dead, and a rumor, carried by refugees, had reached her that de la Forêt was with him to the end. The



#### EVERY NIGHT SHE LOOKED OUT

same news was presently supplemented by the word that he had been beheaded. But one day she learned that the Comtesse de Montgomery was sheltered by the Governor, Sir Hugh Pawlett, her kinsman, at Mont Orgueil Castle.

Thither she went in fear from her refuge at Rozel, and was admitted to the Comtesse. There she learned the joyful truth that de la Forêt had not been slain, and in all likelihood was in hiding on the coast of Normandy.

The long waiting was a time of sore trial, yet laughter was often upon her lips henceforth. The peasants, the farmers and fishermen of Jersey, at first—as they have ever been—little inclined towards strangers, learned at last to look for her in the fields and upon the shore, and laughed in response, they knew not why, to the quick smiling of her eyes. She even learned to speak their unmusical but friendly Norman-Jersey French. There were at least a half-dozen fishermen who

for her would have gone at night straight to the Witches' Rock in St. Clement's Bay!

It came to be known all along the coast that ma'm'selle was waiting for a lover to come from the French coast. This gave her fresh interest in the eyes of the serfs and sailors and their women folk, who at first were not inclined towards the Huguenot maiden, partly because she was French, and partly because she was not a Catholic. But even these, when they saw that she never talked religion to them, that she was fast learning to speak their own homely patois, and that in the sickness of their children she was untiring in her kindness, forgave the austerity of the gloomy-browed old man her father, who spoke to them distantly, or never spoke at all; and her position was secure. Then, upon the other hand, the gentry of the manors, seeing the friendship grow between her and the Comtesse de Mont-



gomery at Mont Orgueil Castle, made courteous advances towards her father, and through him towards herself.

She could scarce have counted the number of times she climbed the great hill like a fortress at the lift of the little bay of Rozel, and from the Nez du Guet scanned the sea for a sail, and the sky for fair weather. When her eyes were not thus busy, they were searching the lee of the hill-side round for yellow lilies, and the valley below for the campion, the daffodil, and the thousand pretty ferns growing in profusion there. Every night she looked out to see that her fire was lit upon the Nez du Guet, and she never went to bed without taking one last look over the sea, in the restless inveterate hope which at once sustained her and devoured her.

But the longest waiting must end. It came on the evening of the very day that the Seigneur of Rozel went to Angèle's father and bluntly told him he was ready to forego all Norman-Jersey prejudice against the French and the Huguenot religion, and take Angèle to wife without penny or estate.

In reply to the Seigneur, Monsieur Aubert said that he was conscious of an honor, and referred monsieur to his daughter, who must answer for herself; but he must tell Monsieur of Rozel that monsieur's religion would, in his own sight, be a bar to the union. To that the Seigneur said that no religion that he had could be a bar to anything at all, and so long as the young lady could manage her household, drive a good bargain with the craftsmen and hucksters, and have the handsomest face and manners in the Channel Islands, he'd ask no more; and she might pray for him and his salvation without let or hinderance.

The Seigneur found the young lady in a little retreat among the rocks, called by the natives *La Chaire*, or The Pulpit. Here she sat sewing upon some coarse linen for a poor fisherwoman's babe when the Seigneur came near. She heard the *scrunch* of his heels upon the gravel, the clank of his sword upon the rocks, and looked up with a flush, her needle poised; for none should know of her presence in this place save her father. When she saw who it was, she rose. After greeting and compliment, none too finely put, but

more generous than fitted with Jersey parsimony, the Gentleman of Rozel came at once to the point.

"My name is none too bad," said he—"Raoul Lemprière, of the Lemprières that have been here since Rollo ruled in Normandy. My estate is none worse than any in the whole islands; I have more horses and dogs than any gentleman of my acres; and I am more in favor at court at this time than de Carteret of St. Ouen's. I am the King's butler, and I am the first that royal favor granted to set up three dove-cotes, one by St. Aubin's, one by St. Helier's, and one at Rozel: and—and," he added, with a lumbering attempt at humor—"and, on my oath, I'll set up another dove-cote without my sovereign's favor, with your leave alone. By our Lady, I do love that color in yon cheek! Just such a color had my mother when she snatched from the head of my cousin of Carteret's milkmaid-wife the bonnet of a lady of quality and bade her get to her heifers! God's beauty! but 'tis a color of red primroses in thy cheeks and blue campions in thine eyes. Come, I warrant I can deepen that color"—he bowed low—"Madame of Rozel, if it be not too soon!"

The girl listened to this cheerful and loquacious proposal and courtship all in one, ending with the premature bestowal of a title, in mingled anger, amusement, disdain, and apprehension. Her heart fluttered, then stood still, then flew up in her throat, then grew terribly hot and hurt her, so that she pressed her hand to her bosom as though that might ease it. By the time he had finished, drawn himself up, and struck his foot upon the ground in burly emphasis of his devoted statements, the girl had sufficiently recovered to answer him composedly, and with a little glint of demure humor in her eyes. She loved another man; she did not care so much as a spark for this happy, swearing, swashbuckling gentleman; yet she saw he had meant to do her honor. He had treated her as courteously as was in him to do; he chose her out from all the ladies of his acquaintance to make her an honest offer of his hand—he had said nothing about his heart; he would, should she marry him, throw her scraps of good-humor, bearish tenderness, drink to her health among

his fellows, and respect and admire her—even exalt her almost to the rank of a man in his own eyes, when his fellows were not by; and he had the tolerance of the open-hearted and open-handed man. All these things were as much a compliment to her as though she were not a despised Huguenot, an exiled lady of no fortune. She looked at him a moment with an almost solemn intensity, so that he shifted his ground uneasily, but at once smiled encouragingly, to relieve her embarrassment at the unexpected honor done her. She had remained standing; now, as he made a step towards her, she sank down upon the seat, and waved him back courteously.

"A moment, Monsieur of Rozel," she said. "Did my father send you to me?"

He inclined his head, and smiled again.

"Did you say to him what you have said to me?" she asked, not quite without a touch of malice.

"I left out about the color in the cheek," he answered, with a smirk at what he took to be the quickness of his wit.

"You kept your paint-pot for me," she replied, softly.

"And the dove-cote too," he rejoined, bowing finely, and almost carried off his feet by his own brilliance.

She became serious at once—so quickly that he was ill prepared for it, and could do little but stare and pluck at the tassel of his sword, embarrassed before this maiden, who changed as quickly as the currents change under the brow of the Couperon Cliff, behind which lay his manor-house of Rozel.

"I have visited at your manor, Monsieur of Rozel. I have seen the state in which you live, your retainers, your men-at-arms, your farming-folk, and your sailor-men. I know how your King receives you; how your honor is as stable as your fief." He drew himself up again proudly. He could understand this speech. "Your horses and your hounds I have seen, your men-servants and your maid-servants, your fields of corn, your orchards, and your larder. I have sometimes broken the Commandment and coveted them and envied you."

"Break the Commandment again, for the last time!" he cried, delighted and

boisterous. "Let us not waste words, lady. Let's kiss and have it over!"

Her eyes flashed. "I coveted them and envied you; but then, I'm only a vain girl at times, and vanity is more easy to me than humbleness."

"Blood of man, but I cannot understand so various a creature!" he broke in, again puzzled.

"There is a little chapel in the dell beside your manor, monsieur. If you will go there, and get upon your knees, and pray till the candles no more burn, and the popish images crumble in their places, you will yet never understand the heart of a woman."

"There's no question of popish images between us," he answered. "Pray as you please, and I'll see no harm comes to the Mistress of Rozel."

He was out of his bearings and impatient. Religion to him was a dull recreation invented chiefly for women.

She became plain enough now. "'Tis no images nor religion that stands between us," she answered, "though they might well do so. It is that I do not love you, Monsieur of Rozel."

His face, which had slowly clouded, suddenly cleared.

"Love! Love!" He laughed good-humoredly. "Love comes, I'm told, with marriage. But we can do well enough without fugging on that pipe. Come, come! dost think I'm not a proper man and a gentleman? Dost think I'll not use thee well and 'fend thee, Huguenot though thou art, 'gainst trouble or fret or any man's persecutions?—be he my Lord Bishop, my Lord Chancellor, or King of France, or any other?"

She came a step closer to him, even as though she would lay a hand upon his arm. "I believe that you would do all that in you lay," she answered, steadily. "Yours is a rough wooing, but it is honest—"

"Rough! Rough!" he interjected, for he thought he had behaved like some young Adonis. Was it not five years only since he had been at court?

"Be assured, monsieur, that I know how to prize the man who speaks after the light given him. I know that you are a brave and valorous gentleman. I must thank you most truly and heartily, but, monsieur, you and yours are not for



me. Seek elsewhere, among your own people, in your own religion and speech and position, the Mistress of Rozel."

He was dumfounded. Now he comprehended the plain fact that he had been declined.

"You send me packing!" he blurted out, getting red in the face.

"Ah, no! say that it is my misfortune that I cannot give myself the great honor," she said, a little disdainful dryness, a little pity, a little feeling that here was a good friend lost, in her tone.

"It's not because of the French soldier that was with Montgomery at Domfront? I've heard that story. But he's dead, and 'tis vain crying for last year's breath!" he said, with proud philosophy.

"He is not dead. And if he were," she added, "do you think, monsieur, that we should find it easier to cross the gulf between us?"

"Tut! tut! that bugbear Love!" he said, shortly. "And so you'd lose a good friend for a dead lover. I' faith, I'd befriend thee well if thou wert my wife, ma'm'selle."

"It is hard for those who need friends to lose them," she answered, sadly.

The sorrow of her position crept in upon her and filled her eyes with tears. She turned them to the sea—instinctively towards that point on the shore where she thought it likely Michel might be, as though by looking she might find comfort and support in this hard hour.

Even as she gazed into the soft afternoon light she could see, far over, a little sail standing out towards the Ecréhos. Not once in six months might the coast of France be seen so clearly. One might almost have noted people walking on the beach. This was no good token, for when that coast may be seen with great distinctness, a storm follows hard after. The girl knew this, and though she could not know that this was Michel de la Forêt's boat, the possibility fixed itself in her mind. She quickly scanned the horizon. Yes, there in the northwest was gathering a dark blue haze, hanging like small filmy curtains in the sky.

The Seigneur of Rozel suddenly broke the silence so awkward for him. He had seen the tears in her eyes, and though he could not guess the cause, he vaguely

thought it might be due to his announcement that she had lost a friend. He was magnanimous at once, and he meant what he said, and would stand by it through thick and thin.

"Well, well, I'll be thy friend, if not thy husband," he said, with ornate generosity. "Cheer thy heart, lady!"

With a sudden impulse she seized his hand and kissed it, and then, turning, ran swiftly down the rocks towards her home.

He stood and looked after her, then, dumfounded, at the hand she had kissed.

"Blood of my heart!" he said, and shook his head in utter amazement.

Then he turned and looked out upon the Channel. He saw the little boat Angèle had descried making from France. Glancing at the sky, "What fools come there!" he said, anxiously.

They were Michel de la Forêt and Buonespoir the pirate, in a black-bellied cutter with red sails.

### III

For weeks de la Forêt and Buonespoir had lain in hiding at St. Brieuc. At last Buonespoir declared all was ready once again. He had secured for de la Forêt the passport and clothes of a priest who had but just died at Granville. Once again they made the attempt to reach English soil.

Standing out from Carteret, Buonespoir and de la Forêt on the *Belle Suzanne* steered for the light upon the Mar-motier Rocks of the Ecréhos, which Angèle had paid a fisherman to keep going every night. This light had caused the French and English frigates some uneasiness, and they had patrolled the Channel from Cap de la Hague to the Bay of St. Brieuc with a vigilance worthy of a larger cause. One fine day an English frigate anchored off the Ecréhos, and the fisherman was seized. He, poor man, swore that he kept the light burning to guide his brother fishermen to and fro between Boulay Bay and the Ecréhos. The Captain of the frigate tried severities, but the fisherman stuck to his tale, and the light burned on as before, a lantern stuck upon a pole. One day, with a telescope, Buonespoir had seen the exact position of the staff supporting the light, and had mapped out his course

accordingly. He would head straight for the beacon, and pass between the Marmotier and the Maître Ile, where is a narrow channel for a boat drawing only a few feet of water. Unless he made this, he must run south and skirt the Ecrivière Rock and bank, where the streams setting over the sandy ridges make a confusing perilous sea to mariners in bad weather. Or he must sail north between the Ecréhos and the Dirouilles, in the channel called Etoc, a tortuous and dangerous passage save in good weather, and then safe only to the mariner who knows the floor of that strait like his own hand. De la Forêt was wholly in the hands of Buonespoir, for not only did he know nothing of these waters and coasts, but he was a soldier and no sailor.

They cleared Cape Carteret with a fair wind from the northeast, which should carry them safely as the bird flies to the haven of Rozel. The high, pinkish sands of Hatainville were behind them; the treacherous Taillepie rocks lay to the north, and a sweet sea before. Nothing could have seemed fairer and more hopeful. But a few old fishermen on shore at Carteret shook their heads dubiously, and at Port Bail, some miles below, a disabled naval officer, watching through a glass, rasped out, "Criminals or fools!" But he shrugged his shoulders, for if they were criminals he was sure they would expiate their crimes this night, and if they were fools—he had no pity for fools.

But Buonespoir knew his danger. Truth is, he had chosen this night because they would be safest from pursuit, because no sensible seafaring man, were he King's officer or another, would venture forth this day upon the impish Channel save to court disaster. Pirate and soldier in priest's garb had frankly taken the chances.

With a fair wind, they might, with all canvas set—mainsail, foresail, jib, and fore-topsail—make Rozel Bay within two hours and a quarter. All seemed well for a brief half-hour, then, even as the passage between the Marmotier and the Ecréhos opened out, the wind suddenly shifted from the northeast to the southwest, and a squall came hurrying on them—a few moments too soon; for, had they been clear of the Ecréhos, clear of the Taillepièdes, Felée Bank, and

the Ecrivière, they could have stood out towards the north in a more open sea.

Yet there was one thing in their favor: the tide was now running hard from the northwest, so fighting for them, while the wind was against them. Their only safety lay in getting beyond the Ecréhos. If they attempted to run in to the Marmotier for safety, they would presently be at the mercy of the French. To trust their doubtful fortunes and bear on was the only way. The tide was running fast. They gave the mainsail to the wind still more, and bore on towards the passage. At last, as they were opening on it, the wind suddenly veered full northeast. The sails flapped, the boat seemed to hover for a moment, and then a wave swept her towards the rocks. Buonespoir put the helm hard over, she went about, and they close-hauled her as she trembled towards the rocky opening.

This was the critical instant. A heavy sea was running, the gale was blowing hard from the northeast, and under the close-hauled sail the *Belle Suzanne* was lying over dangerously.

But the tide too was running hard, from the south, fighting the wind, and, at the moment when all seemed terribly uncertain, swept them past the opening and into the swift-running channel, where the indraught sucked them through to the more open water beyond.

Although the *Belle Suzanne* was in more open water now, the danger was not over. Ahead lay a treacherous sea, around them roaring winds, and the perilous coast of Jersey beyond all.

"Do you think we shall land yonder?" quietly asked de la Forêt, nodding towards the Jersey coast.

"As many chances 'gainst it as for it, mo'sieu'," said Buonespoir, turning his face to the north, for the wind had veered again to northeast, and he feared its passing to the northwest, giving them a head-wind and a swooping sea.

Night came down, but with a clear sky and a bright moon; the wind, however, not abating. The next three hours were spent in tacking, in beating towards the Jersey coast under seas which almost swamped them. They were standing off about a mile from the island, and could see lighted fires and groups of



people upon the shore, when suddenly a gale came out from the southwest, the wind having again shifted. With an oath, Buonespoir put the helm hard over, the *Belle Suzanne* came about quickly, but as the gale struck her, the mast snapped like a pencil, she heeled over, and de la Forêt and Buonespoir were engulfed in the waves.

A cry of dismay went up from the watchers on the shore. They turned with a half-conscious sympathy towards Angèle, for her story was known by all, and in her face they read her mortal fear, though she made no cry, but only clasped her hands in agony. Her heart told her that yonder Michel de la Forêt was fighting for his life. For an instant only she stood, the terror of death in her eyes, then she turned to the excited fishermen near.

"Men, oh men!" she said, "will you not save them? Will no one come with me?"

Some shook their heads dubiously, others appeared uncertain, but their wives and children clung to them, and none stirred. Looking round helplessly, Angèle saw the tall figure of the Seigneur of Rozel. He had been watching the scene for some time. Now he came quickly to her.

"Is it the very man?" he asked her, jerking a finger towards the struggling figures in the sea.

"Yes, oh yes," she replied, nodding her head piteously. "God tells my heart it is."

Her father drew near and interposed.

"Let us kneel and pray for two dying men," said he, and straightway knelt upon the sand.

"By St. Martin, we've better medicine than that, apothecary!" said Lemprière of Rozel, loudly, and turning round, summoned two serving-men. "Launch my strong-boat," he added. "We will pick these gentlemen from the brine."

The men hurried gloomily to the long boat, ran her down to the shore and into the surf.

"You are going—you are going to save him, dear Seigneur?" asked the girl, tremulously.

"That's to be seen, mistress," answered Lemprière, and advanced to the fisher-

men. By dint of hard words, and as hearty encouragement and promises, he got a half-dozen strong sailors to man the boat.

A moment after, they were all in. At a motion from the Seigneur, the boat was shot out into the surf, and a cheer from the shore gave heart to de la Forêt and Buonespoir, who were being driven upon the rocks.

The Jerseymen rowed gallantly; and the Seigneur, to give them heart, promised a shilling, a capon, and a gallon of beer to each, if the rescue was made. Again and again the two men seemed to sink beneath the sea, and again and again they came to the surface and battled on, torn, battered, and bloody, but not beaten. Cries of "We're coming, gentles, we're coming!" from the Seigneur of Rozel, came ringing through the surf to the dulled ears of the drowning men, and they struggled on.

There never was a more gallant rescue. Almost at their last gasp the two were rescued.

"Mistress Auber sends you welcome, sir, if you be Michel de la Forêt," said Lemprière of Rozel, and offered the fugitive his horn of liquor as he lay blown and beaten in the boat.

"I am he," de la Forêt answered. "I owe you my life, monsieur," he added.

Lemprière laughed. "You owe it to the lady; and I doubt you can properly pay the debt," he answered, with a toss of the head; for had not the lady refused him, the Seigneur of Rozel, six feet six in height, and all else in proportion, while this gentleman was scarce six feet.

"We can have no quarrel upon the point," answered de la Forêt, reaching out his hand; "you have at least done tough work for her, and if I cannot pay in gold, I can in kind. It was a friendly deed, and it has made a friend of Michel de la Forêt."

"Raoul Lemprière of Rozel they call me, Michel de la Forêt, and by Rollo the Duke; but I'll take your word in the way of friendship, as the lady yonder takes it for riper fruit. Though, faith, 'tis a fruit of a short summer, to my thinking."

All this while Buonespoir the pirate, his face covered with blood, had been swearing by the little finger of St. Peter that





#### THEY HEARD THE GLAD CRY OF ANGÈLE

each Jerseyman there should have the half of a keg of rum. He went so far in gratitude as to offer the price of ten sheep which he had once secretly raided from the Seigneur of Rozel and sold in France; for which he had been seized on his later return to the island, and had escaped without punishment.

Hearing, Lemprière of Rozel roared at him in anger: "Durst speak to me! For every fleece you thieved I'll have you flayed with bowstrings if ever I catch sight of your vile face within my boundaries."

"Then I'll fetch and carry no more for Mo'sieu' of Rozel," said Buonespoir, in an offended tone, but grinning under his beard.

"When didst fetch and carry for me, varlet?" Lemprière roared again.

"When the Seigneur of Rozel fell from his horse, overslung with sack, the night of the Duke's visit, and the footpads were on him, I carried him on my back to

the lodge of Rozel Manor. The footpads had scores to settle with the great Rozel."

For a moment the Seigneur stared, then roared again, but this time with laughter.

"By the devil and Rollo, I have sworn to this hour that there was no man in the isle could have carried me on his shoulders. And I was right, for Jerseyman you're none, neither by adoption nor grace, but a citizen of the sea." He laughed again as a wave swept over them, drenching them, and a sudden squall of wind came out of the north. "There's no better head in the isle than mine for measurement and thinking, and I swore no man under eighteen stone could carry me, and I am twenty—I take you to be nineteen stone, eh?"

"Nineteen, less two ounces," grinned Buonespoir.

"I'll laugh Carteret of St. Ouen's out of his stockings over this," answered Lem-



rière. "Trust me for knowing weights and measures! Look you, varlet, thy sins be forgiven thee. I care not about the fleeces, if there be no more stealing. St. Ouen's has no head. I said no one man in Jersey could have done it—I'm heavier by three stone than any man in the island."

Thereafter there was little speaking among them, for the danger was greater as they neared the shore. The wind and the sea were against them; the tide, however, was in their favor. Others besides M. Aubert offered up prayers for the safe-landing of the rescued and rescuers. At last an ancient fisherman broke out into a rude sailor's hymn to the Virgin, and every voice, even those of the two Huguenots, took it up.

The song stilled at last. It died away in the roar of the surf, the happy cries of foolish women, and the laughter of men back from a dangerous adventure. With a glad cry, Angèle threw herself into the arms of Michel de la Forêt, the soldier dressed as a priest.

Lemprière of Rozel stood abashed before this rich display of feeling. In his hottest youth he could not have made such passionate motions of affection. His feelings ran neither high nor broad, but neither did they run low and muddy. His nature was a straight level of sensibility—a rough stream between high banks of prejudice, topped with the foam of vanity, now brawling in season, and now going steady and strong to the sea. Angèle had come to feel what he was beneath the surface. She felt how unimaginative he was, and how his humor, which was but the horse-play of vanity, helped him little to understand the world or himself. His vanity was ridiculous, his self-importance was against knowledge or wisdom, and Heaven had given him a small brain, a big heart, a pedigree back to Rollo, and the absurd pride of a little lord in a little land. Angèle realized all this, but realized also that he had offered her all he was able to offer to any woman.

She went now and put out both hands to him. "I shall ever pray God's blessing on the Seigneur of Rozel," she said, in a low voice.

"'Twould fit me no better than St. Ouen's sword fits his fingers. I'll take thine own benison, lady—but on my

cheek, not on my hand as this day before at five of the clock!" His big voice lowered. "Come, come, the hand thou kissed, it hath been the hand of a friend to thee, as Raoul Lemprière of Rozel said he'd be. Thy lips upon his cheek, though it be but a rough fellow's fancy, and I warrant, come good or come ill, Rozel's face will never be turned from thee—pooh, pooh! let yon soldier-priest shut's eyes a minute; this is 'tween me and thee, and what's done before the world's without shame!"

He stopped short, his black eyes blazing with honest mirth and kindness, his breath short, he had spoken in such haste.

Her eyes could scarce see him, so full of tears were they; and, standing on tip-toe, she kissed him upon each cheek.

"'Tis much to get for so little given," she said, with a quiver in her voice, "yet this price for friendship would be too high to pay to any save the Seigneur of Rozel."

Upon Michel's face there was inquiry, but no reproof. She hastily turned to the men who had rescued Michel and Buonespoir. "If I had riches to give, riches ye should have, brave men of Jersey," she said, "but I have naught save love and thanks, and my prayers too, if ye will have them."

"'Tis a man's duty to save his fellow an he can," cried a gaunt fisherman, whose daughter was holding to his lips a bowl of soup.

"'Twas a good deed of her to send us forth to save a priest of Holy Church!" cried a weazened boat-builder with a giant's arm, as he buried his face in a cup of sack, and plunged his hand into a fishwife's basket of limpets.

"Aye, but what means she by kissing and arm-getting with a priest?" cried a snarling vraic-gatherer. "'Tis some jest upon Holy Church, or yon priest is no better than common men, but an idle shame."

By this time Michel was among them. "Priest I am none, but a soldier," he said in a loud voice, and told them bluntly the circumstances of his disguise; then taking a purse from his pocket, thrust into the hands of his rescuers and their families pieces of silver and brave words of thanks.

But the Seigneur's front was not to be outdone in generosity. His vanity ran high; he was fain to show An-



gèle what a magnanimous gentleman she had failed to make her own, and he was in ripe good-humor all round.

"Come, ye shall come, all of ye, to the Manor of Rozel, every man and woman here. Ye shall be fed, and fuddled too ye shall be an ye will, for honest drink which sends to honest sleep hurts no man. To my kitchen with ye all; and you, messieurs"—turning to M. Aubert and de la Forêt—"and you, mademoiselle, come know how open is the door and full the table at my Manor of Rozel—St. Ouen's keeps a beggarly board, or I'm no butler to a Queen!"

#### IV

Thus began the friendship of the bragging Seigneur of Rozel for the three Huguenots, all because he had seen tears in a girl's eyes and misunderstood them, and because the same girl had kissed him. His pride was flattered that they should receive protection from him, and the flattery became almost a canonizing when de Carteret of St. Ouen's brought him to task for harboring and comforting the despised Huguenots; for when de Carteret railed he was envious, and henceforth Lemprière played Lord Protector with still more boisterous unction. His pride knew no bounds when, three days after the rescue, Sir Hugh Pawlett, the Governor, answering de la Forêt's letter requesting permission to visit the Comtesse de Montgomery, sent him word to fetch de la Forêt to Mont Orgueil Castle. Clanking and blowing, he was shown into the great hall with de la Forêt, where waited Sir Hugh and the widow of the renowned Camisard. Clanking and purring like an enormous cat, he turned his head away to the window when de la Forêt dropped on his knees and kissed the hand of the Comtesse, whose eyes were full of tears. Clanking and gurgling, he sat to a mighty meal of turbot, eels, lobsters, ormers, capons, boar's head, brawn and mustard, swan, curlew, and spiced meats. This he washed down with bastard, malmsey, and good ale, topped with almonds, comfits, perfumed cherries with ipocras, then sprinkled himself with rose-water and dabbled his face and hands in it. Filled to the turret, he lurched to his feet, and drinking to Sir Hugh's toast, "Her Sacred Majesty!" he clanked and roared

"Elizabeth!" as though upon the field of battle. He felt the star of de Carteret declining and Rozel's glory ascending like a comet. Once set in a course, nothing could change him. Other men might err, but, once right, the Seigneur of Rozel was always right.

Fer of late he had made the cause of Michel de la Forêt and Angèle Aubert his own. He was raked upon the coals by de Carteret of St. Ouen's and his following, who taunted him with the saying, "Save a thief from hanging and he'll cut your throat." Not that there was ill feeling against de la Forêt in person. He had won most hearts by a frank yet still manner, and his story and love for Angèle had touched the women folk where their hearts were softest. But the island was not true to itself or its history if it did not divide itself into factions, headed by the Seigneurs, and there had been no ground for good division for five years till de la Forêt came.

Short of actual battle, this new strife was the keenest ever known, for the Governor, Sir Hugh Pawlett, was ranged on the side of the Seigneur of Rozel. Kinsman of the Comtesse de Montgomery, of Queen Elizabeth's own Protestant religion, and admiring de la Forêt, he had given every countenance to the Camisard refugee. He had even besought the Royal Court to grant a pardon to Buonespoir the pirate, on condition that he should never commit a depredation upon an inhabitant of the island. This he was to swear to by the little finger of St. Peter. Should he break his word, he was to be banished the island for ten years, under penalty of death if he returned. When the hour came for Buonespoir to take the oath, he failed to appear; and the next morning the Seigneur of St. Ouen's discovered that during the night his cellar had been raided of two kegs of Canary, many flagons of Muscadella, pots of anchovies and boxes of candied eringo, kept solely for the visit which the Queen had promised the island. There was no doubt of the misdemeanor, for Buonespoir returned to de Carteret from St. Brieuc the gabardine of one of his retainers, in which he had carried off the stolen delicacies.

This aggravated the feud between the partisans of St. Ouen's and Rozel, for



Lemprière of Rozel had laughed loudly when he heard of the robbery, and said: "Tis like St. Ouen's to hoard for a Queen and glut a pirate. We feed as we get at Rozel, and will feed the Court well too when it comes, or I'm no butler to Elizabeth!"

But trouble was at hand for de la Forêt and for his protector. The spies of the Medici were everywhere; in Jersey as in England. These had sent word that de la Forêt was now attached to the meagre suite of the widow of the great Camisard Gabriel de Montgomery, near the Castle of Mont Orgueil. The Medici, having treacherously slain the chief, became mad with desire to slay the lieutenant. She was set to have the man, either through diplomacy with England, or to end him by assassination through her spies. Having determined upon his death, with relentless soul she pursued the cause as closely as though this exiled soldier were a powerful enemy at the head of an army in France.

Thus it was that she wrote to Queen Elizabeth, asking that "this arrant foe of France, this churl, conspirator, and reviler of the Sacraments, be rendered unto our hands for well-deserved punishment as warning to all such evil-doers." She told Elizabeth of de la Forêt's arrival in Jersey, disguised as a priest of the Church of France, and set forth his doings since landing with the Seigneur of Rozel. Further she went on to say to "our cousin of England" that "these dark figures of murder and revolt be a peril to the soft peace of your own good realm."

To this Elizabeth, who had no knowledge of de la Forêt, who desired peace with France at this time, who had favors to ask of the Medici, and who in her own realm had reason to fear conspiracy, replied forthwith that "If this de la Forêt falleth into our hands, and if it were found he had really conspired against France its throne, had he a million lives, not one should remain." Having despatched this letter, she straightway sent a messenger to Sir Hugh Pawlett in Jersey, making quest of de la Forêt, and commanding that he should be placed under surveillance and sent to her in England at once.

When the messenger arrived at the Cas-

tle, the Seigneur of Rozel was with Sir Hugh Pawlett, and the contents of Elizabeth's letter were made known to him.

At the moment, Monsieur of Rozel was munching macaroons and savoy ambers and washing them down with Canary. Sir Hugh's announcement so took him by surprise that he choked and coughed—the crumbs flying in all directions, and another pint of Canary must be taken to flush his throat. Thus cleared for action, he struck out.

"Tis St. Ouen's work," he growled.

"Tis the work of the Medici," said Sir Hugh. "Read," he added, holding out the paper.

Now Lemprière of Rozel had a poor eye for reading. He had wit enough to wind about the difficulty.

"If I see not the Queen's commands, I've no warrant but Sir Hugh Pawlett's words, and I'll to London and ask 'fore her Majesty's face if she wrote them, and why. I'll tell my tale and speak my mind, I pledge you, sir."

"You'll offend her Majesty. Her commands are here"—he tapped the letter with his finger.

"I'm butler to the Queen, and she will listen to me. I'll not smirk and caper like St. Ouen's; I'll bear myself like a man that's not speaking for himself. I'll speak as Harry her father spoke—straight to the purpose.... No, no, no, Sir Hugh, I'm not to be wheedled, even by a Pawlett, and you shall not ask me. If you want Michel de la Forêt, come and take him. He is in my house. But ye must *take* him, Sir Hugh, for *come* he shall not!"

"You will not oppose the Queen's officers!"

"De la Forêt is under my roof. He must be taken. I will give him up to no one; and I'll tell my sovereign these things when I see her in her palace."

"I misdoubt you will play the bear," said Pawlett, with a dry smile.

"The Queen's tongue is none so tame. I'll travel by my star, get sweet or sour."

"Well, well, 'give a man luck, and throw him into the sea,' is the old proverb. I'm coming for your friend tonight."

"I'll be waiting with my fingers on the door, Sir Hugh," said Rozel, with a grim vanity and an outrageous pride in himself.





THE LOVERS WERE SAYING ADIEU

V

The Seigneur of Rozel found de la Forêt at the house of M. Aubert. His face was flushed with hard riding, and perhaps the loving attitude of Michel and Angèle deepened it, for at the garden gate the lovers were saying adieu.

"You have come for Monsieur de la Forêt," said Angèle, quickly. Her quick look at the Seigneur's face had told her there was something amiss.

"There's commands from the Queen to the Governor. They're for the ears of de la Forêt," said the Seigneur.

"I will hear them too," said Angèle, her color going, her lips closed firmly, and her bearing determined.

The Seigneur looked down at her with boyish appreciation, then said to de la Forêt: "Two Queens make claim for you. The Medici writes to England for her lost Camisard, with much fool's talk about

'dark figures,' and 'conspirators,' and 'churl,' and foes of 'soft peace'; and England takes the bait, and sends to Sir Hugh Pawlett yonder. And, in brief, monsieur, the Governor is to keep you under close surveillance and send you to England. God knows why two Queens make such a pother over a refugee with naught but a sword and a lass to love him—though, come to think, 'a man's a man if he have but a hose on his head,' as the proverb runs."

De la Forêt smiled, then looked grave, as he caught sight of Angèle's face. "'Tis surveillance as yet, then?" he asked.

"No more as yet," answered the Seigneur. "And once they've forced thee from my doors, I'm for England to speak my mind to the Queen. I can make interest for her presence—or I'm no butler to her Majesty!" he added, with puffing confidence.



Angèle looked up at him with quick tears, yet with a smile on her lips.

"You are going to England for Michel's sake?" she said in a low voice to Lemprière.

"For Monsieur Michel, or for you, or for mine honor—what matter, so that I go!" he answered, then added, "There must be haste to Rozel, monsieur, lest the Governor take Lemprière's guest like a potato-digger in the fields."

Putting spurs to his horse, he cantered heavily away, but not forgetting to wave a pompous farewell to Angèle.

De la Forêt was smiling as he turned to Angèle. She looked at him wonderingly, for she had felt that she must comfort him, and she was ill prepared for the sudden change in his manner.

"Is prison-going so blithe, then?" she asked, with a little uneasy laugh which was half a sob.

"It will bring things to a head," he answered. "After danger and busy days, to be merely safe, it is scarce the life for Michel de la Forêt. I have my duty to the Comtesse; I have my love for you; but I seem of so little use by contrast with my past. And yet, and yet," he added, half sadly, "how futile has been all our fighting, so far as human eye can see!"

"Nothing is futile that is right, Michel," the girl replied. "Thou hast done as thy soul answered to God's messages: thou hast fought when thou couldst, and thou hast sheathed thy blade when there was naught else to do. Are not both right?"

He clasped her to his breast; then, holding her from him a little, looked into her eyes steadily a moment.

"God hath given thee a true heart, and the true heart hath wisdom," he answered.

"You will not try to escape? Nor to resist the Governor?" she asked, eagerly.

"Whither should I go? My place is here by you, by the Comtesse de Montgomery. One day it may be I shall return to France, and to our cause—"

"If it be God's will."

"If it be God's will."

"Whatever comes, you will love me, Michel?"

"I will love you, whatever comes."

"Listen." She drew his head down.

"I am no drag-weight to thy life? Thou

wouldst not do different, if there were no foolish Angèle?"

He did not hesitate. "What is best is. I might do different, if there were no Angèle in my life to pilot my heart, but that were worse for me."

"Thou art the best lover in all the world."

"I hope to make a better husband. To-morrow is carmine-lettered in my calendar, if thou wilt have me under the sword of the Medici!"

Her hand pressed her heart suddenly. "Under the sword, were it God's will," she answered. Then, with a faint smile, "But no, I will not believe the Queen of England will send thee, one of her own Protestant faith, to the Medici."

"And thou wilt marry me?"

"When the Queen of England approves thee," she answered, and buried her face in the hollow of his arm.

An hour later Sir Hugh Pawlett presented himself at the manor-house of Rozel with six men-at-arms. The Seigneur himself answered the Governor's knocking, and showed himself in the doorway, with a dozen halberdiers behind him.

"I have come seeking Michel de la Forêt," said the Governor.

"He is my guest."

"I have the Queen's command to take him."

"He is my guest."

"Must I force my way?"

"By the shedding of blood?"

"The Queen's commands must be obeyed."

"What is the charge against him?"

"Summon Michel de la Forêt, and he shall be told."

"He is my guest. I will not yield him save by force."

The Governor turned to his men and said, sharply, "Force the passage and search the house."

The men-at-arms advanced with levelled pikes, but at a motion from the Seigneur his men fell back before them, and making a lane, disclosed Michel de la Forêt at the end of it. Michel had not approved of Lemprière's mummery of defence, but he understood in what good spirit it was done, and how it flattered the Seigneur's vanity to resist formally proceedings against his guest.





"I HAVE COME SEEKING MICHEL DE LA FORÊT," SAID THE GOVERNOR

The Governor greeted de la Forêt with a dry smile, read to him the Queen's command, and politely requested his company towards Mont Orgueil Castle.

Majesty, or write me down a pedlar of St. Ouen's follies," the Seigneur said from his doorway, as the Governor and de la Forêt bade him good-by and took the road for Gorey.

"I'll fetch other commands from her

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE LOST DOG

BY MARY E. WILKINS

THE dog was speeding, nose to the ground; he had missed his master early in the morning; now it was late afternoon, but at last he thought he was on his track. He went like a wind, his ears pointed ahead, his slender legs seemingly flat against his body; he was eagerness expressed by a straight line

of impetuous motion. He had had nothing to eat all day; he was spent with anxiety and fatigue and hunger; but now, now, he believed he was on his master's track, and all that was forgotten.

But all at once he stopped, his tail dropped between his legs, and he skulked away from the false track in an agony



of mortification and despair. It had ended abruptly at a street corner, where the man had taken a carriage. He doubled and went back for his life to the last place where he had seen his master in the morning. It was a crowded corner, and the people were passing and repassing, weaving in and out, a great concourse of humanity following the wonderful maze of their own purposes.

The dog sniffed at the heels of one and another. He followed, and retreated; he dodged, and skulked. He was a thing of abject apology, and felt no resentment at a kick when he got in the way of that tide of human progress. The dog without his master was like modesty without raiment, like a body without a soul. Without his master he was not even a dog; he was a wandering intelligence only, and had fallen below his inheritance of dog wit.

He yelped now and then, but his yelp would have been unintelligible to another of his species. He put his nose to the ground; the confusion of scents and his despair made him, as it were, deaf in his special acuteness. He blindly ran after this one and that one. Now and then he heard a voice which made his heart leap, and was after the owner at a bound, but it was never his master.

The city lights were blazing out, and the raw night settling down; on the corner were two steady interweaving streams to the right and left of people going homeward, and all with the thought of shelter and food and fire and rest.

Finally the dog fastened his despairing eyes upon a man coming around the corner, and he followed him. He knew he was not his master, but there was that about him which awakened that wisdom of dependence which had come down to him through generations. He knew that here was a man who could love a dog.

So he followed him on and on, moving swiftly at heel, keeping well in shadow, his eyes fixed anxiously upon the man's back, ready to be off at the first symptom of his turning. But the man did not see him until he had reached his home, which was a mile beyond the city limits, quite in the country.

He went up to a solitary house set in a deep yard behind some fir-trees. There

were no lights in the windows. The man drew a key from his pocket and unlocked the door. Then he saw the dog.

He looked hard at the dog, and the dog looked piteously at him. The dog wagged his tail in frantic circles of conciliation. The full moon was up, and there was a street lamp, so the two could see each other quite distinctly. Both the dog and the man were thoroughbreds. The dog saw a man, young, in shabby clothes, which he wore like a gentleman, with a dark and clear-cut face. The man saw a dog in a splendid suit of tawny gold hair, with the completeness of his pure blood in every line and curve of his body. The man whistled; the dog pressed closer to him; his eyes upon his face were like a woman's. The man stopped and patted the dog on his tawny gold head, then entered the house, and whistled again, and the dog followed him in.

That evening the dog lay on an old skin rug before the hearth-fire, but uneasily, for his new master was doing something which disturbed him. He was singing with a magnificent tenor voice, and the dog was vaguely injured in his sensibilities by music. At first he howled, but when the man bade him be quiet, he protested no longer, except for an occasional uneasy roll of an eye or twitch of an ear at a new phrase.

The dog had had a good supper; he had eaten rather more than the man. There was plenty of wood on the hearth, though the reserve was not large. But the man who sang had the optimism of a brave soul which, when it is striving to its utmost, cannot face the image of defeat without a feeling of disgrace.

He was a great singer; he had been born to it, and he had worked for it. Some day the material fruits of it—the milk and honey of prosperity—would be his; in the mean time there was his voice and his piano; and while there was wood, let his hearth-fire blaze merrily; and while he had a crust, let him share it with a dog that was needy!

Now and then the man in the intervals of his singing patted the dog, and spoke to him caressingly; and the dog looked at him with a gratitude which reached immensity through its unspeakableness.

The dog wore no collar, and the man marvelled at that,





BOTH THE DOG AND THE MAN WERE THOROUGHBREDS



It was midnight when there came a step at the door and a ring, and the dog was on his feet with a volley of barks. He was ready to charge a whole army for the sake of this man whom he had known only a few hours. But in this case he would have attacked, not an enemy who threatened his master's safety, but a friend who brought him wealth and fame.

When the man returned to the room with the out-of-doors cold clinging to him, his face was radiant, jubilant. The tenor who had been singing in the opera-house had broken his engagement, and the manager had come for him.

He told the dog for lack of another companion, and the dog reared himself on two legs, like a man, in his ecstasy of joyful comradeship, and placed his paws on the man's shoulders and licked his young face. Then the man sat down at his piano, and sang over and over his part in the opera, and the dog gave only one low howl under his breath, then lay down on the skin rug, with twitching ears and back.

That night the man's golden age began, and the dog shared it. His new master had his share of superstition, and regarded the old saying that a dog following one brought luck, and had, beside his love for the animal, a species of gratitude and sense of obligation.

In the days of luxurious living which followed, the dog was to the front with the man. He rode with him in his softly cushioned carriage to the opera-house, and slept in his dressing-room while the music and the applause went on. Occasionally he would make a faint protesting howl when a loud strain reached his ears. The dog loved the man for love's sake alone; that which won the adulation of men was his trial. He loved him not for his genius but in spite of it.

The dog in this new life grew to his full possibility of beauty and strength. His coat shone like satin; he was a radiant outcome of appreciation and good food; but palmier days still were to come.

One day the tenor brought home a wife; then the dog for the first time knew what it was to be the pet of a woman. Then he wore a great bow of blue satin on his silver collar, and often his coat smelled of violets.

The new wife was adorable; the touch

of her little soft hands on the dog's head was ecstasy; and *she* did not sing, but talked to him, and praised him with such sweet flattery that he used to roll his eyes at her like a lover, and thrust an appealing paw upon her silken lap.

Then he grew to an appreciation of himself; all his abjectness vanished. He became sure of himself and of love. He was a happy dog, except for one thing. Always in his sleep he searched for his old lost master. He was never on the street but down went his nose to the ground for the scent of those old footsteps.

And one day, when he had been with his new friends two years, he found him. His mistress's carriage was waiting, and he beside it, one day in spring when they were selling daffodils and violets on the street, and doves were murmuring around the church towers, and the sparrows clamorous, and everything which had life, in which hope was not quite dead, was flying, and darting, and blossoming, and creeping out into the sunlight.

Then the dog saw his old master coming down the street, scraping the pavement with his heavy feet—an old man, mean and meanly clad, with no grace of body or soul, unless it might have been the memory of, and regret for, the dog. Him he had loved after the best fashion which he knew. This splendid brute thing, with his unquestioning devotion, had kept alive in him his piteous remnant of respect for self, and had been to him more than any one of his own kind, who had put him to shame, and sunk him in the lowest depths of ignominy by forcing his realization of it.

The dog stood still, with ears erect and tail stiff, then was after his old master with a mighty bound. At first the man cursed and kicked at him, then looked again and swore 'twas his old dog, and stroked his head with that yellow clutch of avarice for his own possession and his own profit, rather than affection, which was the best his poor soul could compass.

But the dog followed him, faithful not only to his old master, but to a nobler thing, the faithfulness which was in himself—and maybe by so doing gained another level in the spiritual evolution of his race.





## MORTIMER MENPES

### THE MAN & HIS METHODS

BY CHALMERS ROBERTS

**M**Y first information about the very well known London artist Mortimer Menpes was that he had a beautiful, queer house and had given a party. But the papers were so full of a great house-warming Mr. Menpes had given during the first week in July, of the duchesses, countesses, cabinet ministers, actors, authors, and artists who had been present, as well as of the house in which they had been received, that my curiosity was fully aroused. The beautiful and artistic Duchess of Sutherland, the Duchess of St. Albans, clever Lady Ribblesdale, lovely Lady Helen Vin-

cent, witty Lady Dorothy Neville, Lord and Lady Cranbourne, Arthur Balfour, Lord and Lady Edward Cecil, Ellen Terry, Henry Irving, Mrs. Brown Potter, Linley Sanbourne, Harry Furniss, George Grossmith, and Israel Zangwill had all given the patronage of their presence at this party. I knew London well enough to know that there must indeed be a man behind all of this, to say nothing of the house, which the papers called "A dream of Ideal Japan." So, as the surest way of finding out about an artist who could thus receive tribute from all the best that London affords, I went to a source



of all wise information. The next time I saw my good friend T. P. O'Connor I asked him about Menpes. There had been no mistake in the question. He was full of the subject, and very enthusiastic.

"It is just as impossible for any one to tell you all about Menpes as it is to come to the end of the man himself. He is singularly many-sided. A more up-to-date man in every particular cannot be imagined; that is why he is such a good artist. He might be just as good at a dozen other things—certainly, with his many experiences and clear point of view, he would be a peculiarly brilliant journalist. He is one of the most delightful *raconteurs* of his time. He is one of the crack rifle-shots of England—many a marksman knows Menpes the shot who has never heard of Menpes the artist. As a wrestler he has met his men in Tokyo and Kyoto, and they were his. You must by all means meet Menpes. He is not only a man of to-day, but of to-morrow. He will leave a big footprint in the sands of art. And then his house is truly a house beautiful. It is worth a trip across England to see. Yes, by all means you must know Menpes, if you wish to know the London of to-day."

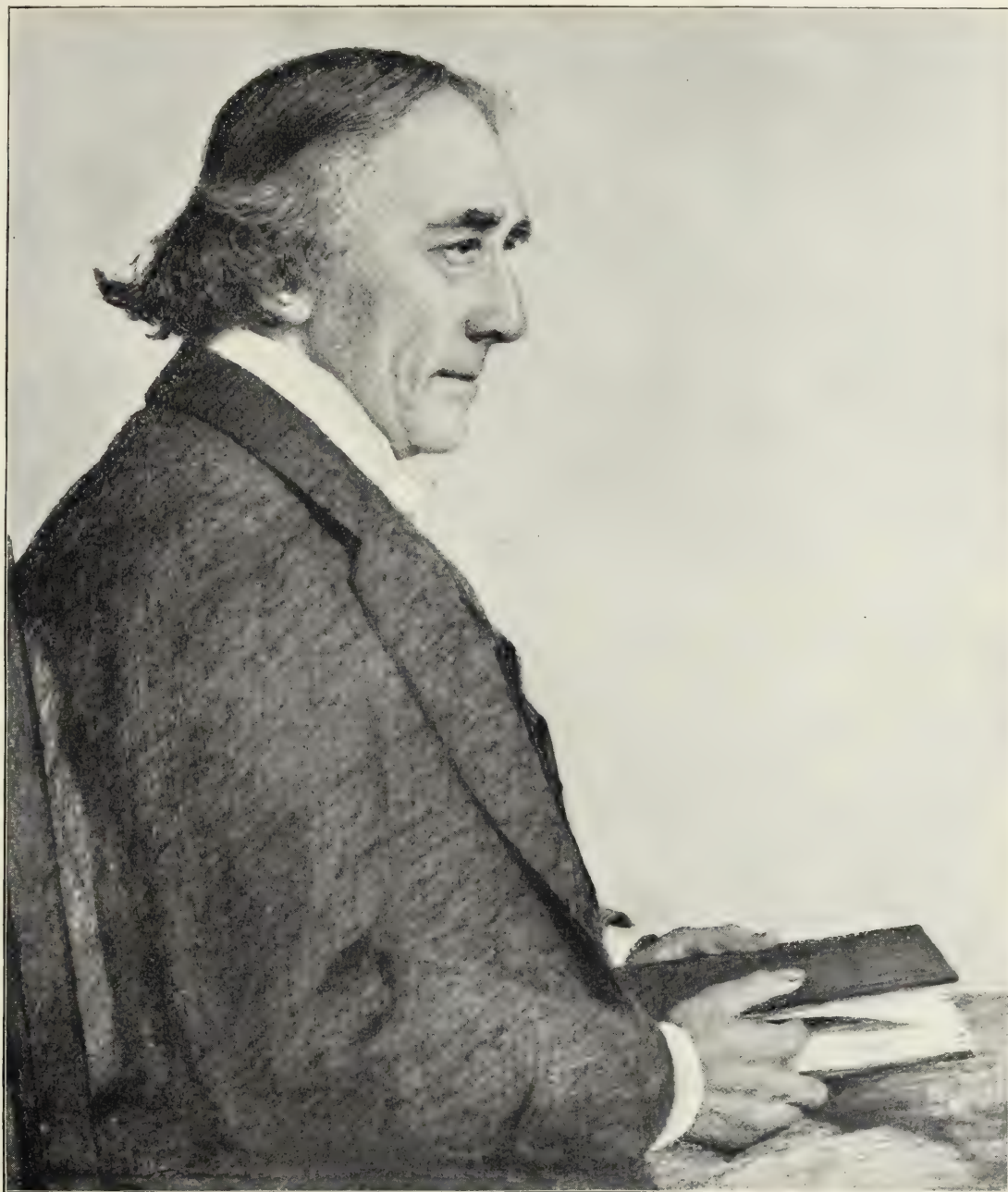
Calling soon afterward upon the artist at his residence, 25 Cadogan Gardens, I was ushered into the drawing-room and given tea out of a real Japanese service by a very pretty daughter of the house. Mr. Menpes himself came directly from his work-room with a long blue and white kimono over his clothes. His sympathy and quiet intelligence at once recalled to my mind Mr. O'Connor's description of him. Of course we talked about the house.

"I call it a gold house," he said, "with a lace-work of delicate wood-carving on the gold." That is true. Your first impression is of carved black wood everywhere over a ground of rich gold. There was also explained to me the flower idea of the house, and the different blossoms to which the various rooms are devoted—the camellia in the studio, the peony in the drawing-room, the cherry blossom in the dining-room, and the chrysanthemums in the halls. The studio is on what we would call the second floor, but as it is the drawing-room floor, London calls it the first. It opens into the draw-

ing-room, and on occasions the two rooms may be used as one. The ceiling is covered with open-work panels in wood—the black camellia everywhere on a gold ground, and no two panels alike. The carpet is solid green, with a plain band of black for a border. The light curtains at either end of the room are of apricot-colored silk. In one corner is an enclosure, screened from floor to ceiling with a Japanese structure of carved wood and bronze, within which is concealed a stove for the heating of the great room. The upper part of this screen is a kind of bronze lace, formed of tiny pieces of thin bronze joined together at the edges, yielding to the touch as if it were some real fabric. Below the bronze panels are curtains of orange-colored silk, decorated in hieroglyphic Japanese love-poems. The walls of the room are pure yellow, and Mr. Menpes finds this color very becoming to all of his sitters. From this room one enters the drawing-room. Again the walls are yellow and the general scheme of decoration is the same, except that the carpet is vermilion, and the carving of the wood-work and the wall panels, as well as the bronze-work, represent the peony instead of the camellia. There is a fireplace in this room with a curious oval-shaped mirror over the mantel. There are quaint bronzes and rare porcelains everywhere. On the same floor there is a little gallery lined with books running round an open space above the inner hall. The gallery and hall below, which are lighted by day with the great square ground-glass skylight, receive, at night, light from the same place, as electric lights are arranged to shine through it. All about the house are little Japanese lamps and lanterns in which there are electric lights. The walls of the halls are a cool green. A fine needle-work panel, gorgeous suns in gold thread on silk, once a temple hanging in Kyoto, hangs in a black wooden frame on the upper landing of the stairway; and lower down, in the hall, is another with a design of immense chrysanthemums worked in gold.

One must indeed live in this wonderful house to know all of its beauties. Of course it cost its owner a world of labor, to say nothing of money. As I said before, it is not a copy of any house in





SIR HENRY IRVING

Japan. It is worked out on an entirely new scheme of decorative art, and Mr. Menpes is the father of it all. Armed with his own plans, he went to the East in order to enjoy the benefits of native labor, and for the greater part of a year employed nearly seventy Chinese and Japanese workmen.

These are, he says, all true artists, and quietly conceived and often improved upon his schemes. Metal-workers, wood-carvers, porcelain-painters, silk-weavers, all—a host of them—worked upon this veritable artistic masterpiece, which had

then to be brought home and put together. Mr. Menpes went so far as to have even his knives, forks, and table service made in Japan, while in the kitchens many Japanese cooking utensils may be found. Among these are all manner of little carved wooden moulds, such as Japanese housewives use for butter, jellies, or ices. The owner can indeed congratulate himself upon the success of his work. He is an artist to his finger-tips, and the house is the best of introductions to the man. That is why I have given so much space to it. One might paraphrase the poet and





BENOIT CONSTANT COQUELIN

the artist became Menpes the crack-shot, and offered to beat them at their own best game. He seized a revolver and gave some extraordinary exhibitions of his skill. They were won over at once, and the artist stepped from a very awkward position into one of assured triumph.

Speaking of his early life and the development of his work, Mr. Menpes says he began his artistic career as a

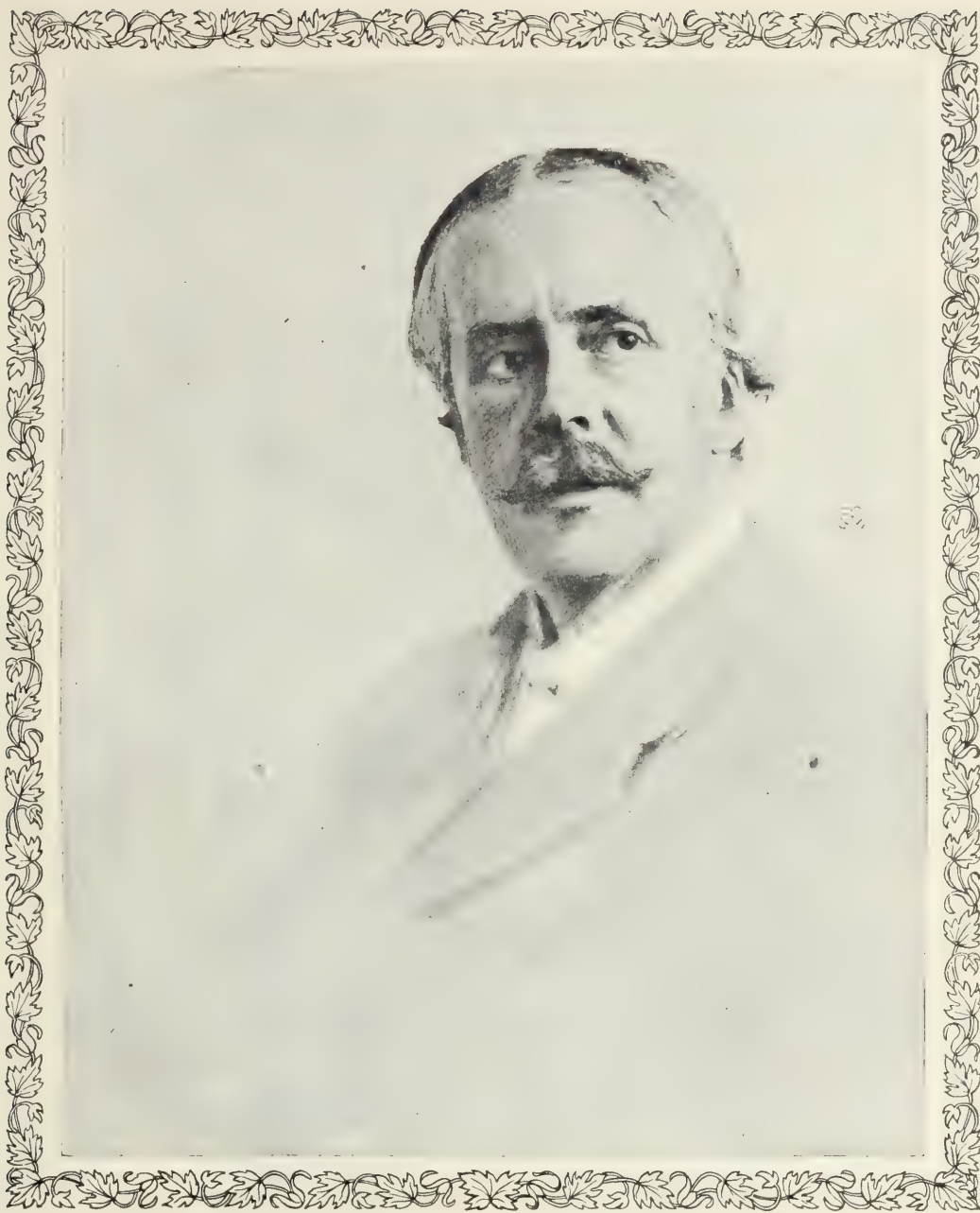
say, "as the house is, so the man is." The house is perhaps, from the stand-point of pure beauty, the most perfect in the world. It is the full realization of a dream.

Of the man who made it, and lives in it, much could be said. There are a hundred good stories about him which can be heard about London. One Mr. O'Connor told relates to an experience in Mexico several years ago. Menpes was staying with a number of railroad Americans—such scum of the earth as pass for Americans in Central America. Refugees from every dark corner of the world, deadliness of every description, a gang of utterly hopeless scoundrels. Menpes unexpectedly found himself alone with this body of brigands. They regarded him as a mere wandering painter who could use no other weapon than his brush. They were full of *mescal*, and not very comfortable companions in a lonely desert. They began to "rag" the artist and to hustle him about. Instantly Menpes

began sketching on the floor, as he lay on his stomach. This was in South Australia, and the artistic instinct soon so stirred within him that he moved to a



THE ARTIST'S DAUGHTER



ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR

more artistic atmosphere. As an artist's life in Australia was then an impossibility, he soon came to London and the art centres of South Kensington. Here he studied to some good but no great purpose. It was not until he came to Pont-Aven in Brittany that he got his real start in art. This was, he says, an amazing nest of French and American painters—just the crowd to stimulate a timid young artist. After this, he says:

"On leaving Brittany I came across a robber who changed the course of my life, a man well known in artistic London, a great, great genius. The first thing he did was to rob me of every bit of furniture in my house, on the plea that he was cleansing me artistically, al-

though subsequent discussions revealed to me that he had pawned the whole lot. He then took my life in his hands and attempted to model it on lines of his own. It was only after I had come in contact with Whistler that I heard a man call himself *The Master*. He taught me much. Not so much in picture-making as in living within one's range, with a full comprehension of one's limitations. For no man in the world knows his limitations better than Whistler. At this period, of course, I was one of *the school*. It was a very feverish school, living a very reckless life, and about the only solid work it did was to decorate a room which it hired as a club. We felt this would revolutionize the future of art.



"How long did that last?" I asked.

"Oh, the school and the Master both lost an interest in me when I started out and gave independent exhibitions on my own account. These exhibitions led to a series of travels. I did much work on my own lines, and got a world of enjoyment out of it. Not the least enjoyment is the handling of an exhibition—there is the whole revelation of human nature in it. For instance, to my first Japanese exhibition in Bond Street there came one day an old retired general. He confided to me that he had been in Japan, and had his own theories on the painting of a Japanese sky.

"You boil a pound of rice for three-quarters of an hour," he said, "then strain off the liquor, which you must use as a medium for your water-color." Then patting me on the back, he added: "I am glad to help you in your artistic career, young man." As he was leaving the room he turned round solemnly and said to me:

"Remember, you can eat the rice."

The conversation then went on to the exhibitions and their subjects, which will be discussed further on. Speaking of the present and the future, Mr. Menpes said:

"I am now engaged in completing my house and in painting portraits. My house is part of my life's scheme, and I have placed it in a fashionable part of London in order to be near my sitters. My studio is a side light, not the typical studio light. I don't flop my sitters down

in a chair beneath a top light and pose them. I simply allow them to wait about and sit down where they wish, and when I have got a characteristic pose I get them to keep it as nearly as possible, but to talk or listen, as they wish, while I make innumerable small studies of expression. I collect as much material as possible, pencil drawings, color notes, and so on. In portrait-painting so much depends upon the at-

mosphere created by you and the sitter. I defy you to paint a picture of, say, Mrs. Brown Potter as Cleopatra after a Savoy lunch. I struggled to be conventional when I started portrait-painting. I lunched and dined my sitters all over London, but it only resulted in blurred blotches of color."

Besides telling many reminiscences of his artistic life, Mr. Menpes has of course whole new fields to draw from, and tells you much that is amusing from the experiences of Menpes the crack-

shot, or Menpes the prize-fowl raiser.

I asked him what pictures of all the many which he had seen round the world with his artist's eye remained in his mind. I remember two he described. One was a tobacco-factory in Seville, with over a thousand beautiful women rolling cigarettes; another was a market-place in Tehuantepec, Mexico, a market-place filled with women, certainly the most beautiful women in the world, and not a man admitted, except perhaps the artist.





CARDINAL MANNING

Think of two or three thousand beautiful women, all dressed in Tyrian-dyed skirts and chemisettes, with superb carriage and exquisite figures! For all the world it suggested a handful of flowers thrown on a bed of silver—the silver sand of the Mexican desert.

Of course a serious appreciation of Mr. Menpes's work, of its original technique, could only come from an artist. To a layman, however, it gives a fine impression of originality and strength. The rambling career, with little devotion to any particular school—in other words, the unconventionality of his art education is plainly connected with the originality of his work. His methods range in all schools, and indeed out of all of them. He has not hesitated to move about in any direction that seemed to promise a harvest worth gathering. Beyond a certain amount of drawing from the antique, a little study of anatomy, and some draw-

ing and painting from life, his South Kensington School training seems to have amounted to very little. Perhaps his best growth was gotten in Brittany at Pont-Aven. There was a freer, more independent atmosphere, more suited to his ideas. Here he staid two or three years, taking whatever pleased him from the many creeds battling with each other there, nevertheless working steadily and indefatigably. Mr. Whistler's influence has undoubtedly most impressed and affected his work. Here was the Master doing what the young artist was seeking to do—experimenting, inventing, breaking away from rules and traditions, but always keeping in view the purest of ideals in art, the union between originality of intention and perfection of craftsmanship. Nor is it surprising that under such leadership Mr. Menpes should have developed equal skill in oil, in water-color, and the technique of etching. Up to this





ELLEN TERRY

time he had exhibited at the Royal Academy, the Grosvenor Gallery, and other shows, his pictures being well noticed by the experts. Having worked out his field of Normandy and Brittany, he took a new step into a new field. He went to Japan, and spent eight months in that heaven of artists. He at once began to work with Japanese artists, to learn whatever they could teach him, and he says that Kyosai, at that time the leader of the best Japanese school, gave him many good hints. The result of this visit was an exhibition in Bond Street, which was one of the chief attractions of the art season of 1888.

After this he made a noteworthy step in a new field—a large dry-point etching of “The Officers of the Archers of Saint Adrian,” by Franz Holz. This exacting task was so well done as to be quite a marking-point in his career as it came to public attention. This great plate finished, however, the nomad spirit boiled in his veins, and the great East called him again. Instead of Japan, this time he selected India, Burmah, and Cashmere. His pictures from these countries show a definite purpose. His wish was to realize the brilliancy of Indian sunlight, the

dazzling luminosity of atmospheric effects, rather than to make studies of local color and native types. To secure this end he adapted a peculiar method of using oil paint, applying it to the canvas in such a way that the surface of each picture would have a quality like pastel-work. By this device, and by avoiding hard definition in the rendering of light and shade masses, he succeeded noticeably in suggesting the shimmer of heat and blaze of light which in the tropics blanches the most vivid colors and reduces them almost to a harmony of warm grays. The results of this expedition and a number of fine dry-points made up another successful show.

There have been since then almost annual exhibitions. Venice followed India. Then the East came in for a second turn, and another idea of light and color was worked out. France, Spain, and Morocco all added pictures to a later exhibition, when the chief characteristic was an effort to make color swim in a luminous atmosphere. All these methods cannot be described here, even in the blunt language of a layman ignorant of art terms. It may be said generally about these pictures that at first the transparency of the

pigments was accentuated by applying them as dry as possible to a white priming. Later they were mixed with petroleum in order that they might flow freely over the ground and present the delicacy of water-color as well as the richness and permanency of oils. The next year came the visit to Mexico, and almost a new line of work resulted, in which the chief inspiration was not aerial delicacies or subtleties of gradations, but chromatic combinations amazing in strength and brilliancy. This exhibition was held to be one of the most remarkable of the artist's achievements, both in method and subjects treated. A later exhibition consisted of water-color drawings of ceremonial processions, and studies in oil, water-color, and black

and white of Japanese life. Mr. Menpes also devoted a great deal of labor to the rediscovery of practically a lost art—printing in colors from etched plates. In this he was quite successful, as well as in other ordinary etchings. Some of his most beautiful portraits and miniatures are etched on ivory. It is to portraiture that the artist is now giving most of his attention, and in this his work is as original as elsewhere. He paints little portraits which may have some part in the decorative scheme of a room—not great canvases which must be hung where they will go, instead of where they will look best. How successful he has been in this latest line of work may be judged by the reproductions here given of his work.

## THE SWAN OF AVON

BY SARAH PIATT

I COULD not think of him, where his first cry  
Proclaimed his coming to the world, that stood  
Waiting—six thousand years—for him! Not I.  
I could not think of him, try as I would.

I could not think of him, where every thrush  
That sings "Sweetheart!" in every other place,  
Sang "Shakspeare!" through the spiritual hush  
Of the great dawn, until I hid my face.

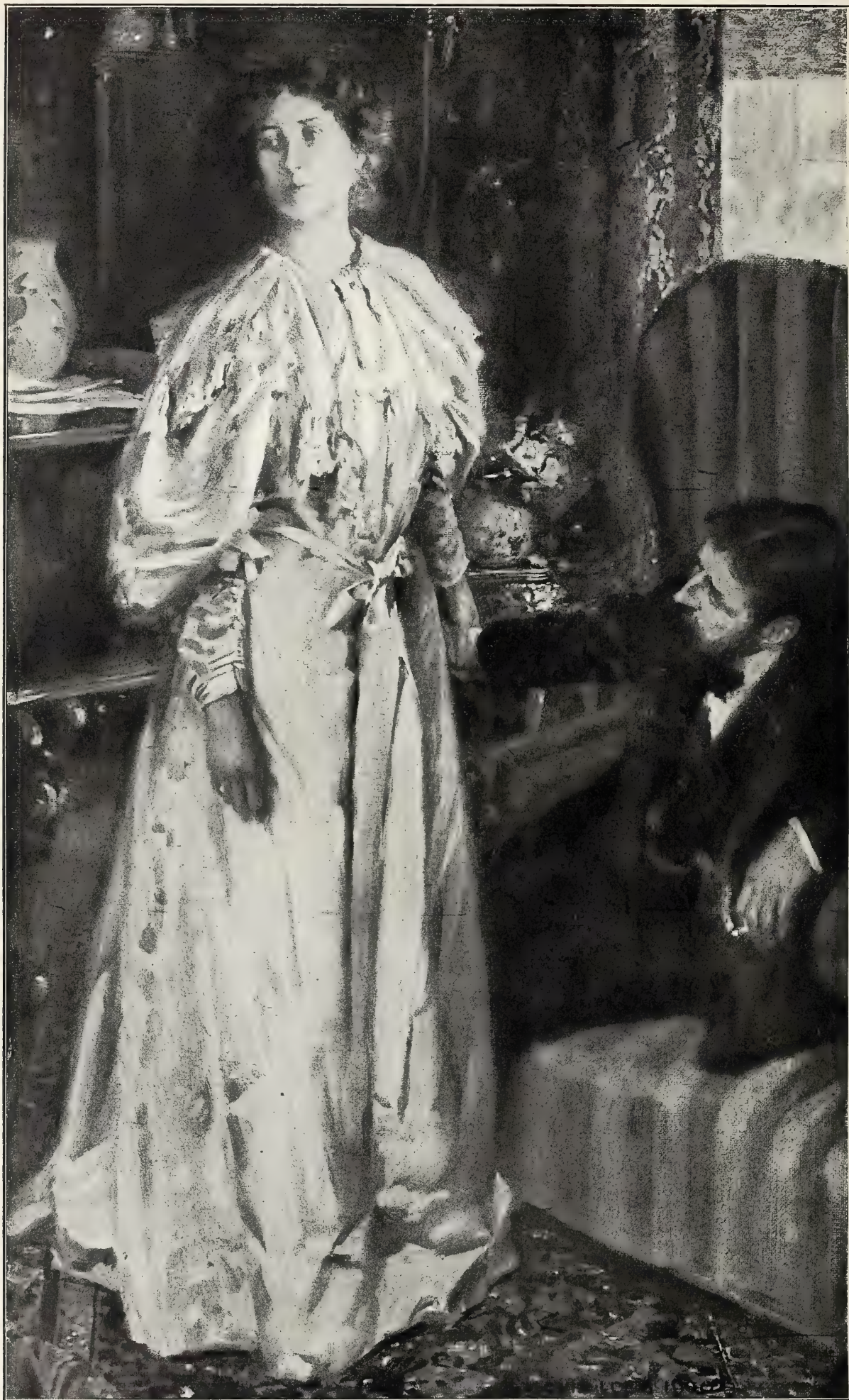
I could not think of him, when on the stone  
That covers earth's divinest dust I read  
The name of names, half hid, where I had thrown  
Anne Hathaway's roses to the undying dead....

But when, almost at midnight, as we walked  
Among your lilies, in still water-glooms,  
O immemorial river! though we talked  
Of earthly things—there came a shiver of plumes!

A shiver of plumes, touched by ethereal beams  
From some mist-shrouded moon. And, faintly blown  
By some stray wind from some wild world of dreams,  
Among the lilies, lonely and alone—

Sudden and strange and white—oh, whiter far  
Than any mortal whiteness ever could be!  
Lo, Something sailed! (Oh, blind with doubt we are!)  
—"The Swan of Avon!" whispered one to me.





"KIT IS KILLING YOU"

[SEE PAGE 729]



# THE MANTLE OF ELIJAH\*

BY ISRAEL ZANGWILL

## BOOK II

### CHAPTER IX.

MARGARET ENGELBORNE.

A PRETTY girl in a spotless cap and apron—shining seraph of earthly ministry—opened the door, and Allegra stepped into a dainty hall, guarded by the Japanese man in armor, who, however, turned out to be absent from his lacquered suit and crescent-topped helmet. Perhaps the lively little fox-terrier replaced him as guard. “Down, Ned!” said the maid, and in an instant Allegra and he were friends, and he staid with her while the maid took in her name. In another instant she found herself being welcomed to a sort of boudoir-museum by a tall pale girl, radiating an indefinable aroma of spiritual sweetness and physical suffering. But there was a more definite aroma curiously intermingled, and Allegra’s first impression of Margaret Engelborne reminded her comically of the Duchess’s greeting in Rome: “Oh, how your dress smells of smoke!”

It was a shimmering, golden-brown tea gown, daintily feminine, at odds with the odor. Perhaps it was the other occupant of the room who was responsible—the girl with the soulful face and the wonderful eyes, who lay back in an easy-chair. Her Allegra recognized. She could be no other than Miranda Grey, the much-photographed actress, whose eyes were stars of divine light, and whose voice trembled with the music of the spheres and the tears of the pitying angels. When this glorious creature was actually introduced as Miranda Grey, Allegra wondered that she should be so like herself off the stage or off the photograph, even sitting with her back to the light. This was the very spirit of goodness, who had glided, a vestal virgin of lustration, through a recent society drama.

It was impossible even to talk of anything else while Miranda was in the room: she monopolized the conversation both as speaker and as subject. Even the wife of a Cabinet Minister did not interest her. Allegra could barely edge in an inquiry as to the sick sister. Miranda’s relations with her hair-dresser occupied much time, and subsequently it transpired that her dairyman had conceived a passion for her—as pure as his milk—and in consequence brought her the best of everything without sending in a bill. “Cream—butter—cheese—eggs, too!” And her dazzling eyes dilated at each new article, till at “eggs, too,” they were spheres of spiritual light, and in Allegra’s vivid imagination little winged cherubim seemed to break out through the egg-shells. Later she spoke of potatoes with a radiant play of feature; and when she said the weather was beastly for so near to May, she had the air of a Joan of Arc.

When Margaret Engelborne demurred, “The skies are not friendly, but neither are they horrid—just preoccupied—to look up into them is like looking into eyes one loves and finding them too busy to smile,” it seemed natural to Allegra that even the weather should be maintained in the plane into which Miranda had lifted it. It was not till later that she realized that the poetry belonged to Margaret, that Margaret saw everything through images of tenderness, vivified even the inanimate creation with charming child-heart fancies. It was not, indeed, easy to realize this to-day, seeing that when Miranda, in a moment of self-forgetfulness, remarked that Ned didn’t seem so lively as usual, Margaret replied: “Poor little Ned. He is recovering from a bad bout with a bigger dog. The other dog’s master by way of parting

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them picked up his own animal. He ought to have known that he would pick up Ned too: that a terrier with a pedigree like Ned's would never let go."

"Has Ned a pedigree?" inquired Miranda.

"Haven't you noticed it hanging up in the hall? Dear little fellow! I'd rather have him die than let go."

The talk veered round to Miranda's work: it appeared that she had become an actress-manageress at a minor theatre, and was speculating in *Cross and Crown*, a romantic religious drama. But it was not, she confessed in divine accents, "raking in the shekels." She seemed more interested in the crowns than in the crosses: indeed, the absence of crowns seemed to constitute her cross. She had even dropped the Saturday matinée: "This time last Saturday I was in my war-paint, I mean my grease-paint." She feared that the name of the author must be leaking out, and this prevented people from going. Because poor Otto Pont had been in prison, he was never to write anything any more, even under a false name. What a hypocritical public! Besides, she herself had revised the play a good deal, and cut down the part of the wicked Pagan woman who had too much to say. Now, Virtue had the word almost the whole time, and what *did* the public want?

Otto Pont! So the irrepressible Professor was still energizing, albeit darkly. Poor Otto! She wondered how it felt to be ruined materially: whether it was worse than the spiritual foundering she had herself known. She wondered, too, at the Bohemian—even anti-Christian—atmosphere of a home she had imagined Puritan, especially when Miranda absent-mindedly relit the cigarette she had laid aside at the stranger's advent. But her faith in Raphael Dominick's judgment remained strong, and there was something in the imperturbable yet sympathetic attention of Margaret Engelborne to Miranda's babblings that reminded Allegra of Raphael's priestly attitude towards her own confidences. As she sipped a cup of tea she studied Margaret's long oval face with its delicate features and spiritual radiance, the chin not unlike her own, the eyes greenish, the hair dark and short; she studied the

room in which she sat, and found it as distinguished and original as its mistress. There was a Chippendale cabinet, a Chippendale bookcase gleaming with classics in English, French, and German, and a long set of *Notes and Queries*. There was a piano, with a blue and white punch-bowl upon it. A Dresden clock ticked on the mantel-piece. Daffodils met the eye everywhere in beautiful Italian or Worcester vases. But mixed with this classic and cheerful serenity was a wealth of savage curios, exhaling grim suggestions of battle and sudden death, the chase and the torture-chamber; not merely the properties of the old English hall, antlers, and guns, and blunderbusses, and buffalo horns, but big bows and arrows, and javelins, and boomerangs, and stone cannonballs, and a rhinoceros horn, and strange shaped swords in unfamiliar scabbards, and uncouth, unknown instruments and weapons. And underneath this dominating note of violence a later impression of the innocuous grotesque awaited her; a collection ranging from Turkish tombstones to tiny Hindoo gods, from opium-pipes to Chinese puzzles. She feared to seem impolite by asking if she might begin to play, though she had barely snatched the hour from the endless social, philanthropic, and domestic duties of a great London hostess.

A child arrived mysteriously—a great-eyed cherub—and sprang into Margaret's arms with a cry of "Muvver-Meg," and soon constituted herself the prattling point of interest.

"My muvver says she dejected five men before she married favver. How many men have you dejected, Muvver-Meg?"

And with the turning of the laughter and the applause from herself, Miranda, no longer in the centre of the stage, made her exit, and Allegra had the little girl to play with and the little dog to fawn on her while Margaret escorted her other visitor without.

"What a naughty girl!" And the child pointed to a fantastic vignette, in an open volume of poems, of a nymph swinging airily from a bending branch.

"How do you know she is naughty?" inquired Allegra, astonished.

"Look how she's pulling down the tree!"

Allegra laughed. It was long since she had spoken with a child on terms of equality, and little Chrissie's acceptance of her was softening. She took up the book: saw it was among her own favorites: the poems of the singer whose virility had ousted Deldon's shadowy allegories, and who had been silent too long: songs of a Christ-like soul, touched with a pagan sense of the beauty of the earth. The fly-leaf bore the inscription: "From Raphael Dominick to Margaret Engelborne," and she was glad he had picked out such a book for his gift. It seemed a sign he was not so frozen as he professed. But then the inscription was some years old.

"Do excuse me," said Margaret, returning, "I had something to ask Miss Grey."

"She doesn't seem as spiritual as I had imagined," Allegra commented, smiling. But Margaret only smiled back vaguely and replied:

"It is so good of Mr. Dominick to find us a new friend. He is very good to us."

Allegra was so glad of this additional testimony that she said, unthinkingly: "He contradicts his theories, then."

But whether Margaret was aware of these theories or not, she replied: "Will you have some more tea?" so that Allegra had again the sense of being checked. But it was only after several visits that she discovered Margaret would not discuss one friend with another.

"No, thank you. Shall I play now?"

"I am afraid I must not expect you to now. Your time is precious, and I could not ask you while Miss Grey was here, because she enjoyed talking, and it might have seemed rude to her."

"But I have plenty of time!" Allegra protested mendaciously. She was attracted to this curious household, had already mentally thrown over the private view of some R. A.'s pictures. The carriage could wait. "Shall I go in to your sister?"

"It is so sweet of you, Lady Allegra, but I fear she will never be strong enough to see you. But she has been expecting you, and now I shall tell her that you are just as we dreamed you would be! She will be so happy! If you play on this piano, she will hear you quite well

through the wall—it is better that the sound comes muffled."

"Then I had better play something soft, too."

"Yes, please. But may I go in a second and see if she is comfortable?"

Margaret returned with a longer face. "I am so sorry: the nurse is just busy with her. She could not be ready to listen for ten minutes. But she told me to thank you with all her heart, and you will come again, won't you?"

"Not if you drive me away like that. Surely it is no bore to spend ten minutes in your amateur armory, to say nothing of your company."

"Oh, would you like to look at some of the things? People so rarely do. Sometimes I wonder if they even see them."

"But I see 'em," said Chrissie, "only you won't let me play with 'em."

"They bite, Chrissie. That's why."

"But they wouldn't bite *me*. Ned doesn't."

Margaret snatched up the child and hugged her fervidly.

The collection had been made by her father, she said, a man who had travelled widely and had enjoyed every moment of his life. The Oriental weapons were newest to Allegra: the Malay kris, with its blade "wriggled at the edges so as to make terrible wounds," as Miss Engelborne explained imperturbably, and the Japanese "Happy Despatch" knife, very heavy-hefted and equipped with a pen-knife and a pick; Indian swords with hilts too small for English hands; the Indian sword of state with its velvet sheath bound in copper and its supplementary stiletto. Ghastliest of all was the Chinese executioner's sword, wooden-handled, which Margaret drew from its leather scabbard, recounting how it had executed thirty men every day for thirteen weeks. "So beautifully poised, it cuts clean," she said.

Allegra felt sick. "Where could they find so many criminals?"

"They don't value life so much in China," Margaret replied, with a touch of scorn. "Many of those executed were not even the actual criminals, but paid substitutes bent on enriching their families."

"Horrible! But it redeems the sav-



agery. And what are those curious toast-ing-forks?"

"Chinese prayer-prongs."

"What!"

"They are stuck in the shoulders, but so as to dodge the lungs. Blobs of incense are burnt on the prongs."

"But is that a way of praying?"

"A form of penance. It doesn't hurt as much as it looks. The shoulders are first pounded to insensibility. But here is a penance even more showy." And with a faint smile Margaret indicated another pair of prongs connected by a horizontal piece of wood, and described how they were hung up and stuck into the thick muscles of the back, so that the penitent swung from them, as from a milkman's yoke, his feet off the ground.

Allegra felt the prongs in her shoulders and turned faint. It was unfortunate to have inherited her mother's vivid physical sympathy as well as her father's more complex interest in the human tragedy, and she was still as hypersensitive as on the night of the burnt moths. "Did they think that would please their god?" she said contemptuously.

"It was their way of pleasing the god within themselves. They set themselves right with their own conscience." There came from these words and from Margaret's expression a waft of vitality which dispelled Allegra's faintness. "But here is something more pacific," said Margaret, producing a notched stick, "though I dare say you won't know what it is." And as Allegra failed to guess, she told her it was a tally—an old East India Company receipt for seventeen thousand pounds.

Allegra laughed at her own ignorance. "I remember reading about them. A lot were burned in the fire in the old House of Commons, weren't they? But after that, perhaps you'll tell me these sticks," she touched one, "aren't arrows."

"Don't! Be careful!" Margaret pulled her hand back. "They are poisoned."

"Poisoned?"

"Yes. Poisoned Novabarbesse arrows. My father brought them back before the Novabarbesse war broke out. They have been superseded now, I believe, by German cannon, except among the more backward tribes."

Allegra contemplated them curiously, remembering how poor Tom had died of one of them. "But surely they don't retain their virulence still?"

"Yes, it's a vegetable poison; a vegetable poison on wood doesn't fade with age, and this is peculiarly strong, a Novabarbesse war-secret. I have to remove them with my own hand whenever I change my address. I dare not let the men touch them. The tiniest prick would be fatal. They are not all poisoned, but unfortunately I have muddled them up, and forgotten which are and which aren't."

"You ought to destroy them."

"Father would not like his collection impaired."

"Is he alive still?"

"Not with an earth-life. But he has still his earth-interests, of course. How happy he will be at your kindness to Kit!"

Allegra was startled and impressed by Margaret's calm assurance in the great matters that were monthly in doubt in the high-class reviews. "But he would not have been happy if I had pricked myself," she urged.

"It would have been with a harmless arrow," Margaret affirmed.

"But one wouldn't know at first whether it was death or a pin-prick!"

"No—it's like the stock joke about how to tell a mushroom," said Margaret coolly. "Eat it. If you die, it's a toad-stool."

"But how long would it take to know?"

"About five minutes, father told me. First, there is just a little swelling as at an ordinary prick. The agony commences only when the poison has got well into the blood, but then the end comes quickly."

"How dreadful! What a curious position—to be waiting to know!"

"I have been in that position."

"You pricked yourself?"

"No, but once a half-wild Chinese bitch father had brought home flew at his throat, and she bit my hand as I was tearing her away. I had to wait to know whether hydrophobia would set in."

"That must have been a terrible time!"

"Not so terrible. Does it matter so much when we go to God? But only this mark remained." She showed it—a great

scar. "The worst was, it spoilt my playing."

"I thought that was due to the dislocation of your shoulder. So Mr. Dominick said."

"That too. I was dancing about on the top of the stairs because it was my birthday, and father, who was standing at the foot, had just given me a new coat. But suddenly I swayed and caught at the banister, and I can still see his white face swimming up towards me. Poor father!" She turned away. "These are the original stone cannon-balls that were fired red-hot during the siege of Gibraltar."

"Your father seems to have collected all the cruelest things," she said, unsympathetically.

"We are a race of soldiers," Margaret replied simply.

Allegra's vestiges of sympathy dwindled. She wished to change the subject. She saw some framed letters. "Ah, you collect autographs, too."

Margaret's eyes kindled. "You don't often see Tennyson's. Look there! I got his when I was a schoolgirl in France by pretending I was a little French girl. I wrote as Henriette la Comblée, and that quite bowled him over. Victor Hugo's I got by writing as a little English girl." She laughed; Allegra laughed too, relieved to find Raphael Dominick's "only Christian" not priggishly conscientious.

"You have Deldon's, too," she said.

"Yes—but I have outgrown my interest in him. His politics I always hated, and now his verses are not even musical. Your friend's my favorite poet among the moderns."

"Who is my friend?" Allegra was puzzled.

"Raphael Dominick. I am so proud of having a copy from the author." She pointed to the volume, still open at the vignette of the naughty nymph pulling down the tree.

"Is that *his*?"

This time Margaret was puzzled. "Didn't you know?"

"I love the poems. But he never told me they were his."

Margaret flushed, as if she had been guilty of boasting a superior intimacy. "Perhaps he took it for granted you

knew," she suggested. "I think he did not like to put his real name to them because he was so well known among pressmen as a brother, and so he was afraid he would be log-rolled."

"That is so like him," said Allegra, with glistening eyes.

"Kit loves his poems so. She prays to God every night that he may be inspired to write more. I so hope he will publish another volume before she dies."

Allegra felt embarrassed. "I am glad anyhow that he has achieved his early poetical promise," she said.

"Ah, then you did know?"

Allegra smiled: "Well, it's a little roundabout to explain."

"He has been very kind to *my* poor promise," said Margaret.

Allegra was astonished to hear that Margaret wrote too. She asked craftily, "And what is *your* pen-name?"

Margaret laughed. "What a delightful way of confessing you have never heard of me. I use my own name. But I belong to the etceteras of literary gatherings: just an obscure work-woman, to whom a few editors, God bless them, have been kinder than she deserved. How I should rush to give anybody *my* autograph! Apropos, I mustn't forget to show you Bismarck's." She pointed to it with pride.

"At that rate she is capable of admiring Broser," thought Allegra, slightly chilled again. "Your sister will be ready now," she said.

"Of course: how selfish I am, standing chattering about myself!" She ran out, and returned to say that Kit sent a thousand thanks and was full of happy anticipation.

Allegra sat down to the piano and found herself playing the "Allemande" of Paradies. She smiled through tears when she made the discovery.

"But it is only proper," she told herself. "He sent me here." And she passed on defiantly to the "Melancholie" of John Field, conscious at moments of the pensive-smiling Margaret and the rapt little Chrissie, and the visioned Kit upon her bed of pain, and at others only of the sadder figure in the arm-chair at Orvieto, and the roar of the flame and the voices of the centuries.

She had expected to come to a lazar-



house. But she drove away with a sense of daffodils and music, of life and love, and little children, of sweet dignity, and noble endurance.

She had come to help, but it was she that had been helped.

#### CHAPTER X.

##### CHRISTIAN MARTYRS.

THE playing to the unseen Katharine Engelborne, which the poor girl sent word she enjoyed exceedingly, soon became the pleasantest part of Allegra's whirling life. She knew that one day Raphael Dominick would turn up in the quaint sitting-room, but that was not the centripetal force exerted by it. Margaret's sympathy was so penetrating that but for having already opened her soul to Raphael Dominick, Allegra could scarcely have resisted seeking relief from this mother-confessor, to whom babes and the world-worn brought their sorrows. She shrank, moreover, from adding to Margaret's manifold burdens, inasmuch as she soon discovered that Margaret's was not a passive sympathy, but a soul-racking, body-wasting effort to amend the evil. And thus it came about that Allegra got to know more of Margaret than Margaret of Allegra. Katharine she did not see—perhaps she could scarcely have endured the sight—but she early learnt her sad history.

"The pity is," said Margaret, "that it was not I to whom this happened. Kit was always the pretty, merry, dancing one, fond of riding and skating and rowing, the inheritor of father's strength and joy of life, while I was the ugly duckling, the sickly one with the weak lung, who at dances had to rest for a dozen waltzes on the dressing-room sofa, reading *Sartor Resartus*. She was the one who was to marry—we had arranged it all. And she used to be the lucky one, too, while I was always tumbling down stairs or falling out of hansoms, and even when we were thrown out of a dog-cart together she was unhurt, while I was laid up for weeks with my spine."

Allegra saw as clearly as possible that Margaret had caught Kit as they fell in such a way that it should be her own back which was broken. But she replied,

"And then your dog-bite—you are indeed unfortunate."

"But Kit, thank God, was always fortunate till one day, trying to stretch out her arm to take something which was teasingly withdrawn, she discovered that she could not extend the forearm. From that time her limbs began to be paralyzed. Technically, it was a wasting away of the gristle. She has been ill some nine years now, getting worse and worse. For some years she was able to hobble about on sticks; for the last four she has been in bed, in that darkened room."

"Not suffering, I hope."

"Physically she suffers horribly. If I could only bear it for her, my poor darling! But spiritually she is the happiest of creatures."

"She looks forward to death?"

"In God's good time. But meanwhile her interest is in life. She has not lost one of her old interests—every thread is drawn to her bedside. According to the doctors she ought to have died years ago, and if she had listened to them, she would have clouded her brain with opiates."

"Do you mean to say she will not relieve her pain?"

"Did our Lord drink from the hyssop?"

Allegra was shaken to her depths. "But since she cannot live much longer, why should she suffer?"

"While God grants us intellect, we have not the right to bemuse it with drugs." Allegra amid all her emotion noted with her old pleasure the infrequent literary word. "Kit has saved all that is best in her, and has thereby had a good influence over certain poor strayed women who care for what is said from a death-bed. God must have told her she should live far longer than the doctors said, and that gave her strength to keep her brain clear. Perhaps she remembered what they said about me years before—that I was about to go blind. But I did so much writing for father that I prayed God he might not be deprived of my help, and lo! I have lived to see *you*."

She spoke with the simple illumination of the mystic, but of a mystic unaware that all Christians are not thus. Orvieto should have been her cradle rather than this palpitating London, Al-

legra thought. She enabled one to understand the Middle Ages. But London or Orvieto, Margaret lived in neither, she felt: she made her own atmosphere. Round about her was the spiritual world, interfluent with the material, a world whose dynamics were as sure, whose laws of equivalence and conservation as certain, so that when she wrestled in agonized prayer on behalf of others, it was not of no avail. And at the heart of this world was the Christ, still crucified by the world's sin, and sending His wonderful smile of love to cheer the sorrowful and aspiring. No lip-religion this, but life's central reality, as clear as the sky, as real as the earth. To Allegra, moving amid the chatter of the London world and the services in fashionable churches, such a faith was astounding. She found in it some of her girlish self: her own intense realization of things spiritual. It was only as a channel for the divine that "the Poet" had had for her his halo and aura.

"Poor Kit! If only it could have been I!" This was Margaret's constant thought. In a moment of expansion, when they were exchanging childish reminiscences, and Allegra had confessed how she had always oddly imagined that the text "he shall raise up seed to his brother," meant pomegranate seed, Margaret confessed to an even quainter interpretation of a text in Revelation. The hundred and forty-four thousand who were mentioned as to be saved, she had reasoned, must at this stage of chronology be almost complete. Those born late in the world's history had but a poor chance of heaven. Wherefore of two sisters, one at most could get in. "Take Kit in, please," she had used to pray. "She is so much littler than I. And I don't really mind hell so much."

But she was really transferring Kit's earthly hell to herself, for gradually Allegra discovered that Margaret went in to her sister every now and then if only to turn her, the poor creature having no power to move, and growing tired of each successive position. This task was merely interruptive by day, but at night it meant that Margaret lay watchful at her side, sleeping only by snatches, while through her feverish slumbers ran the thought of Kit, as the Parisian concierge

is haunted by the memory of the door-bell. Her reward was that, though four years in bed, Kit had never a bed-sore—it was unprecedented, said the doctors, marvelling. But Margaret grew daily more wan and hollow-eyed: often she fainted. Her literary work was done by ten minutes at the stretch, and yet—Allegra found—bore scant signs of the conditions of its genesis. There were a couple of charming children's books, overflowing with fun and tenderness, products natural enough in a child-lover whose pride was to possess twenty-seven pet names, and whose pleasure at being spontaneously rediscovered as "Mother-Meg" by a new mite was greater than her pleasure at a favorable review. More surprising to Allegra were the stories of adults, the grim strength of which Allegra might trace to the influence of the domestic armory, but whose shrewd cynicism was a revelation of the value of personal goodness as a search-light on the shoddy in character. No mawkish sentimentality, but a stern probing of soul-depths. Situations, too, startlingly unconventional for a maiden authoress, yet treated always for their spiritual drama. Margaret must find her material to hand, Allegra decided, so many diverse characters did she herself encounter in this wonderful flat.

Babies were perhaps in the ascendant. Nurses brought them on visits, or Margaret foraged for them in adjoining flats. They were always laughing and crowing: no crying baby could resist Mother-Meg. Fallen women passed through the hall on their way to Kit—"Kit's special friends—women who have missed God's sunshine," Margaret called them. It was strange she should receive these, yet lack strength to see Allegra, even once. But it was right to nurse her strength for the useful occasions, Allegra agreed, while suspecting Kit wished to spare her the pain of the sordid reality, and to meet her only in the world of music. It was a poetical relation.

The flat proved likewise a rendezvous for lovers, separated by parents and guardians, but united by the astonishing Margaret: the man strolled in casually and was delighted to find the woman accidentally at hand. Margaret conducted these plots to a happy issue, more conven-



tional in her realistic novel-making than in her literary stories. Sometimes two pairs of lovers turned up at the same time, and Margaret had to drive a four-in-hand. But she tried if possible to keep them in separate couples, and this involved much humorous management of entrances and exits, as of a dramatist hampered by a sub-plot. Nor was Miranda Grey the only actress who adorned the boards of Margaret's variety theatre. An equally winsome but less self-centred favorite of the foot-lights came to be heard her part and even coached. But perhaps it was the ladies out of engagement who found most consolation there. In startling contrast with these fluttering feathered creatures, wimpled sisters of Nazareth might be found sitting at meals, for only Margaret remembered that on their long begging-days nuns do not buy food, and they in turn refrained gratefully from trying to undermine the Protestant heresy, which loyalty to her traditions would alone have sufficed to render unshakable. Novelists, too, would bask in Margaret's spiritual radiance, and smoke cigarettes with her—the inmost circle of Margaret's friendship was ringed with cigarette smoke—and she had paradoxical relations with advanced women novelists, whose work she refused to read lest they should imperil the friendship. People in distress came for condolence, and happy people for congratulation: men to talk about the women they loved, and women about the women they hated, or the children that had been taken from them by an unjust divorce law. The undergraduate whom Margaret was educating at Cambridge would run down in the vacation, and the "French boy" would come for his lesson. A few people turned up drunk and had to be isolated like fever cases, and some even of the sober had to be kept from contact with their antipathies. Strong Anglicans would not meet Jesuit fathers, and respectable matrons drew the line at divorcées, so that sometimes the variety theatre was given over to farcical comedies, with contrary people hidden away behind doors and screens; dining-room was divided against sitting-room, and sitting-room against spare bed-room. There was one occasion on which Margaret admitted that had a new

visitor turned up, there would have been no accommodation but the bath-room. For besides the people who came to be helped, there were not wanting friends who came, like Allegra, out of love and admiration. A famous poetess, admitted to the bedside as an old friend, would read to Kit by the hour, and more than one chivalrous young Englishman with a heart and a brain would hover about Margaret anxious to do her fealty and service. And amid all this coming and going, and under all the burden of Kit, she would write her stories and sell them very disadvantageously, and find time to visit the bedridden and the dying, and dine with friends, and see the new pieces at the theatres, and read all the best books. With her eyes failing, and her body aching, often keeping herself by sheer will-power from fainting, her sleep at night averaging two hours, she moved, gracious and sunny, among her friends and dependents, her only anxieties lest Kit should see through her, or friends worry over her, or lest she should forget some little thing or another that would please them—gifts to mark birthdays, or anniversary flowers on tombs.

Her heart full of childlike joy and childlike faith, she lived in unbroken communion with the Christ who inspired her, and whose sorrow at the world's impurity she strove to diminish, praying that God might turn from their evil ways the sinners whom she could not persuade to abandon their darling sin. There was nothing she did not pray for, except her own personal well-being. And with these prayers were nightly mingled thanks for the blessings of the day. The sisters prayed together, and felt their dead father and their scarce-known mother were praying with them. The beads they counted were each separate pleasure the day had brought—the kindness of visitors, the acceptance of Margaret's last story, the success of an actress-friend, the beauty of offered flowers, the charm of a new book, the sun that had shone for others, some good item of national news, and if there was nothing else, there were always the happy memories of childhood to say grace for.

"Truly a literal martyrdom, a divine witnessing," thought Allegra. The little flat—with the unseen figure of Kit

stretched on the rack—seemed to her a point of light in this great, sordid, roaring, reckless London. And she grew ashamed of herself and angry with Raphael Dominick.

What wonder Margaret Engelborne spoke calmly of tortures and wars! She had the right to conceive the universe as a place of fire and tears, no rose-bower for the languorous. She had the right to treat as universally exigent the stern law by which she lived. And so Allegra came to view even the Chinese penitential instruments with a more tolerant eye: to feel that this torture of the flesh sprang out of intense living, out of the sense of a strong and valid reality, of a divine importance in things. Such pain was well repaid by the glorious assurance of a significant universe; devoid of which the modern man, heir of the lore and beauty of the ages, with creation's forces under his thumb, obedient to electric buttons, was poorer than the lowest Novabarbese fanatic dashing himself on the British cannon in the unperturbed certainty of a prepared Paradise. That nothing mattered—this was the one, the only atheism, as it was the only pessimism. The pleasure of childhood was that the pains were real. Yes, Raphael Dominick was right. Hell was essentially the flame of conviction that things mattered terribly. That was the true significance of Dante, though his material hell was as blurred now as Michael Angelo's fresco in the Sistine Chapel. The nature of things was strenuous, was worth while. Even an age of persecution was better than an age of persiflage. Both sides at least were in earnest, the persecuting and the persecuted.

#### CHAPTER XI.

#### FEUDALISM AGAIN.

MARGARET'S keen interest in the pomp and pride of life, her love of color and beauty, was perhaps the most unexpected trait of her complex temperament. She was better posted in the fashionable round than Allegra herself, and on the days of the meet of coaches in Hyde Park her fancy always heard the horns. The general tricking out of grooms with cockades excited her disgust. "Cockades should only be worn by the grooms of

Army and Navy people, or of people in the Queen's direct employ."

"But what does it matter?" asked Allegra.

"I hate a meaningless symbol. I am so glad they are prosecuting the tradesmen who put up the Queen's arms. I wish they were stricter as regards the crest on silver."

The more Allegra saw of this side of Margaret's character, the more she came to perceive that Margaret Engelborne had the feudal sense even more strongly than her aunt, the Duchess, and in the more aristocratic form of reticence.

"It may be good enough for her, but it isn't good enough for me," Margaret had once said of a wall-paper, but this was probably pride of taste. It was only by accident that Allegra discovered her pride of birth.

One day, sitting in an unaccustomed chair, she raised her eyes and saw a painting of a house on a cliff.

"Why, that's like my sister's place in Devonshire," she cried.

"Yes, the Manor House, now in possession of Mr. Fitzwinter, belonged to us once."

"How strange! I suppose you still think of it as yours?"

"Only because I was born in Devonshire. We lost it altogether in George I."

"Oh, are you a Devonian?"

Margaret smiled sadly. "There is an old dying Devonshire woman I go to see now, poor thing, because she feels lonely among 'the foreigners,' as she calls people of every other county, and she thinks my Devon voice helps her. I have never faced death before in which the Christ has borne no part, and it is horribly painful. But I ought not to have saddened you with my troubles—forgive me. Let us think of the Devon grass—that wonderful emerald-green which makes the best carpet for sunshine—and the Devon earth—the rich glowing red, in lieu of the sullen browns and grays of other counties. It looks as if it were dyed deep with the heart-blood of its brave sons, and indeed Devon has furnished a longer roll of soldiers and sailors than any of the 'English' counties."

"Don't talk of blood—with the Novabarbese war on the horizon."



"Why not? Devon is eager to follow your husband's clarion-call. I know it offends your own modesty to hear him praised, because you feel so at one with him, but I feel I must tell you how I admire you both for breaking away from your father's Little-Englander ideals. It must have been a pain to all of you, I know, but perhaps even he may learn to see that nothing counts but England's honor."

Allegra felt it was so hopeless to answer this that she said: "You must go down and spend a week in the home of your ancestors. Joan will be delighted."

"If I could! But you know it is impossible."

"Ah, I was forgetful—Mr. Fitzwinter's opinions."

"Oh, nobody minds them," said Margaret, airily. "And I would forgive him anything for his wife's sake. I don't sit on committees—I can't work that way—but I appreciate those who can. I cannot leave Kit, though she would love me to go. She will be so enchanted to know you suggested it. It would have been poetic justice, too, for Joan was the name of the heiress whose marriage to Sir Nicholas Engelborne took us away from Devonshire to Kent for four hundred years."

"Joan will be interested to hear that. Sir Nicholas Engelborne—where have I heard that name?"

"Perhaps you remember he was Lord Mayor in London, or you have read in Stow how, clad in red, with his horse caparisoned in red, he received Henry V. at Temple Bar when he came back from Agincourt. I have a picture of him."

"I should so like to see it."

"Would you really?" Margaret hesitated, and then timidly produced a book looking like an album, but which she handled with all the reverence due to a Bible. "Most people are bored by genealogy, even more than by curios," she said. As Margaret shyly turned the leaves with her long artistic fingers, Allegra saw that it was devoted to the Engelborne family, and began with a beautifully colored series of family 'scutcheons for over eight hundred years.

"Here you see the 'scutcheon hanging in the hall," said Margaret, pointing to it.

"Is there an escutcheon in the hall?"

"Yes—near the pedigree of Ned."

"How funny! I never noticed either. But I shouldn't have understood them if I had."

At this Margaret's eyes showed swift suppressed wonder. "The shield is argent, you see," she explained, "a saltire engrailed betwixt four mullets sable."

"Why, the crest is a devil's head!"

"Yes."

Allegra laughed the heartiest adult laugh the flat had known for months. "How delicious! Your crest, a devil's head. Yours!"

"Here is the first mention of us in the Domesday Book," said Margaret, laughing too.

"In the Domesday Book!" Allegra was more and more astonished. "No wonder you have the pride of the devil. You are much older than the Marjorimonts."

"But not so eminent to-day," said Margaret soothingly. "Even our title, being a close one, died out in George I., because there was no 'heir of the body, legally begot'; and I am perhaps the only Engelborne who cares for all the great past, or who makes a pilgrimage to our tombs and monuments. I am certain I am the only one who has pored over the will of Henry VIII. because an Engelborne was one of the executors, or burrowed among the Archives of Venice to trace the activities of Sir Henry Engelborne."

"Sir Henry Engelborne! Why did I never connect you with him? Ah, that is where you get your literary talent from. I don't think I ever saw an anthology without that lyric of his. And I remember being struck by his portrait at Oxford. The high square brow, the long straight nose, more like a soldier than a student, I thought."

"I told you we were a fighting race," said Margaret, highly gratified. "He won his spurs himself, for he was the youngest son, though his father was Lord Engelborne, and his mouth always makes me think of the old Elizabethan expression 'my dearest dread.' But he was a scholar, too, as you know, this amorous poet, and the Provost of Eton College, as well as eleven times ambassador here or there. There is an amusing story about his father, by-the-way. He

made a vow never to marry a relative or a widow, or anybody mixed up with law, and while hanging about Westminster Law Court on business of his own, and losing large sums thereby, he met a pretty widow who had similar grievances against the lawyers. He helped her to win her case, was delighted to discover she was a relative, and married her."

She turned another page less diffidently. "Here is an Engelborne in a cowl, among the pall-bearers at Sir Philip Sidney's funeral. And here is the tomb of Dean Nicholas Engelborne in Canterbury Cathedral. He was the only person who was ever Dean both of York and Canterbury."

"You seem to have flourished gorgeously under the Stuarts," observed Allegra, turning the pages for herself.

"Yes. Charles I. and Henrietta Maria spent their wedding-night with us, and the Kit—the Katharine Engelborne of the seventeenth century won the greatest distinction of any of us by being created Countess in her own right. This was because she followed the royal exiles into France, and when better times came, Charles II. was grateful. He was very good to his friends, whatever people say—a kind-hearted good fellow. I always stick up for Charles II."

"You stick up for Charles II.? Why, Margaret, this is even more delicious than your devil's head!"

"But my devil's head is 'proper,'" and Margaret joined in Allegra's laughter.

But behind Allegra's laughter was a reverence for Margaret's reverence, a half-sense of shame in never having felt the appeal of her own ancestry. Had her father been wrong, she wondered, in repudiating the past as a burden, instead of returning to it as an inspiration? Was there not something after all in this sense of linked generations, transmitted traditions, the torch of nobility handed on, something enkindling in the memory of scholars, knights, poets, behind one? And the masses, too, were they the losers by the existence of this clique? Did it not radiate out to them a sense of dignified and beautiful human living? Were the Scotch peasants the worse for their reverence for old names? Was aristocracy, as she knew Raphael Dominick would put it, Evolution by artificial se-

lection? But then, why were there so many silly scapegrace young lords? She put the question to Margaret.

"If there is anything low or vulgar, it comes through exogamy," replied Margaret, with her usual readiness; "you will always find a strain of base blood has crept in."

Allegra flushed. She was glad she had not told Margaret about her mother. Were her own instincts plebeian? She remembered her recent advances to Raphael Dominick. But then, types like Raphael—how did they spring out of fortuitous conjunctions? No, the blue-blood theory did not work: humanity's only chance lay in a universal national tradition, a common fund of inspiring ideals into which any and every man might be born, so that all might die noble, but none could be noble at birth.

"I wish I could share your belief in Feudalism, Margaret," she said.

"A Marjorimont ought not to differ from an Engelborne. To me it seems that chivalry and the Christliest interpretation of *Noblesse Oblige* both sprang from the feudal system, that it taught reciprocal responsibility, and crushed out the each-for-himself doctrine better than any other system has done. Do you believe, then, in the Modern World, with its fierce competitions, its war of Capital and Labor, its main bond of union, self-interest?"

Allegra puckered her lips as in her girlhood, wondering humorously if by this roundabout channel she would ever be converted to the Duchess's point of view, as the Duchess had so often predicted. "Wait till you are older!" The very timbre of her aunt's voice rang in her ears. It was at least true that never since that far-off moment when the Duchess had railed at the degenerate scion of the Ethelstans had such a sense of the ennobling value of a historic tradition penetrated her. And as it was the gentlest and tenderest of Christian souls that made her see any dignity in fighting, so it was the friend of fallen women and slum babies that made her feel any virtue in pride of birth. And then it came upon her how curious it was that just to "Fizzy" the Manor House should have fallen—"Fizzy" with his conception of History as a pompous fraud and



the British Empire as a badly organized business.

#### CHAPTER XII.

##### ARMS AND THE MEN.

"ENGLAND needs a war." That was Broser's new argument to the ungenial critic on his hearth, for Allegra had not been able to keep to her mental resolution to let her husband go his own way, especially as her valetudinarian father from his distant country-seat was writing her pathetic private letters, urging her to use all her influence against this final annihilation of his life-work.

"That your husband is honestly convinced of the necessity of annexing Novabarba I do not doubt," he wrote, "though it will always remain the bitterest memory of an unhappy career that it was I who stood sponsor for him. But pin him to his own utterances, ask him to consider how he undermines all his own schemes of social legislation. What money will be left for the greater purposes of peace? In a war twenty, nay fifty, millions flow away like water, while in peace Parliament grudges every million it doles out for educational or humanitarian purposes. They called me Petty Cash, but it seems to me 'tis the Great Exchequer I look after. They accused me of the commercial spirit, and I have indeed been a manufacturer. I have manufactured baronets. Instead of destroying the old aristocracy, I have created apes of it. The middle classes whom I endeavored to emancipate from the feudal servitude have become feudal lords themselves, with second-hand military ideals." And so he would ramble on, and Allegra tried hopelessly to be his mouth-piece.

"England needs a war," Broser retorted, obstinately. "A woman cannot feel that we have all grown womanish. We are stagnant, infected with literary and artistic corruptions. The national fibre needs renewing. A war will shake up all classes."

"And shake you up to the top!"

"How clever! You think that's at the bottom of it" And Broser laughed sneeringly.

"You confessed as much—in Orvieto."

"Somebody has got to be at the top. Can you name anybody stronger?"

Allegra was silent. She felt his was the voice of the new England: not of the new England as he had hastily misconceived it in his first gropings, taking for the onward flood a back-wash of the eighteenth-century optimism, but of the new England generated by the throbbing screws and pistons of the age of machinery, emerging through an exotic æsthetic green-sickness and socialistic sentimentalism to a native gospel of strenuousness and slang, welcome to the primordial brute latent beneath the nebulous spiritual gains of civilization. Broser's was this dynamic energy, this acceptance of brute facts, this cockney manliness, this disdain of subtleties, this pagan joy of life: it had underlain his championship of the poor, and was as honestly available in the service of the rich. And his gifts were the more potent that he had polished his manners and phrases, absorbed almost automatically from Allegra contemporary literature and art, and exuded them with apt brilliance in the House and in society. No, there was no reason why he should not rule England.

"Ah, you know there is nobody else," he said, delighted by his wife's failure to reply. "Your silence is golden. You know we must rise to the top."

"Speak for yourself."

"You will rise with me."

"I will not."

"You can't help it."

"I can. I will leave you."

"What! Like what's-her-name in *The Doll's House*. You have too much originality to take a leaf out of Ibsen."

She bit her lips. She had herself instructed him in the play in the early happy days when Mrs. Pont had lent her a German edition.

"Come, don't look so glum. I saw the Prince to-day, and he was more cordial than he has ever been."

"I have always found him cordial enough."

"You, of course. But he has never asked to be asked here."

Allegra turned away.

"He's a good fellow—he doesn't bear malice. I shouldn't be at all surprised if he honors us one day—"

"I shall be honored."

When war was actually declared, the

poor old Earl of Yeoford, who had hoped against hope, took to his bed, and the Countess, always apprehensive of the worst, telegraphed for all his children.

But when the half-distracted Allegra arrived, she found him being wheeled about his sunny deer-park in a Bath chair, and suffering only a few twinges of his gout. The person who wheeled him was his devoted Countess. Nothing could exceed her solicitude for his health and comfort now these were no longer useful in the service of the nation. He had in fact supplanted every rival creature as the pet of her old age, and she had never replaced the rat which Larrups had killed. The Earl's throat, too, had grown better by its long rest, for, although the aged statesman still occasionally wandered into the House of Lords to vote for something Radical, he rarely spoke, and was still more rarely reported at any length. A generation had arisen that knew him not, but which when he fulfilled his wife's fears would learn from the papers that another link with the past had been broken. But this resurrection of the Novabarbes excitement roused the sleeping lion. He was determined to go to London and roar amid the crimson upholstery and rich-dyed windows of the aristocratic arena, much to Lady Yeoford's anxiety, and Allegra was destined this morning to listen to his preliminary growls.

"So they are lusting for blood again, Allegra."

"The war is certainly very popular."

"Popular!" he echoed angrily. "Of course it's popular. So is sport. A war is so obvious. Brass bands, uniforms, bayonets, blood: the prize-fighter interests everybody, only some classes are ashamed to say so. Ancient races may have been soldiers first and nothing after, but, in the modern world, the soldier is only the guardian of civilization. The miner, the railway servant, the sewer laborer—each risks his life daily but not so intoxicatingly, and is shovelled into an obscure grave. The sailor fights the common foe of all humanity and is the intermediary of civilization. Hence the truer romance of the sea. The soldier's risk is only run in actual war-time; otherwise his occupation is healthy and easy. He is rightly boycotted from the theatres. We keep

him out of sight as we do the slaughterman. When he does his duty, when he really fights and earns all the back wages, we fall at his feet astounded. We heap honors upon him, and made up a purse for his generals. We gloat over his ghastly gallantry. We thrill as he transfixes two savages on one bayonet. The brute in us licks its chops over all this blood, and the coward in us is secretly content to watch the devilry as securely as the Spaniards a bull-fight."

"But don't you think it really stirs up people to noble emotions?" Allegra ventured to argue.

"Noble emotions!" he roared, "to want to slaughter their fellow-men!"

"But perhaps the crowd doesn't see it as slaughtering, only as the possibility of being slaughtered, and the thought that there are things more important than life is an uplifting one."

"The risk is generally not very much against the savages we fight," he growled. "We lose fifty to their ten thousand—that's about our average. A child could turn a machine-gun and annihilate an army."

"You ought hardly to say there's no risk. Look at the poisoned arrow that killed poor Tom."

"Poor Tom was poisoned before he left England. Oh, if some one would only discover how to destroy this microbe of militarism which ravages the world."

"You did your best, you and Bryden," she replied.

He sighed. "There was a moment in which the world was sane and listened to us, and dreamed like Isaiah and Virgil of universal peace. That was a brave day when, deaf to the barking of patriotic puppies, we gave the Ionian Islands back to Greece, and reducing England's empire enlarged England's honor. Oh, but I have seen this coming; the first Novabarbes war was only the advance wave. These jubilant martial processions, this persistent representation of England as an imperial nation of soldiers and sailors, this slurring over the fact that it is really a nation of shopkeepers, and that its best interest is to be a nation of shopkeepers, this concentration of royal favor on the non-working, non-intellectual classes, while the wife of a shopkeeper may not even be presented at Court, this



outworn military feudalism bolstered up in the interests of portionless younger sons—all this, set to music-hall measures by the Jingo bards who have caught the ear of a nation that once listened to Deldon, all this, I say, had fomented a fever, which was bound to seek a cure in blood-letting. And my only consolation is that this Novabarbesse war will stave off a more serious conflict with France, with Germany, with America—who knows? God send it does not set the whole of Europe in a blaze! Patriotism no longer means love your country: it means hate your neighbors. Scramble with them for every inch of unappropriated territory. A new Shakspeare play would be a greater addition to the empire than a thousand square miles of Novabarba."

"I wish Shakspeare *had* written another play," said Lady Yeoford. "There is nothing worth reading nowadays, except the works of our Welsh bards."

This reminded Allegra to ask after Barda's father, who, she knew, was now attached to the household as a factotum, and who dedicated his poems to the Countess of Yeoford, generous patron of the Muses.

"We shall meet him," said the Countess. "He went into the village with the telegrams to tell the children father is better, but I suppose they will have started already. Still, I think I deserve some attention from my family. Oh, there is a poor dead hedgehog on the path." She took it up tenderly and hid it in the bushes.

Soon after, Gwenny's brother came towards them—a squat man with a red beard. Nobody could look the mystic less than this ex-pawnbroker, yet at the faintest encouragement he would throw open to you the world of Druidic lore in which he had his being. He discoursed now to Allegra on the "*Nôd Cyfrin*," the mystic symbol of the Druids, and how he had discovered it in the tripod of the Greek, the God-symbol of the Hebrews, the phylactery of the Pharisee, while the Prince of Wales's feathers and the Broad Arrow of the convict were only modern transformations of it. As his endless learning meandered on, Allegra wondered at this calm centre of unreason amid the unrest of sane humanity.

He was not the only poet on the premises, for the Earl, too, kept one, and the Bath chair presently halted at a summer-house in which Deldon was writing his name on slips of paper.

"They are doing me justice at last," he said to Allegra. "And though my first poems were not copyrighted in America, they are paying me ten pounds for a thousand autographs to be pasted in an 'Autograph Edition.' I have dedicated it to your noble father, 'to the Mæcenas of our era, most illustrious of the Earls of Yeoford.'"

The poor forgotten Deldon still looked every inch an immortal, with his great white brow and his flowing white hair and beard, a slight shade of brown in a fraction of the mustache alone testifying to the colored past. He wore a shabby black jacket suit with a corded silk cape, a high clerical collar, and a clerical waistcoat, a red shirt showing at his wrists. On his head was a sort of chocolate nightcap, with a black tassel swinging behind. The fire of his candid blue eyes was unquenched. Allegra recognized with a flash of insight that those wonderful blue eyes had looked out on the world for a lifetime and seen nothing; that the poet's youthful visions stood and would always stand between him and the truth of things. Happy poet in his bower, unaware that the world had revolved, still writing his name on slips of paper, still chiselling and polishing his old Swedenborgian allegories and labor-lyrics for a posterity that would not read them, still musically enamoured of the fine words that had buttered his parsnips, the rolling and crashing thunders to which the cause of the People lent itself so felicitously. Happier, Allegra thought, than his noble patron, morbidly over-conscious of failure, prematurely despairing of a posterity that would perhaps after all worship, nay, even follow him.

By dinner-time the whole Marjorimont brood had arrived from town to see the Earl die, all delightfully disappointed to find the Countess had cried "Wolf," yet all vexed to be torn from the opening season. There was the Earl's old companion-in-arms, Fizzy, with his young wife, Joan. There was that other happy couple, Lord and Lady Arthur Pangthorne, who had married for love and found

money come to them as profusely as babies. There was Jim and his Viscountess Minnie, living in a secret world of their own, painting and writing, but neither exhibiting nor publishing. Jim had risen superior even to his own desire to bring out erratic little magazines, and the last, which began with the unconventional design of appearing at unstated intervals, had ended conventionally by ceasing to appear at all. There was Dulcie, interrupted in the flirtations she pursued under the wing of Connie, still unwed, but masking her sorrow or parading her satisfaction—one knew not which—in her flaunted motto: "You grow tired of any one man, especially if you marry him." There was Connie, a portly fashionable matron, strikingly like the Duchess of Dalesbury in the days when that lady had first dawned upon Allegra. Only the Duchess herself was wanting, for if the Hon. Robert Broser had refrained from disturbing the last thoughts of his whilom Elijah, he was represented by his daughters, Polly and Molly, the twins untwained by matrimony, and now distinguishable by the husbands tacked on to them. As William Curve, the farm-laborer M. P., was also a guest, Gwenny the indomitable and immemorial Gwenny, "the family skeleton" now in no mere metaphoric sense, had her yellow shrivelled hands full, and but that the funeral meats warmly furnished forth the dinner table, she would for once have fallen before the occasion.

It was not a gay dinner all the same, though there was much cordiality in some of the reunions, the twins being particularly delighted to find themselves with the step-mother who had been the guardian angel of their girlhood. But the Novabarbes war, the first blow of which had been struck immediately by the troops on the spot, with success, indeed, but with heavy toll of lives, overshadowed everything. The conversation was left to Mr. William Fitzwinter: nor did any one contradict his sentiments, for fear of exciting the Earl and restoring the family gathering to its original character.

"What puzzles me," said Fizzy, "is why we support hospitals, or cocker wretched incurables whose life is a burden. Is human life sacred or is it not? One little murder in Whitechapel con-

vulses the nation, while in Novabarba we stick men like pigs. We pay our own war-dragon his annual tribute of young men. Yet in India we put down Jugger-naut and Suttee. For my part I think Suttee a much misunderstood institution. If English wives understood they had to be cremated with their husbands' corpses, we should have fewer girls marrying old men."

"I am sorry I did," said Joan.

"My darling—you forget you made me young again. Tell me, O soul of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, are there not fighting-cocks even among your own members?"

"Lots," sighed Joan.

"Just as I thought. And they don't mind twenty thousand horses being disembowelled?"

"Don't, please," said Allegra.

Fizzy smiled. "Truly the Englishman's mind is a muddle. His left hand knoweth not what his right hand doth. He pays Churches to say one thing, Armies to do the opposite, and Board Schools to unteach both things. His nearest approach to a principle is the international duty of guaranteeing investments. They say that trade follows the flag, but it is the flag that follows trade. The march of Empire is a commercial advance covered by cannon. Once this movement was described as the advance of Christianity. But the missionaries having lost prestige, it is now described as the advance of civilization, so that John Bull is still happy. The old Roman motto was to conquer the world for Rome's good—"

*"His ego nec metas rerum nec tempora pono,  
Imperium sine fine dedi,"*

quoted the Earl.

"I suppose that means 'grab all the Empire you can.' Rome was honest. Now that the ancient ideal of military glory is discredited, and Christianity has forced hypocrisy upon the world, we pretend to conquer the world for the world's good. At bottom it is the same lust for big-ness."

"And will have the same end," said the Earl solemnly.

"Don't take any of that, father," interposed Lady Joan hastily. "There's sugar in it."



The Earl went on, thwarted fork in hand: "But what maddens me is the idea that we *are* spreading civilization. Why, we have scarcely arrived at the conception of civilization at home. When we have swept away our own slums, it will be time to clear the Augean swamps of Novabarba. The conquest of Novabarba really means an uncivilized millionaire or two moving into Belgravia."

"Yes, but it reacts also on the temper of the race," urged Allegra. "We tend to grow flabby and anæmic. We must become strenuous."

Fizzy gave one of his old table-shaking laughs. "Good gracious, Allegra, has Bob been stuffing you with that conventional cant?"

Polly's and Molly's filial as well as step-filial pride was aroused. "But it's not cant," they said together.

"You two!" retorted Fizzy. "You should be the last to object to Polly-and-Molly-coddling!"

"Oh! Oh!" from the whole table.

"Well," said Fizzy, unabashed, "I can't see how you become strenuous because somebody else sweats and bleeds five thousand miles away. I shall next expect to hear that we must sweep away the Novabarbeses because they don't wash."

"Well, father does say the hegemony of the world is to the cold-tubbing races," admitted Polly, blissfully ignorant of her father's floor-splashing début.

"My child," replied Fizzy, "I was not aware that Whitechapel washes enthusiastically, and I do know that at the People's Palace nobody is allowed in the swimming-bath without passing through what I think washer-women call 'the first water.'"

"My dear William!" remonstrated the Countess.

"My dear mother! I take wine with you."

"At Eton," said the Earl, "I housed with the pick of our Novabarbeses generals. There wasn't a tub in the place. All through winter we waited till the Thames was tepid."

"The 'Varsities boasted of very few baths, either," Fizzy added. "And how many bath-rooms were there in Belgravia when we were young? Our empire was built up by the unwashed, who were made Companions of the Bath in reward."

"An Oxford man told me that in the monkish ages dirt was a virtue," said Dulsie.

"Quite true," said Fizzy. "Dirt was next to godliness."

Jim here made his one contribution to the conversation. "All the cackle about cold tubs and muscle is irrelevant. Modern battles are won by brain, not brawn. The future Napoleon will be a paralytic chess-player carried about the field on a water-bed."

"And paralytic poets on water-beds are responsible for all this cracking-up of strenuousness," said Fizzy. "Convalescents and incurables dream wistfully of flourishing cutlasses on pirate ships, and a man who can't stick on a horse sings lovingly of cavalry charges. Thomson, the author of 'Rule Britannia,' was never in cold water in his life, while he died, according to Dr. Johnson, of a chill caught on the Thames."

"Yes," put in the Earl eagerly. "Aeschylus fought at Marathon and Salamis, but you don't find him shrieking for war. His interest is in moral problems. For war-songs we go to the deformed schoolmaster Tyrtaeus."

"Was Tyrtaeus deformed?" cried Fizzy. "I'm so glad. Proves my point. There's some use in the Classics after all."

"But he sang the Spartans to victory," said Lady Minnie coldly.

"Pure literary lasciviousness," Fizzy persisted. "Our admirals and generals don't yowl about manliness. Their joy is to read books, and their ambition is to write them. They yearn for plays and music and pictures and the blessings of civilization. Do you think they enjoy seeing their friends or their men with their jaws blown away, or their eyes gouged out, or their—"

"Please!" interrupted Allegra beseechingly.

"Be strenuous!" he mocked her.

"The Empire itself is only a literary invention," said the Earl. "A Latin word misused. It all began with Palmerston's *Civis Romanus sum*. India we possess in a way, but it's a white elephant. But Australia? New Zealand? Canada? Do you think they'd tolerate one stroke of authority! Say Federation of Free Peoples and I am with you."

"Well, perhaps the mission of England is to prepare peoples for federation with her," urged Allegra. "Isn't it inspiring to picture one great nation spread everywhere with the same great ideals of justice and freedom?"

"Anglo-Saxons, of course?" said Fizzy sarcastically.

"No. Why leave out the French Canadians, or the Irish? Or the Cape Dutch? Anglo-Imperials!" Allegra suggested.

"By Jove, what a good name!" cried Lord Arthur.

"Bob will bless you for that," said Fizzy. "Feder-Angles, I should suggest myself, for you may be sure there will be wrangles enough."

"It is as well that my daughter agrees with her husband," interposed the old Earl wearily.

Allegra flushed hotly but was silent.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

##### RAPHAEL RETURNS.

RAPHAEL DOMINICK gazed at Margaret Engelborne in stern disapproval.

"But this will never do! To come back and find you like this!"

"I feel very white, I assure you." Margaret had a gamut for her happy moods, where other people have only blue and black for their miserable.

"You look it," Raphael said severely. "What have you been doing?"

"Enjoying myself."

"Let us not fence."

"It is the literal truth. I have so many keen interests, my nerves get worn out. Ask the doctors. But I get paid in pleasure."

"In pleasure! You are in pain at this moment."

"I am happy to see you. Let us smoke cigarettes and pretend it's old times."

He lit a cigarette and she lit hers from his, male-fashion. She tried to take Miranda Grey's wonted chair, which backed the light, but he forestalled her and continued his severe judicial scrutiny of her peaked and wan features. Then his glooming brow announced a black-cap verdict.

"Don't be too hard on me," she pleaded.

"I am going to be brutal. Kit is killing you."

She closed her lips.

"You are committing suicide."

That stung her. "Can I desert Kit?"

"Yes. Of two lives one must be saved."

"We are both in God's hand."

He turned the surgeon's knife in the wound. "You see yourself like a Sunday-school heroine. You wish to die at her bedside."

She gasped. "You are cruel."

"I am kind. Beware of spiritual pride."

"You force me to speak. I pray God every hour that Kit may be taken. It is a race between our lives."

"O great rare soul!" he thought. He took her hands. The long fingers lay deadly cold in his. "Forgive me," he said. "You have the courage to face life as well as death. Did I hurt you much?"

"I am stinging all over. But perhaps it was because I could not see your face very clearly, and the expression sometimes contradicts the tongue."

"Your eyes are growing dim again?"

"You would sit with your back to the light."

"No prevarication." His grasp of her hands became imperious. "Your eyes are failing again."

"With the rest of me," she said, more hopelessly than he had ever heard her speak.

"But it will be terrible if you go blind," he said. He thought: "She will perhaps see clearer than I."

"God has let me have my eyes longer than I dared to hope. Perhaps He will still spare them."

He could have shaken her. Why did she not "curse God and die"? He thought of the thousands of lewd leering eyes in the London streets, eyes that sparkled in the sunshine, while Margaret's must fade in darkness.

The serving-maid came in: their hands unclasped.

"Professor Pont, miss."

"What!" Raphael sprang to his feet.

"You don't want to meet him, I know. Nobody does. I'll see him in the dining-room."

"What nonsense! I should particularly like to see him. He's an old friend."

"Really? Then perhaps you would like a word with him alone."

"Your delicacy is only equalled by



your obstinacy. That is just what I should like."

"And I'll go and tell Kit you are looking years younger. She will be so delighted."

Professor Pont was startled to find Raphael instead of Margaret. He was blanched by years and shames; the pouch under his right eye was weirdly wrinkled. He shambled in with self-conscious shabbiness. The dapper Raphael's extended hand of equality visibly astonished him more than Raphael's presence.

"My dear Professor! Take a chair and a cigarette. Miss Engelborne will be in presently. Here is a match. I cannot tell you what peculiar pleasure it gives me to see you."

"*Wirklich?*" said the Professor, surprised into his mother-tongue.

"You occupy in my mind an honorable niche, *mein lieber Otto*, a unique position which nobody else can ever fill." He caressed his well-trimmed beard.

"Ah!" said the Professor, smoothing his ragged beard in a sort of hirsute harmony.

"You are my first disillusion."

The Professor scowled.

"*Nehmen Sie es mir nicht so übel, lieber Professor.* I owe you infinite gratitude. You are the window through which I first looked on life as she is. Education consists in unlearning all we learnt at school, and you are my abecedarian. To some their first illusion comes as their first love. I, more fortunate, find it in my first Editor."

"But I brought you out. I gave you your first chance."

"True: you published my 'Fame,' but I have never published your dishonor."

"Don't hit a man when he's down."

"Pardon me. I was thoughtless. My poor Professor, you who are a fellow-Beyond-Man, an *Uebermensch*, how came you to let these lower creatures best you? You must have set their backs up by posing as their superior. Be sure the first man who let the apes know he was indifferent to their chatter got mauled. Mum's the word. And what are you doing now?"

"Starving."

"That soon comes to an end. You must find a more permanent occupation."

"Nobody will give me a chance. Miranda Grey is making a fortune out of

my *Cross and Crown*, but twenty pounds is all I got for it."

"Did you write *Cross and Crown*?"

A faint rose of Shame's dawn showed on the grayed face. "What is a man to do? The public won't have my real ideas. For my new System of World-Philosophy through the Not - Self - Ego - Concept, I can't get a publisher, even under a false name."

"When did you write it?"

"I thought it out in—in retirement. It wipes out all the moderns. They are so superficial. Even Hegel evades the problem of Qualitative Becoming. As for your British Neo-Kantians, pooh!"

"I should like to see it," said Raphael, with genuine interest. His heart warmed to the rogue who had mixed ontological speculation with the picking of opium.

"I should be very grateful."

"The gratitude is owing to you. I'll pay you a reading-fee of two guineas—no, two pounds! The finer harmonies demand two pounds—on one condition."

"I accept."

"That you cease to pester Miss Engelborne."

Otto tugged uncomfortably at his beard. "She invited me."

"How could that be?"

"Through Miranda Grey."

"That impossible Margaret!" he thought tenderly. "No sooner does she hear of a new sorrow than she aches to assuage it. She will never forgive me my self-sufficiency." Aloud he said: "But Miss Engelborne is a poor woman; she will have the brokers in herself, if she is not careful. Ah, there is the bell ringing. Another pensioner, probably."

"Will you advance me the reading-fee now?" asked Pont desperately.

"I haven't it with me. Bring the MS. to my lodging in the Mile End Road. Here is my card."

"Well, give me the two shillings you docked. I'm hungry."

Raphael laughed and slipped the florin into his hand as Margaret entered.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

#### CARRIED FORWARD.

RAPHAEL had scrupulously timed his visit to Margaret so as not to coin-

cide with Allegra's days or hours. It was for Margaret alone he came. Yet the fates would have it that Allegra should be driving near the flat, should be seized with the idea of buying flowers and leaving them for Kit, that Margaret should open the door to the groom, and learning that Allegra was in the carriage, should beg her to come in.

It would be throwing good material away to neglect such a chance of weaving one of her real-life episodes. What a pleasant surprise for the two friends!

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Pont," she said. "Will you please come into the dining-room?"

As the Professor passed through the hall, he was astonished to brush against a beautiful, reddish-haired woman. Involuntarily he looked after her, as she entered the room he had left and shut the door behind her.

"Isn't that Lady Allegra Broser?" he inquired.

"Yes," said Margaret curtly.

Thus unexpectedly arrived the moment which Allegra had been expecting. What was the real Raphael Dominick? she had wondered amid the resumed whirl of her life. Was she under the glamour of her own fantasy of a redeemer? Did he borrow color and mystery from the mediæval city?

But the instant she saw him sitting there, sad, inscrutable, and comfortable, haloed by cigarette smoke, she perceived that, like Margaret Engelborne, he bore his atmosphere with him, that the old spell was upon her, and that they were to begin where they had left off.

He jumped up and they shook hands.

"You are in London for the season?" she said, smiling.

"For the slumming season. Really, an obscure person has much more chance of meeting the fashionable world by pitching his tent in the Mile End Road than by insinuating himself into Park Lane. Lady Joan Fitzwinter is not the only swell that hunts among the species in our back streets, though she makes the biggest bag."

"But *you* don't want to meet the swells. Why should you live there?"

"Why not? The Mile End Road is much finer than any in Orvieto. And of a Saturday night we have market scenes

quite Neapolitan. Belgravia holds nothing so picturesque."

"But it is so far from the centre."

"I told you my little hoard was in consols, and you know how the Chancellor cuts down our interest. Probably it never occurred to you, O plutocrat, that to be near the centre is impossible save for the species with detachable golden weapons. *O fortunatos nimium*. London is Piccadilly and the Park or it is nothing. The rest is provincial, nay worse, parochial. To live in London one must be born rich or die dishonest. Ah, it is a terrible town, this London, that tries to squeeze every ounce of truth and honor out of us, every drop of art and ambition. When will some Beyond-Man arise to give his friends bread and cheese, as Wordsworth? Like Wordsworth,

"I am opprest  
To think that now our life is only drest  
For show: mean handiwork of craftsman,  
cook,  
Or groom. We must run glittering like a  
brook."

"I am glad you are opprest," she said mischievously. "Any emotion is better than death."

He dropped into his chair and sent a provokingly calm smoke-puff towards her. "My emotion is purely literary. If I had lived, I should have lived in Piccadilly. But Mile End is good enough to bury one's self in."

She thought of the real "living-dead" creature, buried in the next room, and replied with a touch of impatience, as she instinctively seated herself on the piano-stool: "You still consider yourself a ghost?"

"The prig amuses you, *nicht wahr?*"

She smote a discord on the piano with her gloved fingers, as if thumping him. "Why will you keep on saying that?"

"It is part of my philosophy. I face the inevitable."

"You meet troubles half-way. Your death is characteristic."

"And I thought you understood!" He was so contemptuous that she murmured:

"I thought I did—at the time."

"To save one's life, one must lose it. Is that such new doctrine?"

"Now I don't even think I understand."

"To live means to act. But action is



only for the brutal or the dishonest. Your husband has the luck to be both; I have the misfortune to be neither. Too strong to be dishonest, I am too weak to be brutal."

"But is Margaret dishonest? Is Margaret brutal?"

"Margaret has not struggled in the crowd. She is the hereditary *grande dame*, moving among dependents."

"But I have acted."

"You! You who cannot bear to see a moth burn! Think of the white-haired shopman who has to dye his hair because customers dislike the aged."

"I know," she sighed, drawing off her gloves automatically. "Joan has taken that up."

"You started out to act—but only your husband has acted. You died out—like me."

Something in her breast rose in protest. "I am not dead. It is he that is dead."

"No; he has merely evolved. Like the tadpole. The tadpole starts out as a fish and a vegetarian, and winds up with lungs and carnivorous. There is an intermediate stage in which it feeds on its own obsolescent tail. You and I have this draggle of early ideals behind us, and not till we devour our past can we become carnivorous."

"Mr. Broser was always carnivorous."

"That is pure wifely prejudice. But if you knew he was the 'great blond beast' of Nietzsche, why did you marry a man so much younger than yourself?"

"Younger?"

"Yes; he is B.C. You are A.D., and very late A.D. Two thousand years is really too great a disparity between man and wife. No wonder you are unhappy. But I am keeping you from your duties, am I not? Play to the poor thirteenth century in the next room."

"You must not sneer at Kit."

"Sneer at St. Kit! Why, I had two candles lit for her in Orvieto cathedral"

"You!"

"Yes. Kit might object if she knew, the stiff-necked Protestant. But it pleased the priest and it pleased me. White candles burning—it seems such a beautiful symbol. My mother used to light two white candles on Friday night. She practised her Judaism, you know. It

was a great waste, because she might not extinguish them, and that was the only night I must not write by them. The other nights we often had none. But," he added gently, "their light shone over the rest of the week."

Her fingers began playing very softly the "Melancholie" of John Field. Presently, glancing round shyly, she saw that his face was no longer fathomless. Only the despair on it was fathomless.

"My music makes you sad," she murmured.

"No, no; play on. Even this kind of death has its hell. Don't look at me, please—like Gregory's gloating saints."

"I am not in heaven, so cannot gloat." The music flowed on soothingly. "Margaret has quite deserted us," she murmured.

"It is her goodness," he said.

"When I am in Orvieto again, I shall put up candles for St. Margaret."

"Old Isaac Walton was right about the Engelbornes," said Raphael.

"What did he say?"

"'The Engelbornes are a race beloved by God.'"

Allegra heaved a sigh. "Whom He loveth He chastiseth. Are they not incredible? In their place I should feel like Job's wife."

"That is exactly what I felt for a moment this afternoon. But that is because we are faithless. We are like tramps out of work. Margaret is the amateur tramp."

"I do not follow you."

"Haven't you noticed the plague of books and articles written by journalists intent on gauging the sensations of tramps and mendicants? They mouch across England, or even from New York to 'Frisco, without a copper, so as to know how it feels to be friendless, foodless, and roofless, even how it feels to be on the brink of dying from hunger. But the experiment is absurd. The gentleman tramp knows he can never quite fall over the brink. However he juggles with himself, he knows in the far back of his being he has only to telegraph to his father, his editor, his bankers, and that wee bit of consciousness makes all the difference. So it is with Margaret and Kit. Hungry and footsore tramps, they know Rothschild is behind them. In short—there is always God."

"But even the son of His Father said '*Lama Sabachthani.*'"

"That is the finest touch in the Gospels," said Raphael Dominick.

## CHAPTER XV.

## MODERN LOVE.

ALLEGRA and Raphael met several times at Margaret's flat: for though they had no positive appointment, not to meet would have been a disappointment. Margaret continued to fade away, and Raphael to remonstrate violently with her on her dissipation of her strength in a hundred and one passionate labors and prayers for others. "Economize your goodness: it will last longer and do more." To which she would retort: "One might spare one's self and still die, and then what vain remorse!" Allegra, too, would sometimes lunch with her, just to see that she ate, for when left to herself her meals were mere bird-pecks, and one square meal satisfied two days. But there was nothing to be done but wait the issue in the ghastly race, and hope that Margaret would survive her sister and then be not too far gone for recuperation. Margaret herself never complained. To cry "Oh" before a servant would have been undignified, before an equal, selfish. She was always unruffled and sweet in a flowing gown, with a spray of blossom at her aching breast. Once she wore a sprig of oak, for it was Oak-Apple Day, and her heart yearned for the Stuarts.

Pont turned up one day when she had left Raphael and Allegra together and was conducted to the same room by the maid. Allegra was glad Raphael was there to help her bear the meeting, which brought up so many poignant recollections, and to relieve her of making conversation with the poor wretch. She was afraid even to inquire after the Frau Professorin, lest pain lurked for him in the question. But Pont inquired respectfully after her own consort, and was accorded a conventional answer.

"Well, I've been reading that MS. of yours," broke in Raphael in no tone of irony. "Almost thou persuadest me, Pont, to be a Pontist, and drop all this crude Spencerian evolutionism that has cramped and dominated my thinking of late."

"*Nicht wahr?*" said the delighted Professor. "These Englishmen, they cannot think. And you will find me a publisher?"

"Not while the war is on, I fear," laughed Raphael. "These Englishmen, they cannot think—of more than one thing at a time. But even in peace-time, Philosophy—" he shook his head.

"I could get it set up myself for fifty pounds. I know so many printers."

Raphael checked a visible impulse of Allegra's to offer the fifty pounds.

"But that would not help you to live. And such, I understand, is your curious desire."

"*Ach*, always this dreadful alternative—shall one live or one's ideas?"

"It's a sad world for the thinker, I know. But the Bread-and-Butter concept—eh?"

"If I could open a sanatorium, I should make my fortune. I have a new idea, picked up in this flat."

"Miss Engelborne should have a percentage, then."

"Sanatoriums are collections of cripples and consumptives. The patients radiate ill health, depress one another to death. In my sanatorium half the residents would be cheerful young gentlemen and pretty girls, radiating health. These would get a salary and board and lodging. It would provide a new profession for women—"

"And for younger sons of the aristocracy," laughed Raphael.

"We should call it the Sunny Society Sanatorium, and charge high fees. If I could only get up a syndicate. We could set them up all over England—nay, all over Europe. There are millions in it." Pont departed, with a sovereign from Allegra, pending operations. Ultimately a job was found for the Professor, needless to say by the tireless and ingenious Margaret. The continued failure of *Cross and Crown* in London induced Miranda Grey to take it out on a provincial tour, and with the same reliance on provincial ignorance she was persuaded to take the Professor in her train as acting-manager.

"But do you understand the duties of acting-manager?" Raphael asked him in amusement.

"Certainly. He has only to work up calls, to drink with the local journalists,



and to help them with their criticisms," said the Professor quite seriously. He had ceased to have any sense of the humors of dishonesty.

One day the sky was so blue that Allegra dismissed her carriage and let Raphael walk homewards with her. But they found it unexpectedly windy, and Allegra was depressed by the troops of school-children just let loose from school, cheering boys and girls, who waved flags and carried a boy in an ambulance with a grewsome red-stained bandage across his forehead; thus far-reaching were the new military influences set loose by the swarm of war-pictures.

"The *Cornucopia* would fare ill in this generation," she said, with a sigh.

"Oh, Pont would have made it bluggy, if blugginess was in fashion. All the children's papers run blood to-day. A war isn't all waste, you see, as your father thought. He forgot to count emotions and excitements, the boons to theatres and music-halls, the patriotic suppers after the play, the immense and universal thrill of the great war-serial, to be continued in our next edition."

"You are a mocking fiend."

"A sober calculating machine. We cannot go on without excitement. Life is a dull business. Seventy years is a long time to go on dressing and undressing one's self. Married people put it down to matrimony, and the unmarried to celibacy, but it's life itself. Your father used to say, why spend money on the Lord Mayor's Show, when so many are starving? I was a starving boy, but I tell you the Lord Mayor's Show was worth more to me than ten dinners."

"That was romantic, artistic. But this is brutal."

"The brute feels dim great things. Think in how many dull villages one-legged veterans will tell the tale. These flag-waving children are thinking less of themselves than are the Countesses of your War Fund *tableaux vivants*, anxious not to be hidden behind the banners they bear."

"I know. Disgusting."

"Why? Mere healthy egotism. 'Tis self-love that makes the world go round. I, the latter-day fly on the wheel, sit and wonder why it goes round. Life has only the meaning we put into it."

"No, no," she cried, struggling desperately against the obsession of his diabolical tolerance; "there is a larger meaning outside of us."

"What is it?"

"Progress."

"You are your father's daughter—and a child of the Great Exhibition. I see only change, and *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*." Some scraps of newspaper blew about frenziedly in the wind. "Ah, there you have an image of life—the whirl of dirty paper in the wind—a futile pother informed by apparent significance—see how passionately the pieces chase one another. The torn sentences printed on them only add to the ironic meaninglessness." A horse bolted, frightened by one of the scraps, and Raphael by making a dart was just able to pull out of the way the rear child of the military procession.

"You deny Progress," said Allegra, quietly, "yet you preach the Beyond-Man."

"He is in a minority of one at the time. Androcles relieves the lion, but the thorn goes toward his crown."

"Truth will prevail," she said passionately.

"Only crucified Truth can conquer. The allegory was profound." He laughed sardonically. "It is time the nineteenth century dropped the shallow optimism of the eighteenth."

"I thought you approved of the eighteenth century."

"In a way. It was the century when the superficially true displaced the profoundly false. Fizzy is the typical eighteenth century. In his rage against the corruptions of creeds, he forgets that man is born to faith as the sparks fly upward. Nor in his contempt for humanity's self-contradictions does he see that mankind must stand on contradictory ideals, and that his own legs are like the legs of a compass at a hundred and sixty degrees. A pure ideal is like pure alcohol—a poison. Two contradictory ideals mixed are a vivifying potion. War itself we carry on with the punctilious etiquette of civilization, the Red Cross follows the red sword. Did you ever notice in Margaret's armory the great stone clubs used by the Plantagenet Bishops?"

"I've noticed stone clubs—I thought they were savage."

"So they were. They were anticipated by the Lake-Dwellers. But they were re-invented to enable Bishops to fight without using steel."

"But why?"

"A Gospel text was tortured to prove they mustn't shed blood. A bashed head also bleeds, I believe, but they did not inquire too anxiously. It is really touching to see mankind straining its leg-muscles apart on slippery standing-places. Less hypocritically, though Hallam says more, the Greek Church required the lustration of a canonical penance from every soldier who had shed the enemy's blood. Origen and Tertullian admitted that Christianity and War were inconsistent. The Crusades were really due to the victory of the Mohammedan ideal of a Church militant. 'Our only Christian' is herself an eclectic. From Christianity she gets only her genius for love and self-sacrifice, but her gospel of war and aristocracy comes from Feudal Chivalry, and her taste for writing and reading beautiful stories and having beautiful furniture is the mark of the Greek. From Bohemia comes her charming camaraderie. Had she been any of these things in isolation, she would have been a monstrosity—like the latter-day Tolstoy—as it is she comes as near perfection as humanity may."

"She is an angel, and I think you are in love with her."

"Perhaps I am."

"Is she the Beyond-Woman?"

"No; she is just the best of the past—a Christian without cant, a Bohemian without vice, a patrician without arrogance."

"Then I prefer the woman of the past."

"I prefer the woman of the future."

"Who is the woman of the future?"

"You."

"I? But I am as old-fashioned as possible."

"Only in the old fashion of beauty and goodness. But you face life through your own eyes."

"You just said through my father's."

"No—his are still dazzled by his own dreams. I remember being struck, when I reported that famous speech at Midstoke, by his beautiful image of Peace. He looked forward to the day when the spider would spin its webs across the

cannon's mouth. But why is the spider spinning its web? To catch the poor fly. That cannon's mouth will still be the theatre of war. Nature has woven life of war and love. We have no option. You and I may suffer from hyperæsthesia, due to the shrivelling up of our fighting instincts, but we do not blink the fact that where interests clash, war must be."

"With the lower creatures, perhaps: not with men."

"I thought I convinced you that most men were lower creatures."

"At the time. Later, I thought such reasoning would justify slavery as against the human brotherhood."

"Fine words don't alter facts. Is the freed slave the equal of the white man? Have you never heard of the colored cars in the Southern States? I wanted to travel in one when I was there, thinking it wouldn't matter as I wasn't a Christian, but they wouldn't let me."

"Then you approve of sweeping away the Novabarbese," she said, with a swift feminine jump.

"It is not my business," he said coolly. "The Novabarbese probably swept away some other Barbese."

"But didn't you say you gave up a brilliant future rather than support Bagnell?" she answered hotly.

"That is my business." He was too provoking.

"How do you mean?"

"To be the tool of Bagnell and his Jews! To do the dirty work of civilization!"

"Just now you had a Jewish sneer at the Christians, now you are anti-Semitic."

"All intelligent Jews are anti-Semites—and all unintelligent Christians."

She could not help smiling. "The more I see of you, the less I know of you."

He held up the many-headed pommel of his stick in silent reminder.

She laughed outright, and touched one of the carved ivory heads. "What does *that* one think of the war, anyhow?"

"That canny old chap? He says, 'It is a traders' war.'"

"That's what Mr. Fitzwinter says. The flag follows trade."

"But he says it sneeringly, endorses



the Continental view of British hypocrisy. Whereas here is just the proof of John Bull's sincerity. Unlike Russia or Germany, he has no conscious scheme of imperial expansion. He has no general conceptions at all. And just as his 'Freedom broadens slowly down from precedent to precedent,' so his Empire broadens slowly down from accident to accident. Adventurers and traders have built it up—East India Companies, British Fur Companies, British West Nova-barba Companies. He blundered into Australia as he blundered out of America."

"Father says our Empire will end like Rome's."

"No: it is not founded on military force, nor therefore mortal. It represents the unconscious expansion of the Anglo-Saxon race, the overwelling of its energies. England never advances anywhere till she is already there. The Foreign Office accepts each new possession under protest, and if she registers them with blood, it is under compulsion."

"Then you admit we don't aim at spreading civilization."

"That is the poetical veil necessary for the plain citizen at home. John Bull on his island never even sees the people he oppresses or the campaigns he conducts. It all comes to him idealized, almost as art. He truly believes he is spreading righteousness and the best, nay, the only possible, Constitution. Hence an unjust war produces as great a moral glow as a just, much as a false coin does the work of a true one, so long as everybody is taken in. But the puzzled Continent talks of perfidious Albion."

"But my husband is aware the coin is false."

"Who knows?"

Again he angered her. "But he was to be Broser the Peace-Maker."

"Blessed are the peace-makers, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. But not the kingdom of earth. Your husband agrees with Spinoza: destroy whatever impedes your development. Would you were a Spinozist, too!"

"But I thought Spinoza was a sort of Christ."

"Only in conduct, not in thought. Believe me, Broser is not so black as you paint him. I told you women always

idealize—for good or ill. I catch curious twists in him—yearnings to do big things for the masses. If Nature has given him a thick skin, it is because she intends him for tough work."

"You will persuade me out of my senses. You shamelessly argue that Might is Right."

"Ah, that is this fellow." He pointed to a more truculent head, like a gargoye. "But Might and Right are not such opposites. Right is Might anyhow. But Might involves Right, too. Might is weakness unless morally federated. You cannot empty Might of morality. God is not on the side of the biggest battalions, unless they are faithful to one another and obedient to their generals. And since there will always be big battalions, is it not better that, like the old Hebrews, they should think God on their side?"

"Yes, but the old Hebrews had prophets who reminded them of their backsliding. The new national prophet simply flatters his people."

"But not only the new. Virgil flatters the Romans as much as Victor Hugo the French. The Jews are the only people whose literature is one long denunciation of themselves, and who of these inspired libels made their liturgy. True," he added musingly, "it became the worship of the letter. But what a letter!"

"Well, but in the modern world, with all these self-flattering nations, each trying to push its own wares, material and spiritual, which are we really to believe has the divine mission?"

"I refer you to *Nathan der Weise* and Lessing's fable of the rings."

"You mean, whichever in practice makes most for righteousness."

"Precisely. Do you know Wordsworth's lines:

"England, all nations in this charge agree:  
But worse, more ignorant in love and hate,  
Far—far more abject is thine Enemy.  
Therefore the wise pray for thee, though  
the freight  
Of thy offences be a heavy weight.  
O grief that Earth's best hopes rest all  
with thee."

"But you don't care about righteousness."

"It is one ideal; there are others. But it is the one that religion must concentrate on, because the others can take

care of themselves. You enjoin upon a woman to go to church, but not to wear a pretty bonnet. Personally, I agree with Victor Hugo. Paris is Jerusalem. It is the one self-conscious city. London—like the British Empire—is an aggregate of accidents, sprawled out by speculative builders, to the destruction of old-world gardens."

"Yes—here I am at home. A thousand a year rent, and not even a tree!"

"And this is the civilization we would spread! Our ships go everywhere and arrive nowhere."

He would not go in, and they did not meet at the flat for a week. But her next greeting of him was excited.

"Have you seen the *Quarterly*? The article on your work!"

"Has Margaret been buying the *Quarterly*? What waste! I never read criticism. Criticism is absurd. The critic cudgels me, I cudgel him. Only Time can show which rod is Moses's—to swallow up the other."

"But he doesn't cudgel—he crowns! He says you are truly a Poet." The word Poet, she found to her surprise, still trembled with undertones, shimmered with lights.

He quoted:

"Last stage of all,  
To hear the world applaud the hollow ghost  
That blamed the living man."

"But nobody ever blamed you."

"How do you know that?"

"You told me your life."

"Yes—as one shows a railway tour on a map. I had to sit in the slow train—third-class—with the stuffy snuffy people, and endure the endless crawl and choke in the long tunnels. You see it all in a whisk. No, no one will ever really know my life—least of all a woman."

"But you have come out of the tunnels—the sunlight of immortality is shining on you."

"True. That means some money. The advantage of writing immortal works is that they last at least your own lifetime. Otherwise—to be one of the D's in a Biographical Dictionary, sandwiched between a twelfth-century saint and a twenty-fifth-century aeronaut! Oh, I am sick of the little people who compile the big dictionaries. The ants are wiser. Let us endure and die in silence."

"Is there nothing that could make you happy?" she cried desperately.

"Nothing: save the repopulation of the planet."

"By whom?"

"By people I could live among."

"By Beyond-Men? But then you would have nobody to despise!"

"Ah, you despise me for despising."

"I think you might put a little more love into your contempt—and forgive them, for they know not what they do."

"In short—I am a prig."

This time she was desperate. "Yes!"

He came over and took her hands. "And a prophet! Confess that, too." They laughed and looked into each other's eyes, and his grasp tightened. "So I am to put a little more love into my contempt."

"I don't say into your contempt for me," she said, smiling, and trying to release her hands.

"Forgive me," he said, loosing them, "I know not what I do."

"What you are to do is to sit down instantly and read the article," she said sternly.

He took the *Quarterly*. "I dare say I should have read it when you were gone," he said.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### OLD COMRADES.

It was the greatest night of Broser's life. The Opposition had tried to turn out the Government on its War Policy, but Broser was a great Parliamentary cricketer—a hard hitter and a terribly twisty bowler—and to-night he had scored his century not out, against the nastiest balls. In the rival House the poor old Earl of Yeoford had made a duck's egg. The original British West Novabarba Company had been swallowed up by the Government and the district turned into a Crown Colony, but the rest of the unhappy country was given over—as Broser put it—"to companies and quarrels." Annexation was pacification, he said, and the House had applauded, and the Prince, listening, had applauded, as all England and all the Empire would applaud tomorrow. All, that is, except the small minority who shared the opinions of Allegra or the prejudices of the Duchess of Dalesbury. The Sermon on the Mount



he had repudiated with aplomb. "I agree with Lord Lyndhurst," he said, shrewdly endorsing an aristocrat's bill: "To turn the other cheek is unworthy of a great nation." He had on a prior occasion endorsed Lord Palmerston's, "Man is a fighting animal." And this breezy fearlessness, so sensitively in tune with the temper of the day, was fast making Broser the idol of Britain. The British working-man, who twenty years before had plunged feverishly into politics, reading history and debating in his clubs, the working-man who had assembled in his thousands to cheer "Fighting Bob's" republicanism, was now the devotee of athleticism and sport. Even the thinking classes had been undermined by several decades of Darwinism. Britain would be safe under "Fighting Bob," it was felt. He might have changed his coat, but he was always ready to take it off. No damned sentimental nonsense, no wishy-washy diplomacy, but a blow straight from the shirt sleeve.

What wonder if Broser's square boots trod on air, if he felt himself a storehouse of electric energy, wires radiating from him in every direction, charged with his will! The administration of his department, the patronage at his command, provided countless channels for the passage of his force. And from all parts of the world letters and cables came to him, and the other great men of the earth reached out antennæ to him across the seas. Supremely self-centred, he moved through the scenes of daily life and social diversion with complacent condescension, distributed his words and smiles as so many pieces of patronage, became the great actor who enters to music and goes out to applause.

But as he trod the silent streets to-night, walking home alone to quell his cerebral excitement and give himself a chance of sleep, the springiness of the victor's step was not his. Technical necessities had kept him till the House rose, and in this supreme moment of triumph the cry of "Who goes home?" struck jarring notes from his tense nerves. What home had he to go to? In the cool night air, under a sky of cloud-tangled stars, he remembered his long-lost Susannah; heard her heart-cry: "I should have liked to see you Prime Minister, Bob."

Ah, how she would have twined warm arms around him, sobbed with joy and pride, while this intellectual iceberg of an Allegra radiated freezing airs of scorn and hauteur, unmoved by all his achievements. Why had she not been in the Gallery to-night to hear his great speech? They could have driven home together, nestling cozily. Curse her, she took after her mother. Marshmont's wife was a bad example. He might have known it was in the blood. They thought only of themselves, these hysterical minxes, never of the great causes incarnated in their husbands. But he would be revenged upon her, he would no longer live this loveless life. His fancy lingered on facile possibilities.

He digressed to Westminster Bridge to calm himself by the contemplation of the river with its wonderful twinkling reaches. As he turned back he was conscious of a shadow crossing his, and started nervously. After some moments he became sure he was followed. His heart beat quickly. A vague apprehension of assassination gave the last touch to his sense of importance. This Nova-barbese war touched many interests. He must really be more careful. He grasped his stick tighter and turned suddenly.

"What the devil are you following me for?"

The white-bearded tramp jumped back.

"Don't you know me, Mr. Broser?" he said whiningly. "Professor Pont."

"Professor Pont!" Contempt and reassurance were mingled in the statesman's laugh, as by the light of a street lamp he beheld the unreverend white-bearded figure.

"I've called on you many a time: but they never would let me into the lobby or through your hall door. You might have answered my letters."

"Did you write to me?"

"Half a dozen times."

"My secretary did not mention it. Begging-letters are not passed on to me."

"How do you know they were begging-letters?" Pont murmured.

"I begged the question," said Broser, with one of his neat Parliamentary repartees.

"Your old insight has not deserted you. I was touring with a theatrical company and improving the business every night,

but the stage-manager grew jealous of me. Look how I am shivering—without an overcoat."

"Summer is upon us," said Broser cheerfully.

"You might help an old chum."

"You have the impudence to call me a chum! You, a man who has been in prison."

"I have been out of prison quite a time now," he replied humbly.

"So I see—by the way your hair has grown again. But as you make your bed, my man, so you must lie on it."

"And who made your wife's death-bed—that I lifted her to lie on that night!" Pont shouted angrily. "It was you that killed her."

"You scoundrel! You low malicious criminal liar! I see you are hankering after your old prison quarters." Broser raised his stick, outraged in every instinct.

"You don't frighten me. Unless you recognize our old friendship, I'll write up the whole story in the papers."

"You!" Broser laughed. "Who would publish your vapourings?"

"There's many a paper that would be glad to see you fall. *Nicht wahr?*"

"Ha! There's a policeman." And Broser moved forwards.

"And the history of your second marriage—a boon for the society journals. What?"

Broser paused, startled. Was it possible any one had an inkling of his domestic secrets?

"Aha! I warned you against that little Allegra. Who was it, you told me, used to call her Alligator?"

Broser caught him by the throat. "How dare you? How dare you mention my wife's name? You scum, you foul-mouthed blackguard, who never knew what the word wife means!"

"Let me go!" gasped the Professor.

"The policeman is turning his lantern on you."

It was true, and in this ridiculous situation Broser loosed his bull-dog grip.

"Give me fifty pounds and I'll save you from a scandal, before it leaks out."

"Pooh! What scandal can you save me from?"

Pont looked mischievous meanings. "I have told you more than I should without a fee."

Venomous thoughts darted, poisonous, through Broser's veins. But all he said calmly was, "You know the sentence for blackmailing."

"Only fifty pounds. The day will come when you will wish you had given me a thousand."

"I never pay blackmail."

"Then make me a bet," said the Professor eagerly. "Bet me that a certain person will not be found at a certain address next Tuesday afternoon. If she—if the person is there, you pay me fifty pounds."

"And if you lose!" said Broser mockingly. But inwardly he was on fire with rage and shame. He had no doubt who was the person and what the address—had he not seen it on a card in Orvieto?—and amid all his tumult of mind, he was pleased with himself at outwitting the Professor.

"Good-night, my dear Professor of Welshing. Our policeman objects to gambling as much as to blackmailing."

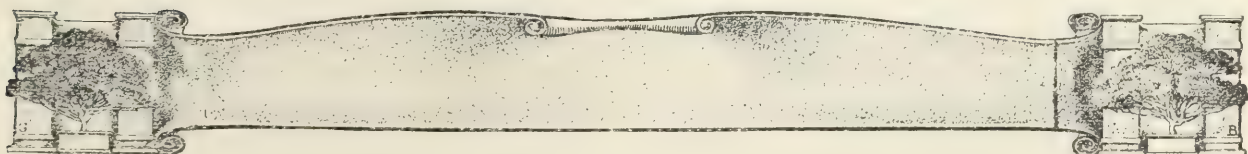
"Five pounds!" cried Pont desperately.

"No; but you may call me that hansom and I'll give you sixpence."

Professor Otto Pont called the hansom and pocketed the sixpence.

The man who drove off was, however, the unhappier of the two. He who had been so true, so faithful, so long-suffering! This was his reward! To be stabbed in the hour of his triumph!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]





# THE CHINESE RESENTMENT

BY H. H. LOWRY

TO understand the present uprising in China, which has startled the whole civilized world by its suddenness and atrocities, it is necessary to recall the history of foreign intercourse with China. This sudden ebullition of hatred and opposition is not of recent growth. The fact is that while necessity has compelled acquiescence in the presence of foreigners in their country, they have never been welcomed or understood by the Chinese. Suspicion of the motives of foreigners has been present from the beginning. To call this Boxer movement simply opposition to the missionary and his work is no more true than to say it was an expression of hatred to the merchant or the diplomat as such. For a century the Westerner has been to the thought of the Chinese, openly expressed or not, a "foreign devil," whether missionary, merchant, or ambassador. In general terms, therefore, the grounds of this opposition and hatred must be sought in the prevailing opinion of all classes of Chinese that foreigners desire to eventually seize upon their territory—which view has not been dissipated by recent events—in the opium trade, and in missionaries especially as the suspected emissaries of foreigners in their designs upon the country. In this connection the pride, conceit, and ignorance of the Chinese themselves must not be overlooked as important elements in the problem.

China occupies a unique position among the great nations of the world. In ancient times she was almost perfectly isolated from the Western world by natural and artificial barriers. On the western border are almost impassable mountain ranges effectually cutting off intercourse from that direction; and, before the days of steam and electricity, the long and perilous journey by sea was almost as effective a barrier from the east. Here, practically walled in from the remainder of the world, rose the Chinese Empire,

with a country so well endowed by nature as to be capable of supplying everything needed for the development of a great nation. In her seclusion all the knowledge either her rulers or people possessed of the outside world was derived from occasional conflicts with the small tribes near her borders, but these were never sufficiently prolonged or extensive to give any correct information of the great western world, nor to develop anything like a warlike spirit in her people. So insignificant seemed the surrounding nations when compared with their own vast empire that the Chinese very naturally thought of themselves as, and called themselves, the "Middle Kingdom." With no entanglements with foreign nations, the local rebellions, though frequent, did not greatly hinder the ordinary progress of affairs, and the mass of the people were not seriously disturbed in their pursuit of the peaceful arts, of literature, and the development of their system of government. In the whole history of the world no other nation ever had such a wide and productive territory so completely separated from external influences, with so long and uninterrupted opportunity for the development of her peculiar institutions and civilization. Under these circumstances the Chinese people became perfectly satisfied with themselves and their attainments, and the conditions in which they lived. The result was the growth and cultivation, through a long succession of generations, of an intolerant pride and an arrogant conceit that have been a greater barrier to their progress than the ocean and mountains were to intercourse with the ancient world.

After centuries of this almost uninterrupted seclusion the time of transition came. A small cloud may sometimes be seen rising out of a serene sky in the west. At first it attracts but little attention because of its seeming insignificance, but it may be the messenger that

precedes the refreshing shower that brings vegetation out of the parched ground and fills the land with plenty; or it may indicate the gathering of the storm that sweeps over the country with irresistible fury. So it was when years ago a little company of traders established themselves in Canton. Their presence was a matter of comparative indifference. They were considered representatives of the outer barbarians seeking to better their condition out of the wealth of China, and so long as they conformed to the laws of the country they were suffered to remain. The self-sufficiency, pride, and arrogance of the literati and rulers blinded them to the fact that possibly the coming of these foreigners might become a great blessing to their own people. Instead of being welcomed, and an effort being made to profit by the new methods and energy of these strangers, they were regarded with suspicion; and every occasion was taken to interfere with their freedom of activity and the development of commercial and political relations which might have been mutually advantageous. The result of the adoption at that time of a more enlightened and liberal policy would have been that China to-day would be among the most powerful and prosperous of the nations—although it must be admitted that the selfish and illiberal conduct of the East India Company was not such as to allay the fears and inspire the confidence of the Chinese.

Ignorant opposition finally brought on the storm, and war for the first time revealed the mighty power that lay concealed somewhere among the far-distant nations whence these foreigners came. When the clouds cleared away, Canton, Amoy, Foochow, Ningpo, and Shanghai were declared open ports, where foreigners could enter with certain privileges of residence and trade secured by treaty, while the island of Hongkong permanently became a British possession—the beginning of the alienation of Chinese territory. The energy of the Occident had come into collision with the inertia of the Orient, and a new relationship and adjustment was to be the inevitable result, though, because of the vastness of the materials affected, the movement must be slow in the beginning.

In less than twenty years the storm

again swept over the empire, and Peking was taken by the allied armies. New treaties were made, and thirteen more cities were thrown open to foreign trade, extending along the coast from Canton to Tientsin, and up the Yangtze as far as Hankow. Gradually these places were occupied by foreigners from the various nations of the West, and by better acquaintance and more extensive intercourse friendly relations increased, and the contact of Western nations became recognized as a permanent factor of the empire; and whether this factor was welcomed or not, some of the wisest of the Chinese statesmen thought it the proper policy to seek whatever advantage the situation offered to China.

The long-suspected plans of foreigners now rapidly developed. The war with France resulted in the loss to China of Tonkin. Later came the Japanese war, and additional loss of territory. Japan secured Formosa, but, owing to the combined action of three great European powers, had to relinquish her claim upon Manchuria, while China had to increase her indemnity to Japan by thirty million taels for the recession, only to see the province, including the fortress of Port Arthur, seized by Russia. China's weakness was revealed, and loss of valuable territory became alarmingly frequent. The Germans seized Kiaochow, the English Wei-hai-wei, and later extensive concessions on the mainland opposite Hongkong. The French occupied Lungchow in the south, and frequent demands have been made since. Besides this seizure of strategic portions of Chinese territory by foreign governments, the periodicals of the West have constantly published articles seriously outlining schemes for the complete dismemberment of the empire. Russia is to have the north, Germany the province of Shantung, England the rich and populous valley of the Yangtze, France the three great southern provinces; Japan, they allege, is to acquire Fukien, and other nations whatever might be left. All of this discussion is translated, and finds its way to the rulers of China, and only serves to augment the long-cherished hatred against the nations who deliberately plan to take their country away from them.

Nor can the foreign merchant escape



the responsibility of a full share of the opposition that has always existed in China. It should be remembered that sometimes trade becomes only another name for greed, which ignores every moral consideration and high principle of civilization, except the one controlling item of "Profit and Loss." Hence it sometimes becomes necessary for nations, in the exercise of their sovereign rights, to enact prohibitory laws for the protection of their people. The advance of civilization often brings in its train evils that counterbalance its benefits. For instance, the advance of our civilization into the Philippines, which has carried with it the American saloon with all its attendant drunkenness and crime, has not been a blessing unmingled with evil. It is a trite saying that "the inferior races must disappear before the advance of the superior," but it always appears that those nations which have the power to advance consider themselves the superior race. And yet may we not believe that the highest type of civilization possesses no inherent right to oppress and exterminate weaker nations with which it comes in contact? Neither for the selfish purpose of making money should trade—which is said to be the forerunner of civilization—be allowed to debauch and destroy the people of a nation where it is introduced, whether by force or by voluntary treaty, simply because they belong to what is termed an alien race. Lord Kitchener announced that in the Soudan he would advance civilization, but would rigorously prohibit two of the great evils that have accompanied civilization into Africa, namely the slave trade and the rum traffic. But what of foreign trade in China; has it always been a blessing to the people? In the main it has been honorable and beneficial both to foreigner and Chinese, but how can one forget the awful curse of opium? Notwithstanding the repeated protests from the rulers in China, the trade is upheld and sustained because it brings large profits to the merchants dealing in it, and because it is a source of large revenue to the richest colony of one of the highest civilized nations in the world. Chang Chi-tung, one of the ablest viceroys of China, recently wrote as follows: "Assuredly, it is not foreign intercourse

that is ruining China, but this dreadful poison. Oh, the grief and desolation it has wrought to our people! A hundred years ago the curse came upon us more blasting and deadly in its effects than the great Flood, or the scourge of the Fierce Beasts, for the waters, after nine years, and the ravages of the man-eaters were confined to one place. Opium has spread with frightful rapidity and heart-rending results through the provinces. Millions upon millions have been struck down by the plague. To-day it is running like wild-fire. In its swift, deadly course it is spreading devastation everywhere, wrecking the minds, and eating away the strength and wealth of its victims. The ruin of the mind is the most woful of its many deleterious effects. The poison enfeebles the will, saps the strength of the body, renders the consumer incapable of performing his regular duties, and unfit for travel from one place to another. It consumes his substance, and reduces the miserable wretch to poverty, barrenness, and senility. Unless something is soon done to arrest this awful scourge in its devastating march, the Chinese people will be transformed into satyrs and devils! This is the present condition of our country. The Chinese government formerly prohibited the use and importation of opium under penalty of death, but the prohibition was of no avail. In all her history China has never been placed in such frightful circumstances."

The intense feeling that has called forth this terrific arraignment, by one of the most enlightened and progressive statesmen in China, of one of the leading articles of trade legalized and enforced by treaty, is shared by multitudes of Chinese, and cannot be eliminated from the elements that enter into the Chinese estimate of foreigners. That is a condition that Lord Salisbury might take into consideration when exhorting missionaries "to temper their enthusiasm with Christian prudence."

Nor can we deny the fact that part of the prejudice and opposition of the Chinese comes from the presence of missionaries in their country. But this is infinitesimally less on account of their religious teaching, and educational and benevolent work, than because of the suspicion that they are advance agents pre-

paring the people for eventual foreign occupation. It seems impossible for an ordinary Chinese to understand a purely benevolent act, or to interpret the foreigner as inspired by a genuinely altruistic motive.

In the early years of the introduction of Christianity by the Roman Catholics, churches were formed and large numbers of converts were received. The priests were in high favor at the court, having gained great influence largely through their astronomical and mathematical knowledge. It was only after they appealed to the Pope in Rome to settle some of their religious controversies that determined official opposition was shown, and they were driven from the country. The Emperor and his advisers concluded that if there was a rule outside of China who had more authority than the rulers of China, in deciding questions affecting the welfare of their own people, they had better prevent the spread of such a heresy by expelling the missionaries. The interference of the priests in cases of litigation between native Christians and the heathen has been a constant source of irritation to the Chinese officials, and has tended to confirm them in their opinion that missionaries are actuated by political considerations. To say that Protestant missionaries have sometimes been unwise in their dealings with the Chinese, and in their attitude toward native prejudices and religions, is to say they are not more infallible than other people. They have, however, always encountered more prejudice and opposition from the literati and official classes than among the common people. With rare exceptions the village population and farmers have been very friendly to missionaries, and from these classes the largest number of converts have been gained. On the other hand, the educational and medical work of the missionaries has often been commended in the highest terms by official proclamations and imperial edicts. The English Premier spoke literal truth when he said, "Christians are not being attacked in China because of their religion, but because it and other nations had got the idea that missionary work was a mere instrument of the secular government in order to achieve the objects it had in view."

The present uprising, though the legitimate product of past prejudices, had its immediate origin in more recent events. It is a sort of culmination of the reaction against the reform movement which gained considerable influence soon after the close of the Japanese war. This reform movement was started by patriotic and progressive young men who had intelligence and sense enough to perceive that China was far behind the other nations of the world in all that makes a nation great. They were humiliated that the little island empire of Japan, whose people they had been accustomed to despise as "Dwarfs," should so easily conquer their own great and proud nation, and they desired to see China enter upon a line of progress that would make her the equal in intelligence and power of Western nations. Unfortunately, the chief of these reformers, Kang Yu-wei, was very unwise in the precipitancy with which he persuaded the young Emperor to introduce his radical measures. The people were not prepared for them. The conservative mandarins, who had reached their exalted positions of power and affluence by means of the systems of education and examinations which had been in existence for many centuries, became alarmed. It was not long before they persuaded the Empress Dowager that her own power, if not her life, was in danger of being entirely lost through the introduction of so many foreign innovations. Then came the *coup d'état* of 1898, the dethronement of the Emperor, the escape of Kang Yu-wei, and the summary decapitation without trial of six of the young reformers. Repressive measures were enacted, and the impression became prevalent that an anti-foreign policy had been inaugurated by the government. Foreigners were attacked on the streets of Peking. General Tung Fu-siang, his army flushed with victories in the Northwest, was ordered to Peking, and encamped in the Southern Park. The soldiers believed they had come to aid in expelling the foreigners, for almost immediately they attacked the foreign engineers on the railroad, and exhibited their insolence whenever they met a foreigner. Soon after this the work of the Boxers began in the provinces of Shantung and southern Chili. Undoubtedly they were at first in-



censed against the Catholics, because of their political tendencies and interference in lawsuits. This is the testimony of many missionaries who were witnesses of the first outrages. But the feeling of hatred was intensified by the action of the Germans in pushing their railway and mining interests in Shantung. Having previously seized the port of Kiaochow, they depended more upon the "mailed fist" than patience and conciliation in extending their influence and control in the province. Conflicts with the natives resulted, an armed force was sent to protect the engineers and workmen, and two entire villages were destroyed and several people killed. Whether or not this was all unavoidable, and whether the Germans were justified in this exhibition of power in "giving the Chinese a lesson," is not now under discussion. It is referred to in this connection only to show one of the irritating causes that confirm the Chinese in their opinion of the selfish, grasping nature of all foreigners.

The disturbances first appeared as persecution of native Christians. Appeals to the local officials were of no avail. The mandarins in most instances evidently were in sympathy with the rioters. Representations to Peking failed to bring any adequate protection. When Mr. Brooks fell a victim to the murderous attacks, the foreign ambassadors became convinced of the gravity of the situation. Mr. Campbell, of the British consular service, was sent from Shanghai to be present at the trial of the murderers at Chinan-foo. The Governor of Shantung, at the demand of the British minister, had been relieved from office, but on arrival in Peking was honored by repeated audiences with the Empress Dowager, and decorated for meritorious conduct and appointed Governor of Shansi! General Yuan Shi-kai with his foreign-drilled troops was sent to restore order and punish the guilty. He showed his willingness to vigorously execute his commission, but was evidently repressed by secret orders from the throne. A semblance of activity on the part of the officials was made to put down the secret societies, and for a time there was a lull in their depredations, but it proved only temporary. Drilling was continued

even in public places, and additions to the societies were rapidly made in hundreds of villages. Suddenly even the walls of Peking flamed with threatening placards, calling upon the people to rise and exterminate the foreigners and native Christians as the cause of all China's woes, and before the outside world could realize what was happening, the foreign ambassadors and other residents were shut up within the city walls, their lives placed in imminent peril, and much of their property destroyed, while hundreds of native converts were brutally massacred.

What degree of responsibility eventually can be fixed upon the Chinese government for this disgraceful state of affairs remains for future investigation and decision by the diplomatic body; but there seems no doubt that vast hordes of the regular army were engaged in opposing the advance of the allied forces in the attempt to rescue the legations and beleaguered foreigners in Peking. It is equally certain that an attempt will be made to throw the blame for this attack upon the allied forces themselves, because they demanded the surrender of the Taku forts, and because of the menace implied by the presence of so many marines in Peking.

Neither can there be any doubt that the anti-foreign sentiment in the Chinese government has been growing rapidly ever since the reaction against the reform movement two years ago. The Empress Dowager has succeeded in surrounding herself with the most noted foreign-haters in the empire. Prominent among these may be mentioned the following:

Kang Yi, who was made one of the members of the Grand Council, and became the most influential and confidential adviser of the Empress Dowager. It should be borne in mind that the Grand Council is a much more influential and authoritative body than the Tsung-li-Yamen, or Foreign Office. Kang Yi's animus was displayed during his tour of the southern provinces, to which he was sent to report on the conditions of trade. He insisted on closing all government schools founded on Western models, the abandoning of foreign drill for the Chinese army as tending to destroy the bravery of the troops, and advocated a re-

turn to all the ancient methods of China, literary, military, and financial, including the wholesale mulcting of merchants to increase the revenues of the empire.

Hsu Tung, who was appointed tutor to the heir-apparent. He has for years been known in Peking for his bitter anti-foreign feeling, which he carried to the absurdity of protesting against the paving of Legation Street in front of his residence, as a deflection in the road before his gate is in evidence.

Li Ping-hung, who at the command of the Germans some time ago was cashiered because of his opposition to their occupation, was restored to favor and given a lucrative office. It is reported that he was sent to Nanking to persuade the viceroy there to join the rebellion against foreigners.

Prince Tuan, father of the heir-apparent, and usurper of the imperial throne, has suddenly come into prominence as the leader of the opposing forces.

General Tung Fu-siang has already been referred to in this article.

If one is to be known by the company he keeps, the Empress Dowager will certainly have difficulty in proving her friendliness to foreigners while surrounding herself with chief counsellors of such known antecedents and bitter anti-foreign sentiments.

The attitude of the government may be further inferred from the fact that high officials suspected of friendliness to foreigners lost their positions on some fictitious charge. Chang Yin-huan, one of the most enlightened and liberal-minded members of the Tsung-li-Yamen, was banished. Hu Chi-fen, the Director of Railways, and an advocate of employing foreign capital in their development, was degraded. Only a few months ago five prominent Hanlins were arrested and banished without trial, one of whom was the Chinese director of the English syndicate operating the valuable coal-mines in Shansi. The protest of the British minister was of no avail. The effect was practically a blow aimed at foreigners, and it became very difficult to get any Chinese of high rank to accept a position in connection with foreign companies.

But the day of reckoning is near, and it will be well for humanity if the final

settlement is on the basis of wise statesmanship, rather than upon the illiberal and unworthy motives of jealousy, revenge, and selfishness. The Great Powers will have an opportunity that has seldom occurred in the history of the world to exhibit the superiority of Christian civilization, in loftiness of moral purpose and an exalted spirit of unselfishness, starting China upon an era of reform and progress that will be a blessing to all nations, and cause future generations of Chinese to remember with gratitude the benefactors who, even through the terrible ordeal of war and bloodshed, broke the shackles that bound them to the dead past, and gave them a new existence inspired with the energy and life of the coming century. Prejudice against the Chinese as a race, or vengeance aroused by the savagery and heathenish barbarities of the present rebellion, should be subordinated to the highest purposes of humanity and an impartial desire to secure the greatest good to all.

Our estimate of Chinese character should not be biassed by the outrages of the fanatical Boxers and lawless soldiery, but rather should seek for the possibilities of development on the higher lines of morality and achievement of the masses of the population. Thus we shall find that the Chinese people and the country they occupy are sufficiently vast and promising to enlist the patient consideration of the most experienced diplomatists and statesmen of the world. It is the calm judgment of those best acquainted with the Chinese that physically and mentally they are capable of accomplishing anything demanded of them. The Chinese cannot point to many public works as monuments of their genius and powers, but they are not entirely without evidence of possibilities of achievement under enlightened conditions. The Great Wall and Grand Canal, considering the circumstances and the age in which the work was done, are indications of engineering possibilities that may enrich mankind when modern scientific ideas enter into their mental equipment. Many of the useful inventions which have served the Chinese people for centuries exhibit powers that, under the influence of future demands, may make the world their debtor. In diplomacy the Chinese have



seldom appeared at a disadvantage when dealing with the best-trained men of the West. Their literature is vast in extent, though not specially valuable from the stand-point of Occidental requirements. Their histories are written with the most laborious and exhaustive minuteness. In commercial integrity their merchants stand among the highest in the world. The laboring-people are patient, industrious, economical, and capable of great endurance in any climate. A people who have accomplished what the Chinese have under the oppressive and unyielding systems of the past, must possess qualities capable of greater development under the inspiration of Christian civilization. These are important elements in forming an estimate of China's future in the world's activities.

In assuming our part in shaping the future of this great empire we should bear in mind the richness and extent of China's undeveloped resources, especially as they may affect the commercial relations of the world. China is not a country of limited area that can be exhausted by a few centuries of exploitation, but of vast dimensions, and with wonderful resources. Her coal deposits are immense in extent, but have scarcely been touched; iron and other minerals of great value remain buried in the earth; her great population, and the consequent cheapness of labor, would make manufacturing on a large scale possible and profitable; but notwithstanding all these sources of wealth China remains practically one of the poorest of the nations. All history and precedent would indicate that the opening of her rich mines, the building of railways, and the starting of manufactories would rapidly increase the wealth, and hence the power, of China. Multitudes of her people would secure employment with increased remuneration for their toil; the government would be able to equip an army and a navy sufficient to protect her territory against encroachment of other nations; and the country would enter upon an era of prosperity never dreamed of by her most progressive statesmen.

While this is evident we should not forget that Western nations insist on the opening of China not purely, nor primarily, for the benefit of the Chinese

themselves. Money is the great power that moves the wheels of commerce, and to a large extent the machinery of governments. It is in the interests of trade that the question of the open door is so vigorously agitated. Foreigners are not simply seeking the good of China when they demand a greater market for the products of their manufactories and farms. It is not that the benefits of civilization should accrue to the Chinese that additional guarantees and safeguards are demanded from the government for the investment of capital in railways, manufactories, and large commercial establishments. It is neither a question of sentiment nor of religion, but of dollars and cents. Nevertheless, the money-making and money-producing capabilities of the empire cannot be ignored in the councils that are to determine China's future policy. The highest commercial advantages, to say nothing of the cause of civilization and humanity, demand that the policy of an open door, and the integrity of the empire—as already outlined by the United States government—should be absolutely and permanently maintained. Under such a policy the Pacific Ocean is destined to become the greatest commercial highway, and the United States the greatest commercial nation of the world.

In the heated discussions that must follow the present outbreak it is difficult to foretell how dismemberment can be avoided and the integrity of China be maintained; but that question does not come within the scope of this article, although certainly it is within the possibilities of negotiation by an international congress, if the allied powers are unselfish enough to sacrifice personal advantages to the good of all. It can, however, be safely affirmed, without fear of gain-saying, that permanent peace and an impartial field for the commerce of the world will demand that the Chinese government shall be held absolutely responsible for the protection of the lives and financial interests of foreigners of every class lawfully pursuing their vocation under treaty stipulations. This will necessitate a remedy, so far as now possible, for the grave mistake made when this colossal and partially civilized empire, whose rulers had not the faintest conception of



the rudiments of international obligations, was received into the comity of nations. Some sort of international control in the central government will be an imperative necessity for at least one generation, and if this is sufficiently strong and consistent it will remove any necessity for policing the country with foreign troops. China, though hoary with age, is only a child among civilized nations, and the enforced discipline and restraints of childhood will be necessary for the attainment of honorable manhood.

Preliminary to the inauguration of such a policy must needs be the summary and *public* execution of the leaders in the present outrages, no matter what their rank. The publicity of the punishment of those in high position who are guilty can nowhere have such immediate and wholesome effect as in China. There should be no yielding because of the specious pleas that will be advanced by viceroys and privy councillors in order to shift responsibility. The Chinese sentimentality in regard to the sacredness of the persons of the imperial clan, even though it should include the Empress Dowager herself, or the highest mandarins in the nation, should not be permitted to shield the guilty. There is no nation in the world where the degrees of official responsibility are more perfectly graded than in China; and there is no place in the world where personal responsibility can be so easily eluded by the officials as in China. When the provincial and prefectural officials are made to understand that they will be held accountable, and with unfailing certainty punished, for any destruction of lives or property of foreigners within the limits of their jurisdiction, we shall hear no more reports of outrages and massacres of innocent persons. The weakness of the central government is not apparent when it has thought it necessary to cashier a viceroy or decapitate a general in the most remote province; it is only when some foreigner is involved that the supposed weakness is put forward as an excuse for inaction.

Another self-evident requirement for permanent peace in China is that the nations should *once and forever abandon the thought of dismemberment*, and thus

cause the political agitators to cease their discussion of the question through the publications of the West. As long as this selfish policy is cherished by any of the nations, or the discussion continues with the certainty of its translation into Chinese, there will be unrest and constant irritation. The conspicuous failures of the experiments already made of seizing Chinese territory should satisfy the world that permanent peace cannot be secured in that way. Dismemberment is wrong in equity, mischievous in operation, and in the end can only result in friction and misrule.

Lasting political and commercial prosperity can only be secured by the moral uplift of China's millions, by the cultivation of honesty, integrity, and patriotism; and for this purpose the missionary should have the opportunity of preaching the gospel. This is his work, and neither diplomacy nor commerce can accomplish it. Christianity has done more for the civilization and elevation of men than any other force ever known in the world. Follow the progress of Christianity and note the nations that have most fully accepted its teachings, and you will note the nations where civilization is most advanced, where the arts and sciences are most fully developed, where intelligence and inventive genius are most prominent, the richest and most powerful nations of all history. Christianity is no longer an experiment in the world; its renovating power has been fully demonstrated. The defects in our Western civilization are illustrations that Christianity has only gained partial control, and that the selfishness of human nature refuses to allow Christianity to work out its legitimate results. Whatever superiority Occidental civilization possesses over Oriental is due almost entirely to the inspiration and impetus given to it by Christianity. At the door of China stands Christianity, but, unlike commerce, it seeks first and above all else the good of the people, and in return asks nothing for itself. It will not force itself upon an unwilling people any more than it will upon an individual, but if welcomed it will gladly pour its wealth of new life, energy, and moral power into the heart of the nation, and future generations will reap a bountiful harvest of blessing and prosperity.



# “HONOUR BLOSSOMS ON THE GRAVE”

“Honneur fleurit sur la fosse.”—*Old French Proverb.*

BY WILLIAM McLENNAN

It is said that the exact sites of some of the old French forts on the borders of Lake Champlain and Lake George, long a matter of uncertainty, have of late years been determined by the discovery of garden flowers, natives of France, planted by the French soldiery during their brief piping times of peace.

A. D. 1758

A SEA of woods which swelling hills  
Lift into billows smooth and green,  
Divided where the long lake fills  
The valley calm between.

And here and there a fort of wood  
With soldiers clad in white and blue,  
Prepared to make their footing good  
Where'er their lilies flew.

And now and then a lurking foe  
With crackling burst of border hate,  
Or the portentous ebb and flow  
Of armies, big with fate.

A. D. 1900

England and France will nevermore  
Wage war about these posts again;  
Victors or vanquished—all is o'er—  
Their memories scarce remain.

But Mother Earth hath kept the grave  
In which her warring children sleep,  
And where her tangled grasses wave  
The flowers of France still peep.

Each Spring renews the tribute fair  
In jessamine and mignonette;  
Forget-me-not still breathes her prayer,  
Her sweets, the violet.

# THE OTHER MAUMER

BY VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE



THE great bell was sounding the dinner hour, for it was twelve o'clock, and the long line of negroes threw aside the gunny sacks as they came from the field and wiped their perspiring faces, for it was yet warm, even though October had already touched the trees upon the hill. The ringing of the bell was a welcome sound to Cely, one that she had been longing to hear for a whole hour, as her fingers fluttered restlessly over the bolls. She had not been working well; Susan and Rachel, reckoned with Cely the fastest pickers on the place, were many pounds ahead; but Cely did not care; her heart was not in her work to-day.

Silently she made her way by the side of the hill to the long cabin called the "nursery," where Maumer, weazen and bent, and long emeritus as to field duties, tended the twenty little wooden cradles.

Maumer was sitting on the door-step holding one of her little charges. "My Cindy's Paul got dat thrash ergin mighty bad. Calamus, catnip, and groun'-ivy hain't no good fur hit sometimes," said Maumer, as Cely drew nearer. "I tole Cindy dat, but she des want 'em, 'case Ole Miss gib 'em ter Little Miss when she er baby. Cindy want Paul lack whi' chillen, but Ole Miss don' tek no notice uv 'im, when she see yo' baby, Cely," said Maumer, with a frown. "Allus sayin' what er fine chile he am, an' nebber gib Cindy's chile nuffin but er blue chany mug."

Cely was not listening; swiftly she glided by nineteen of the little cradles, and lifted, with many soft tones and caresses, a tiny brown and blue bundle from the twentieth, for Cely's was the very newest baby in the nursery.

"Mammy little pickaninny! Mammy putty nigger!" cooed Cely, tossing up the little bundle.

Maumer still mumbled on the door-step. "You looks lack er mammy!—an' hain't got yo' coat ter yo' ankles yit! Er settled man lack Henry in mighty po' business takin' er chile lack you is. You's er nice mammy!" But Cely was used to Maumer's moods, for she had been cross ever since Henry married Cely instead of Cindy, Maumer's stupid daughter, and had grumbled continuously from the day the little new baby was put under her charge.

"Wake up! wake up! hit yo' mammy, boy!" and the girl lifted the tiny lids with her long slender fingers, but the baby only pressed his lips lazily against the mother's breast.

"What de matter wid him, Maumer? He hain't eben hongry! He allus wake up an' play wid me!"

"Hush, you fool; you wake 'em all up! Hain't nuffin de matter wid him. He been yellin' er hour, an' dey hatter sleep some time."

The other mothers were now coming in; for they had regular times to go to the nursery, especially those with very young infants.

"Hi, Judy!" said Maumer to a comfortable, rather elderly mother, who had just taken her latest born, her fifteenth, from the cradle, "Cely think dar sumpen de matter wid her baby, and ready ter 'cuse me wid hit, 'case hit want ter go ter sleep. Think she got one er dem jumpin' dolls lack Little Miss. Her an' Henry keep hit wake all night er playin' wid hit, an' hit gotter sleep some. Here, gimme dat chile, gal! You dun'no' nuffin 'bout babies." There was a general laugh at Cely's expense. "Nuffin de matter wid de chile!" and Maumer tossed and tickled him until he crowed.

But Cely looked at Maumer distrustfully.

"You sho' dar hain't nuffin de matter wid my baby, Judy?" Cely asked, wistfully, as she put her forefinger into the



brown, waxen fist that belonged to the tiny bundle Maumer held.

"Naw, gal, naw!" laughed Judy, putting number fifteen, who began to yell

"Do er baby allus breave dat way?" Cely was twisting her apron nervously. "Does dey allus 'beat, beat,' in de top er de head an' in de chist dat er way? Tek off his clo'es an' look, Judy."

Maumer frowned and turned on her heel when Judy good-naturedly took the little bundle from her arms and stripped the blue checked slip from Cely's latest doll.

"Hain't he putty 'dout any clo'es?" cried Cely, beguiled from her fear by her admiration of the brown, bow-legged Cupid squirming on Judy's knee.

"Cely proud fitten ter bus'; she des wanter show her baby off," said the mother of the ugliest baby in the nursery.

"Hain't nuffin wrong wid him, Cely, 'cep'in' he little, an' if he lib, he'll grow," said Judy, oracularly, as she relinquished the child. "All de young things—birds, an' rabbits, an' babies—beat dat er way in de head an' in de chist. Dar de bell now!" and Judy folded her sun-bonnet and laid it, slats sidewise, on the top of her head.

Cely sighed as the teasing laugh of the women rang back to her; then, with a parting caress, she laid her baby in the cradle and followed.

Old Maumer, bent and sullen, stood in the doorway until the last figure

turned the hill path.

"Think I dun'no' nuffin 'bout babies, when I nussed dat berry Cely, wid all de airs she gibs herse'f, right here in dis cradle. Heap er use she got wid er



HER HEART WAS NOT IN HER WORK

vigorously, back into its cradle. "Hain't nuffin de matter wid him, 'cep'in' he so mighty little; fur you sho' does look lack er gal er-totin' er doll. Dar hain't nuffin de matter wid him; he des sleepy."



baby, an' she hain't hardly er 'oman yit, an' Ole Miss an' Little Miss myratin' so.

"Cely got some putty whi' clo'es wid lace on, an' some blue beads too, dat Little Miss tek offen her big doll fur de baby; an' Cindy got nuffin but er blue chany mug, an' sumpen ter eat fum de Big House. Cindy sech er hog; allus ax Ole Miss fur sumpen ter eat when she down. If hit wa'n't fur Cely, Cindy'd er got all dem beads an' things, 'case dey's de two littlest babies, but dey's des lack es two peas." Maumer had taken Cindy's feverish child in her arms again; then moving with a sudden impulse, she laid it in the cradle beside Cely's baby. "Es lack es peas in one pod," she whispered. "If hit wa'n't fur Cely's, Ole Miss would mighty much dis'n, 'case he de putties' in de nursery, 'cep'in' Cely's, an' he de onlies' gran'-chile dat I got." Cindy's baby moaned as if in pain, and Maumer took him up again.

"I dun'no' what ail him—hain't time fur 'is teef ter mek trouble, but his mouf pester me mightily. I's tired er de whi' folkses' physic; I gwine fix my own truck. If he do git worser—if he do—" Maumer looked at the blue beads around the neck of Cely's sleeping baby, and then into the face of the little sufferer before her, with a leer of latent cunning.

In the olden time of slavery days the

mother of a new baby was the subject of especial envy.

As a consequence, there were many privileges that attached, many immunities, both before and after it came. Ole Miss always went to the Quarters personally upon such occasions; the children followed with gifts, and put in their claims to the little black baby with many excited arguments.

Upon the self-same day the two little new faces peeped into the Quarters; the one, the child of stalwart Henry's girl-wife, had been chosen to be fought over and cried over; the other had been accorded only ordinary honors, for Cindy was not a favorite amongst the children, and hence old Maumer's jealousy was aroused.

Through the long day Maumer sat and brooded, neglecting the toddlers who had strayed on to forbidden ground; and stirring the cradles roughly with her foot,—Old Maumer, who had been trusted and revered for so long,—but she had not a grandchild then.

Ma'y Ann, the young assistant, played with acorn

cups and bits of china under the old oak, unmolested, for Maumer was wrestling with a problem, and all of the latent, unsuspected savagery was rising.

Then by-and-by the little wooden cradles were empty, for the work-day was done; the mothers had taken their babies to their own cabins, and Maumer laid Cindy's child on her shoulder and closed the door.



SHOULD SHE DO IT?



All night the candle glimmered through the cracks in Maumer's cabin; all night she physicked and the baby cried; while Cindy, heavy-eyed and stupid, slept soundly until day. The door was closed; Maumer knew that she was disobeying orders, for Ole Miss had peremptorily commanded that she was to be notified in case of serious illness. But Maumer was sly and cunning; Ole Miss should not be told.

Convulsion after convulsion shook the tiny frame, all of the remedies were used without effect, and towards daybreak she tried the baby's fortune, "come life er come death"; then Maumer made up her mind.

The old oak was casting its soft shade across the lawn, where the nursery toddlers sat, sedately munching the sweet corn pone that it was one of old Maumer's duties to provide, while Ma'y Ann was just starting to the spring for a bucket of cool water.

"An' min', you fetch me my gourd you lef' on de battlin'-bench 'side de branch, an' min' you herries, 'fore I beat de life outen you!"

Ma'y Ann's eyes widened and "bucked" at Maumer's unwonted proposition, as she idly swung the bucket along the hill path, singing an irrelevant, foolish little song.

The great bell would ring in a moment; Maumer knew it by the shadow of the oak, as well as by the old dial just across the lawn.

Should she do it? Up and down, both ways she

looked; there was nobody even in sight, save Ma'y Ann, dawdling far down the spring path; then the great bell clanged through the Quarters. A spasm stiffened the form of Cindy's baby, and Maumer, with a stern face and trembling hands, stripped the long shirt and blue beads from Cely's boy, and throwing them hastily upon her daughter's child, she laid it in the twentieth cradle, changing Cely's baby to the cradle just vacated.

Old Maumer, with shaking limbs, was raking up the smouldering coals upon the hearth when the lively throng of mothers came filing in to nurse their little ones.

"Hi! What ail Maumer? What de matter?" asked Judy, always foremost.

"Chill," grunted Maumer, as she knelt to woo the fickle blaze. "Go fetch in some chips, Ma'y Ann!" for Ma'y Ann had returned.

Dancing, skipping, like a child let loose for a holiday, came Cely; she had even "hop-scoched" with Ma'y Ann that very morning. Nothing was the matter with her baby — Judy said so, Maumer said so—even old Maumer, who was so jealous; he was still her doll, and how he cooed and kicked for her just before she left him!

Down the long row of cradles she leaped rather than walked, in the fullness and exuberance of life.

"Yo' mammy's comin', boy, yo' mammy's comin'!" and snatching the baby from the cradle, she tossed it gleefully above her head.

Then a shriek,



"FLY, FLY," SHE WHISPERED



startled even the laborers who had not left the field—a shriek of agony, of fear, of a wild thing wounded in the heart, for the little cold mouth turned away from the warm breast so full of life and strength, and the tiny limbs convulsed, and then relaxed forever with the breathing of a sigh.

Holding the dead baby close, and rocking in her woe, the face of Cely seemed hardened and ashened in a moment, like an old woman's, while, shrill and high, her voice carried even to the clearing.

"Maumer! you pizened my boy! You kilt him, Maumer!"

But Maumer, with closed eyes, only mumbled over the coals and shivered, though the noon was warm.

Smiles came through Cely's tears, smiles of gratification when Little Miss, with eyes and nose all red, refused to be comforted for the loss of her "little nigger," and brought from the Big House more pretty baby things than Cely had ever seen; while Ole Miss put them on with her own hands; and smoothing down the dainty folds, laid in the brown, doll-like fingers the tiniest, whitest rose-bud that the early frost had spared. The emotion was stirred to its depths again, and the wild blood of two continents ran riot in her veins, even to the verge of madness, when Cely came to know the meaning of a grave. And Ole Miss had her brought to the Big House, by way of comfort to Henry, who was Ole Marse's foreman at that time.

Ole Miss tried to teach her to sew and to spin, but restraint was galling, the Big House with its civilization had no attraction after the novelty had worn off, and suddenly the wheel burred, the thread snapped, and Cely would leap like a tiger-cat through the doorway and beyond the wood-lot, where later they would find her, tenderly nursing in her arms a doll made of a folded towel.

But time was kinder even than Ole Miss, and after a while the laugh and smile came back, Henry's cabin was cheery again, and before the picking was over, Cely was rivalling Susan and Rachel in the field.

Down in a little cabin by the cane-brake, old Maumer, now "the Other

Maumer," lived alone, weaving shuck mats, mending nets for the fishermen, and "hooking" mittens for the negroes against the coming of the winter; for Maumer was deposed, another Maumer reigned over the little wooden cradles, and her foot was not permitted to cross the threshold; for Maumer had been tried and convicted of murder by a jury of her peers.

Ole Marse, upon careful investigation, could find nothing culpable in Maumer save the failure to report the illness, which was made the cause of removal. The charge, made by Cely and the other negroes, of poisoning could not be substantiated; though the attack appeared to have been very sudden, it could not be proved that the child had died from other than a dreaded infantile trouble.

Throughout the trial and investigation Maumer preserved a sullen silence. She neither appealed to Ole Marse nor to any of the negroes. She did not plead her long life of usefulness, and she denied none of the charges, that grew each day with the rapidity of Jonah's gourd.

Now and again she smiled grimly as she looked upon the thriving child in sleepy Cindy's arms and heard that Little Miss had taken him for her own. That was glory enough; that was honor, immortality. He would grow up a house nigger—"high quality"—her grandchild, in the eyes of the world, in the eyes of even Cindy, for she could not trust Cindy with her secret, and Cindy was too stupid to know the difference.

Her eyes greedily took in the splendor of Little Miss's gifts on each successive visit, carefully looking them over, clothes and beads and toys, like a miser counting gold, and it was enough. This sufficed for days alone in the cane-brake, for nights when the wind was high, even though she was now the Other Maumer and had been set apart.

The spring-time came around, but weeks and months were long, and the winter of loneliness was telling upon the Other Maumer.

She missed the spring-time crop of babies, the wooden cradles with their worn rockers—worn by *her* foot; she missed the little toddlers that had outgrown the cradles, but more than all



she missed her dignity of position. In the brief time, so long to youth and age, the old back became more bowed, and childishness grew apace.

The butterflies possessed a wonderful fascination—the white and yellow—and the reed mats would drop from her hands in forgetful admiration. But when the brown ones hovered near her, poising on gorgeous velvety wings, the Other Maumer would shiver and cover up her head—"De soul er Cindy's baby, oh, my Gord! kim back ter claim his place, er 'cusin' me er de lie! Oh, my Gord!"

How she would fight the brown butterflies away, if they alighted on her doorstep. And carefully she gathered and crushed every wild flower that grew around her cabin, fearful lest they should prove to be an attraction. But the brown butterflies came and came; in swarms they filled and circled the Other Maumer's cabin, by morning, noon, and evening. Then the nets hung on the racks unmended, the reeds dried unwoven, and the hands of the Other Maumer fluttered over the little heaps of red clay that she brought from beside the new well, to fashion into rude butterflies with outstretched wings. Scores and scores were drying in the sun, and yet the busy fingers worked nervously.

"Fly, fly," she whispered, "an' fetch de soul er Cindy's baby!"

The cold moon shone through the cracks of the Other Maumer's cabin; the Other Maumer did not like the moon; even in her sleep she was always hiding something from it, deep and dark, but the moon could always find it.

To-night it was the clay butterflies, and she woke with a start to search for them.

Not one could she find in the cabin, and with a cry of rage she wrung her hands: "Dey tryin' ter steal de soul er Cindy's baby! Dey done stole 'em from me; dey done stole 'em!"

Then she remembered that she had carried her apron full to the river-bank, and had left them on the cotton bales to dry. "Lef' 'em ter fetch de soul er Cindy's baby!" she assured herself; "but I cain't lose none uv 'em!" and with her knotted hickory stick in one

hand and a bunch of river reeds in the other, the Other Maumer hobbled slowly down the road.

It wanted but little to the holiday season, though Ole Marse was holding his cotton back for a great "deal." But now that Ole Marse had sent word from New Orleans to ship it on, the old storehouse was full to overflowing, and it was piled all along the levee waiting for the boat, for Ole Marse had never made a better crop.

Perched upon one of the bales that lined the levee, conjuring with the recovered butterflies in the full of the moon sat the Other Maumer, happy in the abandonment of the moment.

All her world was asleep; even the guards stationed around the storehouse had gone off duty; and where was the need of them? People did not steal cotton, and then the boat was coming in the morning.

Tenderly the Other Maumer nursed her butterflies, careful of their frail, sun-baked wings—hiding them in her apron, her bosom, and now in her faded turban.

"Gwine ter fetch de soul er Cindy's baby; yas, Lord, gwine ter fetch hit back—hain't you, honey? Gwine ter lif' dem putty wings an' fly away!" The moon rose high and waned, but still the Other Maumer, shivering with the cold and damp, sat on the river-bank. The big brown butterflies had been gone so long; she was waiting for them to return. She had fought them and driven them away, but now she wanted them to come back and bring the soul of Cindy's baby.

The cry of a child or a cat somewhere in the Quarters startled her, and she raised her head; suddenly she was conscious of the smell of something burning, and a tiny spark leaped through a crack in the storehouse. Then a shower of little sparks came through, and the Other Maumer rubbed her cold hands together gleefully. "Dey's done come back—dey's done come back; fly an' fetch de soul er Cindy's baby!"

But the odor of the burning cotton was stirring something in the disordered brain.

Away back in the Other Maumer's girlhood there had been a great conflagration.



gration. Big House, gin-house, cotton, everything was destroyed, and horror had fallen upon the plantation, for there had been loss of life as well. The Other Maumer was trying to remember. Slowly she drew her hand across her eyes, then shook her head.

"Ole Marse?" she queried; then, as the scorching smell grew stronger, she shouted, "De soul er Cindy's baby!" and crushing her butterflies in her palm, she leaped on her knotted stick into the narrow road leading to the Quarters.

No one knew exactly how the Other Maumer roused the Quarters that night. Some said that she came on bat wings and fluttered against the chimney as she cried. Others said that she came on a great horse that struck fire with his hoofs as she beat upon each door with her hickory stick. Though to all the message was the same: "Fly, fly ter de ribber an' fetch de soul er Cindy's baby!" But the latter part of the admonition was lost in the weirdness of the command, and the frightened negroes tumbled out of their warm beds, wide awake for once.

Under the guidance of Henry, in the dark hour before the dawn, full fifty negroes had been rolling the outside cotton to a place of safety; and now the overseer, in the absence of Ole Marse, hesitated, for the opening of the storehouse would result in a bursting out of the flames; that moment would require coolness, courage, and rapid handling; and the negro, always obedient, shrank from taking the responsibility alone.

Then a peremptory command came

from somewhere, and twenty strong men leaped back as the flames licked through the open doors like tongues.

"Strip, men! Git ter wuk lack debils!" called the impelling voice. "Roll 'em out! Roll 'em out! H—is hottern



SHE CAME ON BAT WINGS

dis! Roll 'em out!" and Henry, awestruck and thrilled, following the leading, dropped into line with the others.

Swiftly the work went on, and higher and higher rose the mysterious voice, urging to quicker action by prayer and execration, until the negroes, nerved to the limits of human endurance by superstitious fear, pushed forward until they felt their sinews crack.



"One mo' time, heave ahead, boys!" continued the voice; then the work was discontinued, for the white flame leaped up like a living torch, lighting even the river with its weird splendor.

"Wuk, men, wuk, fur de soul er Cindy's baby!" cried the voice, now rising in a wail. Then a horror seized upon the negroes, and the men rushed forward to

It was useless to try to save her; again and again the willing hands were driven back by the heat. Higher and higher crept the flames around her, but, oblivious of life or death, the bent figure swayed and hugged in ecstasy the dream of the recovered soul.

Then a gust swept through the rifled storehouse, the beams quivered, and the



"DE BUTTERFLIES DONE COME BACK"

the rescue, for on the roof of the burning storehouse, now revealed through the sickening glare, stood the Other Maumer, waving a bunch of river reeds.

"Look! look!" she shouted, reaching for the scurrying sparks; "de butterflies done come back—dey done come back!" Then folding her arms and smiling, as though she held a child, "De soul er Cindy's baby!" The picture of the past had been photographed for an instant upon the disordered brain.

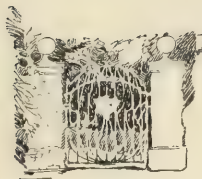
cumbersome roof fell in, smothering the flame, and leaving the levee in utter darkness.

It was from Henry's throat, deep and tremulous, that the death-song rose, joined in by the treble of the women. The wondering Cindy knelt in the sand and hid her face. Then, as the truth broke in upon her consciousness, Cely snatched a sleeping child from the arms of the kneeling Cindy, and a wild note of joy rose high above the dirge.

# A BICYCLE OF CATHAY

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON

## PART V



It was decreed the next day that I should not leave until after dinner. They would send me over to Blackburn Station by a cross-road, and I could then reach Waterton in less than an hour. "There is another good thing about this arrangement," said Miss Edith, for it was she who announced it to me, "and that is that you can take charge of Amy."

I gazed at her mystified, and she said, "Don't you know that Miss Willoughby is going in the same train with you?"

"What!" I exclaimed, far too forcibly.

"Yes. Her visit ends to-day. She lives in Waterton. But why should that affect you so wonderfully? I am sure you cannot object to an hour in the train with Amy Willoughby. She may talk a good deal, but you must admit that she talks well."

"Object!" I said. "Of course I don't object. She talks very well indeed, and I shall be glad to have the pleasure of her company."

"No one would have thought so," she said, looking at me with a criticising eye, "who had seen you when you heard she was going."

"It was the suddenness," I said.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "and your delicate nerves."

In my soul I cried out to myself: "Am I ever to break free from young women! Is there to be a railroad accident between here and Waterton! If so, I shall save the nearest old gentleman!"

I believe the Larramies were truly sorry to have me go. Each one of them in turn told me so. Mrs. Larramie again said to me, with tears in her eyes, that it made her shudder to think what that home might be if it had not been for me.

Mr. Larramie and Walter promised to get up some fine excursions if I would

stay a little longer, and Genevieve made me sit down beside her under a tree.

"I am awfully sorry you are going," she said. "I always wanted a gentleman friend, and I believe if you'd stay a little longer you'd be one. You see, Walter is really too old for me to confide in, and Percy thinks he's too old—and that's a great deal worse. But you're just the age I like. There are so many things I would say to you if you lived here."

Little Clara cried when she heard I was going, and I felt myself obliged to commit the shameful deception of talking about baby bears and my possible return to this place.

Miss Edith accompanied us to the station, and when I took leave of her on the platform, she gave me a good hearty handshake. "I believe that we shall see each other again," she said, "and when we meet I want you to make a report, and I hope it will be a good one!"

"About what?" I asked.

She smiled in gentle derision, and the conductor cried, "All aboard!"

I found a vacant seat, and, side by side, Miss Willoughby and I sped on toward Waterton.

For some time I had noticed that Miss Willoughby had ceased to look past me when she spoke to me, and now she fixed her eyes fully upon me and said:

"I am always sorry when I go away from that house, for I think the people who live there are the dearest in the world, excepting my own mother and aunt, who are nearer to me than anybody else, although if I needed a mother, Mrs. Larramie would take me to her heart, I am sure, just as if I were her own daughter, and I am not related to them in any way, although I have always looked upon Edith as a sister, and I don't believe that if I had a real sister she could possibly have been as dear a girl as Edith, who is so lovable and tender and forgiving—



whenever there is anything to forgive—and who, although she is a girl of such strong character and such a very peculiar way of thinking about things, has never said a hard word to me in all her life, even when she found that our opinions were different, which was something she often did find, for she looks upon everything in this world in her own way, and bases all her judgments upon her own observations and convictions, while I am very willing to let those whom I think I ought to look up to and respect, judge for me—at least in a great many things, but of course not in all matters, for there are some things which we must decide for ourselves without reference to other people's opinions, though I should be sorry indeed if I had so many things to decide as Edith has, or rather chooses to have, for if she would depend more upon other people I think it would not only be easier for her, but really make her happier, for if you could hear some of the wonderful things which she has discussed with me after we have gone to bed at night it would really make your head ache—that is, if you are subject to that sort of thing, which I am if I am kept awake too long, but I am proud to say that I don't think I ever allowed Edith to suppose that I was tired of hearing her talk, for when any one is as lovely as she is I think she ought to be allowed to talk about what she pleases and just as long as she pleases."

Surprising as it may appear, nothing happened on that railroad journey. No cow of Cathay blundered in front of the locomotive; no freight-train came around a curve going in the opposite direction upon the same track; everything went smoothly and according to schedule. Miss Willoughby did not talk all the time. She was not the greatest talker I ever knew; she was not even the fastest; she was always willing to wait until her turn came, but she had wonderful endurance for a steady stretch. She never made a bad start, she never broke, she went steadily over the track until the heat had been run.

When the time came for me to speak she listened with great interest, and sometimes at my words her eyes sparkled almost as much as they did when she was speaking herself. She knew a great many

things, and I was pleased to find out that she was especially interested in the good qualities of the people she knew. I never heard so many gracious sentiments in so short a time.

Miss Willoughby's residence was but a short distance from the station at Waterton, and as she thought it entirely unnecessary to take a cab, I attended to her baggage, and offered to walk with her to her home and carry her little bag. I was about to leave her at the door, but this she positively forbade. I must step in for a minute or two and see her mother and her aunt. They had heard of me, and would never forgive her if she let me go without their seeing me. As the door opened immediately, we went in.

Miss Willoughby's mother and aunt were two most charming elderly ladies, immaculately dainty in their dress, cordial of manner, bright of eye, and diminutive of hand, producing the impression of gentle goodness set off by soft white muslin, folded tenderly.

They had heard of me. In the few days in which I had been with the Larramies, Miss Willoughby had written of me. They insisted that I should stay to supper, for what good reason could there be for my taking that meal at the hotel, not a very good one, when they would be so glad to have me sup with them and talk about our mutual friends?

I had no reasonable objection to offer, and returning to the station I took my baggage to the hotel, where I prepared to sup with the Willoughby family.

They were now a little family of three, although there was a brother who had started away the day before on a bicycling tour very like my own, and they were both so delighted to have Amy visit the Larramies, and they were both so delighted to have her come back.

The supper was a delicate one, suitable for canary birds, but at an early stage of the meal a savory little sirloin steak was brought on which had been cooked especially for me. Of course I could not be expected to be satisfied with thin dainties, no matter how tasteful they might be.

This house was the abode of intelligence, cultivated taste, and opulence. It was probably the finest mansion of the town. In every room there were things



*Talking About Baby  
Bears And My  
Possible Return*

to see, and after supper we looked at them, and as I wandered from pictures to vases and carved ivory, the remarks of the two elder ladies and Miss Willoughby seemed like a harmonized chorus accompanying the rest of the performance. Each spoke at the right time, each in her turn said the thing she ought to say. It was a rare exhibition of hospitable enthusiasm, tempered by sympathetic consideration for me and for each other.

I soon discovered that many of the water-color drawings on the walls were the work of Miss Willoughby, and when she saw I was interested in them she produced a portfolio of her sketches. I liked her coloring very much. It was sometimes better than her drawing. It was dainty, delicate, and suggestive. One picture attracted me the moment my eyes fell upon it; it was one of the most carefully executed, and it represented the Holly Sprig Inn.

"You recognize that!" said Miss Willoughby, evidently pleased. "You see that light-colored spot in the portico? That's Mrs. Chester; she stood there

when I was making the drawing. It is nothing but two or three little dabs, but that is the way she looked at a distance. Around on this side is the corner of the yard where the bear tried to eat up the tire of your bicycle."

I gazed and gazed at the little light-colored spot in the portico. I gave it form, light, feeling. I could see perfect features, blue eyes which looked out at me, a form of simple grace.

I held that picture a good while, saying little, and scarcely listening to Miss Willoughby's words. At last I felt obliged to replace it in the portfolio. If the artist had been a poor girl, I would have offered to buy it; if I had known her better, I would have asked her to give it to me; but I could do nothing but put it back.

Glancing at the clock I saw that it was time for me to go, but when I announced this fact the ladies very much demurred. Why should I go to that uncomfortable hotel? They would send for my baggage. There was not the least reason in the world why I should spend the night in that second-rate establishment.

"See," said Mrs. Willoughby, opening



the door of a room in the rear of the parlor, "if you will stay with us to-night we will lodge you in the chamber of the favored guest. All the pictures on the walls were done by my daughter."

I looked into the room. It was the most charming and luxurious bed-room I had ever seen. It was lighted, and the harmony of its furnishings was a treat to the eye.

But I stood firm in my purpose to depart. I would not spend the night in that house. There would be a fire, burglars, I knew not what! Against all kind entreaties I urged the absolute necessity of my starting away by the very break of day, and I could not disturb a private family by any such proceeding. They saw that I was determined to go, and they allowed me to depart.

My room at the hotel was as dreary as a stubble-field upon a November evening. The whole house was new, varnished, and hard. My bed-room was small. A piece of new ingrain carpet covered part of the hard varnished floor. Four hard walls and a ceiling, deadly white, surrounded me. The hard varnished bedstead (the mattress felt as if it were varnished) nearly filled the little room. Two stiff chairs, and a yellow window-shade which looked as if it were made of varnished wood, glittered in the feeble light of a glass lamp, while the ghastly grayish pallor of the ewer and basin on the washstand was thrown into bold relief by the intenser whiteness of the wall behind it.

I put out my light as soon as possible and resolutely closed my eyes, for a street lamp opposite my window would not allow the room to fade into obscurity, and as long as the hardness of the bed prevented me from sleeping, my thoughts ran back to the chamber of the favored guest, but my conscience stood by me. Cathay is a country where it is necessary to be very careful.

I did not leave Waterton until after nine o'clock the next day, for, although I was early at the shop to which my bicycle had been sent, it was not quite ready for me, and I had to wait. Fortunately no Willoughby came that way.

But when at last I mounted my wheel I sped away rapidly toward the north. I had ordered my baggage expressed to a town fifty miles away, and I hoped that

if I rode steadily and kept my eyes straight in front of me I might safely get out of Cathay, for the boundaries of that fateful territory could not extend themselves indefinitely.

Toward the close of the afternoon I saw a female in front of me, her back toward me, walking, and pushing a bicycle.

"Now," said I to myself, "she is doing that because she likes it, and it is none of my business." I gazed out over the fields on the other side of the road, but as I passed her I could not help giving a glance at her machine. The air was gone from the tire of the hind wheel.

"Ah," said I to myself, "perhaps her pump is out of order, or it may be that she does not know how to work it. It is getting late. She may have to go a long distance. I could pump it up for her in no time. Even if there is a hole in it I could mend it." But I did not stop. I had steeled my heart against all adventures in Cathay.

But my conscience did not stand by me. I could not forget that poor woman plodding along the weary road and darkness not far away. I went slower and slower, and at last I turned.

"It would not take me five minutes to help her," I said. "I must be careful, but I need not be a churl." And I rode rapidly back.

I came in sight of her just as she was turning into the gateway of a pretty house yard. Doubtless she lived there. I turned again and spun away faster than I had gone that day.

For more than a month I journeyed and sojourned in a beautiful river valley and among the low foot-hills of the mountains. The weather was fair, the scenery was pleasing, and at last I came to believe that I had passed the boundaries of Cathay. I took no tablets from my little box. I did not feel that I had need of them.

In the course of time I ceased to travel northward. My vacation was not very near its end, but I chose to turn my face toward the scene of my coming duties. I made a wide circuit, I rode slowly, and I stopped often.

One day I passed through a village, and at the outer edge of it a little girl, about four years old, tried to cross the road.





*I Held That Picture A Good While*

Tripping, she fell down almost in front of me. It was by a powerful and sudden exertion that I prevented myself from going over her, and as I wheeled across the road my machine came within two feet of her. She lay there yelling in the dust. I dismounted, and picking her up I carried her to the other side of the road. There I left her to toddle homeward while I went on my way. I could not but sigh as I thought that I was again in Cathay.

Two days after this I entered Waterton. There was another road, said to be a very pleasant one, which lay to the westward, and which would have taken me to Walford through a country new to me, but I wished to make no further explorations in Cathay, and if one journeys back upon a road by which he came, he will find the scenery very different.

I spent the night at a hotel, and after breakfast I very reluctantly went to call upon the Willoughbys. I forced myself to do this, for, considering the cordiality they had shown me, it would have required more incivility than I possessed to pass through the town without paying my respects. But to my great joy none of the ladies was at home. I hastened from the house with a buoyant step, and was soon speeding away, and away, and away.

The road was dry and hard, the sun was bright, but there was a fresh breeze in my face, and I rolled along at a swift and steady rate. On, on I went, until before the sun had reached its highest point I wheeled out of the main road, rolled up a gravel path, and dismounted in front of the Holly Sprig Inn.



I leaned my bicycle against a tree and went in-doors. The place did not seem so quiet as when I first saw it. I had noticed a lady sitting under a tree in front of the house. There was a nurse-maid attending a child who was playing on the grass. Entering the hall I glanced into the large room which I had called the "office," and saw a man there writing at a table.

Presently a maid-servant came into the hall. She was not one whom I had noticed before. I asked if I could see Mrs. Chester, and she said she would go and look for her. There were chairs in the hall and I might have waited for her there, but I did not. I entered the parlor and was pleased to find it unoccupied. I went to the upper end of the room, as far as possible from the door.

In a few minutes I heard a step in the hall. I knew it, and it was strange how soon I had learned to know it. She stopped in front of the office, then she went on toward the porch, and turning she came into the parlor, first looking toward the front of the room and then toward the place where I stood.

The light from a window near me fell directly upon her as she approached me, and I could see that there was a slight flush on her face, but before she reached me it had disappeared. She did not greet me. She did not offer me her hand. In fact, from what afterwards happened, I believe that she did not consider me at that moment a fit subject for ordinary greeting. She stood up in front of me. She gazed steadfastly into my face. Her features wore something of their ordinary pleasant expression, but to this there was added a certain determination which I had never seen there before. She gave her head a little quick shake.

"No, sir!" she said.

This reception amazed me. I had been greatly agitated as I heard her approach, turning over in my mind what I should first say to her, but now I forgot everything I had prepared. "No what?" I exclaimed.

"No means that I will not marry you."

I stood speechless. "Of course you are thinking," she continued, "that you have never asked me to marry you. But that isn't at all necessary. As soon as I saw you standing there, back two weeks before your vacation is over, and when I

got a good look at your face, I knew exactly what you had come for. I was afraid when you left here that you would come back for that, so I was not altogether unprepared. I spoke promptly so as to spare you and to make it easier for me."

"Easier!" I repeated. "What do you mean?"

"Easier, because the sooner you know that I will not marry you the better it will be for you and for me."

Now I could restrain myself no longer. "Why can't I marry you?" I asked, speaking very rapidly, and, I am afraid, with imprudent energy. "Is it any sort of condition or circumstance which prevents? Do you think that I am forcing myself upon you at a time when I ought not to do it? If so, you have mistaken me. Ever since I left here I have thought of scarcely anything but you, and I have returned thus early simply to tell you that I love you! I had to do that! I could not wait! But as to all else, I can wait, and wait, and wait, as long as you please. You can tell me to go away and come back at whatever time you think it will be right for you to give me an answer."

"This is the right time," she said, "and I have given you your answer. But, unfortunately, I did not prevent you from saying what you came to say. And now I will tell you that the conditions and circumstances to which you allude have nothing to do with the matter. I have a reason for my decision which is of so much more importance than any other reason that it is the only one which need be considered."

"What is that?" I asked, quickly.

"It is because I keep a tavern," she answered. "It would be wrong and wicked for you to marry a woman who keeps a tavern!"

Now my face flushed. I could feel it burning. "Keep a tavern!" I exclaimed. "That is a horrible way to put it! But why should you think for an instant that I cared for that? Do you suppose I consider that a dishonorable calling? I would be only too glad to adopt it myself and help you keep a tavern, as you call it."

"That is the trouble!" she exclaimed. "That is the greatest trouble. I believe you would. I believe that you think that the life would just suit you."

"Then sweep away the tavern!" I ex-





*"No, Sir!" She Said*

claimed. "Banish it. Leave it. Put it out of all thought or consideration. I can wait for you. I can make a place and a position for you. I can—"

"No, you cannot," she interrupted. "At least, not for a long time, unless one of your scholars dies and leaves you a legacy. It is the future that I am thinking about. No matter what you might sweep away, and to what position you might attain, it could always be said, 'He married a woman who used to keep a tavern.' Now, every one who is a friend to you, who knows what is before you, if you choose to try for it, should do everything that can be done to prevent such a thing ever being said of you. I am a friend to you, and I am going to prevent it."

I stood unable to say one word. Her voice, her eyes, even the manner in which

she stood before me, assured me that she meant everything she said. It was almost impossible to believe that such an airy creature could turn into such an icicle.

"I do not want you to feel worse than you can help," she said, "but it was necessary for me to speak as firmly and decidedly as I could, and now it is all settled."

I knew it was all settled. I knew it as well as if it had been settled for years. But with my eyes still ardently fixed on her I remembered the little flush when she came into the room.

"Tell me one thing," said I, "and I will go. If it were not for what you say about your position in life, and all that, if there had not been such a place as this inn, then could you—"

She moved away from me. "You are



as great a bear as the other one!" she exclaimed, and turning she left the room by a door in the back. But in the next moment she ran back, holding out her hand. "Good-by!" she said.

I took her hand, but held it not a second. Then she was gone. I stood looking at the door which she had closed behind her, and then I left the house. There was no reason why I should stay in that place another minute.

As I was about to mount my bicycle the boy came around the corner of the inn. Upon his face was a diabolical grin. The thought rushed into my mind that he might have been standing beneath the parlor window. Instinctively I made a movement toward him, but he did not run. I turned my eyes away from him and mounted. I could not kill a boy in the presence of a nurse-maid.

I was about to turn in the direction of Walford, but then into my trouble-tossed mind there came the recollection that I had intended, no matter what happened, to call on the Larramies before I went home. I owed it to them, and at this moment their house seemed like a port of refuge.

The Larramies received me with wide-opened eyes and outstretched hands. They were amazed to see me before the end of my vacation, for no member of that family had ever come back from a vacation before it was over, but they showed that they were delighted to have me with them, be it sooner or later than they had expected, and I had not been in the house ten minutes before I received three separate invitations to make that house my home until school began again.

The house was livelier than when I left it. There was a married couple visiting there, enthusiastic devotees of golf; one of Mr. Walter's old college friends was with him; and, to my surprise, Miss Amy Willoughby was there again.

Genevieve received me with the greatest warmth, and I could see that her hopes of a gentleman friend revived. Little Clara demanded to be kissed as soon as she saw me, and I think she now looked upon me as a permanent uncle or something of that kind. As soon as possible I was escorted by the greater part of the family to see the bear.

Miss Edith had welcomed me as if I

had been an old friend. It warmed my heart to receive the frank and cordial handshake she gave me. She said very little, but there was a certain interrogation in her eyes which assured me that she had much to ask when the time came. As for me, I was in no hurry for that time to come. I did not feel like answering questions, and with as much animation as I could assume I talked to everybody as we went to see the bear.

This animal had grown very fat and super-contented, but I found that the family were in the condition of Gentleman Waife in Bulwer's novel, and were now wondering what they would do with it.

"You see," cried Percy, who was the principal showman, "the neighbors are all on pins and needles about him. Ever since the McKenna sisters spread the story that Orso was in the habit of getting under beds, there isn't a family within five miles of here who can go to bed without looking under it to see if there is a bear there. There are two houses for sale about a mile down the road, and we don't know any reason why people should want to go away, except it's the bear. Nearly all the dogs around here are kept chained up for fear that Orso will get hold of them, and there is a general commotion, I can tell you. At first it was great fun, but it is getting a little tiresome now. We have been talking about shooting him, and then I shall have his bones, which I am going to set up as a skeleton, and it is my opinion that you ought to have the skin."

Several demurrers now arose, for nobody seemed to think that I would want such an ugly skin as that.

"Ugly!" cried Percy, who was evidently very anxious to pursue his study of comparative anatomy. "It's a magnificent skin. Look at that long, heavy fur. Why, if you take that skin and have it all cleaned, and combed out, and dyed some nice color, it will be fit to put into any room."

Genevieve was in favor of combing and cleaning, oiling and dyeing the hide of the bear without taking it off.

"If you would do that," she declared, "he would be a beautiful bear, and we would give him away. They would be glad to have him at Central Park."

The Larramies would not listen to my leaving that day. There were a good many people in the house, but there was room enough for me, and when we had left the bear without solving the problem of his final disposition, there were so many things to be done and so many things to be said that it was late in the afternoon before Miss Edith found the opportunity of speaking to me for which she had been waiting so long.

"Well," said she, as we walked together away from the golf links, but not toward the house, "what have you to report?"

"Report?" I repeated, evasively.

"Yes, you promised to do that, and I always expect people to fulfil their promises to me. You came here by the way of the Holly Sprig Inn, didn't you?"

I assented. "A very roundabout way," she said. "It would have been seven miles nearer if you had come by the cross-road. But I suppose that you thought that you must go there first."

"That is what I thought," I answered.

"Have you been thinking about her all the time you have been away?"

"Nearly all the time."

"And actually cut off a big slice of your vacation in order to see her?"

I replied that that was precisely the state of the case.

"And after all you weren't successful. You need not tell me anything about that—I knew it as soon as I saw you this morning. But I will ask you to answer one thing: Is the decision final?"

I sighed—I could not help it, but she did not even smile. "Yes," I said, "the affair is settled definitely."

For a minute or so we walked on silently, and then she said: "I do not want you to think I am hard-hearted, but I must say what is in me. I congratulate you, and, at the same time, I am sorry for her."

At this amazing speech I turned suddenly toward her, and we both stopped.

"Yes," said she, standing before me with her clear eyes fixed upon my face, "you are to be congratulated. I think it is likely she is the most charming young woman you are ever likely to meet—and I know a great deal more about her than you do, for I have known her for a long time, and your acquaintance is a very short one—she has qualities that you do

not know anything about; she is lovely! But for all that it would be very wrong for you to marry her, and I am glad that she had sense enough not to let you do it."

"Why do you say that?" I asked, a little sharply.

"Of course you don't like it," she replied, "but it is true. She may be as lovely as you think her—and I am sure she is. She may be of good family, finely educated, and a great many more things, but all that goes for nothing beside the fact that for over five years she has been the landlady of a little hotel."

"I do not care a snap for that!" I exclaimed. "I like her all the better for it. I—"

"That makes it worse," she interrupted, and as she spoke I could not but recollect that a similar remark had been made to me before. "I have not the slightest doubt that you would have been perfectly willing to settle down as the landlord of a little hotel. But if you had not—even if you had gone on in the course which father has marked out for you—and you ought to hear him talk about you—you might have become famous, rich, nobody knows what,—perhaps President of a College,—but still everybody would have known that your wife was the young woman who used to keep the Holly Sprig Inn, and asked the people who came there if they objected to a back room, and if they wanted tea or coffee for their breakfast. Of course Mrs. Chester thought too much of you to let you consider any such foolishness."

I made no answer to this remark. I thought the young woman was taking a great deal upon herself.

"Of course," she continued, "it would have been a great thing for Mrs. Chester, and I honor her that she stood up stiffly and did the thing she ought to do. I do not know what she said when she gave you her final answer, but whatever it was it was the finest compliment that she could have paid you."

I smiled grimly. "She likened me to a bear," I said. "Do you call that a compliment?"

Edith Larramie stood and looked me very steadily in the face, her eyes sparkling. "Tell me one thing," she said. "When she spoke to you in that way weren't you trying to find out how she



felt about the matter exclusive of the inn?"

I could not help smiling again as I assented.

"There!" she exclaimed. "I am beginning to have the highest respect for my abilities as a forecaster of human probabilities. It was like you to try to find out that, and it was like her to snub you. But let's walk on. Would you like me to give you some advice?"

"I am afraid your advice is not worth very much," I answered, "but I will hear it."

"Well, then," she said, "I advise you to fall in love with somebody else just as soon as you can. That is the best way to get this affair out of your mind, and until you do that you won't be worth anything."

I felt that I now knew this girl so well that I could say anything to her. "Very well, then," said I; "suppose I fall in love with you?"

"That isn't a very nice speech," she said. "There is a little bit of spitefulness in it. But it doesn't mean anything anyway. I am out of the competition, and that is the reason I can speak to you so freely. And, moreover, that is the reason why I know so much about the matter. I am not biassed. But you need have no trouble—there's Amy."

"Don't say Amy to me, I beg of you!" I exclaimed.

"Why not?" she persisted. "She is very pretty. She is as good as she can be. She is rich. And if she were your wife you would want her to talk more than she does, you would be so glad to listen to her. I might say more about Amy, but I won't."

"Would it be very impolite," said I, "if I whistled?"

"I don't know," she said, "but you needn't do it. I will consider it done. And now I will speak of Bertha Putney. I was bound to mention Amy first, because she is my dear friend, but Miss Putney is a grand girl. And I do not mind telling you that she takes a great interest in you."

"How do you know that?" I asked.

"I have seen her since you were here—she lunched with us. As soon as she heard your name mentioned—and that was bound to happen, for this family has

been talking about you ever since they first knew you—she began to ask questions. Of course the bear came up, and she wanted to know every blessed thing that happened. But when she found out that you got the bear at the Holly Sprig, her manner changed, and she talked no more about you at the table.

"But in the afternoon she had a great deal to say to me. I did not know exactly what she was driving at, and I may have told her too much. We said a great many things—some of which I remember and some I do not—but I am sure that I never knew a woman to take more interest in a man than she takes in you. So it is my opinion that if you would stop at the Putneys' on your way home you might do a great deal to help you get rid of the trouble you are now in. It makes me feel something like a spy in a camp to talk this way, but I told you I was your friend, and I am going to be one. Spies are all right when they are loyal to their own side."

I was very glad to have such a girl on my side, but this did not seem to be a very good time to talk about the advantages of a call upon Miss Putney.

In spite of all the entreaties of the Larramie family I persisted in my intention of going on to Walford the next morning, and in reply to their assurances that I would find it dreadfully dull in that little village during the rest of my vacation, I told them that I should be very much occupied and should have no time to be dull. I was going seriously to work to prepare myself for my profession. For a year or two I had been deferring this important matter, waiting until I had laid by enough money to enable me to give up school-teaching and to apply myself entirely to the studies which would be necessary. All this would give me enough to do, and vacation was the time in which I ought to do it. The distractions of the school session were very much in the way of a proper contemplation of my own affairs.

"That sounds very well," said Miss Edith, when there was no one by, "but if you cannot get the Holly Sprig Inn out of your mind, I do not believe you will do very much 'proper contemplation.' Take my advice and stop at the Putneys'. It can do you no harm, and it might help to

free your mind of distractions a great deal worse than those of the school."

"By filling it with other distractions, I suppose you mean," I answered. "A fickle-minded person you must think me. But it pleases me so much to have you take an interest in me that I do not resent any of your advice."

She laughed. "I like to give advice," she said, "but I must admit that I sometimes think better of a person if he does not take it. But I will say, and this is all the advice I am going to give you at present, that if you want to be successful in making love, you must change your methods. You cannot expect to step up in front of a girl and stop her short as if she were a runaway horse. A horse doesn't like that sort of thing, and a girl doesn't like it. You must take more time about it. A runaway girl doesn't hurt anybody, and, if you are active enough, you can jump in behind and take the reins and stop her gradually without hurting her feelings, and then, most likely, you can drive her for all the rest of your life."

"You ought to have that speech engraved in uncial characters on a slab of stone," said I. "Any museum would be glad to have it."

I had two reasons beside the one I gave for wishing to leave this hospitable house. In the first place, Edith Larramie troubled me. I did not like to have any one know so much about my mental interior—or to think she knew so much. I did not like to feel that I was being managed. I had a strong belief that if anybody jumped into a vehicle she was pulling he would find that she was doing her own driving and would allow no interferences. I liked her very much, but I was sure that away from her I would feel freer in mind.

The other reason for my leaving was Amy Willoughby. During my little visit to her house my acquaintance with her had grown with great rapidity. Now I seemed to know her very well, and the more I knew her the better I liked her. It may be vanity, but I think she wanted me to like her, and one reason for believing that was the fact that when she was with me—and I saw a great deal of her during the afternoon and evening I spent with the Larramies—she did not talk so

much, and when she did speak she invariably said something I wanted to hear.

Remembering the remarks which had been made about her by her friend Edith, I could not but admit that she was a very fine girl, combining a great many attractive qualities, but I rebelled against every conviction I had in regard to her. I did not want to think about her admirable qualities. I did not want to believe that in time they would impress me more forcibly than they did now. I did not want people to imagine that I would come to be so impressed. If I staid there I might almost look upon her in the light of a duty.

The family farewell the next morning was a tumultuous one. Invitations to ride up again during my vacation, to come and spend Saturdays and Sundays, were intermingled with earnest injunctions from Genevieve in regard to a correspondence which she wished to open with me for the benefit of her mind, and declarations from Percy that he would let me know all about the bear as soon as it was decided what would be the best thing to happen to him, and entreaties from little Clara that I would not go away without kissing her good-by.

But amid the confusion Miss Edith found a chance to say a final word to me. "Don't you try," she said, as I was about to mount my bicycle, "to keep those holly sprigs in your brain until Christmas. They are awfully sticky, they will not last, and besides, there will not be any Christmas."

"And how about New-Year's day?" I asked.

"That is the way to talk," said she. "Keep your mind on that and you will be all right."

As I rode along I could not forget that it would be necessary for me to pass the inn. I had made inquiries, but there were no byways which would serve my purpose. There was nothing for me to do but keep on, and on I kept. I should pass so noiselessly and so swiftly that I did not believe any one would notice me, unless, indeed, it should be the boy. I earnestly hoped that I should not see the boy.

Whether or not I was seen from the inn as I passed it I do not know. In fact, I did not know when I passed it. No shout



of immature diabolism caught my ear, no scent of lemon came into my nostrils, and I saw nothing but the line of road directly in front of me.

When I was positively certain that I had left the little inn far behind me, I slackened my speed, and perceiving a spreading tree by the roadside, I dismounted and sat down in the shade. It was a hot day, and unconsciously I had been working very hard. Several persons on wheels passed along the road, and every time I saw one approaching I was afraid that it might be somebody I knew, who might stop and sit by me in the shade. I was now near enough to Walford to meet with people from that neighborhood, and I did not want to meet with any one just now. I had a great many things to think about, and just then I was busy trying to make up my mind whether or not it would be well for me to stop at the Putneys'.

If I should pass without stopping, some one in the lodge would probably see me, and the family would know of my discourtesy, but, although it would have been a very simple thing to do, and a very proper thing, I did not feel sure that I wanted to stop. If Edith Larramie had never said anything about it, I think I would surely have made a morning call upon the Putneys.

After I had cooled off a little I rose to remount; I had not decided anything, but there was no use to sit there any longer. Glancing along the road toward Walford, I saw in the distance some one approaching on a wheel. Involuntarily I stood still and watched the on-coming cyclist, who I saw was a woman. She moved steadily and rapidly on the other side of the road. Very soon I recognized her. It was Miss Putney.

As she came nearer and nearer I was greatly impressed with her appearance. Her costume was as suitable and becoming for the occasion as if it had been an evening dress for a ball, and she wheeled better than any woman cyclist I ever saw. Her head was erect, her eyes straight before her, and her motion was rhythm of action.

With my hand on my wheel I moved a few steps toward the middle of the road. I was about to take off my cap when she turned her eyes upon me. She even

moved her head a little so as to gaze upon me a few seconds longer. Her face was quiet and serene, her eyes were large, clear, and observant. In them was not one gleam of recognition. Turning them again upon the road in front of her, she sped on and away.

For some minutes I stood looking after her, utterly astonished. I do not think in all my life I had ever been cut like that. What did it mean? Could she care enough about me to resent my stopping at the Holly Sprig? Was it possible that she could have known what had been likely to happen there, and what had happened there? All this was very improbable, but in Cathay people seemed to know a great many things. Anyway, she had solved my problem for me. I need give no further thought to a stop at her father's mansion.

I mounted and rode on, but not rapidly. I was very much moved. My soul grew warm as I thought of the steady gaze of the eyes which that girl had fixed upon me. For a mile or so I moved steadily and quietly in a mood of incensed dignity. I pressed the pedals with a hard and cruel tread. I did not understand. I could scarcely believe.

Soon, however, I began to move a little faster. Somehow or other I became conscious that there was a bicycle at some distance behind me. I pushed on a little faster. I did not wish to be overtaken by anybody. Now I was sure there was a wheel behind me. I could not hear it, but I knew it was there.

Presently I became certain that my instincts had not deceived me, for I heard the quick sound of a bicycle bell. This was odd, for surely no one would ring for me to get out of the way. Then there was another tinkle, a little nearer.

Now I sped faster and faster. I heard the bell violently ringing. Then I thought, but I am not sure, that I heard a voice. I struck out with the thrust of a steam-engine, and the earth slipped backward beneath me like the water of a mill-race. I passed wagons as if they had been puffs of smoke, and people on wheels as though they were flying cinders.

In some ten minutes I slackened speed and looked back. For a long distance behind me not a bicycle was in sight. I now pursued my homeward way with a



*Cut Like That*

warm body and a lacerated heart. I hated this region which I had called Cathay. Its inhabitants were not barbarians, but I was suffering from their barbarities. I had come among them clean, whole, with an upright bearing. I was going away torn, bloody, and downcast.

If the last words of the lady of the Holly Sprig meant the sweet thing I thought they meant, then did they make the words which preceded them all the more bitter. The more friendly and honest the counsels of Edith Larramie had grown, the deeper they had cut into my heart. Even the more than regard with which my scul prompted me to look back to Amy Willoughby was a pain to me. My judgment would enrage me if it should try to compel me to feel as I did not want to feel.

But none of these wounds would have so pained and disturbed me had it not been for the merciless gaze which that dark-eyed girl had fixed upon me as she passed me standing in the road. And if she had gone too far and had done more than her own nature could endure, and if it were she who had been pursuing me, then the wound was more cruel and the smart deeper. If she believed me a man who would stop at the ringing of her bell,

then was I ashamed of myself for having given her that impression.

I now proposed to wheel my way in one long stretch to Walford. I took no interest in rest nor in refreshment. Simply to feel that I had done with this cycle of Cathay would be to me rest, refreshment, and, perhaps, the beginning of peace.

The sun was high in the heavens, and its rays were hot, but still I kept steadily on until I saw a female figure by the roadside waving a handkerchief. I had not yet reached her, but she had stopped, was looking at me, and was waving energetically. I could not be mistaken. I turned and wheeled up in front of her. It was Mrs. Burton, the mother of the young lady who had injured her ankle on the day when I set out for my journey through Cathay.

"I am so glad to see you," she said, as she shook hands with me. "I knew you as soon as my eyes first fell upon you. You know I have often seen you on the road before we became acquainted with you. We have frequently talked about you since you were here, and we did not expect you would be coming back so soon. Mr. Burton has been hoping that he would have a chance to know you better. He is very fond of schoolmasters. He



was an intimate friend of Godfrey Chester, who had the school in Walford some years before you came—when the boys and girls used to go to school together—and of the man who came afterward. He was a little too elderly, perhaps, but Mr. Burton liked him too, and now he hopes that he is going to know you. But excuse me for keeping you standing so long in the road. You must come in. We shall have dinner in ten minutes. I was just coming home from a neighbor's when I caught sight of you."

I declined with earnestness. Mr. Burton might be a very agreeable man, but I wanted to make no new acquaintances then. I must keep on to Walford.

But the good lady would listen to no refusals of her hospitality. I was just in time. I must need a mid-day rest, and something to eat. She was very sorry that Mr. Burton was not at home. He nearly always was at home, but to-day he had gone to Waterton. But if I would be contented to take dinner with her daughter and herself, they would be delighted to have me do so. She made a motion to open the gate for me, but I opened it for her, and we both went in. The daughter met us at the top of the garden walk. She came toward me as a cool summer breeze comes upon a hot and dusty world. There was no flush upon her face, but her eyes and lips told me that she was glad to see me before she spoke a word or placed her soft white hand in mine. At the first touch of that hand I felt glad that Mrs. Burton had stopped me in the road. Here was peace.

That dinner was the most soothing meal of which I had ever partaken. I did the carving, my companions did the questioning, and nearly all the conversation was about myself. Ordinarily I would not have liked this, but every word which was said by those two fair ladies—for the sweetness of the mother was merely more seasoned than that of the daughter—was so filled with friendly interest that it gratified me to make my answers.

They seemed to have heard a great deal about me during my wanderings through Cathay. They knew, of course, that I had stopped with the Putneys, for I had told them that, but they had also heard that I had spent a night at the Holly Sprig, and had afterwards staid with

the Larramies. But of anything which had happened which in the slightest degree had jarred upon my feelings they did not appear to have heard the slightest mention.

I might have supposed that only good and happy news thought it worth while to stop at that abode of peace. As I looked upon the serene and tender countenance of Mrs. Burton I wondered how a cloud rising from want of sympathy with early peas ever could have settled over that little family circle; but it was the man who had caused the cloud. I knew it. It is so often the man.

When we had finished dinner and had gone out to sit in the cool shadows of the piazza, I let my gaze rest as often as I might upon the fair face of that young girl. Several times her eyes met mine, but their lids never drooped, their tender light did not brighten. I felt that she was so truly glad to see me that her pleasure in the meeting was not affected one way or the other by the slight incident of my looking at her.

If ever a countenance told of innocence, purity, and truth, her countenance told of them. I believe that if she had thought that it pleased me to look at her, it would have pleased her to know that it gave me pleasure.

As I talked with her and looked at her, and as I looked at her mother and talked with her, it was impressed upon me that if there is one thing in this world which is better than all else, it is peace, that peace which comprises so many forms of happiness and deep content. That the thoughts which came to me could come to a heart so lacerated, so torn, so full of pain as mine had been that morning, seemed wonderful, and yet they came.

Once or twice I tried to banish these thoughts. It seemed disrespectful to myself to entertain them so soon after other thoughts which I now wish to banish utterly. I am not a hero of romance. I am only a plain human being, and such is the constitution of my nature that the more troubled and disturbed is my soul, the more welcome is purity, truth, and peace.

But after all my feelings were not quite natural, and the change in them was too sudden. It was the consequence of too violent a reaction, but such as it



was, it was complete. I would not be hasty. I would not be deficient in self-respect. But if at that moment I had known that this was the time to declare what I wished to have, I would unhesitatingly have asked for beauty, purity, and peace.

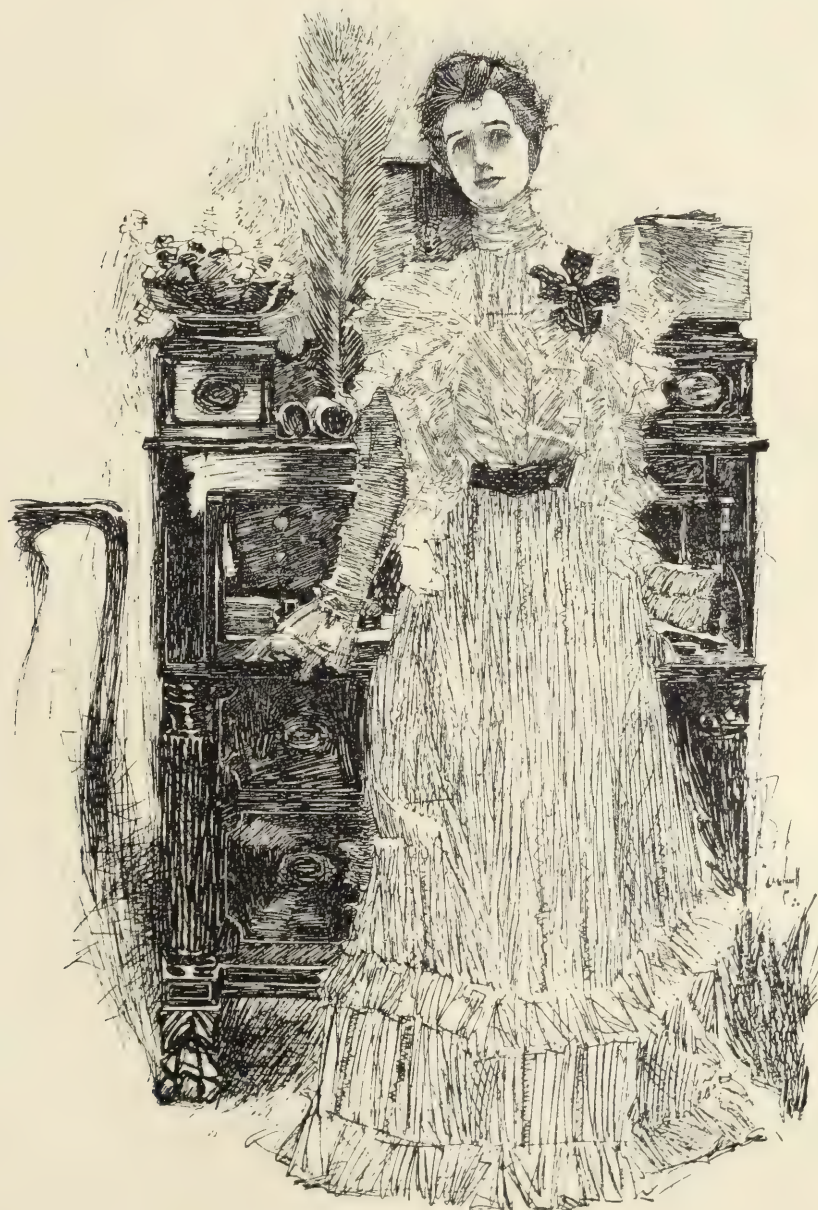
A maid came out upon the piazza who wanted something. Mrs. Burton half rose, but her daughter forestalled her. "I will go," said she. "Excuse me one minute."

If my face expressed the sentiment, "O that the mother had gone!" I did not intend that it should do so. Mrs. Burton then began to talk about her daughter.

"She is like her father," she said, "in so many ways. For one thing, she is very fond of schoolmasters. I do not

know exactly why this should be, but her teachers always seem to be her friends. In fact, she is to marry a schoolmaster—that is, an assistant professor at Yale. He is in Europe now, but we expect him back early in the fall."

A short time after this, when the daughter had returned and I rose to go, the young girl put her soft white hand into mine exactly as she had done when I arrived, and the light in her eyes showed me just as it had showed me before the pleasure she had taken in my visit. But the mother's farewell was different from her greeting. I could see in her kind air a certain considerate sympathy which was not there before. She had been very prompt to tell me of her daughter's engagement.



*Europa*



That young angel of peace and truth would not have deemed it necessary to say a word about the matter, even to a young man who was a schoolmaster, and between whom and her family a mutual interest was rapidly growing. But with the mother it was otherwise. She had seen the shadows pass away from my countenance as I sat and talked upon that cool piazza, my eyes bent upon her daughter. Mothers know.

The next morning, being again settled in my rooms in Walford, I went to call upon the Doctor and his daughter. The Doctor was not at home, but his daughter was glad to see me.

"And how do you like your cycle of Cathay?" she asked.

"I do not like it at all," I answered. "It has taken me upon a dreary round. I am going to change it for another as soon as I have an opportunity."

"Then it has not been a wheel of fortune to you?" she remarked. "And as for that country which you figuratively called Cathay, did you find that pleasant?"

"In some ways, yes, but in others not. You see I came back before my vacation was over, and I do not care to go there any more."

She now wanted me to tell her where I had really been and what had happened to me, and I gave her a sketch of my adventures. Of course I could not enter deeply into particulars, for that would make too long a story, but I told her where I had stopped, and my accounts of the bear and the horse were deeply interesting.

"It seems to me," she said, when I had finished, "that if things had been a little different, you might have had an extremely pleasant tour. For instance, if Mr. Godfrey Chester had been living, I think you would have liked him very much, and it is probable that you would have been glad to stay at his inn for several days. It is a beautiful country thereabout."

"Did you know him?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," she said; "he was my teacher during part of my school days here. And then there is Mr. Burton; father is very fond of him. He is a man of great intelligence. It was unfortunate that you did not see more of him."

"And perhaps you know Mr. Putney?" I said.

"No," she answered. "I have heard a great deal about him. He seems to be a stiff sort of a man. But as to Mr. Larramie, everybody likes him. He is a great favorite throughout the county, and his son Walter is a rising young man. I am glad you made the acquaintance of the Larramies."

"So am I," I said, "very glad indeed. And, by-the-way, do you know a young man named Willoughby? I never heard his first name, but he lives at Waterton."

"Oh, the Willoughbys of Waterton," she said. "I have heard a great deal about them. Father used to know the old gentleman. He was a great collector of rare books, but he is dead now. If you had met him you would have found him a man of your own tastes."

When I was going away she stopped me for a moment. "I forgot to ask you," she said; "did you take any of those capsules I gave you when you were starting off on your cycle?"

"Yes," said I, "I took some of them." But I could not well explain the capricious way in which I had endeavored to guard against the germs of malaria, and to call my own attention to the threatening germs of erratic fancy.

"Then you do not think they did you any good?" she said.

"I am not sure," I replied. "I cannot say anything about that. But of one thing I am certain, and that is, that if any germs of any kind entered my system, it is perfectly free from them now."

"I am glad to hear that," she said.

It was about a week after this that I received a letter from Percy Larramie. "I thought you would like to know about the bear," he wrote. "Somebody must have forgotten to feed him, and he broke his chain and got away. He went straight over to the Holly Sprig Inn, and I expect he did that because the inn was the last place that he had seen his master. I did not know bears cared so much for masters. He didn't stay long at the inn, but he staid long enough to bite a boy. Then he went into the woods.

"As soon as we heard of it we all set off on a bear-hunt. It was jolly fun,

although I did not so much as catch a sight of him. Father shot him at a three-hundred-foot range. It was a Winchester rifle with a thirty-two cartridge. It was a beautiful shot, Walter said, and I wish I had made it.

"We took his skin off and tore it only in two or three places, which can be mended. Would you like to have the skin, and do you care particularly about the head? If you don't, I would like to have it, because without it the skeleton will not be perfect."

I wrote to Percy that I did not desire so much as a single hair of the beast. I did not tell him so, but I despised the bears of Cathay.

It was just before the Christmas holidays when I finally made up my mind that of all the women in the world the Doctor's daughter was the one for me, and when I told her so she did not try to conceal that this was also her own opinion. I had seen the most charming qualities in other women, and my somewhat rapid and enthusiastic study of them had so familiarized me with them that I was enabled readily to perceive their existence in others. I found them all in the Doctor's daughter.

Her father was very well pleased when he heard of our compact. It was plain that he had been waiting to hear of it. When he furthermore heard that I had decided to abandon all thought of the law, and to study medicine instead, his satisfaction was complete. He arranged everything with affectionate prudence. I should read with him, beginning immediately, even before I gave up my school. I should attend the necessary medical courses, and we need be in no hurry to marry. We were both young, and when I was ready to become his assistant, it would be time enough for him to give me his daughter.

We were sitting together in the Doctor's library and had been looking over some of the papers of the Walford Literary Society, of which we were both officers, when I said, looking at her signature: "By-the-way, I wish you would tell me one thing. What does the initial 'E.' stand for in your name? I never knew any one to use it."

"No," she said; "I do not like it. It was given to me by my mother's sister, who was a romantic young lady. It is Europa. And I only hope," she added, quickly, "that you may have fifty years of it."

\* \* \* \* \*

Three years of the fifty have now passed, and each one of the young women I met in Cathay has married. The first one to go off was Edith Larramie. She married the college friend of her brother who was at the house when I visited them. When I met her in Walford shortly after I heard of her engagement, she took me aside in her old way and told me she wanted me always to look upon her as my friend, no matter how circumstances might change with her or me.

"You do not know how much of a friend I was to you," she said, "and it is not at all necessary you should know. But I will say that when I saw you getting into such a dreadful snarl in our part of the country, I determined, if there were no other way to save you, I would marry you myself! But I did not do it, and you ought to be very glad of it, for you would have found that a little of me, now and then, would be a great deal more to your taste than to have me always."

Mrs. Chester married the man who had courted her before she fell in love with her schoolmaster. It appeared that the fact of her having been the landlady of the Holly Sprig made no difference in his case. He was too rich to have any prospects which might be interfered with.

Amy Willoughby married Walter Larramie. That was a thing which might well have been expected. I was very glad to hear it, for I shall never fail to be interested in the Larramies.

About a year ago there was a grand wedding at the Putney city mansion. The daughter of the family was married to an Italian gentleman with a title. I read of the affair in the newspapers, and having heard, in addition, a great many details of the match from the gossips of Walford, I supposed myself to be fully informed in regard to this grand alliance, and was therefore very much surprised to receive, personally, an announcement of the marriage upon a very large and

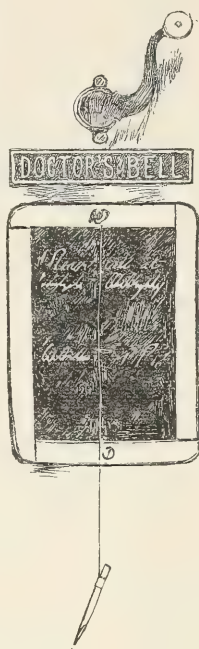


stiff card, on which were given, in full, the various titles and dignities of the noble bridegroom. I did not believe Mr. Putney had sent me this card, nor that his wife had done so; certainly the Count did not send it. But no matter how it came to me I was very sure I owed it to the determination, on the part of some one, that by no mischance should I fail to know exactly what had happened. I heard recently that the noble lady and her husband expect to spend the summer at her father's

country house, and some people believe that they intend to make it their permanent home.

The Doctor strongly advises that Europa and I—I very much like this name, and she is fast losing her prejudice against it—should go before long and settle in the Cathay region. He thinks that it will be a most excellent field for me to begin my labors in, and he knows many families there who would doubtless gladly give me their practice.

THE END.



## THE FIRST DAY

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON

I SLEEP, who yesterday was tired,  
 I, who was very weary, rest;  
 I have forgot all things desired,  
 Or what were bad or what were best;  
 Wan roses lie upon my breast  
 And make a pillow for my head;  
 I know not am I banned or blest,  
 Who am most quiet—being dead.

Perchance to-morrow God may come  
 With awfulness of mouth and brow,  
 And bid me speak, who would be dumb,  
 My sins of yesterday; but now  
 I have forgotten deed and vow,  
 I have been soothed and comforted,  
 And clothed with peace, I know not how,  
 Who am most happy—being dead.

A moment since one touched my hair,  
 There were hot tears upon my face;  
 To-morrow I may wake and care  
 And hunger for a lost embrace;  
 But now one dim, delicious space,  
 My joys are done, my tears are shed;  
 I may lie still, who have the grace  
 Of all forgetting—being dead.

# A GOLDEN VENTURE

BY W. W. JACOBS

THE elders of the Tidger family sat at breakfast—Mrs. Tidger with knees wide apart and the youngest Tidger nestling in the valley of print dress which lay between, and Mr. Tidger bearing on one moleskin knee a small copy of himself in a red flannel frock and a slipper. The larger Tidger children took the solids of their breakfast up and down the stone-flagged court outside, coming in occasionally to gulp draughts of very weak tea from a gallipot or two which stood on the table, and to wheedle Mr. Tidger out of any small piece of bloater which he felt generous enough to bestow.

“Peg away, Ann,” said Mr. Tidger, heartily.

His wife’s elder sister shook her head, and passing the remains of her slice to one of her small nephews, leaned back in her chair. “No appetite, Tidger,” she said, slowly.

“You should go in for carpentering,” said Mr. Tidger, in justification of the huge crust he was carving into mouthfuls with his pocket-knife. “Seems to me I can’t eat enough sometimes. Hullo, who’s the letter for?”

He took it from the postman, who stood at the door amid a bevy of Tidges, who had followed him up the court, and slowly read the address.

“Mrs. Ann Pullen,” he said, handing it over to his sister-in-law; “nice writing too.”

Mrs. Pullen broke the envelope, and after a somewhat lengthy search for her pocket, fumbled therein for her spectacles. She then searched the mantelpiece, the chest of drawers, and the dresser, and finally ran them to earth on the copper.

She was not a good scholar, and it took her some time to read the letter, a proceeding which she punctuated with such “Ohs” and “Ahs” and gaspings and “God bless my souls” as nearly

drove the carpenter and his wife, who were leaning forward impatiently, to the verge of desperation.

“Who’s it from?” asked Mr. Tidger for the third time.

“I don’t know,” said Mrs. Pullen. “Good gracious, who ever would ha’ thought it!”

“Thought what, Ann?” demanded the carpenter, feverishly.

“Why don’t people write their names plain?” demanded his sister-in-law, impatiently. “It’s got a printed name up in the corner; perhaps that’s it. Well, I never did—I don’t know whether I’m standing on my head or my heels.”

“You’re sitting down, that’s what you’re a-doing,” said the carpenter, regarding her somewhat unfavorably.

“Perhaps it’s a take-in,” said Mrs. Pullen, her lips trembling. “I’ve heard o’ such things. If it is, I shall never get over it—never.”

“Get—over—what?” asked the carpenter.

“It don’t look like a take-in,” soliloquized Mrs. Pullen, “and I shouldn’t think anybody’d go to all that trouble and spend a penny to take in a poor thing like me.”

Mr. Tidger, throwing politeness to the winds, leaned forward, and snatching the letter from her, read it with feverish haste, tempered by a defective education.

“It’s a take-in, Ann,” he said, his voice trembling; “it must be.”

“What is?” asked Mrs. Tidger, impatiently.

“Looks like it,” said Mrs. Pullen, feebly.

“What is it?” screamed Mrs. Tidger, wrought beyond all endurance.

Her husband turned and regarded her with much severity, but Mrs. Tidger’s gaze was the stronger, and after a vain attempt to meet it, he handed her the letter.

Mrs. Tidger read it through hastily,



and then snatching the baby from her lap, held it out with both arms to her husband, and jumping up, kissed her sister heartily, patting her on the back in her excitement until she coughed with the pain of it.

"You don't think it's a take-in, Polly?" she inquired.

"Take-in?" said her sister; "of course it ain't. Lawyers don't play jokes; their time's too valuable. No, you're an heiress all right, Ann, and I wish you joy. I couldn't be more pleased if it was myself."

She kissed her again, and going to pat her back once more, discovered that she had sunk down sufficiently low in her chair to obtain the protection of its back.

"Two thousand pounds," said Mrs. Pullen, in an awe-struck voice.

"Ten hundreded pounds twice over," said the carpenter, mouthing it slowly; "twenty hundreded pounds."

He got up from the table, and instinctively realizing that he could not do full justice to his feelings with the baby in his arms, laid it on the tea-tray in a puddle of cold tea, and stood looking hard at the heiress.

"I was housekeeper to her eleven years ago," said Mrs. Pullen. "I wonder what she left it to me for?"

"Didn't know what to do with it, I should think," said the carpenter, still staring open-mouthed.

"Tidger, I'm ashamed of you," said his wife, snatching her infant to her bosom. "I expect you was very good to her, Ann."

"I never 'ad no luck," said the impenitent carpenter. "Nobody ever left me no money. Nobody ever left me so much as a fi'-pun note."

He stared round disdainfully at his poor belongings, and drawing on his coat, took his bag from a corner, and hoisting it on his shoulder, started to his work. He scattered the news as he went, and it ran up and down the little main street of Thatcham, and thence to the outlying lanes and cottages. Within a couple of hours it was common property, and the fortunate legatee was presented with a congratulatory address every time she ventured near the door.

It is an old adage that money makes friends; the carpenter was surprised to

find that the mere fact of his having a moneyed-relation had the same effect, and that men to whom he had hitherto shown a certain amount of respect due to their position now sought his company. They stood him beer at the "Bell," and walked by his side through the street. When they took to dropping in of an evening to smoke a pipe, the carpenter was radiant with happiness.

"You don't seem to see beyond the end of your nose, Tidger," said the wife of his bosom after they had retired one evening.

"Um?" said the startled carpenter.

"What do you think old Miller the dealer comes here for?" demanded his wife.

"Smoke his pipe," replied her husband, confidently.

"And old Wiggett?" persisted Mrs. Tidger.

"Smoke *his* pipe," was the reply. "Why, what's the matter, Polly?"

Mrs. Tidger sniffed derisively. "You men are all alike," she snapped. "What do you think Ann wears that pink bodice for?"

"I never noticed she 'ad a pink bodice, Polly," said the carpenter.

"No? That's what I say. You men never notice anything," said his wife. "If you don't send them two old fools off, I will."

"Don't you like 'em to see Ann wearing pink?" inquired the mystified Tidger.

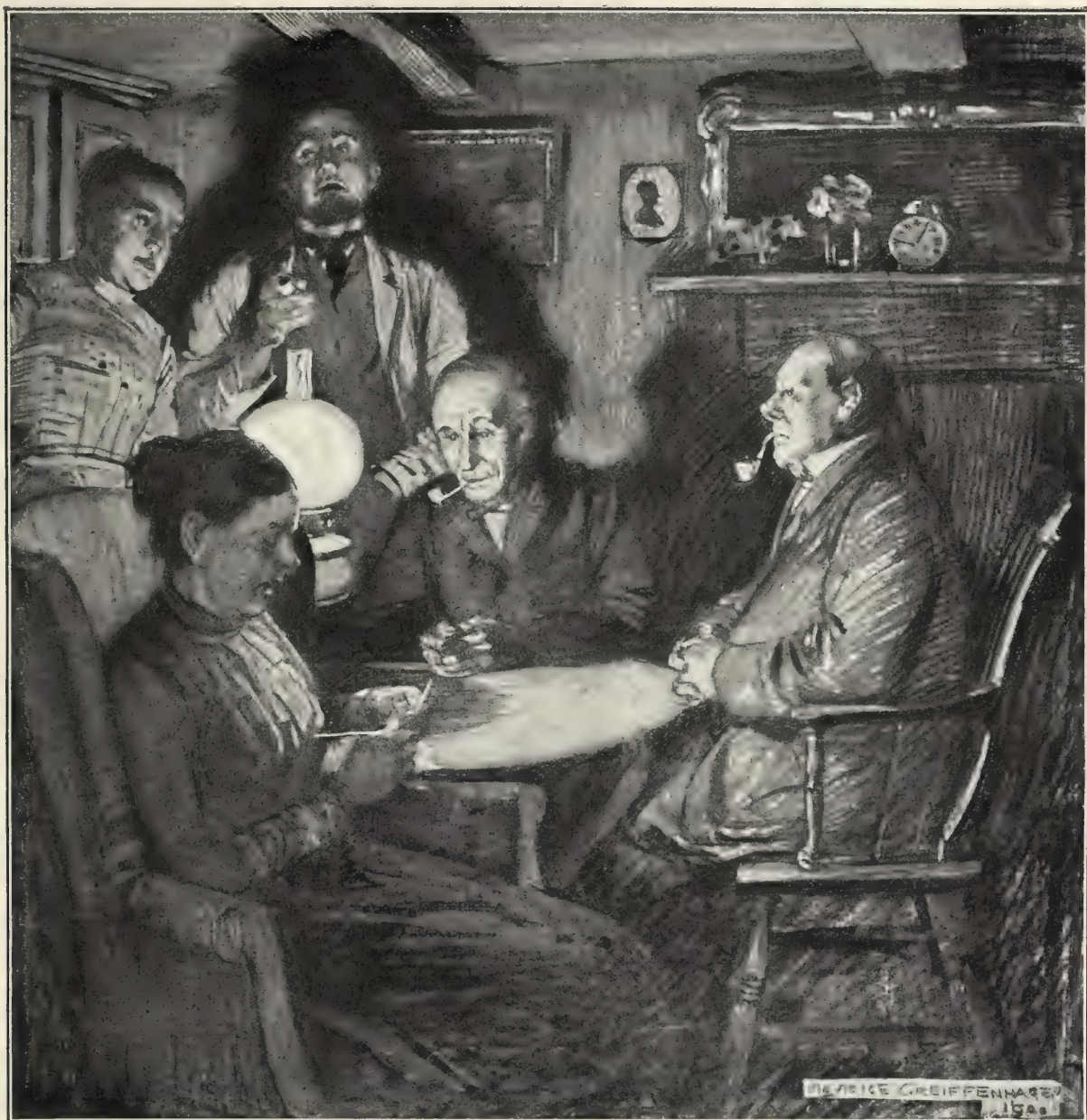
Mrs. Tidger bit her lip and shook her head at him scornfully. "In plain English, Tidger, as plain as I can speak it," she said, severely, "they're after Ann and 'er bit o' money."

Mr. Tidger gazed at her open-mouthed, and taking advantage of that fact, blew out the candle to hide his discomposure. "What!" he said, blankly, "at 'er time o' life?"

"Watch 'em to-morrer," said his wife.

The carpenter acted upon his instructions, and his ire rose as he noticed the assiduous attention paid by his two friends to the frivolous Mrs. Pullen. Mr. Wiggett, a sharp-featured little man, was doing most of the talking, while his rival, a stout, clean-shaven man with a slow, oxlike eye, looked on stolidly. Mr. Miller was seldom in a hurry, and lost many a bargain through his slowness—a





"YOU GET YOUNGER THAN EVER, MRS. PULLEN"

fact which sometimes so painfully affected the individual who had outdistanced him that he would offer to let him have it at a still lower figure.

"You get younger than ever, Mrs. Pullen," said Wiggett, the conversation having turned upon ages.

"Young ain't the word for it," said Miller, with a praiseworthy determination not to be left behind.

"No; it's age as you're thinking of, Mr. Wiggett," said the carpenter, slowly; "none of us gets younger, do we, Ann?"

"Some of us keeps young in our ways," said Mrs. Pullen, somewhat shortly.

"How old should you say Ann is now?" persisted the indefatigable Tidger.

Mr. Wiggett shook his head. "I should say she's about fifteen years

younger nor me," he said, slowly, "and I'm as lively as a cricket."

"She's fifty-five," said the carpenter.

"That makes you seventy, Wiggett," said Mr. Miller, pointedly. "I thought you was more than that. You look it."

Mr. Wiggett coughed sourly. "I'm fifty-nine," he growled. "Nothing'll make me believe as Mrs. Pullen's fifty-five, nor anywhere near it."

"Ho!" said the carpenter, on his mettle—"ho! Why, my wife here was the sixth child, and she—" He caught a gleam in the sixth child's eye, and expressed her age with a cough. The others waited politely until he had finished, and Mr. Tidger, noticing this, coughed again.

"And she—" prompted Mr. Miller, displaying a polite interest.



"She ain't so young as she was," said the carpenter.

"Cares of a family," said Mr. Wiggett, plumping boldly. "I always thought Mrs. Pullen was younger than her."

"So did I," said Mr. Miller, "much younger."

Mr. Wiggett eyed him sharply. It was rather hard to have Miller hiding his lack of invention by participating in his compliments and even improving upon them. It was the way he dealt at market—listening to other dealers' accounts of their wares, and adding to them for his own.

"I was noticing you the other day, ma'am," continued Mr. Wiggett. "I see you going up the road with a step free and easy as a young girl's."

"She allus walks like that," said Mr. Miller, in a tone of surprised reproof.

"It's in the family," said the carpenter, who had been uneasily watching his wife's form.

"Both of you seem to notice a lot," said Mrs. Tidger, "much more than you used to."

Mr. Tidger, who was of a nervous and sensitive disposition, coughed again.

"You ought to take something for that cough," said Mr. Wiggett, considerately.

"Gin and beer," said Mr. Miller, with the air of a specialist.

"Bed's the best thing for it," said Mrs. Tidger, whose temper was beginning to show signs of getting out of hand.

Mr. Tidger rose and looked awkwardly at his visitors; Mr. Wiggett got up, and pretending to notice the time, said he must be going, and looked at Mr. Miller. That gentleman, who was apparently deep in some knotty problem, was gazing at the floor, and oblivious for the time to his surroundings.

"Come along," said Wiggett, with feigned heartiness, slapping him on the back.

Mr. Miller, looking for a moment as though he would like to return the compliment, came back to everyday life, and bidding the company good-night, stepped to the door, accompanied by his rival. It was immediately shut with some violence.

"They seem in a hurry," said Wiggett. "I don't think I shall go there again."

"I don't think I shall," said Mr. Miller. After this neither of them was sur-

prised to meet there again the next night, and indeed for several nights. The carpenter and his wife, who did not want the money to go out of the family, and were also afraid of offending Mrs. Pullen, were at their wits' end what to do. Ultimately it was resolved that Tidger, in as delicate a manner as possible, was to hint to her that they were after her money. He was so vague and so delicate that Mrs. Pullen misunderstood him, and fancying that he was trying to borrow half a crown, made him a present of five shillings.

It was evident to the slower-going Mr. Miller that his rival's tongue was giving him an advantage which only the ever-watchful presence of the carpenter and his wife prevented him from pushing to the fullest advantage. In these circumstances he sat for two hours after breakfast one morning in deep cogitation, and after six pipes got up with a twinkle in his slow eyes which his brother dealers had got to regard as a danger signal.

He had only the glimmering of an idea at first, but after a couple of pints at the "Bell" everything took shape, and he cast his eyes about for an assistant. They fell upon a man named Smith, and the dealer, after some thought, took up his glass and went over to him.

"I want you to do something for me," he remarked, in a mysterious voice.

"Ah, I've been wanting to see you," said Smith, who was also a dealer in a small way. "One o' them hins I bought off you last week is dead."

"I'll give you another for it," said Miller.

"And the others are so forgetful," continued Mr. Smith.

"Forgetful?" repeated the other.

"Forget to lay like," said Mr. Smith, musingly.

"Never mind about them," said Mr. Miller, with some animation. "I want you to do something for me. If it comes off all right, I'll give you a dozen hins and a couple of decentish-sized pigs."

Mr. Smith called a halt. "Decentish-sized" was vague.

"Take your pick," said Mr. Miller. "You know Mrs. Pullen's got two thousand pounds—"

"Wiggett's going to have it," said the other; "he as good as told me so."

"He's after her money," said the other, sadly. "Look 'ere, Smith, I want you to tell him she's lost it all. Say that Tidger told you, but you wasn't to tell anybody else. Wiggett'll believe you."

Mr. Smith turned upon him a face all wrinkles, lit by one eye. "I want the hins and the pigs first," he said, firmly.

Mr. Miller, shocked at his grasping spirit, stared at him mournfully.

"And twenty pounds the day you marry Mrs. Pullen," continued Mr. Smith.

Mr. Miller, leading him up and down the sawdust floor, besought him to listen to reason, and Mr. Smith allowed the better feelings of our common human nature to prevail to the extent of reducing his demands to half a dozen fowls on account, and all the rest on the day of the marriage. Then, with the delightful feeling that he wouldn't do any work for a week, he went out to drop poison into the ears of Mr. Wiggett.

"Lost all her money!" said the startled Mr. Wiggett. "How?"

"I don't know how," said his friend. "Tidger told me, but made me promise not to tell a soul. But I couldn't help telling you, Wiggett, 'cause I know what you're after."

"Do me a favor," said the little man.

"I will," said the other.

"Keep it from Miller as long as possible. If you hear any one else talking of it, tell 'em to keep it from him. If he marries her, I'll give you a couple of pints."

Mr. Smith promised faithfully, and both the Tidgers and Mrs. Pullen were surprised to find that Mr. Miller was the only visitor that evening. He spoke but little, and that little in a slow, ponderous voice intended for Mrs. Pullen's ear alone. He spoke disparagingly of money, and shook his head slowly at the temptations it brought in its train. Give him a crust, he said, and somebody to halve it with—a home-made crust baked by a wife. It was a pretty picture, but somewhat spoiled by Mrs. Tidger suggesting that though he had spoken of halving the crust, he had said nothing about the beer.

"Half of my beer wouldn't be much," said the dealer, slowly.

"Not the half you would give your wife wouldn't," retorted Mrs. Tidger.

The dealer sighed and looked mournfully at Mrs. Pullen. The lady sighed in return, and finding that her admirer's stock of conversation seemed to be exhausted, coyly suggested a game of draughts. The dealer assented with eagerness, and declining the offer of a glass of beer by explaining that he had had one the day before yesterday, sat down and lost seven games right off. He gave up at the seventh game, and pushing back his chair, said that he thought Mrs. Pullen was the most wonderful draughts-player he had ever seen, and took no notice when Mrs. Tidger in a dry voice charged with subtle meaning said that she thought he was.

"Draughts come natural to some people," said Mrs. Pullen, modestly. "It's as easy as kissing your fingers."

Mr. Miller looked doubtful; then he put his great fingers to his lips by way of experiment, and let them fall unmistakably in the widow's direction. Mrs. Pullen looked down and nearly blushed. The carpenter and his wife eyed each other in indignant consternation.

"That's easy enough," said the dealer, and repeated the offence.

Mrs. Pullen got up in some confusion, and began to put the draught-board away. One of the pieces fell on the floor, and as they both stooped to recover it, their heads bumped. It was nothing to the dealer's, but Mrs. Pullen rubbed hers, and sat down with her eyes watering. Mr. Miller took out his handkerchief, and going to the scullery, dipped it into water and held it to her head.

"Is it better?" he inquired.

"A little better," said the victim, with a shiver.

Mr. Miller in his emotion was squeezing the handkerchief hard, and a cold stream was running down her neck.

"Thank you. It's all right now."

The dealer replaced the handkerchief, and sat for some time regarding her earnestly. Then the carpenter and his wife displaying manifest signs of impatience, he took his departure, after first inviting himself for another game of draughts the following night.

He walked home with the air of a conqueror, and thought exultingly that the two thousand pounds were his. It was a deal after his own heart, and not the least



satisfactory part about it was the way he had got the better of Wiggett.

He completed his scheme the following day after a short interview with the useful Smith. By the afternoon Wiggett found that his exclusive information was common property, and all Thatcham was marvelling at the fortitude with which Mrs. Pullen was bearing the loss of her fortune.

With a view of being out of the way when the denial was published, Mr. Miller, after loudly expressing in public his sympathy for Mrs. Pullen and his admiration of her qualities, drove over with some pigs to a neighboring village, returning to Thatcham in the early evening. Then hurriedly putting his horse up, he made his way to the carpenter's.

The Tidges were at home when he entered, and Mrs. Pullen flushed faintly as he shook hands.

"I was coming in before," he said, impressively, "after what I heard this afternoon, but I had to drive over to Thorpe."

"You 'eard it?" inquired the carpenter, in an incredulous voice.

"Certainly," said the dealer, "and very sorry I was. Sorry for one thing, but glad for another."

The carpenter opened his mouth and seemed about to speak. Then he checked himself suddenly, and gazed with interest at the incredulous dealer.

"I'm glad," said Mr. Miller, slowly, as he nodded at a friend of Mrs. Tidger's, who had just come in with a long face, "because now that Mrs. Pullen is poor, I can say to her what I couldn't say while she was rich."

Again the astonished carpenter was about to speak, but the dealer hastily checked him with his hand.

"One at a time," he said. "Mrs. Pullen, I was very sorry to hear this afternoon, for your sake, that you had lost all your money. What I wanted to say to you now, now that you are poor, was to ask you to be Mrs. Miller. What d'ye say?"

Mrs. Pullen, touched at so much goodness, wept softly and said, "Yes." The triumphant Miller took out his handkerchief—the same that he had used the previous night, for he was not an extravagant man—and tenderly wiped her eyes.

"Well, I'm blowed!" said the staring carpenter.

"I've got a nice little 'ouse," continued the wily Mr. Miller. "It's a poor place, but nice, and we'll play draughts every evening. When shall it be?"

"When you like," said Mrs. Pullen, in a faint voice.

"I'll put the banns up to-morrow," said the dealer.

Mrs. Tidger's lady friend giggled at so much haste, but Mrs. Tidger, who felt that she had misjudged him, was touched.

"It does you credit, Mr. Miller," she said, warmly.

"No, no," said the dealer; and then Mr. Tidger got up, and crossing the room, solemnly shook hands with him.

"Money or no money, she'll make a good wife," he said.

"I'm glad you're pleased," said the dealer, wondering at this cordiality.

"I don't deny I thought you was after her money," continued the carpenter, solemnly. "My missus thought so too."

Mr. Miller shook his head, and said he thought they would have known him better.

"Of course it is a great loss," said the carpenter. "Money is money."

"That's all it is, though," said the slightly mystified Mr. Miller.

"What I can't understand is," continued the carpenter, "'ow the news got about. Why, the neighbors knew of it a couple of hours before we did."

The dealer hid a grin. Then he looked a bit bewildered again.

"I assure you," said the carpenter, "it was known in the town at least a couple of hours before we got the letter."

Mr. Miller waited a minute to get perfect control over his features. "Letter?" he repeated, faintly.

"The letter from the lawyers," said the carpenter.

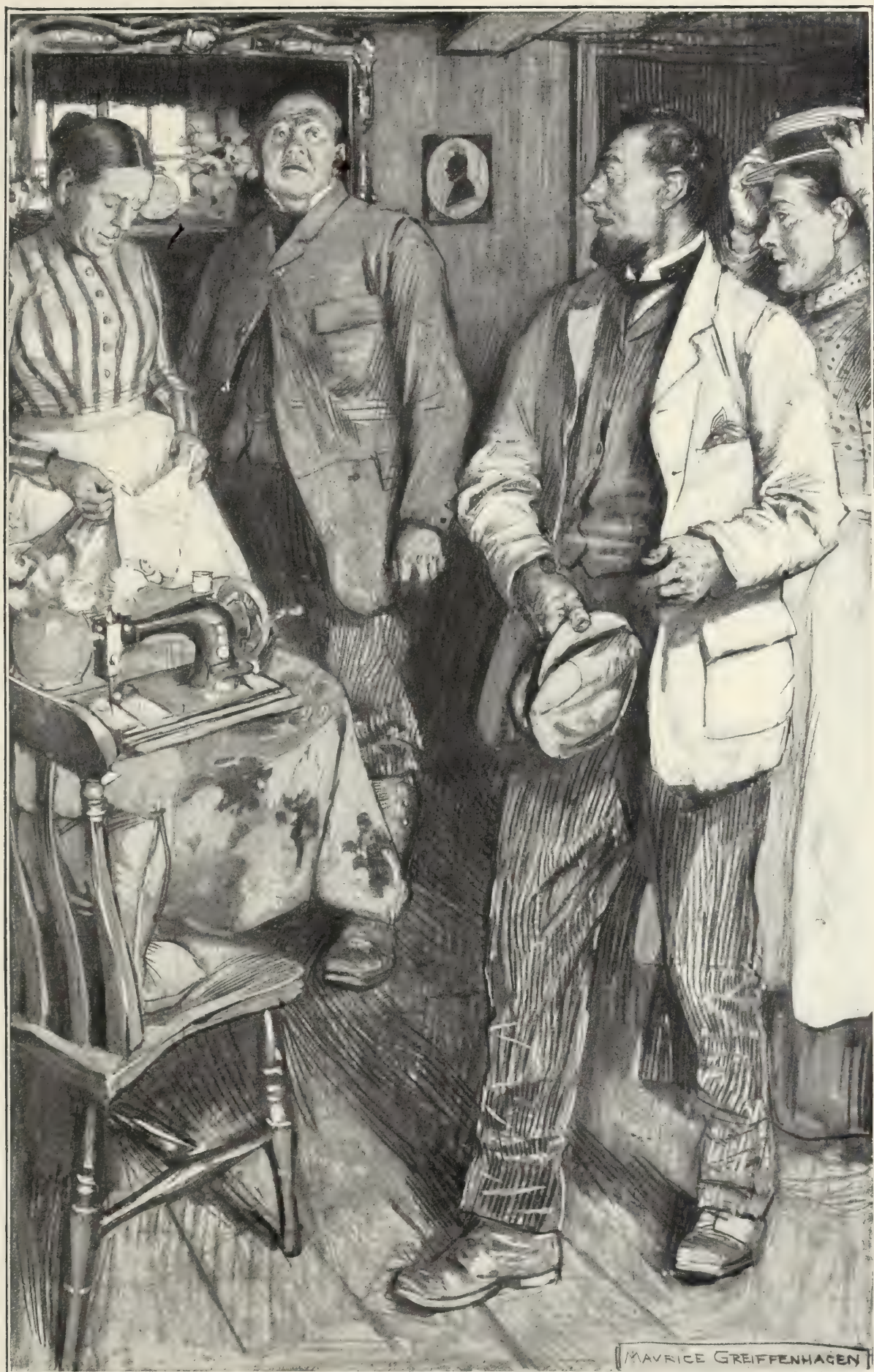
Mr. Miller was silent again. His features were getting tiresome. He eyed the door furtively.

"What—was in—the letter?" he asked.

"Short and sweet," said the carpenter, with bitterness. "Said it was all a mistake, because they'd been and found another will. People shouldn't make such mistakes."

"We're all liable to make mistakes," said Miller, thinking he saw an opening.





"WE'LL LEAVE YOU TWO YOUNG THINGS ALONE"



"Yes, we made a mistake when we thought you were after Ann's money," assented the carpenter. "I'm sure I thought you'd be the last man in the world to be pleased to hear that she'd lost it. One thing is, you've got enough for both."

Mr. Miller made no reply, but in a dazed way strove to realize the full measure of the misfortune which had befallen him. The neighbor, with the anxiety of her sex to be the first with a bit of news, had already taken her departure.

He thought of Wiggett walking the earth a free man, and of Smith with a three months' bill for twenty pounds. His pride as a dealer was shattered beyond repair, and emerging from a species of mist, he became conscious that the carpenter was addressing him.

"We'll leave you two young things alone for a bit," said Mr. Tidger, heartily. "We're going out. When you're tired o' courting, you can play draughts, and Ann will show you one or two of 'er moves. So long."

## THE CHIPMUNK

BY MADISON CAWEIN

HE makes a highway of the old stone fence;  
 Or on the fallen tree,—brown as a leaf  
 Fall stripes with russet,—gambols down the dense  
 Green twilight of the woods. We see not whence  
 He comes, nor whither—'tis a time too brief!—  
 He goes; quaint courier of some Elf or Fay,  
 Some faery steed,—that haunts our child-belief,—  
 A goblin glimpse, from woodland way to way.

What harlequin mood of nature filled him so  
 With happiness? and brimmed his body with  
 Such young activity as breezes know,  
 Or waters dancing on the rocks below,  
 Or warmth that packs the trees with sap and pith?  
 Yet made him, too, a thing that doth delight  
 In darkness,—like a gnome, a moonlight myth,—  
 Lairing in labyrinths of the under night.

Here by this rock, beneath this moss, a hole  
 Leads to his home, the den wherein he sleeps;  
 Lulled by near noises of the cautious mole  
 Tunnelling his mine—like some ungainly Troll—  
 Or by the ceaseless cricket there that keeps  
 Tuning above him its monotonous lute;  
 Or slower sounds of grass that creeps and creeps,  
 And trees unrolling mighty root on root.

Such is the music of his sleeping hours.  
 Day hath another: 'tis a melody  
 He trips to, made by the assembled flowers,  
 And light and fragrance laughing 'mid the bowers,  
 And ripeness busy with the acorn-tree.  
 Such strains, perhaps, as filled with mute amaze—  
 The silent music of Earth's ecstasy—  
 The Satyr's soul, the Faun of classic days.



A LOCK ON THE WELLAND CANAL

## WATERWAYS OF AMERICA

BY ALEXANDER HUME FORD

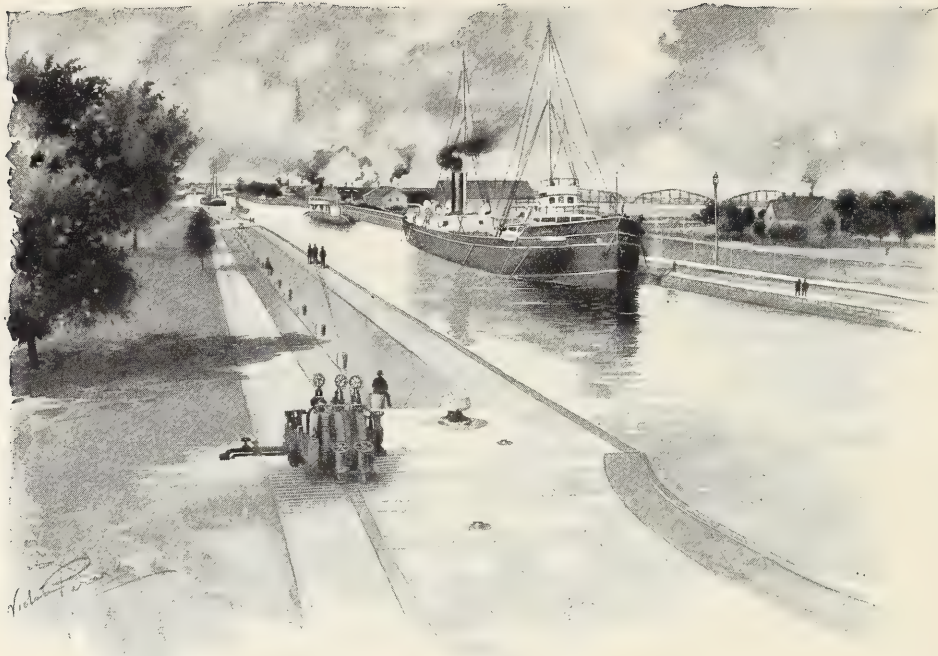
**E**XACTLY a century and a quarter ago, George Washington, to demonstrate the possibility of his oft-urged plan for an inland waterway connecting the Atlantic Ocean with the Ohio River, and possibly the Great Lakes, set out from Jamestown on horseback to make a preliminary survey of the proposed canal along the banks of the Potomac and across the Alleghanies. So great was the confidence of the Virginians in Mr. Washington, who was then best known as the father of the canal system of the colonies, that in December, 1775, they at once subscribed the money which he reported would be necessary to build the canal. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Washington never lived to see the completion of his plans, although the Federal government is still at work upon them in a modified form.

Events transpired in 1776 which for many years diverted all of Mr. Washington's energies into other even more important channels, so that while his name continued to appear as a director in sev-

eral of America's most important canal projects, he was unable, with his multiplicity of duties, to give that active personal direction to the construction of inter-State waterways which he always so ardently desired. However, in 1792 Mr. Washington did secure the charter for, and became the first president of, what was afterwards the Erie Canal; so that in both North and South it was Washington's brain that conceived the plan of an inter-State canal system to bind the colonies more closely together, in spite of England's oft-expressed disapproval of such an undertaking, on the ground that it would tend to unite the colonies against the mother-country.

More than a quarter of a century after Washington's startling proposition to unite the waters of the Great Lakes with those of the Atlantic, James Madison urged upon his fellow-statesmen the great need of a ship-canal from the waters of the Mississippi to those of Lake Michigan, through which light-draught war-vessels could pass into the great inland





SAULT STE. MARIE—THE CANAL

seas to protect, in time of war, the numerous settlements springing up on the shores of the western lakes. This suggestion will yet be carried out by the Federal government on a grander scale than Mr. Madison ever conceived. The Chicago Drainage Canal, twenty-two feet deep, is now completed for a distance of forty miles.

In 1824, John C. Calhoun, then Secretary of War, personally supervised the survey of the extension of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal to Pittsburg, which was first advocated by Washington. It was Mr. Calhoun's fond hope to see this canal carried on to Lake Erie, and under his direction estimates were made for the entire distance from Georgetown to Ash-tabula. The engineers reported that there was sufficient water even at the summit amply to supply a canal ten feet deep in the driest summers; but the total cost of the undertaking staggered Congress, so that the effort to make Baltimore the metropolis of America, in place of New York, came to naught.

The construction of the Manchester ship-canal in England, and other great inland waterways in the Old World, built for the sole purpose of making seaports of inland cities, has taught the keen-eyed, cautious Yankee a lesson, so that to-day almost every great city of the

North is deluging Congress with memorials pleading for ship-canal connections. Even far down South, and away out West, the people are beginning to catch the fever. Philadelphia urges upon the government at Washington the necessity of a twenty-seven-foot channel across the State of New Jersey, connecting the Quaker City with New York Harbor; Baltimore demands a similar depth across Delaware; Pittsburg is doing all in her power to raise the money necessary to complete her ship-canal from the Alleghany River to Lake Erie; Cincinnati has received encouragement from the Federal government in her desire for a deep-water channel to Toledo, and surveys have been made; Chicago urges the completion of a twenty-two-foot channel to St. Louis, as well as a canal due west from the Chicago River to the Father of Waters; Wisconsin has projected a canal across the State, connecting Lake Michigan with the Mississippi; while Minneapolis and Duluth are rejoicing over the report of the Federal engineers as to the feasibility of a ship-canal between the two cities.

New York State has called in Federal aid and advice, besides sending its own representatives to Europe for the express purpose of studying the canal systems of the Old World. The com-



SAULT STE. MARIE CANAL—HEADQUARTERS

missioners discovered that in France, along 485 miles of canals and 741 miles of rivers is transported one-third as much freight as over the railways. In Germany the conditions were the same, except that the traffic on the inland waterways was increasing much more rapidly than that of the railways. Russia, however, is the one country of the world that sets a glowing example in the economy of inland waterways. Her 34,000 miles of navigable rivers and canals carry the preponderance of her freight traffic, and the government still pursues the policy of making vast appropriations for building new canals, as well as for extending the railway systems. With a sum of money not greater in amount than our annual appropriation for pensions, Russia may construct a ship-canal twenty-nine feet deep from Riga and St. Petersburg on the Baltic, to Odessa on the Black Sea. Through this inland waterway the largest war-ships in the navy would be able to steam at the rate of eight miles an hour. The same appropriation is to complete this canal from the Neva to the North Sea, so that steamboats can be run in summer from St. Petersburg or Moscow thousands of miles into Siberia, ascending the Yenissei River even to Lake Baikal.

Further still, the surplus of this appropriation is to be used for the con-

struction of a ship-canal between the Black and Caspian seas; and next would be tackled the problem of diverting the waters of the Oxus back to its old course, so that it will again flow into the Caspian. With these two projects accomplished, the steamers that now navigate this mighty Asiatic stream—from the Sea of Aral almost to the gates of Herat, in Afghanistan—will be able to proceed with heavy cargoes into the heart of Europe.

At present America has but 18,566 miles of navigable rivers and canals; yet the marvellous possibilities of Russian inland navigation can in many respects be excelled by those of America. With an expenditure equal in amount to the appropriation for pensions by a single Congress (nearly \$300,000,000 for the two years), it has been estimated that an inland coast waterway could be made navigable for large steamers from Providence Inlet, Rhode Island, to Galveston, Texas, and the Rio Grande, on the boundary-line between the United States and Mexico. A natural waterway for almost the entire distance already exists. To perfect the route, but comparatively little work is necessary.

In fact, even now, modern torpedo-boats can pass from Narragansett Bay to a point one hundred miles south of Cape Hatteras without being compelled to



leave the inland passage at all. In April, 1900, a bill was introduced in Congress to provide for the construction of a ship-canal, 19 miles long, from Boston Harbor to Taunton River and Narragansett Bay; and another to build a free ship-canal, 30 feet deep and 13 miles long, across Maryland and Virginia, in order to connect the waters of the Chesapeake to those of the Delaware. The work to deepen the existing canal across New Jersey is not abandoned by any means; so that, as a matter of fact, practically the only extensive work that remains to

and barge traffic of late years through existing inland waterways from Fall River to the sounds of North Carolina is bringing nearer every day the construction of the missing water links that will make one continuous river along our Atlantic and Gulf seaboard. From Philadelphia to Galveston not a lock would be necessary, unless, perhaps, on the canal through Florida. There are no great engineering difficulties to be overcome, and the work already accomplished on Southern coast canals indicates that the completion of such a

series of waterways could be accomplished at a minimum cost.

In fact, the government is even now connecting by canals the various inlets on the South Carolina, Georgia, and Gulf coasts, as the traffic through some of these waterways has increased tenfold in the last decade. Across Florida, by way of the St. Johns River, Lakes Kissimmee and Okechobee, a steamboat canal is now in course of construction, while the inlets of Mississippi and Louisiana are being connected, and Houston, Texas, with the sounds that run from Galveston to the vicinity of Tampico, Mexico. The completion of such a system would still leave something over two-thirds of the appropriations we are supposed to be utilizing for other canals.



WELLAND CANAL (OLD)

be accomplished is through the Dismal Swamp. An extension made of the sound channels to Wilmington, a cut-off dug through the lowlands of North Carolina from the Cape Fear River to the Waccamaw, and the much-talked-of ship-canal across Florida from the St. Johns River by way of the Suwanee River would have to be built. Then several Louisiana swamps and bayous need to be dredged, and the coast of Texas would be reached. There are two breaks in the inlet system along the Texas coast which would have to be canalled in order to complete the system of inland coast waterway from Massachusetts to the Rio Grande, and up that river for many hundred miles to El Presidio. The remarkable increase of steamboat

The sum of \$200,000,000, it has been estimated by Federal government engineers, would complete a fifteen-foot channel between New York city and Duluth, *viâ* the enlarged Erie Canal; build the proposed ship-canals from Pittsburgh to Ashtabula, Cincinnati to Toledo, Chicago to the Mississippi, and the Duluth-Minneapolis Canal from the head of the greatest of our lakes to the navigable channel of the Father of Waters; with possibly enough left over to continue our inland waterway to the navigable head of the Red River of the North, thus opening up to steamboat traffic vast sections of the Northwest, and connecting Winnipeg Lake and Hudson Bay with the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic Ocean.

From the terminus of such a proposed canal, at the Red River of the North, in Dakota, it would be less than two hundred miles due west, over a level prairie diversified by lakes and rivers, to the upper Missouri. If such a route is practicable, the people of Montana, the Dakotas, and Wyoming will doubtless agitate until a canal connection is made, as it would, with the other suggested waterways completed, bring Fort Benton, at the foot of the Rockies, in direct steamboat and barge connection with the Hudson River, nearly three thousand miles away.

The government is spending large sums of money to make the Columbia River navigable from the Pacific Ocean to Lake Pend d'Oreille, in northern Idaho; and when this is accomplished, a distance not much greater than the length of the proposed Nicaragua Canal will separate the heads of navigation of the two great rivers, the Columbia and the Missouri, with the possibility that when the Missoula River and Lake Flathead, in Montana, are surveyed and improved, the distance will be lessened by another hundred miles or more.

Perhaps some inspired latter-day Washington is even now riding his horse along the banks of the Kootenai, dreaming of a canal through the valleys of the Rocky Mountains which will connect the waters of the Atlantic and the Pacific, and looking upon the great lakes in these mountains as heaven-born feeders of his colossal project of an all-American inter-oceanic canal. He might even reason that the 1500 feet to be ascended by lockage in the 100 miles from Fort Benton to the summit-level is no greater an engineering problem than the lift of 200 feet in five miles on the Erie Canal, or the elevation of the Black River Canal summit in New York 1100 feet above the Hudson. If such a dreaming genius is to-day wandering through these mountains with his chain and sextant, doubtless another Ericsson is somewhere perfecting machinery that will eventually make possible the plans of the dreamer.

In Canada the Dominion government has already spent twelve dollars per capita on inland waterways to our paltry fifteen cents a head for deep-water canals. It is the ceaseless energy of Canada in





building ship-canal after ship-canal, to divert the commerce of the lakes to her own territory, that has at last aroused our government to action.

Since the civil war the Canadian government had appropriated many millions of dollars to complete a fourteen-foot channel from Montreal, *viâ* the St. Lawrence River and the lakes, to Duluth. Last year the *Puerto Rico*, a steamship 250 feet in length, built in Toledo, carried her cargo *viâ* the St. Lawrence River and the Atlantic coast to New York; and this spring the Soulanges Canal was opened for traffic, thus completing a fourteen-foot channel to the ocean. Immediately Chicago and other Western capitalists invested their money in the erection of elevators at Montreal, in which to store the 35,000,000 bushels of wheat they expect the new route to divert from New York the first season.

Notwithstanding the fact that, after all her vast expenditure of treasure, the tonnage of Canadian vessels on the lakes amounted last year to but eleven per cent. of the whole, yet the undaunted Dominion contemplates spending an additional thirty million dollars to build the Montreal, Ottawa, and Georgian Bay Canal. When completed, this will bring Duluth and Chicago five hundred miles nearer to Montreal, and give the ships of those cities a direct air-line route to Liverpool, one thousand miles shorter than *viâ* New York. Nor is this the only great canal project in Canada threatening American commercial interests and the supremacy of New York's Western traffic. The Trent Canal, connecting Georgian Bay and Lake Ontario, is to be built, while the Lake Huron-Toronto project is still being agitated.

The government at Washington appointed a commissioner to ascertain the most feasible route for an American ship-canal from the Great Lakes to the Atlantic, and three routes were reported on.

The Niagara Falls Canal and Oswego route was the one advocated, although the advantages of the all-American inland canal from Buffalo were dwelt upon, and the estimated cost would be from a hundred and twenty-five millions to a quarter of a billion dollars. The larger estimate would allow for a depth of twenty-eight feet from Lake Erie to the Battery, New

York, and the estimated traffic passing through the canal proper would be 24,000,000 tons a year. The saving on freight rates was estimated at \$9,000,000 per annum. At present less than 3,000,000 tons of freight are carried on the Erie Canal during the 245 days that it is operated—a great falling off, due largely to an absurd law still in force which forbids any corporation with a capitalization of over \$50,000 doing business on the waters of the canal. Recently a Cleveland company constructed a number of steel barges especially suited for canal traffic, but they were turned back at Buffalo when it was learned that the company operating them was capitalized for a larger amount.

The Erie Canal has made New York the richest State in the Union, despite the superior mineral and other advantages of Pennsylvania. Along the Erie Canal and its branches have sprung up all of New York's great cities, and ninety per cent. of the taxes in the State are paid by the regions penetrated by the canals and their outlet, the Hudson River. The railroads have followed the canals, and the only four-tracked railroad in the world to-day parallels the Erie Canal.

The building of a ship-canal two miles long doubled, trebled, and quadrupled the traffic of the Great Lakes almost within a single decade, and sent steel rails flashing across the prairies westward from Lake Superior in every direction to gather traffic made lucrative by the improved waterway. Through the "Soo" Canal, connecting Lakes Superior and Huron, now deepened to twenty-two feet, pass yearly, during the seven or eight months of navigation, over 20,000,000 tons of freight. This is one-third of the total traffic of the Great Lakes, and nearly thrice as great as the tonnage passing through the Suez Canal. Only two per cent. of this is claimed by Canada, although opposite the American canal at Sioux City there are massive locks belonging to the Dominion.

To form an idea of the tonnage now carried on the lakes, fix in your mind that the average trip of a lake freighter is something over eight hundred miles, which must multiply the 60,000,000 tons which are loaded and unloaded at lake







PRINCIPAL CANAL REGION OF THE UNITED STATES

ports, so that the ton-miles of freight carried equals forty per cent. of the amount of ton-miles of freight carried on all the railroads of the United States during the entire year. Full cargoes of iron ore can be loaded on 7000-ton freighters at Duluth in less than three hours, and the cost for laying down the same at Buffalo is sixty cents per ton. The rate on wheat is two cents a bushel; copper ore, \$2 per ton, and twenty-five cents a ton for coal. No railroad can compete with these rates, so the railroads have taken to the lakes, and the most magnificent boats on those waters are operated by the railroads.

Pittsburg has had numerous surveys made, and is now getting ready to construct a thirty-three-million dollar waterway, sixteen feet in depth, from the junction of the Alleghany and Monongahela rivers to Lake Erie at Ashtabula. Lake steamers laden with coal will sail for Duluth, and Pittsburg hopes to become the terminus of the copper and iron ore traffic of Minnesota. The energy of Pittsburg is remarkable. Southward she has made a waterway navigable for her steamers to the heart of West Virginia by utilizing the Monongahela River; so that to-day George

Washington's original route for a waterway across the Alleghanies lacks but a hundred miles of completion. When Pittsburg has built a ship-canal to the lakes, the city will doubtless turn longing eyes toward Chesapeake Bay, and lay plans to become a seaport as well as a lake port, besides being, as at present, the greatest river shipper of New Orleans and the Gulf of Mexico.

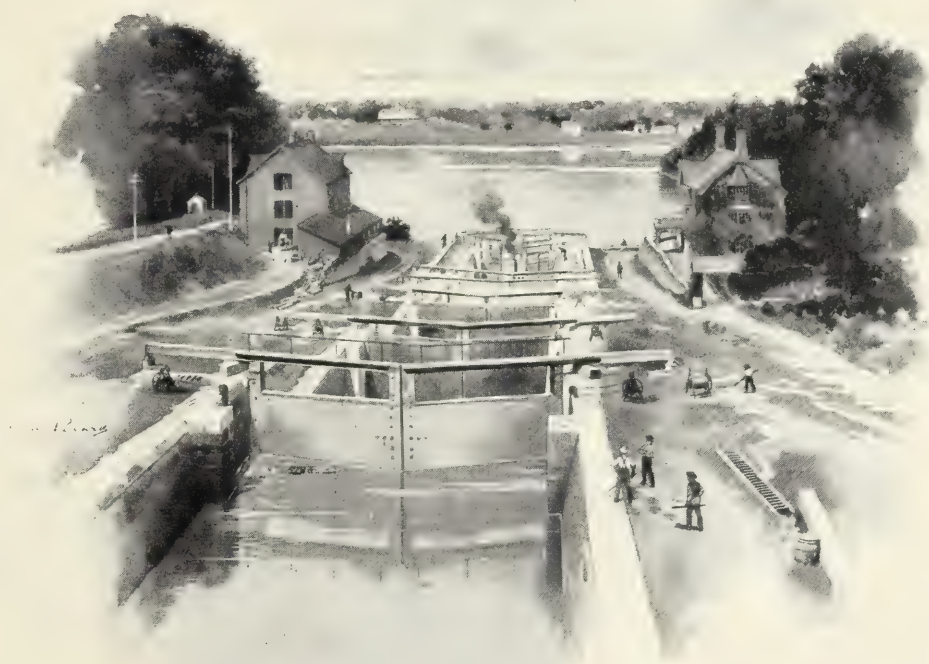
Chicago, with her accustomed independence, also has displayed great enterprise. After memorializing Congress in vain, she set to work and, at a cost of \$33,000,000, constructed forty miles of the greatest ship-canal in the world. She pauses at present to catch her second breath, and observe whether the government will continue the twenty-two-foot channel to St. Louis. Chicago's first memorial to Congress for the construction of the Hennepin Canal, from Chicago westward across the State to the Mississippi, is unique. It began by reminding our statesmen that while they had appropriated four billion dollars and sacrificed 600,000 lives to hold several States in the Union, they begrudged the few million dollars necessary to bind the reunited States together by a system of waterways that forever would make them

one commercially. The memorial concluded by quoting the following words of John C. Calhoun: "Let us bind the republic together. Let us conquer space by a perfect system of roads and canals." The government is now at work on this canal.

Wisconsin has not been so fortunate in securing government aid for her trans-State ship-canal from Green Bay to the Mississippi River. Minneapolis and Duluth, however, induced Congress to order complete surveys of all possible canal routes between the two cities, two of which have already been reported upon as feasible. The completion of either would bring lake traffic within 100 miles of the Red River of the North, and a canal a hundred miles shorter than the Erie, crossing the Red River, would connect the upper Mississippi and Missouri.

The Canadian Minister of Canals reports that, when the growth of population in the Northwest warrants the expenditure, a ship-canal will connect Winnipeg with the Great Lakes and the Atlantic Ocean, while the tributaries of Lake Winnipeg will be made navigable to the Rocky Mountains. Our upper Missouri River when canalized will parallel the proposed Canadian system. The melting snows of the mountains of Montana would provide a vast amount of water to be stored up every spring for summer use to float the grain of the country to the seaboard. Along such a river and canal route towns would necessarily spring up, the wonderful surplus water-power of Great Falls would no longer go to waste, and freight rates would be affected from Puget Sound to

the Hudson River. Just as the Erie Canal has continually lowered the tariff on every railroad from New York to Minnesota, besides saving \$200,000,000 on grain freights from the West, in the last thirty years, so would the perfection of a continued Western waterway develop the Far West, as inland navigation has built up the East. Oil from Wyoming could be profitably shipped to the East and compete with the Ohio product. A new wheat country would be developed, and the immense cattle-ranches of Montana would quadruple in value if the armies of steers could be rounded up at the water-side and driven aboard steamers for the East. It must not be forgotten that the new Erie Canal—with a depth of not more than eleven feet—will, according to the Federal engineers, lower the freight rate on grain from Duluth to New York city by fully one cent a bushel, saving consumers and shippers about \$9,000,000 a year.



RIDEAU CANAL, CANADA

What mind can conceive the miracles which would be wrought if America should spend on inland ship-canals an amount per capita equal to that which has already been expended by the Canadian government? The sum total would





WELLAND CANAL (NEW)

run well up toward a billion of dollars, and would make our country resemble a map of Mars. Major Symons, of the United States Engineer Corps, reports that steam-barges with a carrying capacity of 1500 tons can navigate safely with a depth of ten feet of water. It is such a channel he advocates across New York, at a cost of perhaps one-third that of a ship-canal. Montreal is preparing to run through her new canals a line of lake and river cattle-steamers to carry live-stock from Chicago to Montreal in four days, but little more than the schedule time of a fast freight train. Whale-back steamers carrying 4000 tons of freight need draw but fourteen feet of water—the minimum depth of the Canada canals, which at a cost of \$120,000,000 it is now proposed to deepen to eighteen feet. The indomitable courage of the Canadians' fight for lake supremacy is beginning to reap its reward. Canada's canals can now compete with the railways, and even compel the building of other lines to carry overland the commerce developed by the canals. In the United States, however, the canals of 1825 still have to compete with the railroad train of 1900. The present Erie Canal barge accommodates a capacity

equal to that of an early freight train—about 240 tons; but had the recent improvements, costing \$9,000,000, proved successful, 400-ton barges would be able to navigate the canal freely.

Our wealthiest railroad systems lie between the Atlantic and the Great Lakes. They parallel every navigable stream from Maine to Illinois. Waterways tend to build up towns and cities, the railways profiting thereby. As in Europe, where the railroads and canals are equally fostered, so it should be in America. Along every ship-canal great manufacturing plants would of necessity spring up, certain freights would go back and forth by the water route, but as the tributary country is developed, the railroads would reap by far the richer benefits. Of freight shipped from the lakes *viâ* a ship-canal, a very small percentage, it is proved by experience, would ever reach the coast; all along the route it would be distributed to interior towns, reached only by the freight train; so that the development of a deep-water canal system cannot but prove beneficial to the immense railroad interests of America, which, in the opinion of many, should be the first to welcome the new era of inland waterways.

# TWO BROTHERS

BY SEUMAS MAC MANUS

Author of "Through the Turf Smoke," "'Twas in Dhroll Donegal," etc.

I  
**R**OGER BOYLE had always been unselfish, thoughtful, and a help and a comfort to his father and mother; whereas his younger brother, Patrick, had been just the opposite.

Patrick was fonder of company than he should have been; and he went to fairs and sprees when he should have been helping his poor father and Roger, who were toiling sore upon their farm on Corrig Hill. To his mother's keen distress, he began to come home from these places very evidently the worse of drink. His father disputed with Patrick, and told him he would not own a son who brought disgrace on himself and on his people, and who would be sure to bring ill luck likewise. Then Patrick stormed, and told his father he had come of age to be responsible for himself: "I'll not be sayed by you, father, nor any wan else; I'm a chile no longer. You and me cannot agree; so it's better for us to part before matters grows worse. I have long had the notion of goin' into the wurrl' an' seein' about me, an' pushin' for meself. Pay me my share of the farm, an' give me a chance of doin' for meself. Roger, who's a home-bird, 'll remain with ye, an' help ye, an' heir the remainder."

His father sold to Ned Connolly that wing of the lower end of Corrig Hill which lay in to Ned's farm, disposed of a portion of his stock, and paid down to Patrick a hundred and fifty pounds, with which he went off to Australia. On the morning on which he went away his mother, between sobs, told Patrick that whenever he would choose to come again he would find the door on the latch—"An' och, Pathrick *a theagair!* Pathrick *mo chroidhe!* whenever you're tired iv the wurrl', or ye think the wurrl' tired iv you, come, come quickly." His father, in silent sorrow, listened acquiescent to this. Roger, too, spake no word; but

when he pressed his brother's hand the grief was big at his heart.

Roger was certainly a home-bird. The greatest journey of his life had been to Ballyshannon, eight long miles off; he had gone there once. He had never been more than four miles from home in any other direction. Yet none more than Roger loved to listen to tales of travel and adventure, and recitals of the wonders of foreign parts. In Micky Blake the shoemaker's he would sit for lee-long nights happy in hearing of wonderful places and wonderful things abroad. And when a wanderer returned, laden with store of fresh tales, he was certain to have in Roger Boyle a constant attendant at the nightly circle which encompassed his hearth. Yet, when such a one, seeing the interest manifested by Roger, said to him, "Roger, man, why don't ye take a turn abroad in the wurrl', yerself?" Roger used to hug his knees where he sat, and laugh as it were to himself at the idea. Dhrimholme was his kingdom, beyond the bounds of which he had no desire to roam; and the rest of the world was in the shape of wonderful tales.

Five years after Patrick Boyle had quitted home his father died. No news, no word, had come from Patrick in all that time. Even his poor mother, whose heart still ached, had ceased talking of him—wishful to ease others by affecting to be herself easy. Roger had centred his soul in Annie McGroary, and Annie loved him in return. But Annie was nursing a mother who would certainly be beneath the green sod within two years—and whilst still her mother lived, it was agreed that they could not marry.

When the Christmas snows were on the ground, it was, that Roger's father had been laid to rest. And when May was decking Dhrimholme, Patrick Boyle lifted the latch and entered his brother's



cottage (for all was now Roger's) again. He was both ill clad and ill cared for, and he had on him all the marks of hard living. He said, "Mother, ye toul' me to come back when I tired iv the wurrl'—an' I've come." And his mother said, "Pathrick, yer welcome was long waitin' ye." And Roger said, "Pathrick, yer hundred welcomes." That was all.

They put a decent suit of clothes upon Patrick, and fell to working on the farm as of old. As he and Roger wrought for long days side by side, he held Roger entranced with tale after tale of the world beyond. He had crossed many lands, and sailed many seas, and his stock of wonders and adventures seemed unending. Now Roger felt doubly glad his brother had come again.

After having wrought up his brother's enthusiasm about foreign parts, Patrick one day said, "Roger, why is it yer don't take a notion iv goin' to see the wurrl' for yerself?" Roger shook his head sagely. "No, no," he said. "I've gone as far abroad as Ballyshanny, an' that's far enough for me." Patrick, at this, laughed a hard laugh: "Ha! ha! ha! ha! An' sure, if ye lived to the age iv Methusalem, what good would it do ye? Ye'll niver see life here, at the back iv God-speed." All the temptations that had ever before been laid before Roger to induce him to go out into the world had not had the slightest effect in shaking his firm faith in that home-world was for him all the world; with one smile he could turn them all aside. But that one hard, hollow, worldly-wise laugh of his brother was strong beyond all the arguments of all his tempters, strong to strike at the very roots of his simple faith; and in the same instant Roger's life-long beliefs tottered.

Uneasiness—an evil which Roger had never before known—took possession of him. Patrick saw this. He told more wonderful tales now; whilst Roger listened, not with the same healthy, happy relish that he before did, but rather with the nervous intensity with which a miser would hearken to tales of buried hoards.

For three days Roger was deeply reflective. Then he said, "You know well, Pathrick, I *must* content meself now with as much iv the wurrl' as I can see from Corrig Hill here." He sighed when he said it. For reply Patrick mere-

ly laughed again the same evil laugh. "An' why mustn't I?" Roger said, stopping his spade. Patrick stopped his spade and looked at him. "B—But why *must* ye?" he said. "Ye have a free foot, an' a fella for it." "That I haven't, Pathrick. Here's the farm; there's me mother; and—and—" "Thonder [yonder] 's Annie McGroary," Patrick said, finishing it for him. "All that's John Tamson's news. The farm 'ont run away; I think I know how to watch it. Our mother 'ill manage to live till ye come back. Annie McGroary 'ill only know how to vally ye by yer bein' away from her for a while."

For another three days Roger Boyle did not speak on this subject—and spoke very little on any other. Patrick, too, studiously avoided it. On the fourth day, as both of them were digging potato-sheighs, for shovelling, Roger ceased work and abruptly said, "How should a man set about seein' life, Pathrick?" "Go to Glasgow," Patrick said; "there's vessels from there goin' to all arts an' parts; join wan i' them as firesman to the other en' i' the wurrl'. Afther that join another to another quarther, an' so on. There's no aisier nor better way iv seein' life. Ye'll have tales to tell, all yer days afther."

A few mornings after that Roger took a hurried farewell. "Mother a *thaisge*," he said to his wailing mother, "don't go on that way. I'm goin' to take three years to meself afore I settle down with ye for good an' all. Sure if I lived to the age iv Methusalim *I'd niver see life here*. Good-by!" "Three years, Annie, only three years," he assured his heart-breaking sweetheart as he kissed her good-by. "I'd niver see life here," he added, "if I lived to the age iv Methusalim." Patrick promised to watch faithfully over the three charges about which Roger was most solicitous; Roger gave him a parting grasp, and was gone to see life.

## II

A sorry specimen of a tramp, way-worn and ragged like his kind, wandered into Dhrimholme one May day. He begged a drink at Norah McGoldrick's. She gave him a good bowl of milk; and when he had drunk this he said, plaintively: "Won't ye let me have some-thin' to ate? I'm hungry." And he was

looking wistfully at a little stack of potatoes that were half covered in the ashes, awaiting the return of the children from school. Norah, kind-hearted ever, took a good share of what should have been the children's, and placed them on the table, and put down also the tail of a herring and a bowl of thick-milk. "Dhrav forrid an' ate," she said to the tramp. He ate like one who had not had a full meal for a long time. Norah was outside the house feeding the chickens when he, having finished his meal, came out. He leant his back against the house, and watched the chickens squabble about tit-bits. After a while he asked, "Was there ever any wan named Boyle in these parts—Roger Boyle?"

"Roger Boyle? Yes," Norah said. "There was oul' Roger (God rest him!), who died more nor a score i' years ago, I should say, now. He lived at the foot iv Corrig Hill beyont. An' then there was his son Roger—a modest boy, an' a wise wan only for whatever come over him—an' he left the country the summer after his poor father died—went off, as he sayed himself, 'to see life,' an' hasn't been seen or heerd of since, barrin' wanst—an' that's now more nor a score i' years ago—that young Micky Ailsie's son Jimmy, who's in New Zealan', wrote home an' sayed a poor falla who was a *spec-tacle* in rags begged a copper off him in the streets iv Dunaidin, an' that he could swear it was Roger Boyle iv Corrig; an' another time, about eighteen months after, Bryan Connolly, iv Mullaghy, see him an' a lot of saymen carted away dead dhrunk out iv a low saloon in Orlains. Why do ye ax? Did you iver come across him?"

The tramp hobbled over to the little gate in front of the door, and now leant against that, and looked at the chickens.

"Yis, I did meet him," he said.

"Ye don't say it! Is he alive, poor sowl?" Norah came and sat on an up-turned tub by the other side of the gate, and looked up to him eagerly.

"He had a brother, he toul' me, here."

"He had—Pathrick—an' has still. Is Roger himself alive? or where is he?"

"An' he talked iv a sweetheart."

"Yis, then; Annie McGroary. Roger wasn't fifteen months gone when she married his brother Pathrick."

"An', if I recollect, a mother, too."

"God rest poor Gracie Boyle! She was as good as goold. She done no good afther young Roger left. She fretted for some years, an' then died hopeless. God rest her!"

The tramp opened the gate to depart. But Norah McGoldrick held him back.

"Don' go away like that," she said, "till ye tell me what ye know about Roger Boyle. Come back in. Sait yerself down there." She forced him down upon the seat from which she had just risen; and she, herself, stood with her back to the gate. "I axed ye is Roger Boyle dead or livin', an' where or how did you see him?"

"Dead—or—livin'! ha! Roger Boyle's dead long ago, ma'am—dead as a nail in a coffin."

"May God have forgiven him!"

"Amen!" the tramp said, lowly and soulfully.

Norah looked at him, and saw him shake his head, his gaze fixed upon the ground.

"He *did* turn out a bad one?"

"Bad—bad," the tramp said. "Bad as the worst of us."

"When did he die? Tell me about him. What did you know iv him?"

"I met him many times, in many places; we were for years together on the same boats; he often toul' me about himself.

"It was the divil, he sayed, in an ill hour put it intil his head to laive his quiet home. The divil put it intil his head that he ought to go out into the wurrl' for a little while an' 'see life.' Oh, the black curse upon that 'life' that innocent an' happy young men think they must go an' see! The black, black curse on it! Roger toul' me he joined in Glasgow a boat goin' up the Med'arainian Say. Afore he was three days out an' found the ungodly pack he had fallen in with he cursed the day iver he left home, an' made up his mind to return straight home as soon as he got back off that run. But be the time he got back he was already a changed man. He had seen life at some Italian ports, an' he was now doubly bent on seein' more. He voyaged to London, an' he voyaged to Liverpool, an' tasted life at both them places; an' then he joined a boat to Quay-



bec; an' from that to New Orleans. Then he went Aist an' West, an' North an' South. He was gettin' hardener every thrip. Thoughts iv his home an' his mother, an'—his girl, used to come up in spite iv him, an' torment him so that he cursed home, an' was always glad to fly to the liquor to dhrive away the very thoughts iv it from him entirely. Two years afther he left home it was little the thoughts iv it throubled him. There wasn't then many wickeder or more hardened men than Roger Boyle aboard the ships that sailed the says. Six months jail he got in Jamaicky, for broachin' a cargo iv whiskey goin' there, made him a complete scoundhril out an' out. An' he knew the inside of many's the jail in many's the corner iv the wurrl' afther. I was in jail with him meself, more nor wanst an' more nor five times. I'll tell ye the truth. I was very near as bad a man as him, meself.

"For upwards iv twelve years that was the sort iv life Roger Boyle led. But five years ago a lot iv us were carousin' in a low den in a port in Thrinidad iv the West Indias, and a row got up (as often there did afore), an' Roger not only had several of his bones broken, but was sthruck over the head with a bottle an' knocked senseless. He come to, in hospital, but tuk a brain-faiver out iv it, an' just only escaped daith be a meracle. I used to call to see him often, be raison we wor oul' pals. It was nuns was nursin' him. When he got better iv the faiver he was so waik an' spent that it was two months afore he was fit to laive the hospital. Be that time the poor nuns had made Roger Boyle an althered man in his heart. When he was ready to laive the hospital, they offered to get him a passage for home, if he'd consent to go. But no, no! No home, he sayed, for him. He wouldn't dare to venture next or near there. He actually stole away from the hospital for fear they'd overcome him.

"But he was fit neither to work nor want. He somehow or other got his way made to the States, an' he lived there as best he could (an' that's sayin' little), thrampin' aist an' west, askin' a bit off this wan an' that, an' gettin' it for God's sake, or for gettin' redd iv him."

"Och! Och! Roger Boyle!" Norah

said, with her eyes fixed on the thatched eave. "God was good to poor Gracie Boyle that tuk her away without givin' her to know the gracelessness iv her son. But ye say Roger died?"

"Ay, he died, I'm toul', somewhere West, not long since. Ye can tell his brother. *He* wouldn't fancy the likes i' me goin' an' tellin' him I was his brother's cummerade. But I fell in with Roger, meself, two years ago this summer, at Philadelphia. We had a chat together. He toul' me that since he left the hospital at Thrinidad an' the good nuns there he was an althered man, an' beyont beggin' his bit, done little that he could be sorry for. He intended with God's help, he sayed, so to remain. He still dar'd not come here, for he dhreaded what he might find; an', moreover, the very looks iv him, he sayed (for indeed he looked as frightsome as meself), would bring disgrace on them belongin' to him that wor dead, an' bring the blush iv shame to the cheeks iv any that lived. But he toul' me, siz he, 'I expect the poor mother that loved me is long since in her cowl' grave—an' may be, indeed, Annie McGroary too. But even so,' siz he, 'I would barther all remains to me iv me days for wan good hearty cry on top iv Corrig Hill, an' lookin' down at the tide full in.' Poor—Roger—Boyle, God rest ye, an' forgive ye!"

Norah McGoldrick could not either detain the old tramp or get him to consent to call on Patrick Boyle.

On that afternoon Patrick Boyle's two youngest children came home and told that there was an old, ragged, bad-looking fellow sitting on top of their hill. They said he had beckoned them to him, and they ran for their lives. Patrick Boyle went out and set the dog on him—and afterwards related to Annie how that Bounce had overtaken the tramp as he went through the hedge, and given him a good worrying. Annie said, "Pathrick, ye should be more marciful to poor craitures"; and Patrick replied, "Damn them, what business have they comin' here?"

"We wor goin' down to bathe, bekase there was a lovely tide," the children told; "an' when we come over the ditch an' found him sittin', the man was wipin' his eyes with his raggedy sleeve."

# THE DRAWER

## WITH THE LIBRETTI

### II.—LOHENGRIN

BY ANNE WARRINGTON WITHERUP

ON my way out of the Castle of Wartzburg, after my interesting chat with Tannhäuser, the gas-man having failed properly to light the corridors, I stumbled over a curious-looking vehicle, which I at first took to be a small boy's sled, but which subsequently turned out to be nothing but the highly ornate skiff in which the famous Lohengrin travels when off on his opera tours. The force of the impact between my ankle-bone and the dashboard reminded me that the perils of interviewing vocal celebrities with a careless habit of leaving their scenery on the floor might be minimized somewhat by killing two birds with one stone. So while I soothed my injured ankle I summoned a supernumerary, and requested him to take my card to the owner of the vessel.

"I should be very glad indeed to do so," he replied, courteously, in Italian, "but Herr Lohengrin is not in this afternoon. He has gone up to the Riverside Drive," he explained, "to try a new pair of thoroughbreds."

"Ah!" said I. "I didn't know he was fond of horseflesh."

"Well, he isn't, so why should you?" returned the super. "He particularly hates horses. These are ostriches he is trying. He's got so used to driving birds, you see, that it makes him timid going about the city streets behind a horse; and the Audubon Society objects to his using the operative squab that pulled his swansom around after his original bird turned out to be the heir-apparent incog.; so he's looking about for a pair of birds strong enough for the work. They said it was all right to use the squab for stage purposes, but in view of the condi-

tion of the city streets they thought it was too much to ask so small a bird to haul a cab."

"They were quite right," said I, in a sympathetic tone.

"They were indeed," carolled the supernumerary, whom I now recognized as the Innkeeper who bustles about the Nuremberg Square purveying invisible liquids to followers of Valentine in *Faust*. "I some-

times think those Audubon people go a little too far," he added, "when they object to using birds for matinée hats—for it is the manifest destiny of a bird to decorate a bonnet—but when they restrain people from turning 'em into draught-horses, they are clearly in the right."

I rose up to leave, requesting the Innkeeper to see that my card reached Lohengrin on his return, which he promised to do. That he was faithful to his trust I was soon to discover, for while at breakfast the following morning a very handsome canvas-back duck waddled into my apartments,

holding a dainty note in his bill, which investigation showed was addressed to me. It was from Lohengrin.

"Sit down," I said, politely, to the bird, as I opened the envelope—for I was not at all sure that the feathered messenger was not a disguised nobleman of some sort or other, and I wished to treat him courteously and with due respect to his rank. "Help yourself to the canary-seed," I added, thinking he might be hungry, and not knowing what else to offer him. It would have been absurd to invite him to join me in a boiled egg, which was the only other edible I had at hand at the moment. I then turn-



"I Stumbled Over A Curious-Looking Vehicle"



ed my attention to the note, which read as follows:

*Herr Lohengrin presents his compliments to Miss Witherup, and regrets exceedingly that he was not in when she called. If Miss Witherup desires to repeat the call, Herr Lohengrin takes pleasure in saying that he will be at home Tuesday morning next between the hours of eleven and one. A reply by the bearer, who strictly in confidence is his Grace the Duke of Schleswig-Hochstine in disguise, will apprise Herr Lohengrin of Miss Witherup's acceptance.*

Jan. 9, 1899.

Wasn't I glad I had treated the honorable messenger with due courtesy! The experience ought to teach all who read that it always pays to be kind to one's feathered friends. One never can tell who or what a bird may turn out to be. I of course accepted Lohengrin's invitation, dashing off a hurried note to that effect, and handing it to the Duke of Schleswig-Hochstine, who, with a courteous wink of farewell, waddled majestically out of the house. I listened fearsomely as he went down stairs and forth into the world, for in the flat below mine lives a renowned sportsman, who enjoys nothing more than a shot at a stray canvasback, living or roasted.

On the following Tuesday morning, arrayed in a rich costume which I hired for the occasion from one who deals in that sort of thing on Fourteenth Street, and which was, in short, nothing less than the wedding-gown of Elsa of Brabant, I called at the opera-house, and was ushered into the presence of Lohengrin. I regretted to find him suffering from a severe cold.

"I came very near sending word to you by my Private Secretary, the Duke of Schleswig-Hochstine," he said, hoarsely, "that I must ask you either to defer your visit, or to interview my understudy. I have a very severe attack of bronchitis, due to my imprudence the other afternoon in speeding my ostriches on the new drive, clad in my nickel-plated walking suit. I should have worn something heavier. Nickel plate is all very well in its way,

but it is rather thin for the sort of weather we are having."

"You are not used to the rapid changes of the American climate," I suggested.

"I am indeed not," said he. "If I had known more about your climate before I came, I should have brought my porcelain-lined sheet-iron overcoat with me, and a soapstone muffler. There's nothing like soapstone for retaining heat. Furthermore, I am very lame about the shoulders. The intense cold contracted my armor so much that before I got home I was in imminent danger of being squeezed to death."

"That," said I, demurely, "is one of the penalties of being a tenor."

Lohengrin smiled. "Yet I have never been squeezed to death," said he.

"Because your nature has certain god-like attributes," said I. "Perhaps if you wore less adamant garments—"

"Pray do not speculate upon it," cried Lohengrin, rising, and looking at himself in the effulgent depths of his highly polished zinc smoking-jacket, which hung by the fireplace. "I like being immortal, Miss Witherup, which is why I am always apprehensive at matinées, and—ah—at interviews," he continued, with a great show of delicacy. "If I am ever killed, it will be by—ah—kindness—or—ah—appreciation."

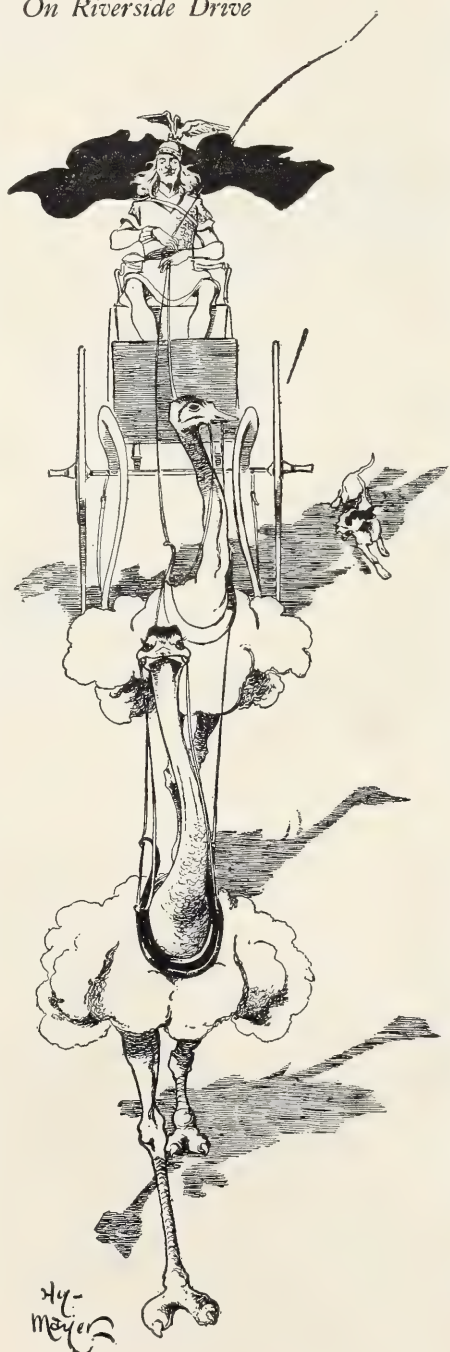
"You need have no fear of me, Herr Lohengrin," said I, with a toss of my head of which I am proud, it showed such maidenly reserve. "When a woman takes up journalism, she regards men merely as copy. As far as I am concerned, you and your whole sex are not men, but space. If you fill a paragraph, I like you. If you fill half a column, I admire you. If you fill a column, you have my gratitude—"

"And if I fill the whole newspaper?" he cried, interrupting me.

"You can't," said I, dryly. "A Sunday newspaper, Herr Lohengrin, can't be filled by any single person any more than it can be read by one. That is how it happens that our Sunday edition is known as the 'family paper.' It takes a family—and a moderately large family at that—to read it."

The hero seemed relieved by my statement, and sat down again, moving his

On Riverside Drive





chair perceptibly nearer to mine—whereat I moved perceptibly farther away. I am frankly afraid of these godlike personages, particularly when, not satisfied with godlikenesses and its perquisites, they go about earning \$1500 a day by singing.

"And in what way may I give myself the pleasure of serving you?" he said, noting my reserve, and shrugging his shoulders.

"I wanted to ask about your history and your motives—your platform, as we Americans call it. You were the son of Parsifal, I believe?"

"So I am told," said Lohengrin. "Though to tell you the truth, I have always travelled more on my voice than on my ancestry. Not, I beg you to understand, that I am ashamed of my father—far from it, even if he was known as 'Der reine Thor'—the guileless fool.

But I believe in a man being himself, don't you know. That's one reason why I set out to make my own way in the world."

"It is said that you were in search of the Grail," I put in. Lohengrin laughed musically.

"I know," he replied. "That was the fashionable excuse for leaving home at the time. Every man who thought it well to disappear for a period would go out in search of the Grail. To-day your young men go to the Klondike; ten years ago, before the extradition treaty between England and the United States was in operation, they went to Canada; so with us. Whatever the necessity or the lack of it for leaving home, it was a search for the Grail, or the Golden Fleece, or something of the sort, that was our alleged purpose."



"'Help Yourself To The Canary-Seed,' I Added"

"I see," said I, hoarsely, for the confession was a shock to me. One does not like to have one's ideals rudely shattered thus. "Would you mind telling me, Mr. Lohengrin, what you individually were really out for?"

"Certainly not. I have nothing to conceal," he replied. "Why deny that my profession is my all in all? I was looking for an engagement as a first tenor, and as you must be aware, I got it, and I am to-day in far better circumstances than my father, old Parsifal, or Siegfried, or any of the members of the Nibelungen Ring, which, next to the Tweed Ring, is about as rapacious a circle as I have ever met in or out of mythological circles."

"And your first engagement?" I asked.

"Was in Brabant," replied Lohengrin. "And it came to me entirely by accident. I was speeding my swan on the river one morning when I heard

an advertisement being played in the distance for a competent first tenor to come and get a prima donna out of trouble. It seems a certain wicked contralto was jealous of her, and with the aid of a rejected barytone was persecuting her unmercifully; and while the manager was favorably disposed, he couldn't quite ignore the charge that the prima donna had made way with one of the younger members of the ballet, so he decided to arbitrate, and leave the issue to the first tenor that came along. You have no idea, Miss Witherup," Lohengrin put in parenthetically, "how these opera-managers have to trim to keep harmony in their companies—and without harmony where would opera be?"

"In Boston, I suppose," said I.

"Very true," said Lohengrin. "But you must remember that at that time Boston had not been invented. But to come back to the story. I didn't pay much attention to the Herald ad. at first."

"I beg pardon," said I. "But to what, did you say?"

"The Herald ad.," returned the son of Parsifal. "Everybody advertised through the Herald in those days, you know. You hired a Herald with a trumpet and he blew for you. It was the real thing then," Lohengrin said, with a sigh. "But, as I say, I didn't pay any attention to the advertisement until the third time, and then I made up my mind that they wanted a first tenor



The Interview



in the worst way. That, of course, meant that they were *in extremis*, as we say in Poland, and when people are *in extremis* there's no limit to the salary they are willing to pay. So I naturally answered the advertisement. Making an observation to my educated swan, I turned him down the river instead of up as I intended, and soon found myself in the presence of a very well-equipped but much embarrassed opera troupe. They were to all intents and purposes stranded. Even their scenery had been dumped on the river-bank. The chorus was, as usual, well fed and flat, but the principals were pretty well found vocally, and I decided as I listened to their performance as I rode up and down the windings of the devious stream that they were all right, although certain false notes in the chorus seemed to make my swan somewhat balky."

I was in a trance by this time. So I simply said, "Go on, Herr Lohengrin," as he paused for the expected hand-clapping.

"Urging Hector on—I always call my swans Hector," Lohengrin continued, "I finally reached the wharf about which the troupe was gathered. But instead of immediately applying for a position, I put on a lordly air, such as the son of Parsifal—an old operatic hand—might naturally be expected to assume, and in dismissing my cab sang a rather fetching song to my horse—I mean my swan. This took everybody by storm, and at once made an enemy of the contralto and the barytone. The prima donna, however, whose work, of course, is never properly valued without a tenor's assistance, immediately flew to my arms, and before I knew it I had to fight the barytone on her behalf. Of course I did him up—"

"Of course you did. You had a sword that no one could overcome," I said, disgusted somewhat to find Lohengrin so intensely modern.

"That was my strong point," returned Lohengrin. "Every time I shook that old tin thing it emitted a note that put the other fellow entirely out. When this barytone, Sig. Telramundi, or Telramond, as you people call him, tried to fight me and sing at the same time, I had him. Indeed, among the operatic folk that sword is in-

vincible. It gives out a note when shaken which cannot be found on any instrument, and in consequence any one who holds it on the stage can rattle every other member of the company by merely waving it."

"I am beginning to understand," said I, sadly. "But why did you marry Elsa?" I added.

"I had to," said Lohengrin. "I didn't want to—that is, not particularly. Tenors lose the interest of the public after they are married. Besides, if I ever married, I wanted to marry a woman with no voice at all. Then there could be no professional jealousy introduced where merely marital in-

felicity is expected. If I had really loved Elsa, do you think, in the second act, where Telramundi tried to keep her from walking into the church, I would have failed to twist his neck?"

"I've always wondered why you went around talking to chorus girls instead of looking after your bride at your wedding," said I.

"I didn't want a row in public, that's why," said Lohengrin. "I fixed Telramundi all right later on. Don't you remember when four members of the chorus led by Telramundi rushed in to destroy my honeymoon?"

"I do," said I.

"I shook my discordant sword at Telramundi just as he was going to sing, and the shock killed him," said Lohengrin. "He couldn't sing a note after he heard that note."

"But why not have killed all the assassins?" I asked, dryly.

"One was enough. I'm not vindictive," replied the tenor; "and besides, I wished to leave four men to carry the dead one out. Bodies are very distressing to have strewn about one's apartments, Miss Witherup."

Herr Lohengrin rolled a cigarette with a nonchalance that roused my anger.

"And you broke up what promised to be a happy marriage by refusing to tell your wife who you were," I said, scornfully.

The tenor shrugged his shoulders. "That all depends upon what you call a happy marriage, madame," he said. "In opera you will observe that the tenor is rarely allowed to marry the soprano. One or both of them must die during the engagement."



"I Heard An Advertisement Being Played"

Once, as in my case, the tenor marries the lady, but the composer immediately repents, and brings about an immediate separation. All of this must be for some reason. Romeo does not attempt domestic life with Juliet. My friend Tannhäuser did not try love in a cottage with Elizabeth. Othello lived with Desdemona, and you know the results. What are the facts of history? A tenor and a prima donna cannot live together. That is all. I married a prima donna, and I knew from the beginning that we could not live happily, not only because I had read the libretto, but because we were vocally unsympathetic. Suppose we had both wanted the piano at the same time? Suppose my salary had been—as it was—greater than hers? It was impossible. Life would have been one long dream of professional jealousy.”

“But why were you unwilling to give her your name? Were you under indictment anywhere?” I demanded.

“It was in the interests of the company,” he explained. “I was afraid if she knew who I was she’d be jealous right away.”

“Why should she be?” I asked.

“Because, Miss Witherup,” said Lohengrin, impressively, “in the opera of *Lohengrin*, Lohengrin is much more important than Elsa, and knowing this, I did not wish—”

“I never credited you with so much delicacy, Herr Lohengrin,” I cried, springing up, and rushing off into the wings, where I again stumbled in the dark, but was saved from falling by an individual who, when I thanked him for assistance, gave me his card, which had printed upon it the name of Siegfried.

### REFORMING A BURGLAR.

“FEW people,” remarked Judge Crabtree, “realize the hardships of the burglar’s life—the long, dark hours, the high price of good jimmies, the poor pictures of themselves in the sensational newspapers. Then there are minor vexations.

“I remember one night when I lived in Syracuse. I was awakened at the dark and unthinkable hour of 1.30 A.M. by a noise. It was in the fall, and the political situation was critical. ‘Ah,’ said I to myself, ‘it is a delegation of my fellow-citizens coming to ask me to take the reins of civil government and guide Syracuse to higher and saltier things.’ The demonstration seemed to be mainly in the rear, which I readily accounted for with the explanation that my friends had surrounded the house so that I might not escape them. I accordingly poked my head out a second-story back window expecting to look down upon the regulation sea of upturned faces. A big, dark-colored burglar was jimmying my laundry window.

“My heart beat wildly and fluttered against the manuscript of a speech which I had prepared for the occasion several weeks before and which was in my night-shirt pocket. My first thought was to throw the manuscript at the burglar and perhaps inflict fatal injuries. Then it occurred to me that every citizen would in a few days be needed at the polls. I withdrew my head and tapped my brow sagely.

“The marauder was already half in the window. I knew of course that he would make his way to the dining-room in quest of my silverware. There was a door through which he must pass leading from the laundry to the cellar stairs. As he opened this door his right ear would be only about a foot from a speaking-tube, the other end of which was in the hall behind me. I determined to speak to that burglar as one man speaking to another. ‘What is position?’ said I to myself. ‘We are all brothers. Away with caste! A man’s a man for a’

that.’ Besides, there was his vote. He might belong to the other party after all, the so-called reformers. Perhaps I could persuade him to come over to the side of the true reformers.

“As I walked along the hall the business aspect also struck me. Why not suggest to the fellow that if he would give me a reasonable retainer that I would defend him in court? But the moral duty I owed him prevailed. ‘I will say things to that misguided man that may do him good,’ I remarked. ‘I will say this to him: “Be good, my child, and let who will be clever.” Maybe it will be best to frighten him by remarking in a hollow voice: “Burgle not!” Anyhow, I’ll quote the saying about Satan and idle hands.’ It occurred to me, also, that perhaps I could touch his artistic side by giving him Hamlet’s soliloquy. The idea of song likewise struck me, and a clear tenor rendition, per tube, of ‘Where Is My Wandering Boy To-night,’ I thought, might have its effect.

“By this time I had reached the tube. I listened and heard his hand on the latch. The first thing, of course, in speaking through a tube to a person is to attract his attention with the whistle. My chest measure is large, and my lung capacity not inconsiderable. I threw back my shoulders and drew in a vast volume of the heavy night air. Then I fitted my lips close to the tube. I was nervous and excited, and I blew like mighty Boreas. The strange, wild shriek of that laundry whistle came back up the tube like the wail of a prehistoric monster. It suddenly struck me that I had overdone matters and perhaps alarmed the man. I ran to the back window. What seemed like a dark, billowing, endless piece of stair carpet reached away from my laundry window, across back yards and away into the unknown distance. It was that burglar ‘seeking safety in flight.’ The billows were produced by his bounds over fences and other high objects. I returned to my bed.”

H. C.



## THE SUBTILTY OF SPEECH.

IN one of the hill parishes of Louisiana a colored man was being tried for killing another in a quarrel growing out of a game of "craps" played in front of a country store. One of the State's most important witnesses was an aged colored farmer, Stephen Easy, whom everybody respected, and who lived near the store and had seen the homicide. The District Attorney was an experienced and forcible prosecutor, who knew well how to handle the colored witness.

When the trial had progressed to the proper stage, the District Attorney called Easy to the witness-stand, and after the oath had been administered, said to him in a familiar and assuring tone,

"Uncle Steve, you live near the 'Starlight' store, don't you?"

"Yas, suh, Kunnul, jes in sight, a sho't walk fum de sto'," replied the witness.

"You saw this fight in which Dorsey was killed at the store on the last Saturday evening, didn't you?"

"Yas, suh, I seed it."

"Then sit up straighter, Uncle Steve, don't bend down so low, and in as few words as possible tell the jury what you saw of that killing. It is getting late."

"I can't set up much mo' straighter, Kunnul! it's age and rheumatics bends me down."

"All right, Uncle Steve; just speak out loud and tell what you saw at the store, and nothing more."

"Yas, suh, Kunnul; I swar to tell de truf en nuffin but de truf, en de truf is all I's gwine to tell."

"Well, proceed."

"Yar, suh. 'Twar Satudy. I ploughed late twell sundown. When de sun was set I onhitched de mule en druv him up to de lot en turn him loose. Arftah I turn de mule in de lot I went in ma cabin en ma old 'oman she gib me ma suppa. When I finish ma suppa, I gits up en says to ma ole 'oman, 'I's gwine oba to de sto',' says I. I walks out toads de road, en when I gits to de gate ma ole 'oman she calls out, says she, 'Steben!' Says I, 'Hoo!' Says she, 'When you comes fum de sto' don' you fogit to fetch some poke meat en some meal en some lahd,' says she."

"Come, come, Uncle Steve, this will never do!" broke in the prosecutor. "What happened at your place or what you and your old woman said has no bearing on this case. It isn't evidence, we don't want to hear it, and you are wasting everybody's time telling it. The Court and jury only want to know what you heard and saw at the store—what you know of the killing—nothing else. Come right down to that and make it short."

"Yas, suh, Kunnul," said the old man, bowing profoundly; "dat's jes what I's gwine to do—tell what I knows 'bout de killin', de truf en nuffin but de truf. 'Twar Satudy. I ploughed late twell sundown. When de sun was set I onhitched de mule en druv him up to de lot en turn him loose. Arftah I turn de mule in de lot, I went in ma cabin

en ma ole 'oman she gib me ma suppa. When I finish ma suppa, I gits up en says to ma ole 'oman, 'I's gwine oba to de sto',' says I. I walks out to'ads de road, en when I gits to de gate ma ole 'oman she calls out, says she, 'Steben!' Says I, 'Hoo!' Says she, 'When you comes fum de sto' don' you fogit to fetch some poke meat en some meal en some lahd,' says she, en—"

"Oh, look here, old man, this must stop," said the District Attorney, sharply. "I told you plainly enough that you were to tell only what you know of the killing, what you saw and heard at the store. Now leave off all you and your wife said about pork meat and meal and lard, and tell what you heard and saw after you arrived at the store. I request your Honor," addressing the Judge, "to instruct and caution the witness."

"Uncle Stephen"—the Judge spoke kindly but firmly—"you are sworn to testify only what you personally know concerning the killing of the man Dorsey. You surely have sufficient intelligence to understand that a conversation at your cabin between you and your wife about pork meat and meal and lard has no relation to the killing at the store, and you are wasting the Court's time and putting the public to useless expense in telling it. I instruct you to omit all conversation between yourself and your wife, and to tell only what you personally know of the killing of Dorsey. You must heed the Court's instruction."

Uncle Stephen looked humbled and worried, and in perplexity scratched his wrinkled forehead with his thumb. Then making a deep obeisance to the Judge, he said:

"Yas, suh, Jedge, yo' Honah, I heeds de constructions ob de Co't. I's gwine to tell what I know 'bout de killin', de truf en nuffin but de truf dat's what I swar to do, dat's all I's gwine to do. Thankee, suh. 'Twar Satudy. I ploughed twell sundown. When de sun was set I onhitched de mule en druv him up to de lot en turn him loose. Arftah I turn de mule in de lot, I went in ma cabin en ma ole 'oman she gib me ma suppa. When I finish ma suppa, I gits up en says to ma ole 'oman, 'I's gwine oba to de sto',' says I. I walks out to'ads de road, en when I gits to de gate ma ole 'oman she calls out, says she, 'Steben!' Says I, 'Hoo!' Says she, 'When you comes fum de sto' don' you fogit to fetch some—'"

"Old man," roared the infuriated Judge, "if you say pork meat, meal, and lard again I will commit you to the parish prison for contempt of court."

Uncle Stephen dodged and crouched as if a bottle had been thrown at his head, and then peering up with the most winsome and childlike expression of innocence in his shining black face, said, soothingly,

"Lawd bress yo' heajt, Jedge, yo' Honah. I wa'n't gwine to say poke meat, meal, en lahd dis time—I war gwine to say *purvisions!*"

This was too much. The assemblage was convulsed. It was concluded best to let Uncle Stephen tell his story in his own way.

T. H. THORPE.





## THE GOLFER'S CALENDAR—OCTOBER

Now October cool invites us,  
All the world is out to play;  
From behind young Swiper smites us,  
And old Dormie blocks the way.





"Ach, my serious art de peobles dey vill not puy. I know not vot I do to make my life."  
 "Why dond you try de papers vot haff dé comical pictures?"  
 "Vot; I make of myselluf an object to be laughed upon? Neffer!"

## THE REMARK OF THE INOFFENSIVE CLOCK

BY GUY WETMORE CARRYL

UPON a stairway built of brick  
 A pleasant-featured clock  
 From time to time would murmur "Tick!"  
 And vary it with "Tock!"  
 Although no great intelligence  
 There lay in either word,  
 They were not meant to give offence  
 To any one who heard.

Within the pantry of the house,  
 Among some piles of cheese,  
 There dwelt an irritable mouse,  
 Extremely hard to please.  
 His appetite was most immense:  
 Each day he ate a wedge  
 Of Stilton cheese. In consequence,  
 His nerves were all on edge.

With ill-concealed impatience he,  
 Upon his morning walk,  
 Had heard the clock unceasingly  
 Monotonously talk,  
 Until his rage burst every bound.  
 He gave a fretful shout:  
 "Well, sakes alive! It's time I found  
 What all this talk's about!"

Then with the admirable skill  
 That marks the rodent race,  
 The mouse ran up the clock until  
 He'd crept behind the face;

And there, with words that no one ought  
 To use, and scornful squeals,  
 He cried aloud: "Just what I thought!  
 Great oaf, you're full of wheels!"

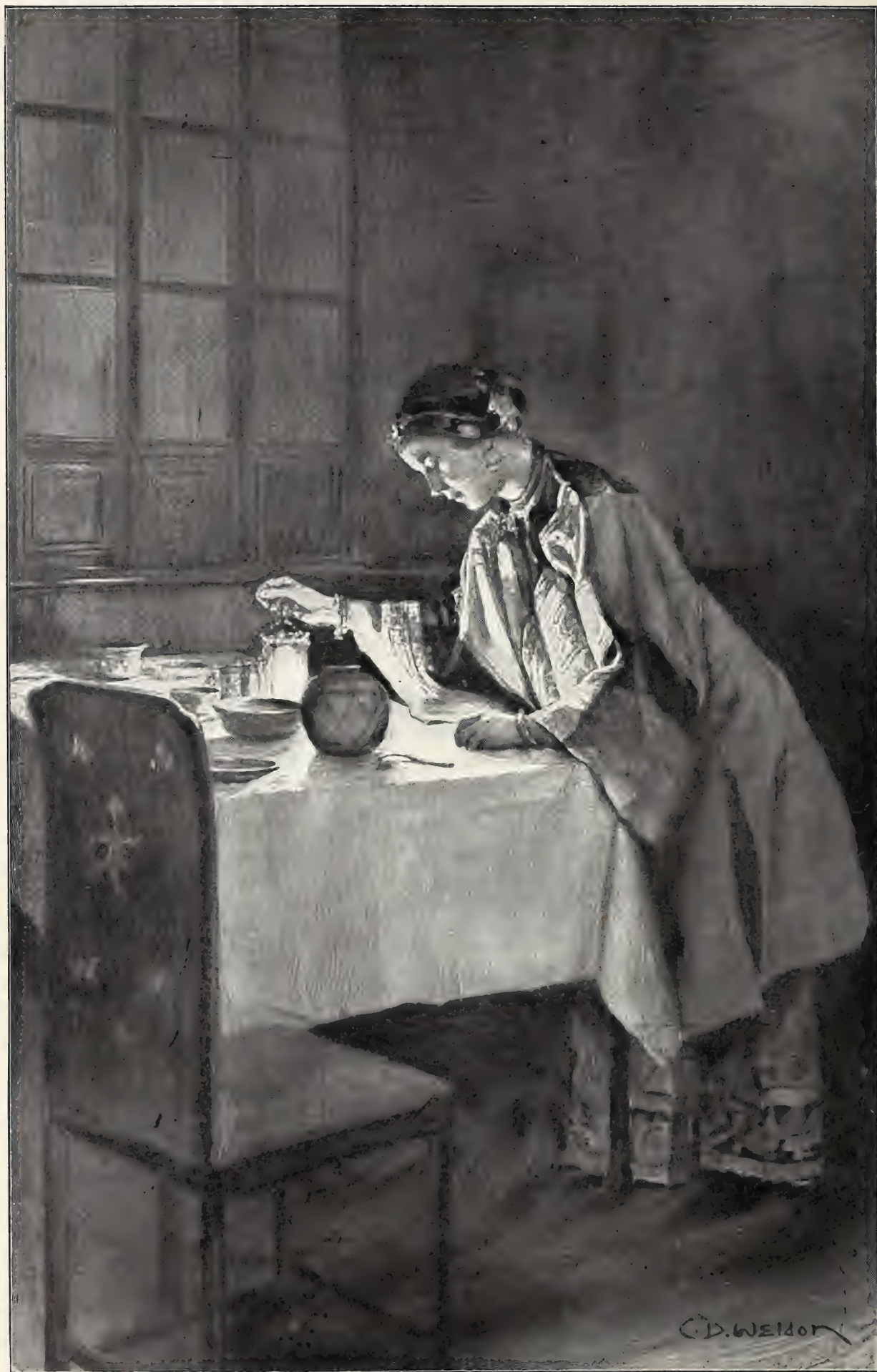
The timepiece sternly said, "Have done!"  
 Then through the silent house  
 It struck emphatically one.  
 (But that one was the mouse!)  
 To earth the prowling rodent fell,  
 In terror for his life,  
 And turned to flee, but, sad to tell,  
 There stood the farmer's wife.

She did not faint, she did not quail,  
 She did not cry out "Scat!"  
 She simply took him by the tail  
 And gave him to the cat,  
 And with a stern, triumphant look  
 She watched him clawed and clett,  
 And with some blotting-paper took  
 Up all that there was left.

THE MORAL: In a farmer's home  
 Run down his herds, his flocks,  
 Run down his crops, run down his loam;  
 But, when it comes to clocks,  
 Pray leave them ticking every one  
 In peace upon their shelves:—  
 When running down is to be done,  
 The clocks run down themselves!







"A LITTLE TRAGEDY AT TIEN-TSIN"

# HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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## A LITTLE TRAGEDY AT TIEN-TSIN

BY FRANCES AYMAR MATHEWS

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MRS. WING TEE sat on a pile of mats on top of her big oven-bed in her apartment; the fire beneath the bed was lighted, for the season was somewhat chilly already, and the gentle warmth diffused itself not only within the room, but throughout the reception-hall, which adjoined and gave upon the court.

Miss Wing Tee, aged three years, was in the arms of her nurse, amusing herself with some toys in a corner of the court.

Ah Chang, Mrs. Wing Tee's husband, was away from home, having been absent some time now on a business trip to Peking.

Mrs. Wing Tee was smoking; she had been in Peking herself once at a mission school, whither she had been taken by an excellent American lady when her father and mother and little brothers and sisters had all died of the fever. At the mission school Wing Tee had learned several things and seen many people. There came one day to visit the school some student interpreters from the British embassy, young men whose pursuit of knowledge was proportioned very equally between seriousness and levity; among them "one in particular," Cecil Winton, who was eking out hope and a small salary by newspaper correspondence, and the vividest, most impassioned sort of letters to Miss Violet Urquhart, of Chester-on-Dee.

Wing Tee had only stopped in Peking at the mission school a short time when her uncle, Sam Wah, who had been in America founding an importing house in New York at the period of her wholesale bereavement, returning to China, and learning of his young niece's whereabouts, instantly came to the mission school, and reclaimed his brother's daughter from the clutches of the foreign devils and the insidious influences of the churches; forbade her ever communicating with her benefactors again as long as she lived; tore up her Bible and hymn-book; commanded her to burn many yellow written prayers, to light incense-sticks, to beseech and invite the gods and the genii to come out of the grottoes and the mountains to protect her; never to look into the bluish eyes of any foreign devil again; and to retire at once into that seclusion which the degraded and immodest foreign women eschew.

To this end Wing Tee was taken back to Tien-tsin, and set to work at the trade which her ancestors had plied for upwards of three thousand years—the making of the exquisite little famous figurines of Tien-tsin.

For many days and weeks Wing Tee modelled tiny images of beggars and opium-smokers, fishermen and lepers, from the beautiful gray clay of her country, and baked them, and dressed them in the most deftly fashioned and appropri-



ate of garments, for Wing Tee was an adept and a very talented little lady in the trade of her ancestors; and from her work her uncle Sam Wah made much money in selling to the foreign devils, for whose extinction he and his household, nevertheless, daily offered up prayers.

One day Sam Wah's partner, Ah Chang, came home to China from America, having left the business prospering in the hands of his nephew in New York, and Ah Chang, although forty-four years old, when he now beheld Wing Tee through the discreet screens of bamboo behind which she worked at her modelling-table, felt his heart touched for the first time; and it bumped and thumped so furiously at sight of this lovely yellow lily maid that he did not at all delay in informing his partner Sam Wah that he would like to have Wing Tee for his wife.

So presently he had her, and there was a time of elegant rejoicing and great festivity, and unlimited prayers and incense, and happiness and sport, for all concerned, except for Wing Tee herself, down in whose most entirely submissive but still human heart there existed a species of disgust for Ah Chang, who was very fat and very yellow, and had a most magnificent pigtail and a house to correspond, but across whose round visage every now and then, when Mrs. Wing Tee regarded it out of the corners of her little eyes, there would flash, as the arrow from the bow, the remembrance of the foreign devil with the bluish eyes who had been "the one in particular" among the young student interpreters she had beheld at the mission school.

While she smoked, watching the rings curl up and interlace above her reclining head; while her husband Ah Chang was trading in Peking; while Miss Wing Tee demurely disported with her nurse in the court; while the musky perfumes from the wardrobes at either end of the bed, wherein hung her garments, came, drawn forth by the newly lighted fire; while the little birds in the court twittered and hopped about; while the seven clocks—each of them marking a different hour!—which Ah Chang had provided for his wife's amusement, ticked and struck at a pleasant random; while the tea-kettle hummed—Mrs. Wing Tee's obstinate and

persistent memory returned to the days of her sojourn at the mission school in Peking, and particularly to the morning, now some five years since, when the reprehensible person with the extraordinarily bluish eyes had walked into the school-room and also into her heart.

Mrs. Wing Tee fell a-wondering if it were really true that the foreign devils all took out the eyes of Chinese babies and made them into medicine, if indeed they all smelled like sheep, if the nice condensed milk she used to drink at the mission school was really composed of the brains of Chinese infants, and if the agreeable and palatable jelly which the lady missionary was wont to make for dessert on Sundays was absolutely compounded by boiling down the remainders of the aforesaid babies; if it could be so that the "plitty man"—for so Mrs. Wing Tee always designated "the one in particular" in her day-dreams—were only white because his mother, like all the other mothers of foreign devils, had resolutely licked him from tenderest youth upward, as pussy-cats lick their kittens?

Many other matters of greater or less moment were pondered over by Mrs. Wing Tee while Miss Wing Tee gambolled in the court.

At last her pipe was empty, and throwing it aside to be picked up by a servant, she brewed herself a cup of tea that was as liquid amber to the sight, a tea-rose to the scent, and ambrosia to the palate. After she had sipped it she ordered the tea things removed, and on the departure of the servant took from behind a screen of silk her modelling-table, with its tools, lump of moist clay, scraps of stuffs and cloths and tinsel, its paints and bowl of water, and drawing it beside the bed, she again seated herself, and began to mould the wet clay with her small and tapering fingers.

Occasionally Mrs. Wing Tee diverted herself this way, for she had little to do, save some occasional sewing or embroidery. Having spent several months in the mission school at Peking, she had inevitably been touched by the Western demon of unrest—that bitter price the East must pay for all that Christendom can give it.

So now, while the seven clocks—all



made in Waterbury, America — ticked, and Miss Wing Tee had at last fallen asleep in the court in her nurse's arms, Mrs. Wing Tee fashioned the lump of gray clay into the image of the "plitty man," "the one in particular," and, not being able to wait in her impatience to bake it, she took up her brushes and colored the eyes the deep rich blue she remembered so well, and the hair yellow like gold in tiny curls, and the lips pink as carmine could make them; and regardless of the moisture which she well knew would dry quickly, Mrs. Wing Tee snipped up her stuffs into garments of the foreign male-devil design, stitched them together, and sewed them on her figurine, taking great pleasure in the shirt collar and the cravat, and the scrap of linen for a handkerchief, which she stuck in the breast pocket of the coat of her ten-inches-high manikin.

Then Mrs. Wing Tee smiled to herself, and sighed also, for now that she had made the figurine of "the one in particular," the "plitty man" of her dreams, lo! across its agreeable countenance there seemed to crawl the thought of the pudgy and oily face of her absent husband, Ah Chang.

Well, he was in Peking; he could not return for some days yet; she would set the figurine of the "plitty man" in the sun, behind the court hangings, and long before Ah Chang got home it would be dry, and she could look at it a little, and then break it up.

As Mrs. Wing Tee was thus disposing of the manikin she had made, she and all the rest of her household started to their feet, ran to the windows, and peeped out covertly into the street.

A racket, the like of which Mrs. Wing Tee had never heard before, assailed her ears. So frightened was she that she quite forgot to drop the hanging in front



THE "PLITTY MAN" OF HER DREAMS

of the figurine of the "plitty man," and with her little nose flattened entirely against the bamboo screen, she peered out into the narrow street, to behold a crowd collected and making all the din possible with pans, chopsticks, billets of wood, up and down, either side, while in the middle a pony bit, kicked, reared, pawed, and snorted like a demon incarnate; on his back clung a rider, a foreigner from his dress and mien, although the head was bent so low between the pony's ears, and the rowels stuck so deep back of his doubled-up knees, that his face was invisible.

"Foreign mandarin up at the market, choosing ponies for the races; try this one; cannot make him servant for himself; think pony dead foreign mandarin in about one second more," remarked a man-servant, respectfully, from the court, whence Miss Wing Tee and her nurse had long since fled into Mrs. Wing Tee's own apartment.

Mrs. Wing Tee shook her head excitedly. She had never seen anything half so exhilarating in her whole life as this mad, tense fight for supremacy be-



twixt man and beast. The rose-color rushed into her round saffron cheeks; the lights flashed in her pretty, small eyes; her fists doubled up, and her chest heaved, as the horse or the rider, now this one, now that, got the mastery.

If Mrs. Wing Tee had never spent some time at the mission school, she would have turned from her casement at once on beholding the cause of the turmoil, and her only sensation would have been the lymphatic hope that the Chinese brute would get the better of the foreign devil. Now it was different, quite different; and when the vicious four-legged creature, with one final tug, cast the two-legged creature over his head on her threshold, struck at the prostrate, blood-and-dust-covered face with his scudding hind hoofs, and with a shriek of triumph fled back to the market-place, Mrs. Wing Tee's teeth gritted together, and her palms clapped against one another, and she uttered a smothered, indignant, outraged, vengeful "Oh!"

Two of her servants carried the stricken man into the court. A coolie ran for a doctor, who came, and said that the foreign mister must not be removed on any account. Where were his friends?

No one knew. People from the market, the very dealer from whom he had wished to buy the pony, came and said they could tell nothing about him. The policemen, in their tall, steeple-crowned hats with flowing tassels, were as imperturbably non-committal and immovable as if they had been baptized in either Cork or Dublin. This foreign mister had been the only foreigner at the market that day.

Some one said, "Take him to the consulate."

Another said, "Take him to the mission, or the church, or the school."

But the doctor, having a wholesome knowledge, not alone of his profession, but of the strict account to which he would be held did any harm result from his ministrations, or lack of them, replied, solemnly:

"The foreign mister may not be removed. If he is, he may die. If he is not, he will soon get mended; it is a blow to the nerves, not the bones; he must be quiet. Let him alone, and bathe him all the time with what I say."

With bated breath little Mrs. Wing Tee heard all this as she stood up tiptoeing in the room.

Then, when the doctor went away, she crossed over to the window again to see which one he was, if he was the one she knew, or some stranger; and as she glanced out she saw also that some one watched at the window across the way. Yes, behind the screen of bamboo she beheld between the strips the plump inquiring visage of Lu Lee, a lady who had once thought it would be pleasant to become the wife of Ah Chang.

Mrs. Wing Tee withdrew.

The servants told the nurse, and the nurse came to inform her honorable mistress, who now held Miss Wing Tee, weeping with fright at all the hubbub, in her arms, where she had sat down with apparent composure on the bed.

"The foreign mister must remain or die. No one dares to remove him; no one can explain who he is. What is your honorable pleasure?"

At this moment there recurred to Mrs. Wing Tee with great force some of the teachings of the lady missionaries, and she replied:

"Let him stay. Minister to him. Obey the words and rules of the doctor."

"But the honorable master, Ah Chang, who has forbidden the foreign devil to enter under any pretext? and—a man!"

"The honorable master is in Peking. Obey."

And Mrs. Wing Tee, through the screens, could hear very plainly that the servants were doing as they had been bidden.

She hushed Miss Wing Tee to sleep. Presently the twilight fell, and through the slits of the bamboo she saw the light of the lanterns in the court one by one as they were lighted. She heard the servants walk away to their supper, leaving the nurse to watch for the time when the foreign mister should come to his senses. She heard the nurse soaking a cloth in the basinful of mustard oil and peppermint which the doctor had prescribed, squeezing it, and bathing the head of the injured man. For some time she listened, until, in fact, there was nothing more to hear; for the nurse, like Miss Wing Tee, now slept soundly; and there

was not a sound save the ticking of the seven Waterbury clocks.

Then Mrs. Wing Tee arose from the oven-bed, laid her little daughter carefully out of her arms, and crossed the room into the little reception-hall, where the foreigner had been put upon some mats in accordance with the doctor's instructions.

The man's face was turned aside on the cloth-covered block of wood which forms the Chinese pillow, and the light fell in a broken shadow across the prostrate form. Mrs. Wing Tee, her fingers to her lips, advanced with caution, her elementary soul much distracted between the traditions of her native land and her recollections of the excellent ladies at the mission school and their care of the sick men and women alike at the time of the great fever in Peking. Curiosity tipped the scale in favor of the Western ideal, and the little wife of Ah Chang gained the side of the stranger, bent over him, peered discrediting, stared the harder, poked the nearest lantern, sending its gleam directly on his face, and then smiled joyfully.

It was indeed "the one in particular."

Cecil Winton, poor lad, not much nearer Violet Urquhart of Chester-on-Dee to-day than he had been five years ago; still pursuing fickle fortune, principally of late by means of fictional literature; always as impassioned in love with Miss Violet, who in turn was equally faithful and hopeful with himself.

Mrs. Wing Tee smiled for a full minute, until the snores of the nurse recalled her to a sense of the situation, and with her own hands she now dipped and folded the cloths anew and bound them upon the ugly bruise on the forehead of her unconscious guest. She also knelt down and with a little oval spoon pried open the patient's teeth, and poured between them the decoction that had been prescribed.

Then she stood up and regarded him with shining eyes. She extended one small finger and stroked his cheek very gently.

"Plitty man," whispered Mrs. Wing Tee, contemplatively, standing stock-still for a moment or two. "Velly plitty man," she added, now going over to a lacquered cabinet and setting fire to a

handful of yellow written prayers; also lighting some incense-sticks, whence arose a subtle dense film of fragrant smoke, in the midst of which weird cloud-land, curling, wreathing, mounting, thickening, thinning, Cecil Winton, opening cognizant eyes once more upon the world, beheld this lovely little Chinese lady.

He did not move, other than his eyelids, but immediately took in the high-class interior, and the charmingly picturesque little yellow madam.

He muttered two words to himself. They were merely these: "Local color." And while Mrs. Wing Tee tended her incense and her prayers, her guest occupied himself for the perhaps tenthousandth time in fancying he had the nucleus for the story that was to make a hit—a hit so palpably striking that forever after publishers and editors, managers, playwrights, and stars, would be clinging to his skirts with cables and checks; and that he would marry Miss Violet Urquhart forthwith, and set up a castle, a yacht, a shooting-box, and racing-stable without hesitation, or dread of any deficit in the exchequer.

That tiny exquisite figure in the graceful and elegant black garment fastened with two gold buttons, and in some mysterious fashion contriving to both conceal and outline the curves it covered, and to contain but not completely hide the queer little feet; the great pearl-studded hoops of gold hanging in the round ears; the felicitous arrangement of the smooth hair; the gold-inlaid large pin thrust through the bands and loops; the cloudland whence she seemed to rise; the twittering of a dreaming bird on its perch near his feet; the aromatic scent; the sleeping amah on her mat yonder; the sleeping child 'way off there on the oven-bed—surely from all this, and the kicks of that devilish—nay, perhaps blessed—brute, must evolve "the" story.

He would lie still, and wait, and look. Which he did, until Mrs. Wing Tee, having burned up all her devotions, turned back to the pile of mats, and her eyes, following the wide-open ones of "the one in particular," found these fixed steadfastly on the figurine of himself which she had set some hours ago to bake in the sun.



Mrs. Wing Tee glided across and pulled the embroidered hangings over her man-ikin. Cecil Winton had recognized the likeness; it was unmistakably clever and correct; his delight now knew no bounds, and he promptly added a villa at Nice to the catalogue of splendors more than likely to accrue from the story he should write as soon as—well (he now essayed motion)—as soon as he could move!

Mrs. Wing Tee came to him, and it was not very long before they were tolerably good friends; he could speak quite a bit of Chinese, and she had at command a nice little assortment of English words, choice and hoarded possessions, only aired when she was alone, for Ah Chang had enjoined her to forget everything she had ever heard or learned at the mission school.

Presently Winton had explained himself thoroughly and quite historically, save as to Miss Violet Urquhart, and begged to be sent at once to the hotel where he was lodging. Presently Mrs. Wing Tee had assured him that she must on her life obey the doctor, and had also told him of her sojourn at the mission in Peking, and of his visit there. He blithely acceded to a more than vivid recollection of so agreeable a circumstance, even with pleasant alacrity vowed he remembered the countenance of Wing Tee herself, as distinguished from just eight-and-ninety other young Chinese ladies; and altogether the hour passed very charmingly, being punctuated at rapid intervals not only by the increasing snores of the nurse, but by the wetting and changing of the cloths, and by the refreshments which Mrs. Wing Tee ordered to be brought for her guest.

After he had eaten sparingly, his hostess, with a curious quaint little bob, and a twitch of her satin garments, which she flattered herself was a fine reproduction of the curtsy of the mission ladies, withdrew, leaving Winton to the care of her servants and the superintendence of the now awakened and duly repentant amah.

The doctor came again on the morrow, and while pronouncing his patient better, he said he must be kept still, and not go out or be moved, lest the inflammation, which it now was discovered had extended from the head down through

the shoulder and right arm, should prove ungovernable, and the foreign mister shortly lose the use of the aforesaid arm entirely and forever! The honorable lady surely would not refuse to harbor the afflicted?

A threat however slight to his pen arm would have held Winton in the worst hole in the Orient until danger was past; and when it came to this beautiful house, this enchanting little lady, and the figurine! he was not too miserable, even though he could not write so much as a note to Miss Violet Urquhart.

Miss Wing Tee happily took a liking to him, and the servants too, since he tipped them every hour of the day, recklessly drawing on the bank account that he daily felt was to be the inevitable outcome of his helpless condition. He dreamed half the time away in a future land wherein Violet reigned queen over a lot of splendid things; he spent half of the other half in sleep, which the Chinese pharmacopœia induces always; and the remaining quarter Mrs. Wing Tee spent with him.

The seventh day after the accident the doctor said he must get up from his mats, and instead of being carried into the court by the coolies, he should walk, and begin to exercise his arm a very little, and that, God willing, the foreign mister could go away in three more days.

After exercising as directed he felt rather fagged, and lying down on the mats, presently his eyes closed; and Mrs. Wing Tee, who had listened attentively to all that the doctor had said, now watched that good man going out of the door into the street. She peered at him through the lattice, and Lu Lee opposite peered at Wing Tee through her lattice. Lu Lee saw Wing Tee double up her small fist and shake it at the back of the doctor's head, and Lu Lee said to herself: "The devil doctor has told Wing Tee that the foreign devil is able to go away. I know. Well, Ah Chang must soon come home from Peking, and since Wing Tee is alone in the world, I must tell him of the desecration of his house in his absence, for to harbor the foreign devil is accursed, no matter if he be a sick devil or a sound devil."

Wing Tee left the window and went and gazed at "the one in particular"



with the littlest tear in her eye that ever was seen, and "the one in particular" saw the tear, but chivalrously closed his mental vision to the occurrence. He not only shut his mind's eye, but, as Mrs. Wing Tee now approached him, dropped his lids as well. Perhaps it was cowardly to shirk the emotional situation; but, on the other hand, he being one of those men whose sole resource in a matter of tears was caresses, it is to be allowed that his discretion was better than his valor might have proved.

Little Mrs. Wing Tee paused beside her guest. There was nothing to do for him any more; no further messing with mustard oil and peppermint, and so forth, which was a pity, for Satan and the idle hand are as true partners in China as in New York. Thinking him asleep, Wing Tee stooped down and laid the most infinitesimal kiss possible on his cheek. It was like the brush of a fairy's wing, but of course it put an end to the subterfuges of "the one in particular," and his left arm slipped around Wing Tee, and he kissed her lips, while he was really thinking of Miss Violet Urquhart, and inwardly smiling at the prospect of actually confiding to her this his one defection from allegiance.

Wing Tee slid down on the mats beside Winton, and said, in a queer little voice, "Plitty kisse; muchee like."

Decidedly Cecil was not the fellow to refuse so delightful an invitation, and kissed Wing Tee again, this time on her cheek.

"Plitty, plitty kisse! English man kisse no likee Chinee man."

"I hope not!" exclaimed Mr. Winton, fervently.

"Chinee lady kisse likee English lady kisse?" demanded Mrs. Wing Tee.

"Not exactly," responded he, stroking her shining hair until the little dark head slipped quite down on his shoulder, and a faint sigh proclaimed the satisfaction of Mrs. Wing Tee, while her present support vaguely wondered what the heathen lady would say next.

Mrs. Wing Tee said nothing.

She thought. Thought of the nice lady at the mission school whom the other nice ladies there had spoken of, and said she had had a horrid old husband whom she had been forced into marrying,

and that how excellent it was that she had gotten a divorce from him, and was soon to marry a nice young other husband whom she liked much. And Wing Tee wondered how she might set about getting a divorce from Ah Chang; and if she went to the churches here in Tientsin and told them about it, how soon it could be done, and if she could then be married to the foreign mister.

It must be remembered that Mrs. Wing Tee's ideas were strictly elementary, and that her smattering of Western conversion and civilization formed an odd jumble when it encountered her Oriental inheritances.

Cause and effect were rapid affairs in her philosophy, and since the churches could rid her of Ah Chang and bestow her upon "the one in particular," to the churches she now made up her mind to go, never doubting for a moment but that the guest on whose shoulder she now timorously leaned would be as happy to have her for a wife as she would be to become so.

Just here Winton began to get a bit nervous; and precisely like all men of his character, he took refuge from this too in a caress; he kissed Mrs. Wing Tee's little ear, and picked up her small yellow hand; and then, when she raised her pathetic little shining eyes to his in the twilight, he said, quite to himself, "Damn it!" and sprang up, and paced up and down the room once or twice before he spoke.

When he did speak it was to tell Mrs. Wing Tee, in as matter-of-fact a way as he could muster, that he must be going away to-morrow very early in the morning.

"Not to-morrow! Not to-morrow!" wailed Wing Tee with a small frightened sob that went straight to his heart, and caused him to inwardly curse the Chinese pony and the day he had mounted it.

He, however, did not move from the window, where Lu Lee, still always on the alert, beheld his shadow from her peering-place across the very narrow street.

"Come, come, Wing Tee," said Winton with affected carelessness, and laboring into Chinese so as the better to be understood. "Nothing can make me be-





"PLITTY KISSEE: MUCHEE LIKE"

lieve that you want a foreign devil under your honorable roof any longer than possible. Your husband will soon be home, and then you will not be lonely any more."

He came away from the casement now and stood with his hands thrust in his trousers pockets; he stood in the centre of the court, and began to hum a little air with a gayety he did not feel.

He was one of those who have the singular idea that women should not be crossed in their affections, however whimsical or evanescent; therefore it is the more to his credit that he persisted in the humming of that gay little air. He had to persist some time too—fully five minutes by all the Waterbury clocks—while Mrs. Wing Tee sat on the heap of mats, her elbows on her knees, her chin in her palms, and tried with all her might and main to "think it out."

Then "the one in particular" would not wish to be her husband if she went to the churches and was made back into a "Clistian" as she had been at the mission school? Then, after all, she must remain the wife of Ah Chang, whom she loathed? Then the foreign mister would go away, and she would never see him any more, never? And now, not a tear, but a perfect shower of them, came drenching Mrs. Wing Tee's round yellow cheeks, and tasting very salt on her lips, and tumbling down on the beautiful garment she wore.

Cecil would have liked to jump out of the window, but he went on singing, his voice becoming more emphatic as he beheld how Mrs. Wing Tee shook with sobbing.

Presently she stopped very suddenly, and got up, and dried her eyes, and dragged a most pitiful proud little smile up to her lips, and said: "Singee velly nicee. Allee samee singee mission school in Peking long ago."

"Yes?" exclaimed Winton, delightedly, and in a tone of profoundest interest. "Can you sing, Wing Tee? Pray sing me one of the hymns you learned at the mission. Won't you?"

Mrs. Wing Tee's dear little nose turned up in the air; she had no use any more for the mission, or the churches, or their hymns. "Forgettee," she replied, concisely. "Forgettee allee 'bout foleign singee. No like!" Further up tilted Mrs. Wing Tee's delicious bit of a nose.

Winton was now as thoroughly amused as he had a moment before been concerned. The Chinese coquette struck him as decidedly an original phase; and, oh! what a feature it should make in the story!

He laughed, and came a step or two nearer to her.

"No likee foleign singee, foleign lady, foleign players, foleign cookee" (she was entirely too polite and too truthful to include foreign men). "Me likee ev'ly-

thing Chinese!" and open flew Mrs. Wing Tee's fan, and she slowly twirled and fluttered it about her little face as she sat down on a mat.

Winton pushed another mat up beside hers and sat down too.

"'Everything Chinese'?" he inquired, with one of those glances which are always given by a man who has attained the end he knew he ought to struggle for—it is the glance backward into a forbidden paradise, and no man quite forgives himself ever for quitting it willingly.

"Ev'lything," responds Mrs. Wing Tee, cheerfully.

"Shall I sing you a song in Chinese, then?" he asks, slightly baffled.

"Muchee likee; please, thank you," she answers, waving her fan.

According to Western notions, Cecil had a beautiful voice; probably according to Oriental ideas he had nothing of the kind; yet the spice of mission-school training had possibly modified Wing Tee's ear; at all events there were tones of his that must reach any woman's heart, whether she cared for the singer or not. He chose a Chinese song, of course, in deference to her expressed prejudice, but the air was modern Italian and very sweet. The words were, freely rendered:

Sweet art thou as the winds that sweep  
over the rice-fields;  
Rare art thou as the snow that falleth in  
the arms of the pine;  
Beautiful art thou as the flower-pheasant,  
when in winter  
From the mountains he flieth through the  
brambles to the flowing river to drink.  
Yellow art thou as the small young cow;  
Full of delights art thou, O little almond-  
colored lady,  
As are the eight pearls.  
Thy sleek hair, soft and black as the duck's  
head;  
Thy garments, fine as the plumage of the  
mandarin-teal;  
Thy honorable feet, small as the paws of  
young badgers—  
I salute. Thy two little eyes, bright as the  
jewel-eyes of the tiger,  
I kiss. Thy fingers, pleasant with oil of  
peanuts, I reverence.  
Thou cherry blossom, that hangeth on the  
bough before me,  
I gather thee to my humble and unworthy  
heart.

All the time he sang he was thinking of Miss Violet Urquhart, but at the last

line or so his mind returned to Tien-tsin and his hostess. He regarded her with a certain curiosity. The small pale yellow face was imperturbable and serene.

"Velly, velly nicee!" remarks Mrs. Wing Tee, in a conventional way. "Muchee 'blige; muchee gland singee."

Cecil bows. There is a certain infinitesimal hurdle in his companion's attitude which he somehow hasn't any force to jump over toward a resumption of more friendly relations; so, a little at a loss for a second, he bows, and goes and takes Miss Wing Tee up in his arms from the midst of her playthings.

He raises the child to his shoulder, and then, for his arm is still weak, sits down, and notwithstanding the lowness of his seat, proceeds to give her a ride on his foot, of which species of entertainment she has, under his tuition of the past few days, become very fond.

"Ha!" laughs Winton. "Miss Wing Tee is becoming a famous horsewoman. So! 'Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross'!"

Miss Wing Tee also laughs joyously.

Mrs. Wing Tee says, quietly: "Child muchee like lide thatee way. Thank yan-se-sang" (foreign mister). "Wing Tee go sleepee light 'way. Comee qlickee."

"Just a minute more," pleads Winton for the pouting child; but the mother, with a rare gentle dignity, lifts her baby from its perch on the guest's knee, and with Miss Wing Tee in her arms, she makes her funny little bob before him.

"Goodee-night; pleasant dleams."

Cecil springs up and puts out his hand. She does not appear to see it.

"Shall I go to-morrow?" he asks, looking down into her impenetrable little Oriental visage.

"Havee say no go to-morrow. Foleign mister pleasee stay to-morrow. Wing Tee givee nicee feast; makee happy yan-se-sang. No, not to-morrow?" The tone was very gracious and sweet, and utterly impersonal; yet of course "the one in particular" decided to stop over to-morrow for the feast, which he presently learned from the servants was already being prepared especially in his honor.

Winton lay awake a long time that



night, planning the chapter heads for the story. It seemed to him it must prove a great success, and he was wild with impatience for the day when he should be able once more to use his quill in its behalf, as well as to write to Miss Violet. He dreamed of her too at last when he did fall asleep; of the fair, haughty, lovely English face rising out of a billowy cloud of perfumed smoke, just as he had first beheld the oval face of Wing Tee.

Mrs. Wing Tee did not sleep well. Her acute brain was a perfect chaos between its fixed limitations of ancestral heritage and its actual if puny experiences; its thousands of years of congested barriers, and its modern six months' impetus at the mission school; its disgust and dislike of Ah Chang; its love; its wounded pride; its outraged sensibility; its passionate outcrying; its stoical impassibility. Finally, with small clinched hands interlocked and dry hot eyelids, Mrs. Wing Tee fell asleep, just at the hour when her husband, Ah Chang, arrived at the railway station from Peking.

His business had been profitable, and he took a chair and was trotted home by four nimble coolies. He glanced up at the house; no one was about as yet, for it was barely dawn—that is, no one was about at his house.

He paused an instant at the door, arrested by a low sharp "Hist-st-st!" which came from across the street.

As he paused, Ah Chang heard also afar a tinkle of little gongs, the grind of a rattle, a lazy shot across the river, a dull thud from the fort, slicing the heavy air into shivers, the cry of a hair-pin-seller. Long afterward he remembered how distinctly he had heard all those unimportant and accustomed sounds between the first "Hist" from across the street and the second.

"Hist-st-st!"

He answered clearly back in good Pekingese, but not loudly. "Well, do you want to speak with me?"

Then the brother of Lu Lee, who had some six years since visited him to propose a marriage with his sister, emerged from his house and came over to Ah Chang's side of the way, and with many salaams, and a large expenditure of self-abasement, and a corresponding elevation of the one addressed, the brother of Lu

Lee imparted such information to the husband of Wing Tee as he had been thoroughly instructed to give by that unappreciated but most vigilant and neighborly lady.

Then, with more and more elegant compliments, the brother of Lu Lee backed over to his house, and went inside the door and winked to his waiting relation; and Ah Chang stood quite still.

Not a muscle of his face moved. He appeared as one enjoying the fresh early air. Then he turned on his heel and walked away into another street some distance off and paid a brief visit to his old friend Fong Fuh. After this he went to a tea-house and drank tea, and pulled his business papers out of his pockets, and read them over and over for a long time—about six hours, in fact—and never for a moment did his expression vary or his behavior in any way indicate either impatience or malice, anger or violence.

However, about a half-hour subsequent to Ah Chang's call upon his old friend Fong Fuh, a little Peking cart, closely curtained, comfortably cushioned, a woman-servant perched on one shaft, while the driver sat upon the other guiding his pony, pulled up before the door of Ah Chang's own house. The woman-servant alighted and entered, and presented to the honorable lady a most beautifully worded invitation from her mistress, Mrs. Fong Fuh, to Mrs. Wing Tee Chang to go at once to pass the day with her, as so often spoken of, and not to fail to bring with her Miss Wing Tee Chang and her amah (nurse).

Wing Tee received this delightful summons as she sat upon her oven-bed arranging her hair; for it is upon the oven-bed, standing on its two-feet-high platform, and occupying nearly the whole length of her chamber, that the Chinese woman spends most of her time, waking as well as sleeping.

She had long yearned for this invitation. To Ah Chang himself she had said before he went away that she would like to make a visit, and he had told her that when she was bidden she should be sure to go, as Fong Fuh was his dear friend, and of much value to him in trade in the matter of cheating the customs officials as to exportations. She had never paid a visit; Chinese ladies

do not go out, and are in a sense prisoners; but it was allowable, since Mrs. Wing Tee had not the usual patriarchal surroundings, that she should have this privilege, and moreover that the time once set she must go.

But the feast? "the one in particular?"

Wing Tee's ideas of etiquette prescribed that the feast must proceed even lacking the presence of the mistress. She sent word to the foreign mister with an explanation, and when the answer came back with many compliments that the feast would not be a feast without her, and that he hoped her honorable pleasure would be to permit him to behold her on her return in the evening, and that he should pray for her gayety and happiness on the visit, there was just that leavening drop in Wing Tee's setting forth that there would have been in the mind of a Western Hemisphere lady under similar circumstances.

She could laugh and clap hands at Miss Wing Tee behind the drawn curtains of the Peking cart as they jolted and bounced over the dreadful streets; she could smile and be pleasant, and deeply interested in Mrs. Fong Fuh's new embroideries and fans, because at the end of the day there must come the getting away from Mrs. Fong Fuh's house back to her own house, where "the one in particular" would be waiting for her.

She knew he would the next day go off forever; she knew that she had somehow made mistakes; but all the same she clung to the seeing him just a little while more before the end came.

Ah Chang meantime, now about three o'clock, folded up his business papers, and left the tea-house and went home. As he crossed the court his queue caught in the bead fringe of the hangings, and turning to loosen it he beheld in the hot sunshine on the shelf the figurine of the "plitty man." Ah Chang regarded it carefully; he did not touch it; his expression did not alter; he dropped the hangings, and then made his arrival known.

The servants soon told him of the foreign mister's accident; the doctor's mandate; the invitation from Mrs. Fong Fuh, accounting for the absence of Mrs. Wing Tee; the ordered feast, which, in-

deed, was now quite ready to serve; and how joyful and pleasant it was that the honorable and venerated master had returned from Peking just in time to preside over it and do honor to the foreign mister, who had been so generous and cordial with his money.

Would the honorable master now receive the foreign mister, who had not left his chamber this day, and who was departing for always the next morning?

To be sure the honorable master would be only too much pleased to behold the guest beneath his roof, and a servant was promptly sent to ask him to come.

Winton had not at all calculated on this encounter, but after the first second of astonishment he hailed it as one more and unexpected dash of local color, and came to the court with his most engaging manner.

And he had a very engaging manner, that sort of manner that makes a man friends wherever he goes, East or West; he knew it; was not vain of it, only gratefully conscious of its existence.

For about half a second he did pause before he pushed aside the bead curtain separating the entranceway from the court, and he was laughingly aware that he actually prepared his smile to meet Wing Tee's husband, with that perfect assurance of being able to please any one with which unbroken success had endowed him.

His luck evidently was not on the turn; Ah Chang welcomed his guest with the perfect ease and amiability of one who was familiar with his features, in very excellent English; expressed compassion, interest, chagrin, sorrow, and congratulation on the rehearsal of the accident and its epilogue; he declared his house honored by the presence of so pleasant a guest, and his delight unbounded in his wife's thoughtful care in the preparation of the feast—which very soon now would be in readiness.

Winton, on his side, was thoroughly charmed with the frank and manly tone of his host; he quite unbosomed himself, as indeed he felt in duty bound, to the man whose roof had harbored him for, lo! these seventeen days; told Ah Chang his trade was authorship, that he had never been in Tien-tsin before three weeks since; that he was a stranger



and knew no one, whence arose the awkwardness of his situation; told him of his mother and sisters, but not of Miss Violet Urquhart of Chester-on-Dee.

By the time the meal was announced as being served, the two gentlemen were apparently the best possible friends, and it was with a dignified air of the best breeding that Ah Chang excused himself for a few moments, saying that he wished to see if all were in proper order for the entertainment of his guest.

Ah Chang went to his own room and took from a shelf in a large cabinet a jar of ginger, which he opened; he then took a small vial containing a powder from a small cabinet, and he sprinkled the ginger with the powder liberally, and carefully prodded it down as it melted into the thick syrup, until at last the entire contents of the small vial had been absorbed by the sweetmeats; he then replaced the lid on the jar, replaced the vial in the cabinet, and bearing the jar of ginger under his arm, returned to the reception-hall, where Winton awaited him.

"These some velly choice pleselves; I bling myself Peking; like you eat some aftel dinnel; velly extla fine; give me much happy see you eat," said the host, parting the curtains of bamboo and inclining low, with a wave of his left hand, for Winton to precede him.

Which of course the Englishman knew sufficient of Chinese etiquette to utterly decline to do, assuring his host that nothing earthly could ever induce him to take the precedence. Ah Chang in turn refused to go first, and declared his mean and despicable house was almost unfit for the guest to enter at all; to this Cecil demurred in terms no less self-depreciatory, until at last the forms of Oriental politeness were satisfied, and the guest went into the court, where the meal was spread, and the host followed, bearing the jar of ginger, which he placed on the table near the seat at his left.

Arrived at the board, there now arose the necessary controversy of courtesy as to which should be seated first, both host and guest demurring and declining for a long time, but both finally accomplishing a sitting position, Cecil at the left of the master of the house, that being the seat of honor in the Orient.

First, of course, came the dessert—glistening candied nuts, the largest, most luscious pears in the world, tiny grapes, sweet and bloomy, for all they had been kept for months buried in sand; strange dumplings filled with stewed shrimps and minced vegetables; bamboo shoots; rich pastries; spongy gray Chinese bread; water-chestnuts; rice; whole ducks swimming in bowls of broth; gluey dark-brown eggs; a fish in a pool of sedge-flavored soup, and many other dishes, which little Mrs. Wing Tee had ordered for the delectation of "the one in particular," and of which he ruefully partook, under a mien of smiles, urged thereto by the hospitable husband of the absent lady.

The gluey eggs were a little bit too much for him; in fact, they had lain in lime for the past two years; so in a thoughtless moment he handed his plate to a servant and asked that it be changed.

It was done reluctantly.

"We have suplestition," remarked Ah Chang, now regarding his guest carefully, "change plate, lady house die velly soon."

"You astound me!" cried Cecil, remorsefully. "That I should have been guilty of such a false step! Bring back the plate, I beg."

"Too late; done," replies Ah Chang, manipulating his chopsticks over the duck, and imploring Cecil to "eat mole, to eat and be velly full!"

"But surely, Mr. Chang, you with your experience, travel, intercourse, intimacy with the Western world, do not—" The guest hesitates.

"Believe suplestition?" finishes Mr. Chang.

Winton inclines his head.

"I tell you, no; suplestition velly nice fol coolies, selvants, same you have leligion, think? Nice keep common people qliet. Chinese man, blains, see much countlies; he no believe many things." Ah Chang winks playfully as he idly toys with the lid of the ginger-jar.

Winton laughs.

"Ever been inside one of our churches, Mr. Chang?" he asks, pursuing "local color" of a differing tint, it appears to him now, every day and hour.

Ah Chang bows. "Fine leligion," he affirms. "Much like; much like Eng-

lish talk, English manners, customs. Nice people. Nice ladies. Nice trade; no squeeze; nice home life, in England, Melica too; nice morals, everything nice!"

"My dear sir," cries Winton, who is really pleased at meeting so liberal a Chinaman, "you overwhelm me, for I am, you know, an Englishman."

"I know," replies Ah Chang. "For the same reason may I ask you some questions if you permit?"

"Dear Mr. Chang, I am at your complete service. Ask me anything you see fit; I am sure I can never requite you for the glimpse of the real Chinese life of the interior which I have had beneath your hospitable roof."

Ah Chang bows. "Velly nice; thank. You tell me how you think I do good business Liverpool, tea, ginchen, silks, screens, some fine pearls, some nice good superfine gingham dresses like this one?" Mr. Chang now removes the lid of the ginger-jar, and pushes it, together with one of the forks that have been placed as a concession to foreign prejudice towards his guest.

"Taste him; velly nice new flavor," suggests Ah Chang. "If you like, then I like to see every English man, every Melican man too, eat him much."

Winton prods out a good-sized piece of the ginger, dripping with its pasty syrup, and begins to eat it with evident relish. "That is good! Something new in the matter of spicing it up, eh? I suppose?" he inquires, biting off another bit.

"Perfectly new," assents Ah Chang, who has placed his right elbow on the table, and is leaning his cheek on his extended forefinger, his eyes steadfastly fixed on his guest.

"You like him?" he inquires, now smoothing his upper lip with his finger.

"It's delicious; something nectarous and fascinating in the flavor. Rich, though, but very tempting. I have a sweet tooth—I—"

Winton stretches out his fork for another morsel, gets it, and devours it beneath the unflagging and serene gaze of Ah Chang.

"Nice? Velly nice?" he asks, now putting his left elbow on the table also, leaning his chin in his palms, bending the merest trifle, and staring at the Englishman. "Eat him mole."

The fork with its sticky sweetmeat drops from Winton's now futile grasp, his muscles all relax, from his crown to his soles; his eyes bulge, his head sinks back against his chair, his tongue lolls out, and his lips curl far apart; he cannot stir; he still sees once again billows of fragrant smoke rising and falling in front of him, and in their midst not any more the little visage of Mrs. Wing Tee, or the patrician countenance of Miss Violet Urquhart, but the fat, oily, yellow moon-face of Ah Chang, staring at him mercilessly, unemotionally, with cool impassibility, with calm indifference, his little dull eyes fixed, immovable, steadfast and patient, until the clouds of perfumed incense seem to Winton to melt away, and leave still for one awful second longer the face of the Chinaman drawing nearer and nearer to his own.

Then it was over.

Ah Chang sat still, never budging for an hour, motioning the servants away authoritatively when they approached through the reception-hall.

Presently one of the Waterbury clocks struck an impossible hour, and Ah Chang then took out his watch and glanced at it.

He rose, picked up the Englishman in his arms, and carried him dangling into Mrs. Wing Tee's chamber, and laid him on the floor; then he looked around and espied a strong, finely netted, broad silken sash of a crimson color hanging over a screen; he took it and knelt down beside Winton, and passed it around his chest and under his arms, and tied it at his back in a firm knot; then he got up on his feet and picked Winton up, and carried him to the wardrobe at the end of the big oven-bed, where his wife kept her garments, and he slipped the noose of the silken sash over two of the hooks, and left "the one in particular" hanging in the wardrobe. Then he closed the door of the wardrobe, and slipped off his shoes, and left them in front of the wardrobe door, and went away and put on another pair of shoes, and took his hat and set out for a little walk, and to think over the great large holiday he would like to make of ten thousand writhing foreign devils' bodies some day soon, when the Empire was quite entirely prepared.

He had not been gone very long before





THE FAT, OILY, YELLOW MOON-FACE OF AH CHANG, STARING AT HIM MERCILESSLY

the cart came thumping up to the door, and Mrs. and Miss Wing Tee alighted, and were pleased to reach home in safety; but Mrs. Wing Tee was not pleased to find the house quite dark; it was now twilight time, and all the servants, every one gone out. The nurse went over to the servants' quarters across the court to see if she could find them, but she could not; and her mistress called over to her not to come now, but to prepare some rice for Miss Wing Tee, and bring it by-and-by.

Mrs. Wing Tee had a speck of color in her cheek like the hint of pink in the heart of a yellow rose one sees sometimes; she went straight to her own apartment, and put her little girl on the bed to play

with the toys Mrs. Fong Fuh had given her; she then peeped out into the reception-hall, but no one was there. She had seen the table in the court still spread, and knew very well how lazy servants can be, and how faithless when the mistress is absent.

Hark! Did she hear a footstep?

No; it was but the creak of the lattice in the wind.

Not yet did "the one in particular" arrive from his room, but he would soon, because he would have heard the noisy rattle of wheels and hoofs.

Mrs. Wing Tee was hunting for her crimson sash of netted silk; she wished to put it around her shoulders; she could not find it where she had left it hanging

on the screen, so she made a light and went searching about for it.

Miss Wing Tee was playing on her pigeon-whistle—an uncanny, elfish, attenuated streak of sound it is—while her mother was going round and round the room, finally stopping at the wardrobe, not seeing the shoes at all, so intent was her mind on the sash; she opened the door, and in the small shine of the light she held, while the sound of the whistle dwindled into a silence only broken by the playful ticking of the seven clocks, Mrs. Wing Tee found her crimson sash.

She stood perfectly still, not breathing, her pretty young eyes fastened upon the blue-white ghastly face that hung before her.

Then, while the child prattled, she set down the light on the floor, and doing so, she spied the shoes. She felt of them inside; they were still warm; she recognized whose shoes they were. She picked up the light once more and ran out into the court, up to the table; she saw the places and the plates for two; she ran back to the wardrobe, and set a little bench and mounted on it to reach Winton's face; she stroked it gently.

"Plitty man velly cold likee icee," she murmured; and then she laid her quivering little puckered mouth on the lips of "the one in particular." She started, smelled of his face, rubbed his mouth with her hand, smelled of that, jumped down from the bench, and trotted back to the table of the feast.

Holding the lantern high and low, she surveyed the viands, and in a moment detected the new jar of ginger. Mrs. Wing Tee smelled of this too, and with a strange little smile she carried the ginger-jar into her room, and sat down on the bench in front of the wardrobe door, and began to eat from it.

Presently, when she had eaten two pieces, she arose and set the jar on her tea table in the corner farthest away, and laid herself down on her oven-bed, with a pillow under her head, and waited.

She had quite forgotten Miss Wing Tee, who slid from the bed and crawled about in quest of her dropped whistle.

She had quite forgotten almost everything except the face of "the one in particular," the foreign mister with the

bluish eyes, and in her obscure mind she had some sort of an equivalent for wondering whether in some other strange country she would ever behold him again. In her quaint, curious, befogged heart, worse befogged with its smatter of Western civilization, she held a passion as strenuously faithful and pure as any the foreign women could show.

And now Mrs. Wing Tee was forgetting even Winton, even Miss Wing Tee.

Stop. Miss Wing Tee had found her pigeon-whistle, and blew it with all her might, and Mrs. Wing Tee tried to smile and call her little daughter to her, but she could not, because she was dead.

When Ah Chang had walked around the streets of the foreign quarter for a while, he walked home again; he saw a faint gleam of light through the lattice, and he entered the court, and stumbled a little, for it was now very dark; he crossed the reception-hall, and came into his wife's apartment.

The little lantern on the floor was burning low, and he paused a moment to find his way; then he began to grope, for the light burned lower yet, and presently he stumbled over his own shoes, and almost into the arms of the foreign mister.

He could not see Mrs. Wing Tee, so he called her name very softly.

No answer.

Then he stepped to the oven-bed, and felt about among the wadded quilts, and Ah Chang found his wife lying, with eyes upturned to the wardrobe.

He sat quietly on the edge of the bed, until he remembered his child.

He thought he heard a gurgling sound in answer off somewhere on the other side of the room, so he struck a fresh light, and held it up, and saw Miss Wing Tee sitting on the floor near the tea table in the corner, with the jar between her fat little knees, and her pink mouth full of the sweetmeats, and her eyes beginning to bulge just like the foreign mister's.

By the time her father reached her and took her in his arms, Miss Wing Tee had travelled to the same near-far country where Mrs. Wing Tee and "the one in particular" had journeyed before her.

It was in the scheme of Destiny that Ah Chang should have found in Win-

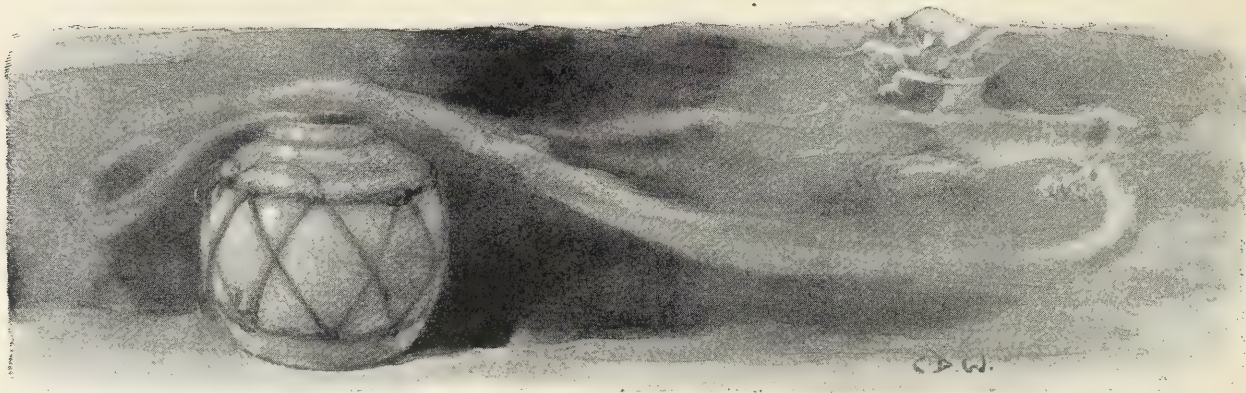


ton's pockets, when he presently went through them, the letter her lover had written that very morning to Miss Violet Urquhart of Chester-on-Dee, in which he gave not only a faithful account of his own silence, but a noble and touching

picture of the innocent and childish soul of Mrs. Wing Tee.

While the seven Waterbury clocks ticked and jangled, Ah Chang read this letter carefully.

And presently he married Lu Lee.



## INCONSISTENCY

BY JULIA C. R. DORR

### I

WHEN dawns some day fairer than other days,  
 And all the mountain-passes are aglow  
 With its supernal splendor, and the low,  
 Dim valleys sleeping in the woodland ways  
 Waken to glorious life at morn's first rays,—  
 When happy birds sing, and all winds that blow  
 Laden with seeds of blessing come and go,  
 And earth no secret of her woe betrays,—  
 Then, O belovèd, when my heart is light,  
 And all is well with me, and pain and care  
 Have vanished as a dream of last year's rose  
 Fades with the passing of a summer night,  
 My soul in ecstasy of love and prayer  
 Cries,—“God, I thank Thee that he knows, he knows!”

### II

Yet on some other day, when skies unroll  
 Their storm-cloud banners only, and the beat  
 Of the wild tempest is like hurrying feet  
 That stay not, halt not, till they reach the goal,—  
 When doubt and dread assail my fainting soul,  
 And, when I fain God's mercy would entreat,  
 Even the prayers my trembling lips repeat  
 Seem like the clamor of harsh bells that toll,—  
 Then, thinking of thee in some far, dim realm,  
 —Dim to our senses, glorious to thine—  
 Where never once a cruel wind doth blow,  
 Nor storm nor stress come near thee to o'erwhelm,  
 I lift mine eyes unto the Hills Divine,  
 And cry,—“Thank God, thank God, he does not know!”



PROFESSOR CHILD'S HOUSE

## SOME LITERARY MEMORIES OF CAMBRIDGE

BY W. D. HOWELLS

I



**B**EING the wholly literary spirit I was when I went to make my home in Cambridge, I do not see how I could well have been more content if I had found myself in the Elysian Fields with an agreeable eternity before me. At twenty-nine, indeed, one is practically immortal, and at that age time had for me the effect of an eternity in which I had nothing to do but to read books and dream of writing them, in the overflow of endless hours from my work with the manuscripts, critical notices, and proofs of the *Atlantic Monthly*. As for the so-

cial environment, I should have been puzzled, if given my choice among the elect of all the ages, to find poets and scholars more to my mind than those still in the flesh at Cambridge in the early afternoon of the nineteenth century. They are now nearly all dead, and I can speak of them in the freedom which is death's doubtful favor to the survivor; but if they were still alive I could say little to their offense, unless their modesty was hurt with my praise.

One of the first of these friends was that exquisite intelligence who, in a world where so many people are grotesquely miscalled, was most fitly named; for no man ever kept here more perfectly and purely the heart of such as





FRANCIS J. CHILD

the kingdom of heaven is of, than Francis J. Child. He was then in his prime, and I like to recall the outward image which expressed the inner man as happily as his name. He was of low stature and of an inclination which never became stoutness; but what you most saw when you saw him was his face of winning refinement: very regular, with eyes always glassed by gold-rimmed spectacles, a straight, short, most sensitive nose, and a beautiful mouth with the sweetest smile that I ever beheld, and that was as wise and shrewd as it was sweet. In a time when every other man was more or less bearded he was clean-shaven, and of a delightful freshness of coloring, which his thick sunny hair, clustering upon his head in close rings, admirably set off. I believe he never became gray, and the last time I saw him, though he was broken then with years and pain, his face had still the brightness of his inextinguishable youth.

It is well known how great was Professor Child's scholarship in the branches

of his Harvard work; and how especially, how uniquely, effective it was in the study of English and Scottish balladry, to which he gave so many years of his life. He was a poet in his nature, and he wrought with passion as well as consummate knowledge in the achievement of as monumental a task as any American has performed. But he might have been indefinitely less than he was in any intellectual wise, and yet been precious to those who knew him for the gentleness and the goodness which in him were protected from misconception by a final dignity as delicate and as inviolable as that of Longfellow himself.

We were still much less than a year from our life in Venice when he came to see us at Cambridge; and in the Italian interest, which then commended us to so many fine spirits among our neighbors, we found ourselves at the beginning of a life-long friendship with him. I was known to him only by my letters from Venice, which afterwards became *Venetian Life*, and by a bit of devotional



verse which he had asked to include in a collection he was making, but he immediately gave us the freedom of his heart, which afterwards was never withdrawn. In due time he imagined a home school, to which our little one was asked, and she had her first lessons with his own daughter under his roof. These things drew us closer together, and he was willing to be still nearer to me at any time of trouble. At one such time, when the shadow which must some time darken every door hovered at ours, he had the strength to make me face it and try to realize, while it was still there, that it was not cruel and not evil. It passed, for that time, but the sense of his help remained; and in my own case I can testify of the potent tenderness in him which all who knew him must have known. But in bearing my witness I feel accused, almost as if he were present, by his fastidious reluctance from any recognition of his helpfulness. When this came in the form of gratitude taking credit to itself in a pose which reflected honor upon him as the architect of greatness, he was delightfully impatient of it; and he was most amusingly dramatic in reproducing the pompous consciousness of certain ineffectual alumni who used to overwhelm him at Commencement solemnities with some such an acknowledgment as, "Professor Child, all that I have become, sir, I owe to your influence in my college career."

He did with delicious mockery the old-fashioned intellectual *poseurs* among the students, who used to walk the groves of Harvard with bent head, and the left arm crossing the back, while the other lodged its hand in the breast of the high-buttoned frock-coat; and I could fancy that

his classes in college did not form the sunniest exposure for young folly and vanity. I know that he was intolerant of any manner of insincerity, and no flattery could take him off his guard. I have seen him meet this with a cutting phrase of rejection, and no man was more apt at snubbing the patronage that offers itself at times to all men. But mostly he wished to do people pleasure, and he seemed always to be studying how to do it; as for need, I am sure that worthy and unworthy want had alike the way to his heart.

Children were always his friends, and they repaid with adoration the affection which he divided with them and with his flowers. I recall him in no moments so characteristic as those he spent in making the little ones laugh out their hearts at his drolling, some festive evening in his house, and those he gave to sharing with you his joy in his garden. This, I believe, began with violets, and it went on to roses, which he grew in a splendor and profusion impossible to any but a true lover with a genuine gift for them. Like Lowell, he spent his summers in Cambridge, and in the afternoon you could find him digging or pruning among his roses with an ardor which few caprices



W. D. HOWELLS'S HOME, CONCORD AVENUE, CAMBRIDGE



of the weather could interrupt. He would lift himself from their ranks, which he scarcely overtopped, as you came up the footway to his door, and peer purblindly across at you. If he knew you at once, he traversed the nodding and swaying bushes, to give you the hand free of the trowel or knife; or if you got indoors unseen by him, he would come in holding toward you some exquisite blossom that weighed down the tip of its long stem like the finial of Adam Krafft's tabernacle.

He graced with unaffected poetry a life of as hard work and as varied achievement as any I have known or read of; and he played with gifts such as in no greater measure have made reputations. He had a rare and lovely humor, which could amuse itself in Italian verse with such an airy burlesque as *Il Pesceballo*; he had a critical sense as sound as it was subtle in all literature; and whatever he wrote he imbued with the charm of a style finely personal to himself.

His learning in the line of his Harvard teaching included an Early English scholarship unrivalled in his time, and his researches in ballad literature left no corner of it untouched. I fancy this part of his study was peculiarly pleasant to him; for he loved simple and natural things, and the beauty which he found nearest life. At least he scorned the pedantic affectations of literary superiority; and he used to quote with joyous laughter an Italian critic who proposed to leave the summits of polite learning for a moment with the swelling exclamation: "*Scendiamo fra il po-*

*polo!*" (Let us go down among the people.)

## II

Of course it was only so hard-worked a man who could take so much thought and trouble for another. He once took thought for me at a time when it was very important to me, and when he took the trouble to secure for me an engagement to deliver that course of Lowell Lectures in Boston which I have said Lowell had the courage to go in town to hear. I do not remember whether Professor Child was equal to so much, but

he would have been if it were necessary; and I rather rejoice now in the belief that he did not seek that martyrdom.

He had done for me, but he had more than enough done only what he was always willing to do for others. In the form of a favor to himself he brought into my life the great happiness of intimately knowing Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, whom he had found one summer day among the shelves in the Harvard library, and found to be a poet and an intending novelist.

I do not remem-

ber now just how this fact imparted itself to the professor, but literature is of easily cultivated confidence in youth, and probably the confession was almost spontaneous. At any rate, as a susceptible young editor, I was asked to meet my potential contributor at the professor's two-o'clock dinner, and when we came to coffee in the study looking out upon the garden, Boyesen took from the pocket nearest his heart a chapter of "*Gunnar*" and read it to us. A chapter? It may have been two or three, with a judicious



HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN



selection of passages from yet other chapters ; but it does not matter. To be again in those dear presences, I would gladly listen to the whole novel!

That young romance still remains the most beautiful thing that Boyesen wrote, though he wrote so much and so well in verse, in fiction, and in criticism. He had then already laid the wide foundations of his future scholarship in the Northern European languages and literatures, but his soul was steeped in the aromas of his native poetry and romance, which all his talk breathed out again.

For the rest of this summer I must have had nearly all his talk to myself; of course I wanted "Gunnar" for the magazine, and this brought us constantly and exclusively together. Boyesen afterwards came to know all Cambridge, and when he went back to Europe he celebrated our literary society with such effect that he inspired Tourguénief with the wish to witness it at first hands. The great Russian of course never visited Cambridge, but he affirmed to Boyesen his belief in it as an ideal situation, which could not be matched in his experience of literary centres elsewhere. I do not know whether it was Boyesen's enthusiasm that brought his great compatriot Björnsterne Jjörnson actually among us; but if it was, it did not suffice, I believe, to realize Tourguénief's ideal to him. He ascertained the Cambridge limitations a little too quickly, a little too keenly, and felt himself cramped in a world where the expansions were upward rather than outward.

However, no alien born more clearly conceived, not only Cambridge, but America, than Boyesen did. His mastery of our character was as extraordinary, as almost miraculous, as his mastery of our language. For full proof of his proficiency in both, he has left his great novel, *The Mammon of Unrighteousness*, which comes within one or two of being the great American novel we shall never have from any single hand. He left other stories of our life which showed how wonderfully well he had conceived it, and he left a volume of poems which testify of the beauty and truth with which he imagined the immeasurable life beyond the nationalities. Po-

etry, indeed, was what his ardent spirit mainly meditated in that happy hour when I first knew him in Cambridge, before we had either of us grown old and sad, if not wise. He overflowed with it, and he talked as little as he dreamed of anything else in the vast half-summer we spent together. He was constantly at my house, where in an absence of my family I was living bachelor, and where we sat in-doors and talked, or sauntered out-doors and talked, with our heads in a cloud of fancies, not unmixed with the mosquitoes of Cambridge: if I could have back the fancies, I would be willing to have the mosquitoes with them. He read me his things, and I read him mine, and he told me about the Hulder, and the Nixy, and the Midnight Sun, and the Fjords, and the Saeters; and that great movement toward nature and the speech of nature, then beginning among the Norwegian novelists and poets, which has since made their nation great while some other nations have grown big. He looked the poetry he lived: his eyes were the blue of sunlit fjords; his brown silken hair was thick on the crown which it later abandoned to a scholarly baldness; his soft red lips half hid a boyish pout in the youthful beard and mustache. He was short of stature, but of stalwart breadth of frame, and his voice was of a peculiar and endearing quality, indescribably mellow and tender when he read his verse.

I have hardly the right to dwell so long upon him here, for he was only a sojourner in Cambridge, but the memory of that early intimacy is too much for my sense of proportion. Our intimacy was renewed afterwards, when I came to live in New York, where, as long as he was in this *dolce lome*, he hardly let a week go by without passing a long evening with me. Our talk was still of literature and of life, but more of life than of literature, and we seldom spoke of those old times. I still found him true to the ideals which had clarified themselves to both of us as the duty of unswerving fealty to the real thing in whatever we did. This we felt, as we had felt it long before, to be the sole source of beauty and of art, and we warmed ourselves at each other's hearts in our devotion to it, amidst a misun-



derstanding environment, which we did not characterize by so mild an epithet. Boyesen, indeed, out-realisted me, in the polemics of our æsthetics, and sometimes, when an unbeliever was by, I willingly left to him the affirmation of our faith, not without some quaking at his unsparing strenuousness in disciplining the heretic.

But now that ardent and active soul is Elsewhere, and I have ceased even to expect the ring, which, making itself heard at the late hour of his coming, I knew always to be his and not another's. That mechanical expectation of those who will come no more is something terrible, but when even that ceases we know the irreparability of our loss, and begin to realize how much of ourselves they have taken with them.

### III

It was some years before the Boyesen summer, which was the fourth or fifth of our life in Cambridge, that I made the acquaintance of a man very much my senior, who remains one of the vividdest personalities of my recollection. I speak of him in this order perhaps because of an obscure association with Boyesen through their religious faith, which was also mine. But Henry James was incomparably more Swedenborgian than either of us: he lived and thought and felt Swedenborg with an entirety and intensity far beyond the mere assent of other men. He did not do this in any stupidly exclusive way, but in the most luminously inclusive way, with a constant reference of these vain mundane shadows to the spiritual realities which project them.

His piety, which sometimes expressed itself in terms of alarming originality and freedom, was too large for any ecclesiastical limits, and one may learn from the books which record it how personal his interpretations of Swedenborg were. Perhaps in that other world whose substantial verity was the inspiration of his life here, the two sages may by this time have met and agreed to differ as to some points in the doctrine of the Seer. In such a case I cannot imagine the apostle giving way, and I do not say he would be wrong to insist, but I think he might now be willing to allow that the exegetic

pages which sentence by sentence were so brilliantly suggestive, had sometimes a collective opacity which the most resolute vision could not penetrate. Yet he put into this dark wisdom a profound and comprehensive faith, and he lighted it up with flashes of the keenest wit and bathed it in the glow of a lambent humor, so that it is truly wonderful to me how it should remain so unintelligible. But I have only tried to read certain of his books, and possibly if I had persisted in the effort I might have found them all as clear at last as the one which seems to me the clearest, and is certainly most encouragingly suggestive: I mean the one called *Society the Redeemed Form of Man*.

James had his whole being in his Belief; it had not only liberated him from the bonds of the Calvinistic theology in which his youth was trammelled, but it had secured him against the conscious ethicism of the prevailing Unitarian doctrine, which supremely worshipped Conduct; and it had colored his vocabulary to such strange effects that he spoke of *moral men* with abhorrence, as more hopelessly lost than sinners. Any one whose sphere tempted him to recognition of the foibles of others, he called the Devil; but in spite of his perception of such diabolism, he was rather fond of yielding to it, for he had a most trenchant tongue. I myself once fell under his condemnation as the Devil, by having too plainly shared his joy in his characterization of certain fellow-men; perhaps a group of Bostonians from whom he had just parted and whose reciprocal pleasure of themselves he dramatically presented in the image of "simmering in their own fat and putting a nice brown on each other."

Swedenborg himself he did not spare as a man. He thought that very likely his life had those lapses in it which some of his followers deny; and he regarded him, on the æsthetical side, as essentially commonplace, and as probably chosen for his prophetic function just because of his imaginative nullity: his tremendous revelations could be the more distinctly and unmistakably inscribed upon an intelligence of that sort, which alone could render again a strictly literal account of them.

As to some other sorts of believers who thought they had a mystical apprehension of the truth, he had no mercy upon them if they betrayed, however innocently, any self-complacency in their possession. I went one evening to call upon him with a dear old Shaker elder, who had the misfortune to say that his people believed themselves to be living the angelic life. James fastened upon him with the suggestion that according to Swedenborg the most celestial angels were unconscious of their own perfection, and that if the Shakers felt they were of angelic condition, they were probably the mock of the hells. I was very glad to get my poor old friend off alive, and to find that he was not even aware of being cut asunder: I did not invite him to shake himself.

With spiritualists James had little or no sympathy; he was not so impatient of them as the Swedenborgians commonly are, and he probably acknowledged a measure of verity in the spiritistic phenomena; but he was rather incurious concerning these, and he must have regarded them as superfluities of naughtiness, mostly; as emanations from the hells. His powerful and penetrating intellect interested itself in all social and civil facts through his religion. He was essentially religious, but he was very consciously a citizen, with most decided opinions upon political questions. My own darkness as to anything like social reform was then so dense that I cannot now be clear as to his feeling in such matters, but I have the impression that it was far more radical than I could understand.

James was of a very merciful mind regarding things often held in pitiless condemnation, but of charity, as it is commonly understood, he had misgivings. He would never have turned away from him that asketh; but he spoke with regret of some of his benefactions in the past, large gifts of money to individuals, which he now thought had done more harm than good.

I never knew him to judge men by the society scale. He was most human in his relations with others, and was in correspondence with all sorts of people seeking light and help; he answered their letters, and tried to instruct them, and

none were so low or weak but they could reach him on their own level, though he had his humorous perception of limits. He told of his dining, early in life, next a fellow-man from Cape Cod at the Astor House, where such a man could then seldom have found himself. When they were served with meat, this neighbor asked if he would mind his putting his fat on James's plate: he disliked fat. James said that he considered the request, and seeing no good reason against it, consented.

He could be cruel with his tongue when he fancied insincerity or pretence, and then cruelly sorry for the hurt he gave. He was indeed tremulously sensitive, not only for himself but for others, and would offer atonement far beyond the measure of the offence he supposed himself to have given.

At all times he thought originally in words of delightful originality, which painted a fact with the most graphic vividness, especially a grotesque fact. Of a person who had a nervous twitching of the face, and who wished to call up a friend to them, he said, "He *spasmed* to the fellow across the room, and introduced him." His written style had traits of the same bold adventurousness, but it was his speech which was most captivating.

As I write of him I see him before me: his white-bearded face, with a kindly intensity which at first glance seemed fierce, the mouth humorously shaping the mustache, the eyes vague behind the glasses; his sensitive hand gripping the stick on which he rested his weight to ease it from the artificial limb he wore.

#### IV

The Goethean face and figure of Louis Agassiz were in those days to be seen in the shady walks of Cambridge, to which for me they lent a Weimarish quality, in the degree that in Weimar itself, a few years ago, I felt a quality of Cambridge. Agassiz, of course, was Swiss and Latin, and not Teutonic, but he was of the Continental European civilization, and was widely different from the other Cambridge men in everything but love of the place. "He is always an *Europaër*," said Lowell one day, in distinguishing concerning him; and for any one who



had tasted the flavor of the life beyond the ocean and the Channel, this had its charm. He was of a bland politeness in manner, which he made go far in his encounters with New England character.

It was by his real love for that character, also, that he succeeded so well with it. I have an idea that no one else of his day could have got so much money for science out of the General Court of Massachusetts; and I have heard him speak with the wisest and warmest appreciation of the hard material from which he was able to extract this treasure.

The legislators who voted appropriations for his Museum and his other scientific objects were not mostly lawyers or professional men, with the perspectives of a liberal education, but were hard-fisted farmers, who had a grip of the State's money as if it were their own, and yet gave it with intelligent munificence. They understood that he did not want it for himself, and had no interested aim in getting it; they knew that, as he once said, he had no time to make money, and wished to use it solely for the advancement of learning; and with this understanding they were ready to help him generously. He compared their liberality with that of kings and princes, when these patronized science, and recognized the superior plebeian generosity. It was on the veranda of his summer house at Nahant, while he lay in the hammock, talking of this, when I heard him refer also to the offer that Napoleon III. had made him, inviting him upon certain splendid conditions to come to Paris after he had established himself at Cambridge. But he said that he had not come to America without going over every such possibility in his own mind, and deciding beforehand against it. He was a republican, by nationality and by preference, and I was entirely satisfied with his position and environment in New England.

Outside of his scientific circle in Cambridge he was more friends with Longfellow than with any one else, I believe, and Longfellow told me how, after the doctors had condemned Agassiz to inaction on account of his failing health, he had broken down in his friend's study, and wept like an Europaër, and lamented,

"I shall never finish my work!"

Some papers which he had begun to write for the magazine in contravention of the Darwinian theory (it is well known that Agassiz did not accept this) remained part of the work which he never finished.

After his death, I wished Professor Wyman to write of him in the *Atlantic*, but he excused himself on account of his many labors, and then he voluntarily spoke of Agassiz's methods, which he agreed with rather than his theories, being himself thoroughly Darwinian. I think he said Agassiz was the first to imagine establishing a fact not from a single example, but from examples indefinitely repeated. If it was a question of something about robins, for instance, he would have a hundred robins examined before he would receive an appearance as a fact.

Of course no preconception or prepossession of his own was suffered to bar his way to the final truth he was seeking, and he joyously renounced even a conclusion if he found it mistaken. I do not know whether Mrs. Agassiz has put into her interesting life of him a delightful story which she told me about him. He came to her beaming one day, and demanded,

"You know I have always held such and such an opinion about a certain group of fossil fishes?"

"Yes, yes!"

"Well, I have just been reading —'s new book, and he has shown me that there isn't the least truth in it," and he burst into a laugh of pleasure, wholly unvexed by having found himself convicted of an error.

I could come in contact with science at Cambridge only on its literary and social side, of course, and my meetings with Agassiz were not many. I recall a dinner at his house to Mr. Bret Harte, when the poet came on from California, and Agassiz approached him over the coffee through their mutual scientific interest in the last meeting of the geological "society upon the Stanislaw." He quoted to the author some passages from the poem recording the final proceedings of this body, which had particularly pleased him, and I think Mr. Harte was as much amused at finding himself



thus in touch with the savant as Agassiz could ever have been with that delicious poem.

Agassiz lived at one end of Quincy Street, and James almost at the other end, with an interval between them which but poorly typified their difference of temperament. The one was all religious and the other all scientific, and yet toward the close of his life Agassiz may be said to have led that movement toward the new position of science in matters of mystery which is now characteristic of it. He was of the Swiss "Brahminical caste," as so many of his friends in Cambridge were of the Brahminical caste of New England; and perhaps it was the line of ancestral *pasteurs* which at last drew him back, or on, to the affirmation of an unformulated faith of his own. At any rate, before most other savants would consent that they might have souls, he became, by opening a summer school of science with prayer, as consolatory to the unscientific who wished to believe they had souls as Mr. John Fiske himself, though Mr. Fiske, as the arch-apostle of Darwinism, had arrived by such a very different road at a trust which with Agassiz was intuitive.

# V

Mr. Fiske had been our neighbor in our first Cambridge home, and when we went to live at Berkeley Street, he followed with his family and placed himself across the way in a house which I already knew as the home of Richard Henry Dana, the author of *Two Years before the Mast*. Like nearly all the

other Cambridge men of my acquaintance, Dana was very much my senior, and like the rest he recognized my literary promise as cordially as if it were performance, with no suggestion of the condescension which was said to be sometimes his attitude toward his fellow-men. I never saw anything of this, in fact, but I heard much, and I suppose he may have been a blend of those patrician qualities and democratic principles which made Lowell anomalous even to himself. He is part of the anti-slavery history of his time, and he gave to the oppressed his strenuous help both as a man and as a politician; his great gifts and learning in the law were freely at their service. He never lost his interest, either, in those white slaves whose brutal bondage he remembered as bound with them in his *Two Years before the Mast*, and any luckless seaman with a case or cause might count upon his friendship as surely as the black slaves of the South. He was able to temper his indignation for their oppression with a humorous



HENRY JAMES THE ELDER

perception of what was droll in its agents and circumstances; and nothing could be more delightful than his talk about sea-etiquette on merchant vessels, where the chief mate might no more speak to the captain at table without being addressed by him than a subject might put a question to his sovereign. He was amusing in his stories of the Pacific trade, in which he said it was very noble to deal in furs from the Northwest, and very ignoble to deal in hides along the Mexican and South American coasts. Every ship's master naturally wished to



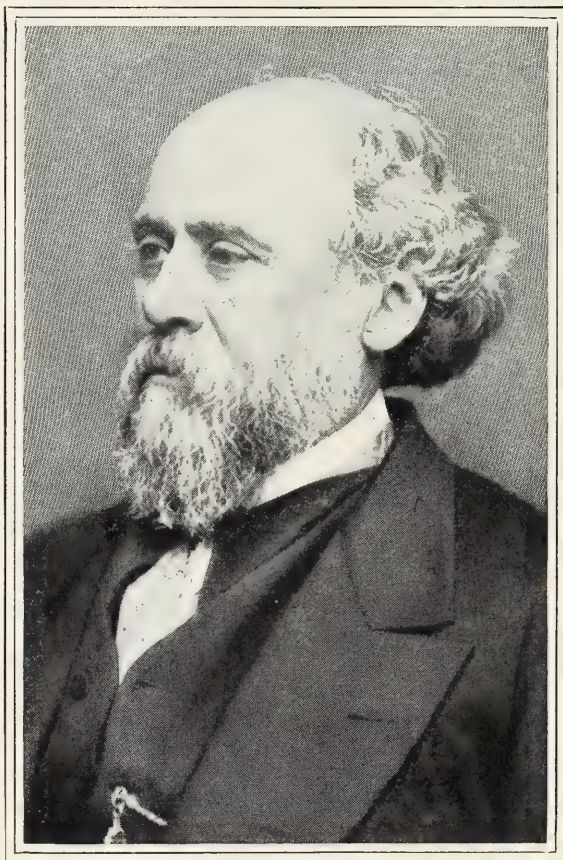
be in the fur-carrying trade, and in one of Dana's instances two vessels encounter in midocean, and exchange the usual parley as to their respective ports of departure and destination. The final demand comes through the trumpet, "What cargo?" and the captain so challenged yields to temptation and roars back, "*Furs!*" A moment of hesitation elapses, and then the questioner pursues, "Here and there a *horn?*"

There were other distinctions, of which seafaring men of other days were keenly sensible, and Dana dramatized the meeting of a great swelling East Indiaman with a little Atlantic trader which has hailed her. She shouts back through her captain's trumpet that she is from Calcutta, laden with silks, spices, and other Orient treasures, and in her turn she requires like answer from the sail which has presumed to enter into parley with her. "What cargo?" The trader confesses to a mixed cargo for Boston; and to the final question her master replies, in meek apology, "*Only from Liverpool, sir!*" and scuttles down the horizon as swiftly as possible.

Dana was not of the Cambridge men whose calling was in Cambridge. He was a lawyer in active practice, and he went every day to Boston. One was apt to meet him in those horse-cars which formerly tinkled back and forth between the two cities, and which were often so full of one's acquaintance that they had the social elements of an afternoon tea. They were often abusively overcrowded, of course, and one might easily see a prime literary celebrity swaying from a strap,

or hanging uneasily by the hand-rail to the lower steps of the back platform. I do not mean that I ever happened to see the author of *Two Years before the Mast* in either fact, but in his celebrity he had every qualification for the illustration of my point. His book probably carried the American name farther and wider than any American books except those of Irving and Cooper at a day when our writers were very little known, even at home, and our literature was the only infant industry not fostered against for-

foreign ravage, but expressly left to strengthen and harden itself as it best might in neglect at home. The book was delightful, and I strongly remember it, from a reading of thirty years ago, as of the stuff that classics are made of. I venture no conjecture as to its present popularity, but of all books relating to the sea I think it is the best. The author when I knew him was still Richard Henry Dana, Jr., his father, the aged poet, who first established the name in the public recognition, being alive, though past



RICHARD HENRY DANA, JR.

literary activity. It was distinctively a literary race, and in the actual generation it has given proofs of its continued literary vitality in the romance of *Esprit Santo* by the youngest daughter of the Dana I knew.

## VI

There could be no stronger contrast to him in origin, education, and character than a man who lived at the same time in Cambridge, and who produced a book which in its final fidelity to life is not unworthy to be named with *Two Years*





QUINCY STREET, CAMBRIDGE

THE AGASSIZ HOUSE IN BACKGROUND, OBSCURED BY TREES. FORMER LOCATION OF THE JAMES HOUSE IN FOREGROUND

*before the Mast*. Ralph Keeler wrote the *Vagabond Adventures* which he had lived. I have it on my heart to name him in the presence of our great literary men not only because I had an affection for him, tenderer than I then knew, but because I believe his book is worthier of more remembrance than it seems to enjoy. I was reading it only the other day, and I found it delightful, and much better than I imagined when I accepted for the *Atlantic* the several papers which it is made up of. I am not sure but it belongs to the great literature in that fidelity to life which I have spoken of, and which the author brought himself to practise with such difficulty, and some times under so much stress from his editor. He really wanted to *fake* it, at times, but he was docile at last, and did it so honestly that it tells the history of his strange career in much better terms than it can be reported. He had been, as he claimed, in his early orphanhood “a

cruel uncle’s ward,” and while yet almost a child he had run away from home, to fulfil his heart’s desire of becoming a clog-dancer in a troupe of negro minstrels. But it was first his fate to be cabin-boy and bootblack on a lake steamboat, and meet with many squalid adventures, scarcely to be matched outside of a Spanish picaresque novel. When he did become a dancer (and even a *danseuse*) of the sort he aspired to be, the fruition of his hopes was so little what he had imagined that he was very willing to leave the Floating Palace on the Mississippi in which his troupe voyaged and exhibited, and enter the college of the Jesuit Fathers at Cape Girardeau in Missouri. They were very kind to him, and in their charge he picked up a good deal more Latin, if not less Greek, than another strolling player who also took to literature. From college Keeler went to Europe, and then to California, whence he wrote me that he was coming on to Bos-





JOHN G. PALFREY

ton with the manuscript of a novel which he wished me to read for the magazine. I reported against it to my chief, but nothing could shake Keeler's faith in it, until he had printed it at his own cost, and known it fail instantly and decisively. He had come to Cambridge to see it through the press, and he remained there four or five years, with certain brief absences. Then, during the Cuban insurrection of the early seventies, he accepted the invitation of a New York paper to go to Cuba as its correspondent.

"Don't go, Keeler," I entreated him, when he came to tell me of his intention. "They'll garrote you down there."

"Well," he said, with the air of being pleasantly interested by the coincidence, as he stood on my study hearth with his feet wide apart in a fashion he had, and gayly flitted his hand in the air, "that's what Aldrich says, and he's agreed to write my biography, on condition that I make a last dying speech when they bring me out in the plaza to do it: 'If I had taken the advice of my friend T. B. Al-

drich, author of *Marjorie Daw and Other People*, I should not now be in this place.'"

He went, and he did not come back. He was not indeed garroted as his friends had promised, but he was probably assassinated on the steamer by which he sailed from Santiago, for he never arrived in Havana, and was never heard of again. I now realize that I loved him, though I did as little to show it as men commonly do. If I am to meet somewhere else the friends who are no longer here, I should like to meet Ralph Keeler, and I would take some chances of meeting in a happy place a soul which had by no means kept itself unspotted, but which in all its consciousness of error relied cheerfully on the trust that "the Almighty was not going to scoop any of us." The faith worded so grotesquely could not have been more simply or humbly affirmed; few men I think could have been more helplessly sincere.

He had nothing of that false self-respect which forbids a man to own himself wrong promptly and utterly when

need is; and in fact he owned to some things in his checkered past which would hardly allow him any sort of self-respect. He had always an essential gaiety not to be damped by discipline, and a docility which expressed itself in cheerful compliance. "Why do you use *bias* for opinion?" I demanded in going over a proof with him. "Oh, because I'm such an ass—such a bi-ass."

He had a philosophy of life, which he liked to express with a vivid touch on his listener's shoulder: "Put your finger on the present moment and enjoy it; it's the only one you've got or ever will have." This light and joyous creature could not but be a Pariah among our Brahmins, and I need not say that I never met him in any of the great Cambridge houses. I am not sure that he was a *persona grata* to every one in my own, for Keeler was framed rather for men's liking, and Mr. Aldrich and I had our subtleties as to whether his mind about women was not so Chinese as somewhat to infect his manner. Keeler was too really modest to be of any rebellious mind toward the society which ignored him, and of too sweet a cheerfulness to be greatly vexed by it. He lived on in the house of a suave old actor, who oddly made his home in Cambridge, and he continued of a harmless

bohemianism in his daily walk, which included lunches at Boston restaurants as often as he could get you to let him give them you, if you were of his acquaintance. On a Sunday he would appear coming out of the post-office usually at the hour when all cultivated Cambridge was coming for its letters, and wave a glad hand in air, and shout a blithe salutation to the friend he had marked for his companion in a morning stroll. The stroll was commonly over the flats toward Brighton (I do not know why, except perhaps that it was out of the beat of the better element), and the talk was mainly on literature, in which he was doing less than he meant to do, and which he seemed never able quite to feel was not a branch of the Show Business, and might not be legitimately worked by advertising, though he truly loved and honored it.

I suppose it was not altogether a happy life, and Keeler had his moments of amusing depression, which showed their shadows in his smiling face. He was of a slight figure and low stature, with hands and feet of almost womanish littleness. He was very blond, and his restless eyes were blue; he wore his yellow beard in whiskers only, which he pulled nervously from time to time.



HOME OF RICHARD HENRY DANA, JR., BERKELEY STREET, CAMBRIDGE



## VII

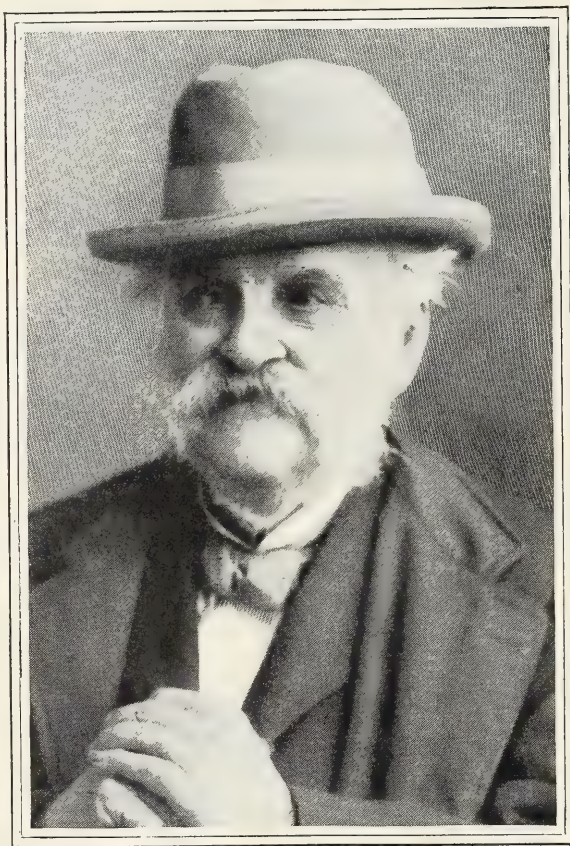
Keeler was a native of Ohio, and there lived at Cambridge when I first came there an Indianian, more accepted by literary society, who was of real quality as a poet. Forceythe Willson, whose poem "The Old Sergeant" Dr. Holmes used to read publicly in the closing year of the Civil War, was of a Western altitude of figure, and of an extraordinary beauty of face in an Oriental sort. He had large, dark eyes with clouded whites; his full, silken beard was of a flashing Persian blackness. He was excessively nervous, to such an extreme that when I first met him at Longfellow's he could not hold himself still in his chair. I think this was an effect of shyness in him, as well as physical, for afterwards when I went to find him in his own house he was much more at ease.

He preferred to receive me in the dim, large hall after opening his door to me himself, and we sat down there and talked, I remember, of supernatural things. He was much interested in spiritualism, and he had several stories to tell of his own experience in such matters. But none was so good as one which I had at second hand from Lowell, who thought it almost the best ghost story he had ever heard. The spirit of Willson's father appeared to him, and stood before him. Willson was accustomed to apparitions, and so he simply said, "Won't you sit down, father?" The phantom put out his hand to lay hold of a chair back as some people do in taking a seat, and his shadowy arm passed through the frame-work. "Ah!" he said,

"I really forgot that I was not substance." I do not know whether "The Old Sergeant" is ever read now; it has probably passed with other great memories of the great war; and I am afraid none of Willson's other verse is remembered. But he was then a distinct literary figure, and not to be left out of the count of our poets. I did not see him again. Shortly afterwards I heard that he had left Cambridge, with signs of consumption, which must have run a rapid course, for a very little while later came the news of his death.

## VIII

The most devoted Cantabrigian, after Lowell, whom I knew would perhaps have contended that if he had staid with us, Willson might have lived; for John Holmes affirmed a faith in the virtues of the place which ascribed almost an aseptic character to its air; and when he once listened to my own complaints of an obstinate cold, he cheered himself, if not me, with the declaration, "Well, *one* thing, Mr. Howells, Cam-



JOHN HOLMES

bridge never let a man keep a cold yet!"

If he had said it was better to live in Cambridge with a cold than elsewhere without one, I should have believed him; as it was, Cambridge bore him out in his assertion, though she took her own time to do it.

Lowell had told me of him before I met him, celebrating his peculiar humor with that affection which was not always so discriminating, and Holmes was one of the first Cambridge men I knew. I knew him first in the charming old Co-



lonial house in which his famous brother and he were born. It was demolished long before I left Cambridge, but in memory it still stands on the ground since occupied by the Hemenway Gymnasium, and shows for me through that bulk a phantom frame of Continental buff in the shadow of elms that are shadows themselves. The *genius loci* was limping about the pleasant mansion with the rheumatism which then expressed itself to his friends in a resolute smile, but which now insists upon being an essential trait of the full-length present to my mind: a short stout figure, helped out with a cane, and a grizzled head with features formed to win the heart rather than the eye of the beholder. In one of his own eyes there was a cast of such winning geniality that it took the liking more than any beauty could have done, and the sweetest shy laugh in the world went with this cast.

I long wished to get him to write something for the magazine, and at last I prevailed with him to review a history of Cambridge which had come out. He did it charmingly, of course, for he loved more to speak of Cambridge than anything else. He held his native town in an idolatry which was not blind, but which was none the less devoted because he was aware of her droll points and weak points. He always celebrated these as so many virtues, and I think it was my passion for her that first commended me to him. I was not her son, but he felt that this was my misfortune more than my fault, and he seemed more and more to forgive it. After we had got upon the terms of editor and contributor, we met oftener than before, though I do not now remember that I ever persuaded him to write again for me. Once he gave me something, and then took it back, with a distrust of it which I could not overcome.

When the Holmes house was taken down, he went to live with an old domestic in a small house on the street amusingly called Appian Way. He had certain rooms of her, and his own table, but he would not allow that he was ever anything but a lodger in the place, where he continued till he died. In the process of time he came so far to trust his experience of me that he formed the

habit of giving me an annual supper. Some days before this event he would appear in my study, and with divers delicate approaches, nearly always of the same tenor, he would say that he would like to ask my family to an oyster supper with him. "But you know," he would explain, "I haven't a house of my own to ask you to, and I should like to give you the supper *here*." When I had agreed to this suggestion with due gravity, he would inquire our engagements, and then say, as if a great load were off his mind, "Well, then, I will send up a few oysters to-morrow," or whatever day we had fixed on; and after a little more talk to take the strangeness out of the affair, would go his way. On the day appointed the fishman would come with several gallons of oysters, which he reported Mr. Holmes had asked him to bring, and in the evening the giver of the feast would reappear, with a lank oilcloth bag, sagged by some bottles of wine. There was always a bottle of red wine, and sometimes a bottle of champagne, and he had taken the precaution to send some crackers beforehand, so that the supper would be as entirely of his own giving as possible. He was forced to let us do the cooking and supply the cold-slaw, and perhaps he indemnified himself for putting us to these charges, and for the use of our linen and silver, by the vast superfluity of his oysters, with which we remained inundated for days. He did not care to eat many himself, but seemed content to fancy doing us a pleasure; and I have known few greater ones in life, than in the hospitality that so oddly played the host to us at our own table.

It must have seemed incomprehensible to such a Cantabrigian that we should ever have been willing to leave Cambridge, and in fact I do not well understand it myself. But if he resented it, he never showed his resentment. As often as I happened to meet him after our defection he used me with unabated kindness, and sparkled into some gayety too ethereal for remembrance. The last time I met him was at Lowell's funeral, when I drove home with him and Curtis and Child, and in the revulsion from the stress of that saddest event, had our laugh, as people do in the presence of



death, at something droll we remembered of the friend we mourned.

### IX

My nearest literary neighbor, when we lived in Sacramento Street, was the Rev. Dr. John G. Palfrey, the historian of New England, whose chimney-tops amid the pine-tops I could see from my study window when the leaves were off the little grove of oaks between us. He was one of the first of my acquaintances, not suffering the great disparity of our ages to count against me, but tactfully and sweetly adjusting himself to my youth in the friendly intercourse which he invited. He was a most gentle and kindly old man, with still an interest in liberal things, which lasted till the infirmities of age secluded him from the world and all its interests. As is known, he had been in his prime one of the most strenuous of the New England anti-slavery men, and he had fought the good fight with a heavy heart for a brother long settled in Louisiana who sided with the South, and who after the Civil War found himself disfranchised. In this temporary disability he came North to visit Dr. Palfrey upon the doctor's insistence, though at first he would have nothing to do with him, and refused even to answer his letters. "Of course," the doctor said, "I was not going to stand that from my mother's son, and I simply kept on writing." So he prevailed, but the fiery old gentleman from Louisiana was reconciled to nothing in the North but his brother, and when he came to return my visit, he quickly touched upon his cause of quarrel with us. "I can't vote," he declared, "but my coachman can, and I don't know how I'm to get the suffrage, unless my physician paints me all over with the iodine he's using for my rheumatic side."

Doctor Palfrey was most distinctly of the Brahminical caste, and was long an eminent Unitarian minister, but at the time I began to know him he had long quitted the pulpit. He was then so far a civic or public character as to be postmaster at Boston, but his officiality was probably so little in keeping with his nature that it was like a return to his truer self when he ceased to hold the place, and gave his time altogether to his his-

tory. It is a work which will hardly be superseded in the interest of those who value thorough research and temperate expression. It is very just, and without endeavor for picture or drama it is to me very attractive. Much that has to be recorded of New England lacks charm, but he gave form and dignity and presence to the memories of the past, and the finer moments of that great story he gave with the simplicity that was their best setting. It seems to me such an apology (in the old sense) as New England might have written for herself, and in fact Dr. Palfrey was a personification of New England in one of the best and truest kinds. He was refined in the essential gentleness of his heart without being refined away; he kept the faith of her Puritan tradition though he no longer kept the Puritan faith; and his defence of the Puritan severity with the witches and Quakers was as impartial as it was efficient in positing the Puritans as of their time, and rather better and not worse than other people of the same time. He was himself a most tolerant man, and his tolerance was never weak or fond; it stopped well short of condoning error, which he condemned when he preferred to leave it to its own punishment. Personally he was without any flavor of harshness; his mind was as gentle as his manner, which was one of the gentlest I have ever known.

### X

Of like gentleness, but of a more pensive temper, with bursts of surprising lyrical gayety, was the poet Christopher Pearse Cranch, who came to live in Cambridge rather late in my own life there. I had already met him in New York at a house of literary sympathies and affiliations, where he had astonished me by breaking from his rather melancholy quiet and singing comic character songs; but again it was with a mixed emotion, for which I was not prepared by my former experience, that I heard him at Longfellow's supper table sing the old Yankee ballad, "On Springfield Mountain there did dwell." The tragical fate of the "young man" who was bitten by a rattlesnake on his native hill took a quality from the pathetic gravity of the singer which still affects me as heart-

breakingly funny. It was a delightful piece of art in its way, and Cranch could not only sing and play most amusing songs, but was as much painter as he was poet. I especially liked his pictures of Venice for their simple, unconventionalized, unsentimentalized reality, and I liked and printed many of his poems.

Troubles and sorrows accumulated themselves upon his fine head, which the years had whitened, and gave a droop to the beautiful face which had once been merry. I recall his presence with a tender regard, and I would fain do my part to keep his memory alive, for I think he did things that merit remembrance.

## XI

Cambridge, as separable from Boston, was, I think, socially of a wider mind and finer spirit than Boston.

It would be rather hard to prove this, and I must ask the reader to take my word for it, if he wishes to believe it. The great interests in that pleasant world, which I think does not present itself to my memory in a false iridescence, were the intellectual interests, and all other interests were lost in these to such as did not seek them insistently. People held themselves high; they held themselves personally aloof from people not duly assayed; their civilization was still Puritan, though their belief had long ceased to be so. They had weights and measures stamped in an earlier time, a time surer of itself than ours, by which they rated the merit of new-comers, and rejected such as did not bear the test. These standards were their own, and

they were satisfied with them; most Americans have no standards of their own, but these are not satisfied even with other people's, and so our society is in a state of tolerant and tremulous misgiving. Family counted in Cambridge, without doubt, as it counts in New England everywhere, but family alone did not mean position, and the want of family did not mean the want of it. Money still less than family commanded; one could be openly poor in Cambridge without open shame, or shame at all, for no one was very rich there, and no one was proud of his riches. I do not wonder that Tourguénief thought the conditions as Boyesen portrayed them ideal; and I look back at my own life there with wonder at my good fortune. I was sensible, and I still am sensible this had its alloys. I was young and unknown and was making my way, and I had to suffer some of the penalties of these disadvantages; but I do not believe that anywhere else in this ill-contrived economy, where it is vainly imagined that the material struggle forms a high incentive and inspiration, would my penalties have been so light. On the other hand, the good that was done me I could never repay if I lived all over again for others the life that I have so long lived for myself. At times, when I had experienced from those elect spirits with whom I associated some act of friendship, as signal as it was delicate, I used to ask myself, how could I ever do anything unhandsome or ungenerous toward any one again; and I had a bad conscience the next time I did it.

# SONG

BY ROBERT LOVEMAN

I WEEP so often now,  
It may be death is near;  
A calm is on my brow,  
A song within mine ear.

I weep so often now—  
Come faith and love and trust,  
And teach me humbly how  
The valiant go to dust.





## BLUEJAY VISITS THE GHOSTS.

BY G. B. GRINNELL

**I**N a certain village there lived Ioí and her younger brother, Bluejay. One night the ghosts went out to buy a wife. They bought Ioí. The presents that they gave for her were not sent back; they were kept. So at night she was married, and when day came, Ioí was gone from her father's house. For a long time Bluejay did nothing; but at length he felt lonely, and after a year had passed he said, "I am going to look for my elder sister." He started for the country of the ghosts, and on his way he began to ask every one whom he saw, "Where does a person go when he dies?" He asked all the trees, but they could not tell him. He asked all the birds, but they could not tell him. At last he asked a Wedge, and the Wedge said, "If you will pay me, I will carry you there." He paid, and the Wedge carried him to the country of the ghosts.

They came to a large village, but no smoke rose from the houses; only from the last house—a big one—they saw smoke rising. Bluejay went into this house, and there he saw his elder sister. She said to him, "Ah, my younger

brother, where do you come from? Are you dead?" He answered, "No, I am not dead; the Wedge brought me here on its back."

After a little, Bluejay went out and walked through the village, and began to open the doors of the houses and to look into them; and when he looked into them he did not find people in any of the houses, but only bones. Then he came back to where his elder sister was. On the bed near where his sister was sitting lay a skull and some bones. He asked her, "What are you going to do with that skull and those bones?" She said to him, "That is my husband, your brother-in-law." Bluejay did not believe her; he said to himself: "Ioí is telling lies. She says a skull is my brother-in-law!"

When it got dark people began to appear, and soon the house was full. It was a large house, but there were many people in it. Bluejay said to his elder sister, "Where have all these people come from?" She answered him: "Do you think that they are people? They are ghosts. They are ghosts." Now these people always spoke in whispers, and Bluejay could not hear what they said, and did not understand them.



He staid a long time with his elder sister. One day she said to him: "Why do you not do as they do? Go fishing with them, with your dip-net." He said, "I will do so." When it got dark he made ready to go, and a boy also made ready. His sister said: "This is your brother-in-law's relation. You two had better go together. Do not speak much to him. Keep silent." They put their canoe in the water and started, and as they were paddling down the river they saw ahead of them some people, also

going down the river in a canoe and singing. When they had almost overtaken them Bluejay began to sing too, joining in their song, and at once the people were silent. He looked back at the boy in the stern of the canoe, but now there was no boy there, only a pile of bones. The noise Bluejay made caused the boy to disappear, and only bones were left. Now, as they floated down the stream, Bluejay sat silent, and was wondering what all this meant, and pretty soon when he looked back at the



NO BOY THERE, ONLY A PILE OF BONES



stern of the canoe the boy was sitting there again. Bluejay said to him, speaking slowly and in a low voice, "Where is your fishing-fence?" The boy answered, "It is beyond here, down the stream." They went on farther; then Bluejay said out loud and suddenly, "Where is your fishing-fence?" Only bones were in the stern of the canoe. Again Bluejay was silent, and when he next looked back the boy was again in the canoe. Bluejay again spoke to him in low tones, and said: "Where is your fishing-fence?" The boy answered, "Here."

Now they began to fish, Bluejay using the dip-net, while the boy held the canoe. Soon Bluejay felt something in his net and raised it, but only two dead branches were in it. He threw them out, and again put his net into the water. Again he felt something in it and raised it, and it was full of leaves. He threw them out, but a part of the leaves fell in the canoe, and the boy gathered them up. Again he caught a branch and threw it out into the water; again he caught some leaves and threw them out, but a part of them fell in the canoe. The boy gathered them up. Again he caught two branches—both large ones. He was pleased with these branches, and said to himself, "I will take these back to Ioí; she can use them to build her fire." At length they turned back and went homeward and reached the village. Bluejay was angry because he had caught nothing.

When they went up from the beach to the houses the boy was carrying a mat full of trout. After the trout were roasted and the people were eating them, the boy talked a great deal, saying: "He threw out of the canoe all that he had caught. If he had not thrown it away, our canoe would have been almost full." His elder sister said to Bluejay, "Why did you throw away what you had caught?" "I threw away what I caught because they were only branches," said Bluejay. His sister said: "Do you think they were branches? That is our food. When you caught leaves, those were trout. When you caught branches, those were fall salmon." Bluejay did not believe this. He said to her: "I brought home to you two branches. You can use them to make your fire." His sister went to the beach and found two

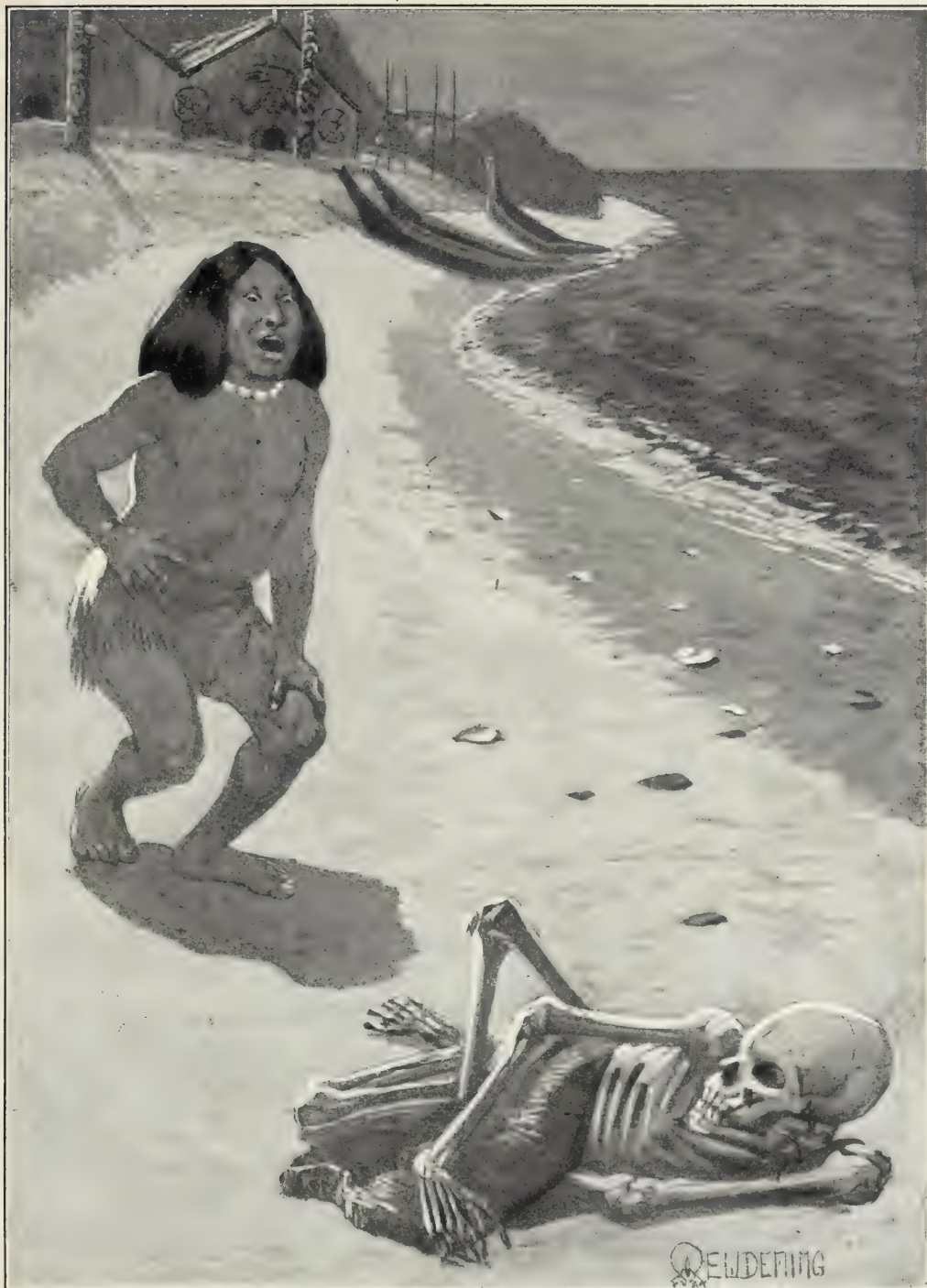
fall salmon in the canoe. She took them up to the house and went in, carrying them in her hand. Bluejay said to her, "Where did you steal those fall salmon, Ioí?" She answered, "These are what you caught." Bluejay thought to himself, "Ioí keeps telling lies to me all the time."

When day came Bluejay went down to the water's edge, to the beach. There on the beach were the canoes of the ghosts. They were old and full of holes, and partly grown over with moss. He went up to the house and said to his sister, "How bad your husband's canoes are, Ioí." She answered: "After this keep quiet, or the people will get tired of you." But he repeated, "The canoes of these people are full of holes." She said to him, angrily: "People? people? They are ghosts."

When it again grew dark Bluejay again made himself ready, and the boy got ready, and they went fishing. Now Bluejay teased that boy. As they were going along he shouted, and only bones were in the canoe. He did this several times, but at last they reached the fishing-place, and began to fish with the dip-net. Now Bluejay took into the canoe all the branches that he caught, and all the leaves, and when the tide began to fall their canoe was full, and they started homeward. Now he began to tease the ghosts, and when they met one he shouted, and only bones were in the canoe. At last they reached home, and he carried up to his sister's house part of what he had caught. She also carried up a part—salmon of two kinds.

The next morning when it became day he went through the village again, and he found many bones in those houses.

It got dark, and some one said, "A whale has been found." His elder sister gave him a knife, and said to him, "Quick, run! a whale has been found." Then Bluejay ran fast, and when he reached the beach he met some of those people. He called out to them in a loud voice, asking them, "Where is this whale?" Only bones lay where the people had stood. He kicked the skulls out of the way and ran on a long distance, and met some other people. Again he called out loudly to them; only bones lay there. He did this several times. At last he came to a big log, thrown up on the beach—a big log with thick bark—and



ONLY BONES LAY THERE

many people were at work peeling off that bark. Bluejay shouted. Only bones lay there. That bark was full of pitch, and Bluejay began to peel it off. He peeled off two pieces and put them on his shoulder and went home. As he was going along he said to himself, "I thought it was really a whale, but it is only a fir-tree." He kept on, and at last he reached the house. Outside the door he threw down the bark and went in. He said to his elder sister, "I thought it was really a whale, but you see it is only bark." His elder sister said to him: "It

is whale, it is whale. Do you think it is bark?" She went outside, and there two cuts of whale meat lay on the ground. Ioí said, "It is a good whale; its blubber is very thick." Bluejay looked at it. Now he believed that a whale lay on the beach. He turned back and met a person who was carrying bark on his back. Bluejay shouted, and only bones lay there. He took the piece of bark and put it on his shoulder and carried it home. In this way he treated all these ghosts, and after a while he had a great deal of whale meat.



Bluejay continued to live there. One day he went into a house in the village and took a child's skull and put it on the bones of a grown-up person. He took the large skull and put it on the child's bones. Thus he did to all these people. When night came the child sat up, intending to rise to its feet, but it fell over. Its head was so heavy that it threw it down. The old man got up. His head was light. The next morning when it became day he changed these heads back again. Sometimes he changed the legs of the ghosts, so that he gave small legs to an old man and large legs to a child. Sometimes he gave a man's legs to a woman, and a woman's legs to a man. After a time the ghosts began to dislike him. Ioí's husband said to her: "These people dislike Bluejay because he treats them in this way. It will be good for you to tell him to go away to his home, for now people do not like him." Ioí tried to stop her younger brother, but he would not listen to her. Now again when it became day Bluejay arose early. Ioí had in her arms a skull. Bluejay threw it

away, saying, "Why does she hold that skull in her arms?" She said to him, "Ah! you have broken your brother-in-law's neck." It became night, and his brother-in-law was sick. His relations tried to cure him, and pretty soon the brother-in-law got well.

Now Bluejay started to go to his home. But as he was going home he got caught in a fire, and was burned and died. Then he started back for the country of the ghosts. When he came to the river he called out to his elder sister, and she said, "Ah, my brother is dead." She put her canoe into the water and went across the river to fetch him. When she reached him he said to her, "Your canoe is pretty, Ioí." She said to him, "You used to say that canoe was grown over with moss." Bluejay thought to himself: "Ioí is always telling lies to me. The other canoes had holes and were moss-covered." She said to him, "You are dead now; that makes the difference." Bluejay thought, "Ioí keeps telling lies to me." Soon she carried him to the other side of the river, and he saw the people. They



ITS HEAD WAS SO HEAVY THAT IT THREW IT DOWN



were playing games—dice and the ring game — and dancing — *tum, tum, tum, tum*—and singing. Bluejay wanted to go to these singers. He tried to sing and to call out loud, but they laughed at him. Then he went into his brother-in-law's house. There sat a chief, a good-looking man; it was Ioí's husband. Ioí said, "And you broke his neck." Bluejay thought, "Ioí keeps telling me lies."

"Where did these canoes come from? They are pretty." Ioí answered, "And you said they were moss-grown." Bluejay thought: "Ioí is always telling lies. The others were full of holes, and were partly overgrown with moss." "You are dead now," said his sister; "that makes the difference."

Then Bluejay gave it up and became quiet.



## THE FORGIVENESS OF CREEGAN

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

THE Bishop had been preaching with more than his usual vigor and force, to a congregation which completely filled the rude little frontier church, which took the place of the paper cathedral whose glorious possibilities adorned the pages of the Church almanac, and, to the Bishop's great discomfiture and displeasure, gave an entirely wrong impression of the jurisdiction over which with gentle sway he ruled. The male members of his diocese were handy with the "gun" and easy on the trigger, and the Bishop was preaching on the sanctity of human life, and urging, as a bishop should, that private vengeance was no more nor less than murder, and that the law, which had been principally administered by Judge Lynch, should be allowed in future to take its proper course.

His sermon made a deep impression upon his congregation, which comprised

nearly the whole population of the town, including many men who had a reputation second to none for quickness on the draw, sureness of aim, and general readiness for the game. To these the Bishop had particularly addressed himself. He was accustomed to speak his mind freely to his frontier flock, and generally with good effect, but this present sermon was an attack upon a cherished privilege firmly intrenched both by habit and affection in their hearts and widely prevalent on the frontier—the right of private war and private justice! He wondered, as he took off his vestments in the little sacristy, of how much value his pleadings and warnings would be in this instance. It must be confessed that he did not feel greatly encouraged.

He walked home alone through the unlighted streets after the service, and was very much surprised to find Creegan and





"UNDERSTAND, RIGHT REVEREND, I DEPRECIATES THIS YER PERMISCUS SHOOTIN' "

his wife, who had been attentive listeners at church, waiting for him in his study. Creegan had kept the principal saloon and gambling-house in the town. Somehow or other the Bishop, who had a very taking way with him, had gotten hold of Creegan and had begun a reformation in his character and life, which had been completed by Creegan's wife, a pretty, blushing little girl who had come out to the Territory with a broken-down physician, her father, who had sought the West to recuperate his shattered health or die—and had died. The big frontiersman had fascinated the pretty little Eastern girl, and, for himself, he fairly worshipped the very ground she walked on. As a *sine qua non* to her consent to the marriage, which the Bishop solemnized, Creegan had disposed of his saloon, by the manly way of closing it up, and had gone into the hardware business; that is to say, he sold builders' hardware and guns—principally weapons, however.

The ex-saloon-keeper had a record behind him, and could have pointed with pride, as many of his confrères were accustomed to do, to half a dozen graves in the rude little cemetery on the hill, which his pistol had filled. He had been a just man, however, according to his lights, and no bully, and his killings had been in strictly honorable warfare, measured by the standard of the time and place. He had forsworn his evil ways when he had taken unto himself his little wife, and, so far as he could, was trying, in spite of adverse early training and persistent habit, to follow the counsels of the Bishop and the teachings of the Church, of which he had been made a vestryman, and in which the Bishop cherished the hope that he would soon be confirmed. The leopard had changed his spots, but there were a few streaks remaining on him yet, and he had not quite made up his mind on that momentous point. The sermon of the evening had made a deep impression upon him, and he and Maria, his wife, had come to talk it over with the Bishop.

"Look here, Right Reverend," he began—his usual method of address—"Maria an' I've been hit hard by yer sermon to-night. You made a bull's-eye on me, sure, an' I've been thinkin' that maybe them guns w'ich I sells the boys has got more to do with the permiscus shootin'

to w'ich you've been alludin' than anything else. 'Cause if a man 'ain't got no gun he can't shoot, w'ich it stands to reason, don't it? Not but that it's a leetle onhandy position to be in, w'en t'other feller is armed, as I knows by experience, me bein' the armed one, o' course, or I wouldn't be here," he added, with an unholy chuckle, instantly repressed. "An' Maria's been a-thinkin', and wot she thinks we both of us allows—you an' me, that is, Right Reverend—is about right?" There was a note of interrogation in this sentence, to which the Bishop instantly made reply.

"I have generally found," answered the Bishop, smiling upon the pleased little woman before him, "that Mrs. Creegan's opinions are entirely worthy of careful consideration. Go on, Creegan."

"Well, Maria's been a-thinkin', as I sed, that I better quit sellin' guns. Now it don't seem to me, w'ich I states my own opinion agin, that I'm responsible fer all the killin's in town 'cause I sells weepens. Men's got to have guns! Why, a man kin no more do without a gun than he kin git along without a—a—toothbrush, fer instance, an' I'm undecided as to wot I ought to do. I was druv or drug out of the licker business by you an' Maria—well, no, I oughtn't to say that," he added, quickly, seeing the look of pain on his pretty wife's face, "fer I come out of it of my own free will, fer love of Maria an' you, an'—God, o' course," he continued, with exemplary piety, remembering the requirements of his position as a vestryman; "but if I give up the hardware an' gun business, I reckon I'll have to sell candy, or start a bakery, or foller some other innercent an' unerbjectionable way o' gittin' a livin' to w'ich I ain't suited at all. Now, we've agreed to leave it to you. Understand, Right Reverend, I depreciates this yer permiscus shootin' as much as enybody, an' as fer myself, I ain't goin' to do no more of it, nohow. I don't join no more lynchin'-bees, nor nothing o' that kind, w'ich I've been a tough man, as you know."

"I'll never believe it," said Maria, softly; "you know, Bishop, he's the best man on earth."

"Hush, honey," said Creegan, in such accents of joy and affection that the rebuke in his words sounded like a caress;



"you don't know wot yer talkin' about. Well, wot d'ye say, Doctor?"

"Let me think over it a little while, Creegan," answered the Bishop, whose habit it was not to deliver snap-judgments about anything. A good example that was to the Territory, for it was the snap-judgment that usually pulled the trigger of the ever-ready gun.

"All right," said Creegan; "I'll come around an' talk to you about it to-morrer. Meanwhile, lemme tell you how much I enjoyed yer sermon, an' wot a lot o' good it done me, an' others too. We was talkin' about it around the church door, an' I sez to Bill King an' some other fellers I know, I sez, 'You fellers have got to quit shootin' every time you git the drop on a man, or by—by gracious, I'll bring my old gun down an' clean out the whole kit o' you if you don't stop it!'" He delivered this stirring piece of information entirely unconscious of the implied violation of his new principles contained in it. In spite of himself the Bishop laughed—that's why they liked him, he was so entirely human in his life and ministry.

"Well, sir," Creegan continued, rising, "we can't keep you here all night talkin' about this matter, an' we'll say good-evenin' and go home, expectin' to hear from you on the morrer."

Creegan and his wife lived in one of the nicest houses in the jurisdiction. The saloon business had been lucrative, the hardware "an' gun" business not less so. He was a generous man: indeed, the little church had often profited from his large-hearted liberality, even in his saloon-keeping days, and he had built the nicest house the Territory could compass, and furnished it well for his little bride. In fact, it was the best house in the town after the Bishop's—"two story an' a brick," the citizens described it. It was an unwritten law that nobody, unless it was the Governor, should have a better house than the Bishop in that Territory.

That night, about two o'clock in the morning, the house was entered by a burglar. Creegan was a light sleeper—the quality had saved his life before on the frontier—and he was awakened by a noise in the upper hall. He rose softly from the side of his sleeping wife and stepped into the hall. Unfortunately for

him, he stood in the bright moonlight coming through the window, squarely between the burglar and the stairs—the intruder's only way of escape. As Creegan, who was a man of splendid physique, sprang at the burglar, the latter fired. The bullet hit Creegan in the abdomen. The force of his spring, however, carried him forward. Before the burglar could fire a second time, Creegan was upon him. The men fell sideways upon the landing, the burglar underneath, with his outstretched arms tightly pinioned against the floor by Creegan, who had grasped his wrists. The huge bulk of the frontiersman overpowered the slighter man. There was a furious struggle for a second or two, but in spite of the agony he suffered from his dreadful wound, Creegan, with indomitable resolution, held down his man.

A few seconds only had elapsed before Maria, awakened by the shot and the confusion, sprang from the deserted bed and ran into the hall. She happened to be just in line with the outstretched arm of the burglar, whose right hand still tenaciously grasped the pistol. Fearful that the arrival of this new ally would result in his final capture, the man pointed the revolver, a double-acting weapon, roughly in her direction and pulled the trigger. Singularly enough, the bullet struck the young woman also in the abdomen, just about where her husband had been hit! With a shriek of pain she sank down helpless on the floor, where she lay moaning and bleeding.

There was one other person in the house. The Creegans boasted the luxury of a maid-servant. She was a little "chunky" frontier girl, with plenty of common-sense and courage. She, too, came running at the sound of the shots, and took in the situation with a glance. Creegan, evidently wounded, lying in the hall, with just strength enough to maintain his position, but retaining his grasp on the man's outstretched wrists; Mrs. Creegan lying, a white, huddled heap, in the doorway, blood staining her night-clothes. The girl divined what had happened when she saw the pistol, which the man still resolutely grasped, pointing up the hall. Lest she herself should be shot, she lay down on the floor, and bidding Creegan to hold on for God's sake, she

worked herself across the hall, carefully keeping out of range of the pistol, which the burglar in vain strove to point at her, until she could get near enough to his hand. Then she seized the hand in her teeth, and bit and gnawed and chewed it until the nerve of the burglar gave way. With oaths and curses of pain he dropped the pistol. The girl pounced upon it like a hawk, slipped it in Creegan's hand, and stepped out of range. By an incredible effort the frontiersman slowly raised himself on one arm. With the other hand he swung the pistol about until he put the muzzle close against the head of the burglar. Like most Western men of whatsoever sort, the burglar was game. He uttered no cry and made no prayer, though he realized that his hour was come—that he had lost the game.

"Dearest," said Creegan feebly to his wife, "be you much hurt?"

"I am shot in the stomach, John," answered his wife, faintly; "pretty bad, I think. Are you—"

"I've got it in the same place, little woman. I'm done fer this time," he answered, weakly.

The servant-girl, who reported it afterwards, said it seemed as if he waited an hour, with his pistol pointed at the burglar's head, before he said anything else.

"Why in h—l don't you shoot and be done with it?" finally exclaimed the latter, with an oath.

"You've shot my wife," answered Creegan, thickly, "an' you've killed me. Fer me to pull the trigger now would be revenge, an' he—the Bishop—says revenge is murder, an' I can't go to my God with your blood on my hands. You can go. You're free." He lifted himself by a superhuman effort and rolled himself off the burglar.

"Well, I'm d—d!" ejaculated the latter, springing to his feet. He stopped a moment and looked at the two figures on the floor, struck the maid a fierce blow in the face with his left hand, which knocked her senseless half-way down the stairs, and then ran from the house.

When the maid came to herself, Creegan had crawled over to his wife. He lay with his lips on her bare foot. He was stone-dead, and she was unconscious and dying. A broad wavering trail of blood along the hall showed the last

movements of the man. Two days after, the little church was filled again, for the funeral of Creegan and his wife. The Bishop had a fruitful theme in Creegan's unparalleled magnanimity and forgiveness. He preached from the old and ever-wonderful text, "*Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.*" It was generally conceded by the frontiersmen that the Bishop's estimate of Creegan's extraordinary action had been entirely adequate to the situation. The citizens raised a handsome purse and presented it to the maid, subsequently, with the largest and finest gold watch in the Territory.

Three days after that, the Bishop got off the train at a far-distant station. The railroad agent, who was senior warden of the mission at that point, met him with a telegram, to the effect that the murderer of Creegan and his wife had been caught. The whole town had turned out to search for him when the story had become known, and they had finally run him down after a hard pursuit. His right hand was frightfully torn. He had allowed it to be gnawed by a bull-dog in a vain attempt to efface the marks of the girl's teeth. The identification, however, had been complete. Even the teeth-marks had not been obliterated by the bull-dog. The man was promptly jailed in the See city where the murder had been committed. On the afternoon of his capture a large party of prominent citizens, who respected Creegan and admired him for his action, but who did not propose to have it establish a dangerous precedent from the stand-point of house-breakers, streamed into the public square, held an indignation meeting, and moved towards the jail.

The sheriff, a splendid frontiersman, also a member of the Bishop's congregation, met the party at the door of the jail, pistol in hand. There was no time wasted in useless discussion on either side.

"Gentlemen," said the sheriff, presenting his revolver at the crowd, "I know wot ye're come fer, but you can't have him. I'm an officer of the law, an' I'm sworn to protect this man. There's enough of you to overpower me, but before you do it, I'll fire upon you."

"That's all right, Bill," remarked the



sheriff's brother, also a member of the Bishop's congregation, equally as determined as the official guardian of the law; "we know you've got to do yer duty. We know it's yer duty to open fire on the crowd; but, Bill, you know you allus was a d—d bad shot. Come on, boys!"

The Sheriff's revolver cracked ferociously several times, doing some harm to the swaying trees back of the mob, before he was safely overpowered. The criminal was immediately taken from the jail and summarily hanged, in the presence of the assembled citizens. There were no barbarities attendant upon the execution, which was conducted in an orderly and judicial manner. Before his taking off, the burglar, a notoriously bad character, made a speech to the effect that if Creegan had not been such a fool, and had shot him when he had the chance, all this unfortunate publicity and annoyance might have been avoided.

"That's all right," remarked the sheriff's brother; "don't go to aspersen Creegan's character now he's dead. That man

was a Christian, w'ich you ain't much acquainted with the breed, I takes it."

"No, I ain't," remarked the burglar, laconically. "Go on with the game."

As the Bishop entered the little sod church in that village three hundred miles away that night to conduct services, the agent read him another telegram, signed by the sheriff's brother. It was terse, but to the point. It said,

"We lynched Creegan's murderer this afternoon."

The Bishop's eye flashed, his face lighted, an expression of singular satisfaction spread over his countenance as the agent read the message. "Well!" he exclaimed, joyfully. A moment after he remembered himself, and resuming his usual gentle and mild expression, remarked, gravely, "Well, that was a very wrong thing to do, brethren."

To the day of his death the little Bishop could not settle to his own satisfaction whether he had even converted himself by the sermon which had moved Creegan to his great act of forgiveness.

## ALCOHOL, PHYSIOLOGY AND TEMPERANCE REFORM

BY W. O. ATWATER

**I**N a preceding article I have hinted at the fallacy of attempting to measure the real effects of alcohol by experiments in which small quantities are taken for a short time, and only its nutritive action is tested. No one who has observed a drunken man whose brain and nerves have been so affected that he can no longer think clearly or walk straight, or who has seen the destruction of health and character which is wrought by alcohol, can fail to appreciate this. That alcohol serves as nutriment, there is no reasonable doubt. But its nutritive effect may be, often is, counteracted by its ulterior action.

The following statement by Sir Michael Foster, the eminent English physiologist, brings out the distinction between the direct dietetic action and the indirect effect of alcoholic beverages:

The value of the various articles of diet does not depend by any means solely on their ability to supply energy; we have seen, for instance, that salts, which supply no energy, are nevertheless of use in directing the changes going on in the body. In a somewhat similar way alcohol and other substances may influence and direct these changes. Whether that influence is beneficial or no will depend upon many circumstances, and certainly upon the quantity taken. We have many illustrations that a substance taken into the body in a certain quantity will produce one effect, and in another quantity it may be quite an opposite effect. There is no doubt that a certain quantity of alcohol is injurious and interferes with all the functions, and ultimately brings about various diseases, but it does not follow from this that in a smaller quantity it may not be harmless or even beneficial.

Alcohol produces its most marked effects on the vascular and nervous systems. It leads to a dilation of the small blood-vessels of the skin, and so to a larger flow of blood

to the surface of the body; this, while it produces a sensation of warmth, leads to an increased loss of heat by radiation and perspiration. If the amount of alcohol taken is excessive, the loss of heat will lead to a definite fall of temperature. Alcohol is then of no service as a preventative against cold....

The limit up to which any beneficial effects are produced by alcohol is soon reached, and beyond that it only does harm. This limit is not the same for all individuals; a quantity good for one may be injurious for another, and a large number of people find that strictly moderate quantities of alcoholic beverages do them no harm, while others find that similar amounts impede them in their daily work.—*Foster and Shore's Physiology*, p. 156.

#### EFFECT OF ALCOHOL UPON THE NERVOUS AND MUSCULAR SYSTEMS.

This is a very complicated subject, which perhaps ought to be treated fully or not at all, and which I hesitate to refer to because it is so much outside the specialty of the physiological chemist. As regards the influence upon the nervous system, the following statement summarizes, as well as any such brief statement can, the views which, so far as I have learned from reading and personal conversation, are held by the investigators whose judgment is most accepted by their fellow-specialists:

A small amount of alcohol may promote the action of the central nervous system, and often appears to quicken the rapidity of thought and to excite the imagination, but more usually, and always when taken in any but small quantities, it diminishes the power of connected thought and judgment. It also diminishes the power of receiving sensory impressions, and at the same time blunts all the special senses. Since it reduces the sensibility to cold and fatigue, and allays mental pain and worry, it is often resorted to, and then with great danger.—*Foster and Shore's Physiology*, p. 157.

The muscles are regulated by the nerves. Alcohol affects the nervous system, and in so doing it may affect the muscles also, as shown by the staggering and weakness of the drunken man. How much alcohol it takes to cause such disturbance, or how much disturbance a given amount of alcohol will cause, depends a good deal on the man. Some are affected by a very little; others will stand a great deal; and the effect may be deleterious even when the drinker is not conscious of it at all.

A great many laboratory experiments have been made by different investigators for studying the effects of alcohol upon voluntary muscular power and muscular fatigue. For instance, tests are made by lifting weights with one finger, apparatus being provided for measuring and recording the results. The results of such tests made under ordinary conditions are compared with those made after the subject has taken alcohol. The methods and apparatus are very ingenious and interesting, and the information gained is decidedly valuable. While all investigators agree that any large quantity is injurious, the results with small doses are conflicting, and are often rendered doubtful because the conditions of the experiments are not known and controlled with sufficient exactness. The most reliable testimony seems to me that of experiments on a large scale with men who are subjected to muscular strain under ordinary conditions. The results of the experiments and observations by Parkes are of especial interest. In one experiment of several days' duration with strictly regulated diet and routine it was found that alcohol greatly increased the work of the heart and shortened its period of rest, with the result that the subject became fatigued more easily than when no alcohol was given. A number of practical experiments with marching soldiers, as well as the observations made during several military expeditions, were generally unfavorable to the use of spirits by soldiers in times of great muscular exertion.

Many of the men who are most successful in athletic contests are most rigorous abstainers. Miller, the famous bicyclist, is an illustration. In a study of his diet and that of other contestants in a bicycle race in the Madison Square Garden, New York, in which he rode from twenty to twenty-two hours per day, and covered a distance of 2007 miles in a little less than six days, we found that he used no alcoholic beverages. His trainer, Mr. John West, himself an athlete and very successful in the training of other athletes, expressed to me his judgment that alcohol in any form or amount is injurious rather than beneficial where endurance is required. This view, however, is not universal among experts. A late study of the diet of Sandow, "the



strong man," whose feats of muscular strength are phenomenal, indicated that he was in the habit of taking about two quarts of beer daily. Ale is very commonly included in the diet of English athletes as students in training for rowing contests. Judging by these examples, it would seem rather presumptuous to infer that this practice is entirely unwarranted.

Personally I am inclined to believe that alcoholic beverages, even in moderate quantities, are for most people more of a hinderance than help to muscular activity, but I am unable to find any warrant for positively affirming that very small quantities of alcohol are of necessity harmful in their effects upon muscular work.

#### ALCOHOL AND DIGESTION.

The effect of alcohol on digestion is very complex, and naturally the views held about it are varied and conflicting. One hesitates to pronounce upon it briefly, since there is so much that is still unexplained, and almost any definite statement needs qualification to fit it to what is known. This much is certain: alcohol may either help or hinder digestion. In large quantities it retards the action of the digestive juices. In small quantities it often favors their secretion, the effect apparently continuing after the alcohol is itself absorbed; and it may favor their action after they are secreted. A careful and extensive study of the subject has lately been prosecuted by Professor Chittenden and associates in the laboratory of physiological chemistry of Yale University, under the auspices of the Committee of Fifty for the Investigation of the Liquor Problem. These emphasize the twofold action of alcohol in aiding and retarding digestion, and help to explain the details.

The following statement by Professor König expresses a common view of German physiologists regarding the action of small quantities of alcohol upon digestion. The statement regarding the diet of the poorer classes would, however, be less applicable in this country, where they are much better fed than in Europe:

Taken in moderate quantities in such forms as cognac, brandy, wine, beer, and other beverages, alcohol is likewise an important stimulant to digestion. Brandy, whiskey, sherry, and the like, are therefore

favorite remedies in disturbances of the bowels and stomach, and this helps to explain why the poorer classes, who often live upon a wretched diet of the less digestible foods, such as coarse bread and potatoes, have a craving for strong and stimulating alcoholic drinks. It is the improper and excessive use of alcoholic beverages which makes them a scourge to man, by weakening his digestive apparatus and undermining his general health.

At the same time it should be said that sugar and alcohol, until they are absorbed by the system, hinder, temporarily, the actual process of digestion, at least in the stomach. After their disappearance from there, the digestion goes on more vigorously than if they had not been taken.

#### LARGE VS. SMALL QUANTITIES OF ALCOHOL.

A frequent cause of confusion in discussing the action of alcohol is the failure to distinguish between the effects of large and small quantities. There is no doubt about the danger of excess, or the advisability of temperance. But many people who are impressed with the great evil of the alcohol habit, and are intensely in earnest to oppose it, are inclined to take the effects of large quantities as a measure of what a little will do, forgetting that excess of even the most healthful food is harmful.

The difficulty is that we cannot tell where is the line between useful and injurious quantities. We are also very likely to overlook the extent of the harm that comes from excess, and the tendency to that excess. Temperance is well if we only remain temperate, but some people cannot drink in moderation. With them the choice is between abstinence and drunkenness. In this fact, and in the power of example, it seems to me, are to be found the real arguments for abstinence.

#### IS ALCOHOL FOOD OR POISON?

The answer to this much-vexed question depends mainly upon our definitions of food and poison, and the quantities of alcohol we are talking about. As to the definitions, persons naturally disagree, and it is not worth while to quibble about what may be left to the dictionaries. It is more to our present purpose to note the facts of experiment and the opinions of authorities.

Of the two chief functions of food, the forming of tissue and the yielding of energy, alcohol performs only the latter.



It cannot build up the bodily machine or repair it as it is worn out, but it can and does serve as fuel. Just how it compares in fuel value with the fats, sugars, and starches, or just how these latter compare with one another in fuel value, are questions as yet unanswered.

Another very important difference between alcohol and ordinary food materials is that it has an action upon the nervous system, and through that upon the body and the mind, which ordinary foods do not exert. In consequence of this, only comparatively small quantities of alcohol can be taken without serious derangement. And while its nutritive action is in some cases very important, especially with aged people and in some forms of disease, people generally do not take it for the sake of its nutritive value.

In large quantities alcohol is poisonous. A large enough dose is fatal. Used habitually in smaller quantities it may not only injure health but cause death. Whether it is beneficial or harmful depends upon the person, his bodily condition and the amount taken. If we define a poison as any substance which, when taken into the body in sufficiently large amounts may be injurious or fatal, alcohol will come under this definition. But using the word in the sense in which it is commonly understood, namely, as applying to substances which are deadly or always injurious in their ordinary effect, alcohol in small quantities cannot properly be called a poison. I cannot now recall an instance in which alcohol in small quantities is called a poison, in this sense, by any specialist who is generally regarded as an authority. What I wish to show, in this and the preceding article, is that the results of the most reliable research and the opinions of the leading physiologists of the world unite in saying that alcohol may act as food or poison or both, according to circumstances, and that whether it acts as the one or the other is largely, though not wholly, a matter of quantity.

#### OPINIONS OF LEADING PHYSIOLOGISTS.

At the meeting of the International Physiological Congress, held in Cambridge, England, in September, 1898, an attempt was made to obtain an expression which would indicate the consensus of

opinion of leading physiologists regarding this especial subject, and the following statement, drawn up by Sir Michael Foster, the president of the congress, was presented and offered for signature:

The physiological effects of alcohol, taken in a diluted form, in small doses, as indicated by the popular phrase "moderate use of alcohol," in spite of the continued study of past years, have not as yet been clearly and completely made out. Very much remains to be done, but, thus far, the results of careful experiments show that alcohol, so taken, is oxidized within the body, and so supplies energy like common articles of food, and that it is physiologically incorrect to designate it as a poison—that is, a substance which can only do harm and never good to the body. Briefly, none of the exact results hitherto gained can be appealed to as contradicting, from a purely physiological point of view, the conclusions which some persons have drawn from their daily common experience that alcohol so used may be beneficial to their health.

The occasion was particularly favorable, for although the number present was not large, it included some of the most celebrated physiologists of the world, and many were well-known investigators. A very few members objected to the phraseology of the statement, and one, although believing it to be correct, refused to sign it because he feared it might be misused by liquor-sellers. A large proportion of those to whom it was submitted expressed their approval by their signatures. The number and character of the signers are such as warrant the acceptance of the statement as the opinion of the leading physiologists of the day.

The following, by Dr. Parkes, whose experiments with soldiers were cited above, seems to me fair and judicious. Although I should be inclined to lay a little more stress upon the principle that in health at least alcohol is superfluous or worse, and to urge the importance of general abstinence from its use.

The facts now stated make it difficult to avoid the conclusion that the dietetic value of alcohol has been much overrated. It does not appear to me possible at present to condemn alcohol altogether as an article of diet in health; or to prove that it is invariably hurtful, as some have attempted to do. It produces effects which are often useful in disease and sometimes desirable in health; but in health it is certainly not a necessity, and many persons are much better without it. As now used by mankind, it is infinitely more powerful for evil



than for good; and though it can hardly be imagined that its dietetic use will cease in our time, yet a clearer view of its effects must surely lead to a lessening of the excessive use which now prevails.

#### THE PLACE OF ALCOHOL IN ORDINARY DIET.

Here again there is a wide diversity of opinion among the men who have the best right to speak. Specialists in physiology and hygiene are more disposed to favor its occasional use, or at any rate less inclined to oppose it under all circumstances, than are many of those who are chiefly interested in the sociological and ethical aspects of the subject. I also find differences of view in different countries.

Very few of my French, Italian, and German acquaintances are total abstainers, while many American friends are such. In England I have found more abstainers than on the Continent, and less than here. Of one thing I am reasonably certain: among the men outside of physiological and medical circles, what is called temperance sentiment is stronger by far in this country than abroad. The use of wine or beer at the family table here is more the exception, while abroad it is often or generally the rule. I have no doubt that the views of the leading physiologists and hygienists are more or less affected by their surroundings, and that among the specialists of eminence to whom I have referred the number who would favor moderate quantities of alcoholic beverages for ordinary dietetic use would be decidedly smaller with us than abroad. I am inclined to think, too, that a reason for this difference in view—sentiment would perhaps be the better word—is that, for some reason not yet fully explained but none the less effective, the evil of the alcohol habit is greater here than on the Continent.

All the best physiological authorities are agreed as to the disadvantage of excess in the use of alcoholic beverages; but a large proportion by their example, and not a few by their teaching, seem to favor the use of small quantities, for either their agreeable effects or their hygienic value. A comparatively small proportion in this country, and extremely few in Europe, are entirely opposed to such beverages. But it seems equally plain that the trend of opinion on both sides

of the Atlantic is very strongly towards temperance. What is to me most encouraging is that not only thoughtful people in general, but also scientific specialists, are more and more inclined by precept and example, to discourage the use of alcohol except where it is clearly beneficial.

#### OTHER VIEWS UPON THIS SUBJECT.

In marked contrast with the views of physiologists above quoted are those advocated by a considerable number of most earnest and worthy advocates of temperance reform. I have lately looked through a number of volumes purchased by a well-known clergyman for use in the preparation of sermons on temperance. He selected them because they were published by a prominent temperance society, and recommended for the purpose. They base a large part of the argument against alcohol upon its physiological action, which is discussed in much detail. They urge that it has no nutritive value; that it does not impart either heat or strength to the body; that it retards digestion, and impedes muscular and mental action; that it is an artificial and not a natural product, that since it is a product of fermentation, it cannot be useful; that it is not a food, but a poison; that it is always harmful, that it cannot be used in moderation without danger of excess, that it is the cause of numerous diseases, and the chief source of the crime, poverty, and insanity so unfortunately prevalent. Many of the statements and arguments are wholly just, and very few are without an admixture of truth. But the spirit of the books is one-sided. They magnify the considerations which favor, and minimize or ignore those which oppose, the views they urge; they present doubtful theories as demonstrated laws; they are replete with half-truths and exaggerations, and are not free from statements in direct conflict with the facts. At the same time they cite experiments and quote writers in such ways as to imply the support of the highest scientific authority. I do not believe they are intentionally wrong. The trouble is that they were written for a purpose, and that purpose is not simply to find and state the truth, but to enforce what is felt to be an important doctrine.



## ALCOHOL PHYSIOLOGY, AND THE INSTRUCTION OF YOUTH.

The laws of all our States but two require that physiology, with special reference to the effects of alcohol, shall be taught in the public schools. Here again there is an unfortunate contrast between the statements of many of our school physiologies and the consensus of scientific authority. The following quotations are from so-called "approved" text-books in physiology commonly used in our schools:\*

If you receive into your stomach a piece of bread or beef, nature welcomes its presence. The juices of the system at once take hold of it, dissolve it, and transform it for the uses of the body. . . . Soon it is no longer bread or beef; it is flesh on your arm; its chemical energy is imparted to you, and it becomes your strength. If, on the other hand, you take into your stomach a little alcohol, it receives no such welcome. Nature treats it as a poison. Every organ of elimination, all the scavengers of the body . . . at once set to work to throw off the enemy. So surely is this the case that the breath of a person who has drunk only a single glass of the lightest beer will betray the fact. The alcohol thus eliminated is entirely unchanged. Nature apparently makes no effort to appropriate it. . . . It courses everywhere through the circulation and into the great organs with all its properties unmodified. Alcohol, then, is not, like bread or beef, taken hold of, broken up by the mysterious process of digestion, and used by the body. "It cannot, therefore, be regarded as an aliment" or food.—Steele, *Hygienic Physiology*, pp. 178, 179.

Alcoholic drinks greatly hinder the work of the stomach. They cause the pepsin in the gastric juice to precipitate or sink to the bottom, instead of remaining dissolved, as it ought, in this important digestive fluid. The gastric juice, thus deprived of its pep-

\* This legislation has been brought about through the influence of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and is a most noteworthy achievement. The same powerful agency, through its Department of Scientific Temperance Instruction, has been able to influence and sometimes to control in a large measure the character of this instruction in the schools, by favoring text-books which have, and opposing those which have not, its official approval. All of the accompanying quotations are from school-books officially approved by that department, and the first one and the last two are from series prepared under its immediate direction and bearing its especial recommendation. I am very glad to be able to add that assurance has been given that some of these statements will be modified in future editions.

sin, loses its power to dissolve the food, which, therefore, has to lie in the stomach until the glands can throw in enough new juice to dissolve it.—*Eclectic Series of Temperance Physiologies*, No. 2, p. 55.

Alcohol is not a food or drink. Medical writers, without exception, class alcohol as a poison.—*Eclectic Series*, No. 3, p. 57.

It must be remembered that in whatever quantity or wherever alcohol is found its nature is the same. It is not only a poison, but a narcotic poison.—*Authorized Physiology Series*, No. 3, p. 58.

Beer is a fermented drink made from barley or other grain. . . . The alcohol remains in the beer, making it a poisonous liquor. . . . When the grape juice has been squeezed out and its sugar turned to alcohol, it is a poisonous drink.—*Authorized Physiology Series*, No. 2, pp. 45 and 49.

These statements are misrepresentations. They belong to a kind of doctrine which pervades much of the common temperance teaching, not only in the public school but in the Sunday-school, and even in the pulpit. It would be wrong to judge the physiological instruction in our schools from such quotations, and often where the text-books referred to are used the spirit of the teaching is not the same as theirs. But the fact remains that the general character of the teaching is more or less opposed to scientific fact. The evil is not so much in the absolute untruth as in the exaggeration and the half-truth.

I do not wish to speak inconsiderately of things which seem so vital to many of the most earnest and devoted people—those who would shrink from intentional deceit. We meet here a peculiar difficulty. In criticising the method we may appear to oppose the purpose; yet improvement in method seems to be necessary for the attainment of that purpose.

I think that one of the great obstacles in the way of the true temperance reform is this very exaggeration which makes so large a part of the means used to promote that reform. The object is to teach our youth to resist an enormous evil. The evil being clearly defined, a doctrine has been formed to meet it, and evidence sought to sustain that doctrine. Whatever can be found in its favor is exaggerated; whatever opposes it is ignored or denied. It has gradually ceased to be the propagandism of the few, and has become the creed of the many. It is the old story of human dogma,



and here, as in many other cases, the worthiness of the cause and the earnestness of the advocates are such as often to deceive the very elect.

#### WHAT SHOULD BE TAUGHT ABOUT ALCOHOL?

In a discussion which followed an address to an audience composed largely of temperance workers, this question was asked me: "You tell us we have been teaching what is not true; but what shall we tell the boys, to save them?" In my personal opinion the main points to be taught are such as follow:

1. We should not teach that alcohol is a food in the sense in which that word is ordinarily used. We cannot discuss its physiological action fairly without recognizing its nutritive value, but we should explain the limitations. If we say that it is a food and stop there, the boy is led to think of it as he thinks of bread and meat, and we encourage him to use what he had far better avoid.

2. We should not teach that it is a poison in the sense in which that word is ordinarily used. Alcohol in large quantities is poisonous, in large enough doses it is fatal, and smaller quantities taken day after day may ruin body and mind. Its effects vary with individuals and circumstances, but it is not true that alcohol in small quantities, or in dilute forms in which it occurs in the ordinary beverages as people most commonly drink them, is a poison.

3. We may say that the moderate use of alcohol is fraught with danger; but the cases where the occasional glass leads to marked excess are the exceptions. If we present them to the thoughtful boy as the rule, he will detect the fallacy and distrust the whole doctrine.

4. We may say that alcohol often does harm to health when people do not realize it, that it prepares the system for inroads of disease, that there is a gradation of injury from forms scarcely perceptible to the utter ruin of health and character. But to present the "horrible examples" as a common result of drinking is untruthful. For that matter, I believe that the picturing of the frightful results of vice to young and innocent children is more harmful than useful.

5. The boy or the man, as long as he is in good health and does not need al-

cohol for its medicinal effect is in general better off without it.

6. There are business considerations, also, that strongly favor temperance. Already many railroads and business establishments refuse to employ men who drink, and there is reason to expect that more will do so.

7. Great as is the danger of alcohol to purse and health, the moral injury it causes is incomparably worse. Its most terrible effect is its demoralization of character. This cannot be too strongly emphasized.

8. Temperance is always advisable. This we may emphasize most strongly. But whether or not we shall teach the necessity or the duty of abstinence is another matter. About this the best men differ. Two who disagree may be equally honest. It is neither just nor wise to teach that the doctrine of total abstinence rests upon undisputed principles of either physiology or morals. It seems to me that the question whether a man should be a total abstainer depends upon two considerations—his own welfare and the influence of his example. The first is a question of policy. Will drinking injure him? If so, he had better abstain. At any rate he ought to be sure of his ground before he begins, and he had better wait until he reaches maturity and understands himself and the subject well before he takes the risk. The second is an ethical consideration. Paul's doctrine of abstinence from what may cause others to offend is a rational and forceful appeal to the sense of duty. We may have the right to advise, but the decision is between the individual and his own conscience.

9. An ambitious and right-minded boy wants to be an influential and useful man. I think he should be shown the harm that drinking does to the community at large, and that his own personal influence will be better if it is on the side of temperance. However much good a man may do in helping others to save their money and promote their health, a still greater service to his fellow-men is that which helps them to a higher plane of moral living. This seems to me the strongest argument for temperance, as for all that self-denial which leads us to do those things, and those things

only, which will best enable us to render that highest service to our day and generation.

Whatever we teach we must remember that exaggeration and misstatement bring twofold harm. Not only are they sure to be detected sooner or later, and thus defeat their purpose, but the result is injurious to good morals. We impress upon the pupil, and by the most effective agency, that of example—the example of the school, the Sunday-school, and even the pulpit—the idea that deception is allowable in a good cause, that the end justifies the means. This is undermining the very foundations of morality.

The supreme object of education is the formation of character. It is character that opposes evil and accomplishes good. Character is shaped by instruction, but it is built upon morality, and morality is founded upon the truth.

In this effort to promote morality by instruction the success depends very largely upon the spirit. If the teaching is based upon the real desire for truth, if disputed principles are referred to as questions rather than demonstrated facts, if no more is claimed than is proven, and if under these restrictions the evils of alcohol are clearly set forth, and especially if the teacher, the preacher, and the reformer speak with the power of accurate knowledge as well as profound conviction, the result cannot fail to be incalculably useful.

#### THE MORAL VS. THE MATERIAL ARGUMENTS FOR TEMPERANCE.

It seems to me futile to attempt to base the argument for temperance, and especially for abstinence, mainly on the material—that is, the physiological and economic—considerations. Specialists in physiology and hygiene are no more interested in temperance reform than other men. Total abstainers among them are exceptions. If they are not persuaded by the facts they know so well in both theory and practice, what can we expect from teaching the average boy or man a little of the theory?

Moreover, if we tell the whole truth, the argument for abstinence is not so complete as to give it the desired force.

Some of the facts are so opposed to phases of the popular temperance teaching that liquor-dealers have to change them but little to make them useful as advertisements. Earnest temperance workers reproach the physiologist for putting into the hands of their adversaries the most effective weapon which can be used against them. The reason why facts seem so dangerous is that temperance reform has been supported by false arguments until its adherents feel that those arguments are almost inseparable from the cause itself. If the strongest weapon against a doctrine is the truth, it is time to revise the doctrine. Nor need we fear the result of the revision. If we believe in the divine order of nature, we may fully accept its laws.

We need not abandon the material argument altogether—even when limited to the strictest truth, it is strong and telling—but the moral argument is stronger still. Too much stress has been laid upon the former, and the latter urged too little.

Temperance reform is moral reform. Our people are keenly alive to ethical ideas. And youth is a time when thought is fresh, and mind and heart are open to the truest ethical impulses. The harm which alcohol does to health, the economic injury it brings to the individual and to the community, are terrible enough, but it seems to me that the supreme evil which comes from its misuse is its effect upon character, the moral ruin which it brings. Here we may keep within the truth, and here make the strongest appeals.

#### RATIONAL TEMPERANCE REFORM.

The saloon has three powerful supports—the thirst for drink, the need of a part of the community for social intercourse, and the profit of the liquor-dealer. The taste for drink is very general, it often increases with the using, and the saloon-keeper has learned how to foster it. The social need is legitimate and very large; the saloon in meeting it attracts the transient visitor, and serves as the “poor man’s club.” The manufacture and sale of spirituous liquors is a great, well-organized, and powerful business interest.

The means adopted to oppose the saloon are varied. The tea and coffee houses and other “temperance” resorts, supported



by private benevolence, endeavor to provide a social substitute, while reducing the temptation to drink. The so-called Gothenburg system, which puts the sale of liquors in the hands of organizations of responsible citizens, who derive no profit beyond interest on money invested; and the South Carolina dispensary system, by which the State assumes complete charge of the retailing, sells only by the bottle, and does not allow drinking on the premises—both these do away with the inducement to sell for profit, and the latter with the social feature also. High license is an effort to reduce the number and limit the locations of places where liquor is sold, the details of the legislation being adapted to the public support upon which it depends for success. Prohibitory legislation endeavors to do away with the retail trade altogether, save for medicinal purposes; sometimes with fair success, but too often with such lack of public support as to make the statutes a dead letter, to say nothing of the demoralizing influence of constant infraction of the law. Temperance instruction in the school is an attempt to influence the public opinion of the future in favor of reform, and is eminently rational, provided children are taught what science actually demonstrates, and what in the future they will be able to believe.

If this diagnosis of the case is not a just one, it illustrates my main point the more clearly. What I am trying to show is that the disease is so complex that it is not yet thoroughly understood, that both the causes and the methods of cure vary in different localities, and that the remedies which wise and earnest men and women are trying to apply show at once the differences in the estimate of the evil and the great difficulty of the cure. All this means that we are dealing with a very serious and complicated sociological problem, and that we must understand it better before we can handle it as we ought. It must be treated in the same rational way that we are learning to follow in the treatment of our great problems generally.

We need first of all to bring to bear upon it the most careful and thorough study. The Committee of Fifty for the Investigation of the Drink Problem have

been engaged for several years in such inquiries. The results of their investigation of the economic and legislative phases have already been published. Those upon the social, physiological, and ethical phases are soon to be reported. Of course no such organization, whose inquiries depend mainly upon the labor and the money which its members contribute, can settle such questions; but the results which they are reaching, even when not conclusive, are suggestive, and the questions are being set before the public in a way to help their further investigation. It is essential that such knowledge be gained, that the public be put in possession of it, and that it be practically applied. To this end, three things seem to me necessary:

The first is that the public have a better understanding of the nature of the drink evil. Many people know very little of the subject, and many others have acquired very incorrect ideas as to the physiological, economic, and other bearings of the subject. The untaught and the mistaught make together an unfortunately large part of the community. Here is an important work for the various associations that consider our larger economic, social, and ethical problems; it is pre-eminently a question for the pulpit, and calls for fuller treatment than it has received from the press.

The second need is more rational methods of temperance work. Saying this does not disparage the work already done. We honor the pioneer reformer, even if he has not known all that needs to be known of the territory he is exploring, and even if in the warmth of his zeal he may have lacked in moderation. But the time has come for the calm and careful study of the causes and the adaptation of the treatment to the nature of the disease.

The third need is more general and influential support. The great body of earnest, thoughtful, public-spirited people, whose influence ultimately decides the attitude of the community towards the great public questions, and upon whom we must depend for the success of the temperance movement, should be generally and actively engaged, thus becoming a force which, accumulating slowly and working surely, will be irresistible.



## FRUIT GROWING IN AMERICA

BY THEODORE DREISER

IT is a tradition among the fruit-dealers of New York city that when it was desired to celebrate the signing of the Treaty of Peace in 1814 by a grand banquet, only a half-barrel of raisins could be found in the city for the making of a plum pudding. Of dried cherries there were none, and apples were scarce. At the present writing California alone holds a record of 103,000,000 pounds of raisins shipped out of the State in one year, and a fair crop of apples in New York State would supply the entire world. The money paid for 103,000,000 pounds of raisins, as the housewives buy them, amounts to something like \$26,000,000, and there are other States which grow raisins.

The present condition of the fruit trade in the United States, however, is something which at best can only be shadowed forth to the mind, for statistics appall, and vast figures mean nothing. It is matter of railroads and States, of millions of acres and thousands of packing-factories, of ships and warehouses and trains. Men transact millions of dollars' worth of business a year in some small branch of it, and yet they can tell you nothing. I met a man who handles \$200,000 worth of grapes every season, but he could not inform me concerning grapes in the United States. His dealings were with one vineyard alone. I sought another man whose peach-orchard in Georgia contains 212,000 trees, but all he knew about was his own orchard.

"I don't know," he said, "how big the peach crop is in this country. My orchard isn't so very large—there are a good many like this."

"Tell me about apples," I inquired of an apple-broker, who for fifteen years has seen the apple-market grow so that

he himself controls two orchards, in different States, as large as Central Park.

"On my life, now," he answered, "I couldn't. I don't know. I might tell you about Montana and Kansas, but I don't know much about the other States. There is an awful lot of apples raised in this country."

"Montana?" I said. "Do they raise apples in Montana?"

"Some of the finest orchards in the world are there," he answered.

"Large ones?"

"Oh, sixty to one hundred thousand trees. You've heard of Marcus Daly, haven't you? He has an orchard of sixty thousand trees out there."

"Have you any idea of what the annual yield of apples in the United States amounts to?"

"Well, no. In 1894 it was worth about \$150,000,000; but that was six years ago. What it will be this year I couldn't say."

"Does that represent the price to the consumer, or the amount the farmers received?"

"The farmers, of course. It would be three times that if we were talking about consumers."

So it was with oranges, pineapples, strawberries, and melons.

Out and away, however, from the jungle of brokers and commission merchants, who occupy and enliven a goodly section of every American city, some order is to be found. Here and there, in States and capitals, dwell men who keep watch—apple experts, and wiseacres in grapes, who know and can tell how stands the production of these things. Thus it is that one may learn of \$80,000,000 worth of strawberries grown and consumed in



these United States in a single season.

This seems difficult to believe, even when it is taken into consideration that the strawberry season begins in all the large cities in late November, and ends the following August, and that the prices fall from a dollar to six cents a quart as the season advances, and then gradually rise to a dollar again at the end. One must see the depots and the trains, the flourishing gardens, blooming in January in southern Florida, and the careful picking still going on in August far north in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. It is berries from these extremes which make the price a dollar for the first and last boxes sent to the cities.

The wonder of it all is, however, the brief period of time in which the growing of strawberries has assumed such enormous proportions. Twenty years ago all the strawberries eaten by the 2,000,000 people included in New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City were grown in Long Island and New Jersey. Since then the producing area has been gradually extended. Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia began to grow them, not only for New York, but for the Boston market, and fast freight lines were established to transport the product. Then the Carolinas, Georgia, and Florida were added, and now Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, and Arkansas raise vast quantities of strawberries, and ship to all large cities.

It costs but two cents to ship a box of strawberries from southern Arkansas to New York; and many are the car-loads that come across the land at express speed to supply the Eastern demand.

The production of blackberries, raspberries, and other such fruit has been estimated, but since the estimates are all large, let the least of them serve for illustration. Huckleberries are not so numerous. They are not even gathered by growers, because they are wild. Mountains and swamps are their strongholds, and men must gather them under difficulties; yet \$1,000,000 worth are marketed in New York alone.

But the proportion which the fruit trade has reached is most significant in the larger fields of oranges, lemons,

grapes, and apples. Two years hence, if not next year, the California orange crop will supply every market in the country, and, it is asserted, at prices that will exclude all foreign competition, without the aid of a protective tariff. Last year 12,000 car-loads of oranges and lemons were shipped from that State, and this season the crop is estimated at from 15,000 to 18,000 cars. Yet there are 200,000 trees which have not yet come into bearing.

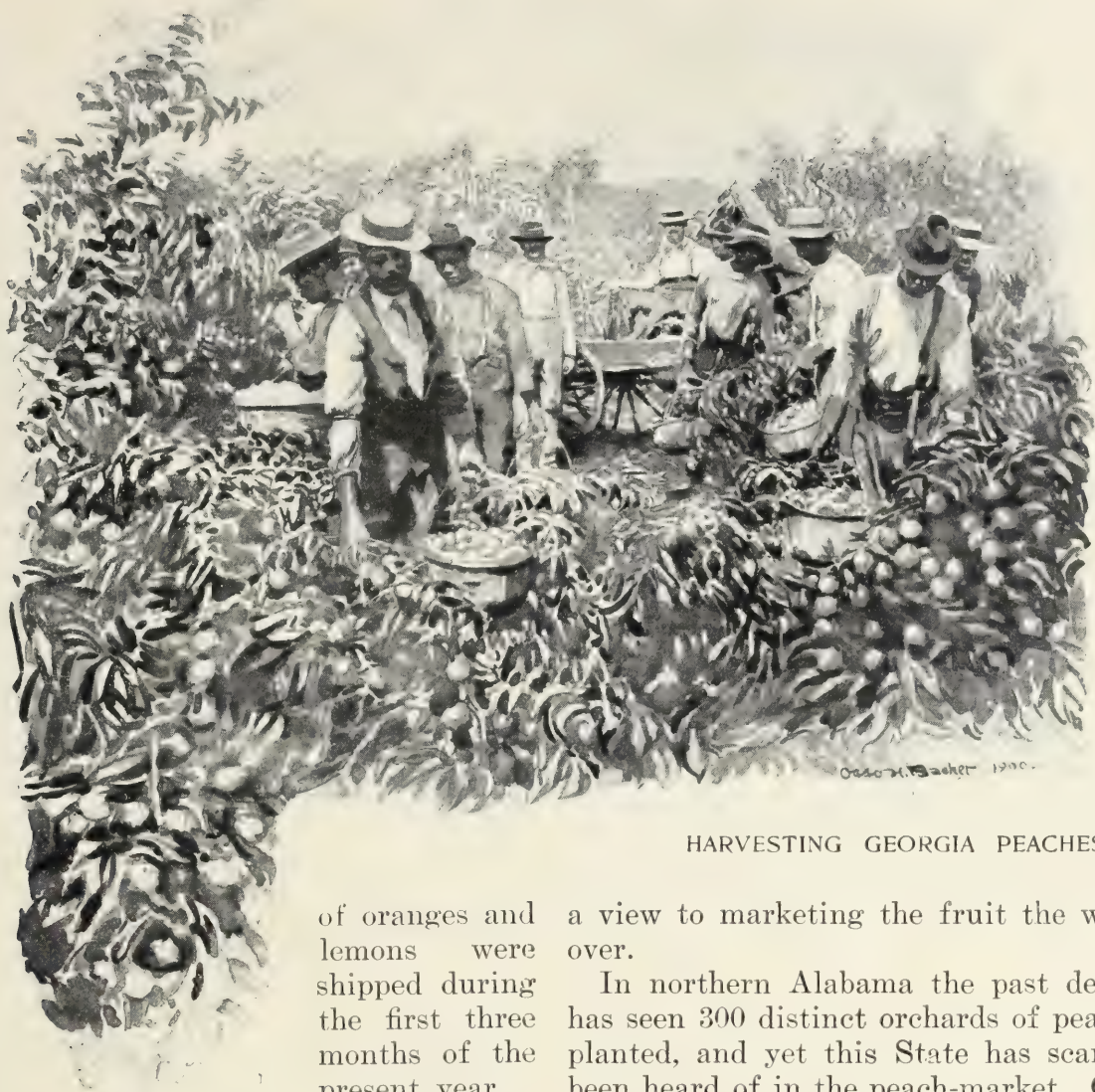
In Florida the yield for the present year will be 1,000,000 boxes, or 3300 cars. Arizona has developed this industry to the extent of shipping 100 cars a week, and yet, previous to 1873, oranges were not commercially grown in the United States. All we ate were imported.

A nearer view heightens the meaning of these figures. Thus fifty cities east of California receive one car-load or more of oranges per week from the coast. This is not large when thought of in connection with New York, but when spoken of in connection with Dayton, Utica, Indianapolis, Grand Rapids, and the like, it becomes more interesting. Lots of five cars are frequently cut out of through trains at Detroit and distributed up the east coast of Michigan—thus Mt. Clemens, one car; Saginaw, one car; Kalamazoo, one car, and so on.

No one need be advised of the extent of the orange-orchards in California, but of Florida a word may not be amiss. In a small portion of Manatee County, near the towns of Manatee and Palmetto, are twelve orange-groves, aggregating 33,000 trees, and in the entire county are 300 other groves, with a total of more than 300,000 trees, planted in the last twelve years.

Near the town of Winter Haven, in the middle section of the State, there are 1000 acres of trees which produce 75,000 boxes of oranges. Around every village convenient to a railroad in the lower half of the State are orange-groves, a score or more, containing anywhere from 500 to 5000 trees, so loaded with golden fruit that the branches must be propped to sustain the weight. This is the second-rate orange section of the Union. In the true orange country—California—the marvels of this industry are numerous. From groves and store-houses in Riverside County 999,120 boxes





HARVESTING GEORGIA PEACHES

of oranges and lemons were shipped during the first three months of the present year.

It took nearly 3000 refrigerator-cars to remove them, and at one time there was a glut of railroad cars, a veritable tangle of orders concerning cars, which threatened to cost thousands of dollars in loss by delay. The annual crop is worth fully \$4,000,000 to the growers on \$40,000,000 invested.

These things concerning oranges are not more remarkable than that which may be told of peaches. We have long had great peach areas in Delaware and Michigan—areas which, because of the annual wail about frost, have become more or less generally known; but the great strides in this field are as yet the secret of the growers. Perhaps most residents of Indiana are not aware of the fact that there are peach-orchards aggregating 500,000 trees in the southern quarter of their State. There are peach-trees all through that favored commonwealth, but the number referred to are scientifically grouped and gardened, with

a view to marketing the fruit the world over.

In northern Alabama the past decade has seen 300 distinct orchards of peaches planted, and yet this State has scarcely been heard of in the peach-market. Only last spring an orchard of 100 acres was set out on high ground near Midland City, and the owner will now patiently wait for returns. Thousands of crates are already shipped out of the State, but the million or more trees have their entire future before them. Texas, Missouri, and Tennessee are also in this field, emulating Georgia, which is the wonder and the envy of all who would raise peaches.

No more significant sign of the growth of our fruit industry is to be had than the great change in the State last mentioned, where, only recently, cotton was king. Since the civil war the old order has been changing, and planting interests have become diversified, large farms have been cut up, and, among other things, the fruit interest has been steadily growing. In middle and southwest Georgia, where extensive cotton plantations once abounded, choice orchards have been planted, and packing-houses, canning-factories, and crate-factories have



followed the extensive growing of fruit. There is a section of the State, traversed by one of the large east-coast roads, which is full of the new-found riches of fruit. This part of the State is singularly productive, and during the dull summer months, when cotton and grain crops are laid by, there are busy scenes among the peach-pickers and peach-packers. The whole section of the State, from Griffin to Smithville, thence to Albany, Cuthbert, and Fort Gaines, is one unbroken stretch of fruiting trees and perfect-bearing species. There is one man at Marshallville who individually controls 120,000 trees. Possibly this is one of the largest peach-orchards in Georgia. One combination of men in Fort Valley controls 300,000 trees. In the neighborhood of this town are 700,000 trees in full fruitage this year. And yet the peach industry is known to be in its infancy here. In spite of tons of fruit shipped to Eastern and Western markets, the industry has just begun. The railroad traversing this one section handled 1786 refrigerator-cars last season, loaded and iced at the various points of shipment. In the past ten years the same road has built twenty-five miles of spur tracks to accommodate growers whose orchards were coming into fruitage. To give some further idea of the extent and the importance of this one fruit crop here, it may be stated that in the neighborhood of Albany there are (in round

numbers) 55,000 peach-trees; Barnesville has nearly as many; the little town of Buena Vista has 12,000; Cuthbert, over 40,000; Marshallville, 500,000; Smithville, 50,000; and new orchards are planting every season.

What this means to the State where once the old pine barrens grew up in waste, and the rugged clay hills seemed given over to desolation, may be better imagined than told. Those allied industries of storing, packing, canning, which follow the march of nature's bounty, have come here. Money has flowed in streams of a hundred thousand and more to the smallest of towns. Far and away stretch these ministers of nature, soldiers of a well-trained army, tents of a well-regulated camp, bearing their gifts of goodness and beauty. In season the broad roadways, lined on either side for miles upon miles with the green branches of these trees, are filled with covered wagons bearing the rich yield to store. In packing-houses, at intervals, are hundreds of workers, selecting, wrapping, crating. It is almost a carnival season, in which men, women, and children turn out to honor with their labor the ripening of Georgia's new-found wealth. And yet it must not be forgotten that this is the peach crop in but one section of Georgia. Elsewhere in the State are large orchards, and outside of it in the rest of the country. The Delaware crop, spread over many sections of that small State, was esti-



AN IMPROVED PLAN OF IRRIGATION





A REPRESENTATIVE OLIVE-ORCHARD

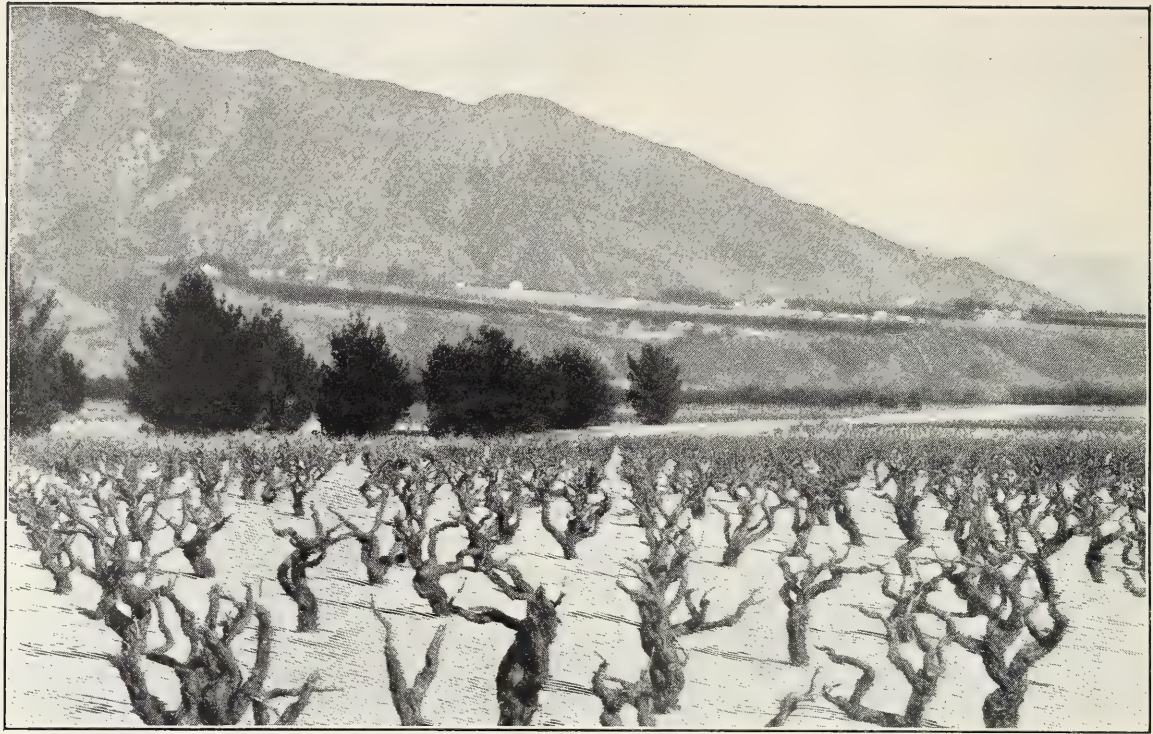
mated at 4,000,000 baskets for the season just past. Connecticut furnishes the same number, and boasts one orchard of 112,000 trees. Maryland equals Delaware, and Michigan surpasses both. Near Cumberland, Maryland, is one orchard of 200,000 trees, controlled by the Allegheny Orchard Company. At Benton Harbor, Michigan, resides one gentleman whose extensive orchards thereabouts yield him \$80,000 a year. One county in New Jersey—Sussex—raised 500,000 baskets at a dollar a basket, received by the growers, and one village of this county—Glenwood—shipped 80,000 baskets at the same price. There are five counties in New Jersey equally noted for peach crops.

Dealing thus with separate fruits, one might come to imagine that the growing of one kind or another monopolized certain States or sections. As a matter of fact, it is just the reverse. Thus New Jersey, so rich in peaches, produces a great many more grapes and vegetables. New York, so prolific of apples, is astonishingly productive of grapes, and Penn-

sylvania grows a dozen fruits in enormous quantities. California produces more of almost every common fruit than any other State in the Union.

It is in the recently introduced fruits, and in those States and regions which have gone into growing for the markets, that the best examples of rapid increase are to be noted. In 1875 what fruit was to be had in Colorado came from California, and was sold by the pound at fabulous prices. With slight modifications of price this condition continued until 1882, when better railroad facilities were inaugurated, but no perceptible change was effected until three years later, by which time Denver, a city of 35,000, with innumerable dependent mining-camps, was using per week only eight cars of all sorts of fruits. At that time bananas were not to be had before June, and the first car-load ever received in May netted the importers a profit of \$1400. Then began the local growing of fruits, since which time 130,000 acres have been planted with fruit trees alone, 99,000 given to apple-orchards.





ONE OF THE OLDEST FIG-VINEYARDS IN CALIFORNIA

In 1896 a few crates of Rockyford melons — a species of cantaloupe — were shipped out of the State on speculation. They had previously been grown for home consumption in what is known as the Arkansas Valley of Colorado—a strip of land 120 miles long and five miles wide, which begins at Pueblo, in the northwest, and ends at Holly, in the southeast. Some New York commission merchants, seeing the great merit of the first samples which came East, hastened to Colorado and began a campaign of organization which resulted in 133 car-loads being raised and sent East the very next season. These being sold at a profit, there was a grand rush throughout the valley to plant melons, with the result that 1500 car-loads were produced in 1898. Now, then, behold the marvel of this rapidly growing fruit industry. In Florida, Georgia, the Carolinas, Alabama, Arkansas, and Texas, growers heard of the wonderful success of this melon, and having an eye to business, planted a few acres. To-day 23,000 acres, scattered throughout nineteen States, are devoted to the raising of Rockyford melons, and more are being constantly added. In some places the introduction has been due to the efforts of the agents of large commission houses; in others to representatives of great refrigerator lines,

seeking to build up a business for their cars. Seven hundred car-loads were raised in Texas alone three years after the melon had been introduced to the world outside of Colorado!

Equally rapid, but far more suggestive as indicating the new order when fruits will no longer be brought to this country from abroad, has been the growing of prunes, the commercial rise of which can be traced to a package of scions brought to San Francisco from France in 1856 by Pierre Pellier, and by him sent to his brother Louis, at San José, California. Not until 1870 was a large orchard planted; and it was 1881 before there were a dozen fair-sized orchards in the United States. The output of the largest growers in California at that time did not exceed five or six tons of cured fruit per annum, while to-day the prune-producing capacity of the orchards of the United States exceeds 100,000,000 pounds of cured fruit a year. With this remarkable rise comes a falling off in another direction, namely, that of prune-importing. Ten years ago we imported nearly 60,000,000 pounds from abroad, whereas to-day the total imports are exactly 650,000 pounds. The other fifty-nine and some odd millions that we used yearly to import we now grow ourselves, and have a surplus to sell.





IN AN EXTENSIVE APRICOT-ORCHARD

A similar change has been effected by the growing of raisins in this country, the immense yield of which has been cited. There is no record of any raisins grown for market previous to 1863. Only 6000 boxes, mostly from two vineyards in Solano and Yolo counties, California, were produced in 1873. Since that time has taken place all the immense growth, requiring 3500 cars each year to haul that which California has to spare of this one fruit. We have cut the imports from abroad from 41,817,016 pounds in 1890, to a bare 10,000,000 this year, and have begun exporting. Little transactions like that which took place last March, in which thirty-five car-loads were sold to one Chicago commission house for \$155,000, are becoming common. The local demand in several of our large cities frequently calls for much larger quantities.

But raisins are only a fraction of our grape-growing industry—an affair which includes all our American wines and fine brandies, as well as the fresh fruit retailed in baskets. One commission merchant in New York informed me recently that he has frequently sold as many as seventy-three car-loads of grapes in a day to residents of the German, French, and Italian quarters of the city, who make their own table wines.

“It is cheaper for them to make their

wines than to buy the American bottled goods,” he explained.

At Vineland, New Jersey, are 10,000 acres devoted to grapes, from which hundreds of thousands of gallons of unfermented grape juice are bottled, as well as car-loads of the fresh fruit shipped. Ten villages in Pennsylvania are equally notable for their wine and fresh grape product. The great grape section of the East, however, is that portion of western New York and northern Ohio which borders about Lake Erie. Here grapes are raised by the hundred thousand tons—thirty to forty thousands car-loads in a season.

In the West the extent of the grape product is almost beyond belief. Michigan is an important grape-growing State, and so is Wisconsin, but nearly every State has one or two important orchards and wine-cellars. California, of course, leads all others in this, as in so many fruits, producing five times as many grapes as the New York and Ohio vineyards mentioned. The largest vineyard in the world is there, not long ago the property of the late Leland Stanford, and now managed by his estate. It lies in the heart of the Sacramento Valley, about 200 miles north of San Francisco, and embraces an area of six square miles, every acre of which contains 680 separate





CALIFORNIA VINEYARD NIPPED  
BY FROST

The most interesting phase of the entire development is the matter of organization. The apparent jumble of growers' associations, commission merchants' leagues, refrigerator lines, and cold-storage companies merely

vines. Here, indeed, is a city of grapes—laid off in blocks of 1400 vines, and traversed by streets and alleys of geometric regularity. In late June, when the fruit begins to ripen, and throughout July, when in a wash of golden sunlight and silvery moonlight that purple perfection is reached which marks the vintage, earth holds no more impressive scene. Now come the harvesters, a thousand and more, working from vine to vine and singing in the sunlight. Wagons patrol the long roads, gathering the boxed product, and wine-presses creak throughout the day and night, draining this secret blood of the soil, red with essence of sun and moon. Thousands upon thousands of tons are thus brought to press—250,000 in all—and car-loads are packed and sent away. So great is the production of wine and brandy that the government has found it necessary to build a warehouse upon the grounds—a warehouse two acres in extent, where the casks are stored and the taxes estimated.

means that we have reached that point where it is possible to see the coming day when the products of a single garden can be profitably distributed over the entire Union. The day is near when there will be no inconvenient spot in the land where a barrel of apples will rot because there is no profitable way of marketing them. The improvement is, in a very large measure, due to the profit which all could plainly see was being made thirty years ago out of fruit imported from abroad.

"If they can bring oranges from Italy," thought the man in California, "and make so much money, why cannot I raise them here and thrive?"

In that very thought lay embodied the billions of dollars' worth of facilities which in thirty years have sprung up to answer the nation's appetite for fruits. To-day the owner of an acre of land, anywhere near a railroad in the fruit-growing section, commands more facilities by which to market his product than did the owner of a thousand acres twenty



years ago. He is the beneficiary of services which growers' associations and commission merchants' leagues have compelled. He can get a rate for his half-dozen crates of fruit which is nearly as low as the large grower pays who charters a car, because the railroads have been taught to see the wisdom of running "pick-up" cars which stop at every station, picking up one kind of product until there is a car-load of it. Then it is auctioned as a car-load lot in one of the many cities, and the profits divided *pro rata*. The steady insistence of commission merchants, who lose when fruit is delayed or rots on the way, has caused the establishment of refrigerator lines with express privileges, so that it costs only \$120 to ice a car from San Francisco to New York, because it comes across the continent in a little over five days. The complaints of organized farmers have brought about the development of the science of storage, and the building of immense storehouses for the preservation of everything perishable which may lack a profitable market at the time it arrives.

I have in my hand a card showing the temperature at which various fruits keep, and for how long. This tells me that at from 32 degrees to 35 degrees F. apples keep for eight months. Every apple-

grower knows this. It is a part of the great trade development. In May of the present year there were 500,000 barrels of apples of the crop of 1899 in storage throughout the United States, held thus through a long winter for better prices, because there was no profitable demand in the fall. Some of the apples were in every city east of Denver, because every city now has a cold-storage warehouse, designed to aid in the distribution and marketing of fruits.

This progress, which is the order of the day, is serving to bring *supply* and *demand* into closer touch, and to make accumulation and distribution flow through smoother and swifter channels. It has made possible the fact that figs, apricots, and olives, now grown in California and Arizona, have cut the once immense foreign importation of those things squarely in two. And further facilities along the same line will end in destroying entirely the business of importing foreign fruits. The great truck-gardens of the South furnish their luscious products to half the homes of the country within thirty hours after being gathered; and the products of California are handed to the consumer more quickly this year than they were last. Men are awake at nights—hundreds of them in New York—tramping down to the long piers where



AIR DRYING GRAPES IN AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER





MAIN FLOOR IN CALIFORNIA PACKING-HOUSE

the cars are ferried in, to inspect and calculate by the dim morning light, in order that goods so perishable may not be delayed a moment in reaching the consumer. If forty cars of oranges arrived in the railroad yards in Chicago at three o'clock this morning, depend upon it they were duly met by commission agents, and by noon of this very day were auctioned, paid for, and delivered to those who sell oranges by the dozen. These short-lived products must be hastily gathered, rapidly transported, quickly sold—and they are.

Turning to the whole field again, it is plain that any attempt to offer a reasonable estimate for the whole volume of this astonishing business would be impossible. The government has never secured an adequate nor certain census. It is well known that a billion dollars would be a modest estimate, but how much it actually amounts to will possibly never be truly known. An effort was made to have the subject adequately covered by the present census, but the result is not yet certain.

In a larger sense the importance of these astonishing figures is much clearer. One sees clearly the potent fact standing as the meaning of it all—the resources of the nation. If a ten-thousandth part of the land given us shall, by moderate cultivation, supply the fruit of 70,000,000 people, crowd the warehouses, glut the rails with trains, how shall all the land respond when appealed to by labor? Clearly a hundred million, and yet a hundred million more, may come, blossoming into life, and the land shall offer them the welcome of food. A thousand million, dwelling side by side, could not embarrass the bounty of nature, which yields a hundred favors for every blessing asked. For every crop growing, ten thousand times its need of chemicals in the soil! For every ray of sunshine used in perfecting bloom and fruitage, ten thousand left to pass! Man shall perfect himself in the wisdom of these things, and there shall no longer be a cry for food. He shall prepare the estimate of that which is his need, and that which is asked shall be given.



# THE SQUIRREL

BY MARY E. WILKINS

THE Squirrel lived with his life-long mate near the farm-house. He considered himself very rich, because he owned an English walnut tree. Neither he nor his mate had the least doubt that it belonged to them and not to the Farmer. There were not many like it in the State or the whole country. It was a beautiful tree, with a mighty spread of branches full of gnarled strength. Nearly every year there was a goodly promise of nuts, which never came to anything, so far as the people in the farm-house were concerned. Every summer they looked hopefully at the laden branches, and said to each other, "This year we shall have nuts," but there were never any. They could not understand it. But they were old people; had there been boys in the family it might have been different. Probably they would have solved the mystery. It was simple enough. The Squirrel and his mate considered the nuts as theirs, and appropriated them. They loved nuts; they were their natural sustenance; and through having an unquestioning, though unwitting, belief in Providence, they considered that nuts which grew within their reach were placed there for them as a matter of course. There were the Squirrels, and there were the nuts. No nuts, no Squirrels! The conclusion was obvious to such simple intelligences.

As soon as the nuts were ripe the Squirrel and his mate were busy all day, gathering the nuts, and then carrying them in their swollen cheek pouches to their little storehouse under the wood-pile. Back and forth they sped with such smooth swiftness that it was no more perceptible than the passing of a beam of light.

The Squirrels were very near the color tones of the tree, which, moreover, held its leaves late; only a boy would have been likely to spy them out.

"It is a strange thing about those

nuts," the Farmer's Wife often said to her husband, peering up at the tree with her dim old eyes, and he assented. The old couple were given to sitting out on their porch after supper as long as the evenings were warm enough, and it was a late autumn that year. There were occasional frosts, but summerlike days between.

The Farmer and his Wife were a fond old couple. They had never had any children, and the sympathy of their own natures had drawn them more closely together through the long years. They looked and thought alike. If anything, the Wife had the stronger nature of the two, but both of them were gentle, yet with a certain wariness and shrewdness, not unlike that of the Squirrels. They were very careful of their money, and saved every penny, and had made considerable provision for their old age. They looked forward to nothing except perfect peace and comfort on this earth for the rest of their lives, and as for what would come after—they had a religious hope.

They had always looked at their English walnut tree and speculated as to what could have become of the nuts, but the speculation did not disturb them at all. They took things which had happened for some time easily, being gently conservative to the bone. "Seems as if them nuts must drop off that tree and be picked up," said the Farmer, "but there ain't no boys."

"No, there ain't no boys," said his Wife.

Sometimes the Farmer used to walk about under the tree and look on the ground for fallen nuts, and his Wife did likewise, but they never found any. They were not aware of four of the keenest eyes of watchfulness and wariness in the whole world intent upon them from some corner of hiding. Now and then they saw one of the Squirrels slipping along the stone wall, and looked at him with



that interest which always attaches to a Squirrel, perhaps because the swiftness of his passing from observation gives him a certain rarity and preciousness. Sometimes the Farmer's Wife observed one sitting upright on the wall, holding a nut in his fore paws and nibbling at it boldly. "Maybe he has got one of our walnuts," said she.

"He couldn't get the whole treeful," said the Farmer.

"No, he couldn't," assented the Wife.

The capacity of the Squirrels for excelling in their given walk of life was as much of a secret to them as was theirs to the Squirrels.

It was in the bright, clear morning that they oftenest caught glimpses of the Squirrels, for the morning was their period of fullest life and activity. Then, when the smell of passing leaves and ripened fruit was in the air, and the grass was white and crisp with something between frost and dew, did the Squirrels feel their joy of life to the utmost. They darted hither and yon, mostly unobserved, since they could fairly outspeed human observation. Not a nut on the tree, not one that fell, escaped them. They went to and fro between the tree and their hoard under the wood-pile. They were very rich indeed. That year there had been nearly a bushel of nuts on the English walnut tree, and they garnered them all. The same delight in their providence, and sense of self-gratulation, and security as to the future, were over them as over the old couple in the farm-house. They too looked forward to peace and comfort on earth; as for the unknown future, they did not dream it existed. They had no religious hope, but their utter lack of questioning made them too trustful for any anxiety. They had no premonitions of a future stage when there might be no stone walls for running along, and no nut trees, and yet Squirrels. Their needs and their supplies were entireties not to be separated by any conception of theirs.

When they had garnered every nut from the English walnut tree they were indeed an opulent pair. They were, of course, acquainted with other Squirrels, but none of them approached themselves in point of richness. None of the others had English walnuts, and none had such

a plentiful store. They looked forward to a winter of fatness and luxury and love, for the two little creatures loved each other as faithfully as did the old couple in the farm-house. None of the other Squirrels knew of their hiding-place under the wood-pile, nobody had discovered the cunning passage which led to it. It was the last of October, and they felt perfectly secure. They had reached that point, so seldom reached by either Men or Squirrels, when care as to material things is over. Then came the day of their downfall.

The Farmer's Wife thought that the wood-pile should be taken down, and the wood split and stored in the shed before winter set in, and the Farmer obediently began the task. It was not a large pile, and he was too thrifty to hire help. He chopped away patiently day after day, but it was a long time before the Squirrels fairly took alarm for the safety of their store. They had grown to believe in its impregnability, and the impregnability of their right of possession. They kept out of the way while the old man was at work, scampering in the autumn woods, enjoying themselves, and always with the thought of their bountiful provision for the future in mind.

At last they began to grow anxious. They hung aloof and chattered angrily. They sat on the stone wall with great tails arching over their backs, so near that the gentle old man thought they must be growing tame, and at last the blow fell.

One morning the Farmer discovered the Squirrels' hoard. He went into the house and told his Wife. "What d'ye think?" he said. "It was them Squirrels that have stole all them English walnuts."

"You don't say so!" said she.

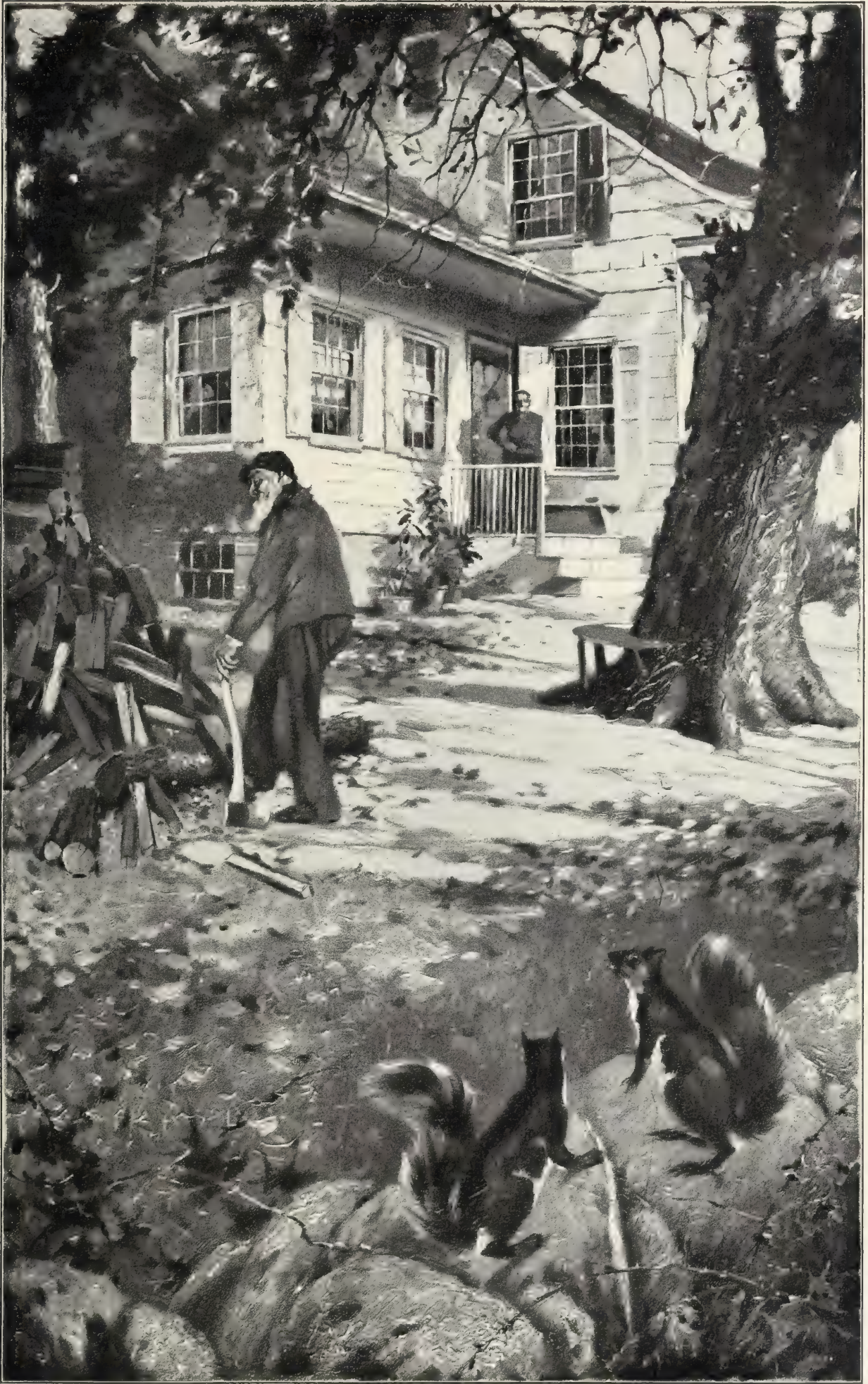
"Yes, they have. Ther's nigh a bushel of them under the wood-pile."

"You don't say so!" said she again.

The old couple went out together and looked at the winter hoard of the other couple.

"Well," said the Farmer's Wife, "you'll have to get the bushel basket and pick them up and bring them into the house, and spread them out on the garret floor. It's the first time we've ever had any nuts off that tree. I declare,





THEY CHATTERED ANGRILY



them Squirrels have been stealing them all this time!"

The old man hesitated. He was as thrifty as his Wife, and had as great a pleasure in possessions, but he had more points of view. "Seems kind of too bad when they've worked so hard," he remarked.

"Why is it too bad? Ain't they our nuts?" said his Wife, with wonder in her soft eyes. "They've stole our nuts."

"Well," said the old man.

He got the bushel basket and gathered up the nuts. There was distracted, but wary, comment from the Squirrels. They skirmished about on the stone wall, and watched this run upon their little bank with unavailing chatters of protest. At this time, if they had had faith, they might have lost it. At the beginning of winter the Squirrel and his mate, no longer young, were thrown upon the world penniless, and all their season's labor was lost.

When the nuts were all heaped up on the garret floor the old man and his Wife looked at them. The old man was still doubtful. "It seems most too bad, when they've worked so hard, don't it?" he said, with a break in his voice.

"Ain't they our nuts, and didn't they steal them?" returned his Wife. She was as kindly as her husband except when it came to questions of sheer justice, then she was pitiless.

But the old man was still anxious. All that day he had an eye upon the frenzied Squirrels darting hither and thither along the wall, with occasional peeps of unbelief that the worst was true, at their violated storehouse. That night he went down to the village store and purchased a bushel of shagbarks, and brought them home, leaning painfully to one side with their weight. He stole out to the wood-pile, all unseen by his Wife, and deposited them in the Squirrels' hiding-place. The next day, and several days after that, he had an attack of rheumatism and was unable to chop wood.

Then a light snow came, the first of the season, and he said to his Wife that he didn't know but it might be just as well to leave the rest of that wood-pile for a while, seeing as he was so lame in his joints and the wood was so wet, and the shed nigh about full anyway. And she as-

sented, saying that she guessed there was about enough wood in the shed to last till spring, and she didn't want him to get any more cold, and it cost so much to hire. She suspected nothing about the shagbarks and the Squirrels, and the old man did not tell her, though he felt guilty. He had never been in the habit of concealing anything from his faithful old helpmeet, not even his good deeds. But there are some deeds which are too intimate with one's self and God for even the listening ear of human love, and too much a part of the soul for even wedlock to unveil. Then, too, the old man was afraid that his Wife would think that he had been extravagant.

That winter the Farmer used often to gaze out of the window from behind his Wife's blooming row of geraniums, and think with a sensation which was like a warmth in his soul how the Squirrels were supplied with plenty for their needs until spring. But he crept out one day when his Wife was away and investigated, and not a nut was in the storehouse. He straightened his rheumatic back painfully and stared at the little empty cellar. Then the chatter of a Squirrel struck his dull ears. He looked for a long time, and finally spied him sitting on the stone wall, eying him with the wariest eyes of incipient motion, his tail already stiffened for flight.

"Wonder if that's one of 'em?" thought the old man. He could not know that the Squirrel and his mate had moved all their new store of nuts to another hiding-place in the woods at the foot of a birch-tree, because they were filled with suspicion and distrust of him. His restitution was nothing. What were shagbarks to English walnuts? They were of an inferior quality anyway, and how did they alter the fact of the appropriation of the others?

The gentle old man whistled. "Be you the thief?" he asked.

Then the Squirrel began to chatter fiercely at the Farmer, though he was always ready to fly at his slightest motion. The frosty air seemed to fairly shiver and shake with that tiny volley of accusation. There was the thief who had stolen the store which had been provided for himself and his mate by the Providence which had created them. There was the

thief who had sinned doubly, both against them and that Providence which had shaped both their need and their supply.

Finally the old man went back to his house, and the Squirrel slipped swiftly away along the stone wall towards his secret dwelling.

When the Farmer's Wife returned, she proposed cracking some of the English walnuts. "They must be dry enough now," she said. So the old man brought down some from the garret, and fell to work. "I dun'no' as I want any," he remarked as he pounded. "I never did care much about nuts anyway, and somehow I've always felt as if we'd stole

the Squirrels' after they'd worked so hard."

"How silly you be!" said his Wife, but she looked at him lovingly. "You were always too tender-hearted for your own good. Talk about stealing, it was the Squirrels that stole our nuts."

But the Squirrel and his mate, whose ancestors had held the whole land, and the fruit thereof, in feudal tenure to the Creator of it all, since the beginning of things, had different views. They were in the woods champng their supper of shagbarks, and often finding a wormy one, and they considered that the Farmer had stolen their nuts.

## ELEANOR\*

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

### CHAPTER XXI.

"**M**ASO, look here!" said Lucy, addressing a small boy, who with his brother was driving some goats along the road.

She took from a basket on her arm first some *pasticceria*, then a square of chocolate, lastly a handful of *soldi*.

"You know the *casetta* by the river where Mamma Brigitta lives?"

"Yes." The boy looked at her with his sharp stealthy eyes.

"Take down this letter to Mamma Brigitta. If you wait a little, she'll give you another letter in exchange, and if you bring it up to me, you shall have all those!"

And she spread out her bribes.

The boys' faces were sulky. The house by the river was unpopular, owing to its tenant. But the temptation was of a devilish force. They took the letter and scampered down the hill, driving their goats before them.

Lucy also walked down some three or four of the innumerable zigzags of the road. Presently she found a rocky knoll to the left of it. A gap in the trees opened a vision of the Amiata range, radiantlly blue under a superb sky, a few shreds of moving mist still wrapped about its

topmost peaks. She took her seat upon a moss-covered stone facing the road which mounted towards her. But some bushes of tall heath and straggling arbutus made a light screen in front of her. She saw, but she could hardly be seen, till the passer-by coming from the river was close upon her.

She sat there with her hands lightly crossed upon her knees, holding herself a little stiffly—waiting.

The phrases of her letter ran in her head. It had been short and simple: "Dear Father Benecke,—I have reason to know that Mr. Manisty is here—is indeed staying with you. Mrs. Burgoyne is not aware of it, and I am anxious that she should not be told. She wishes—as I think she made clear to you—to be quite alone here, and if she desired to see her cousins she would of course have written to them herself. She is too ill to be startled or troubled in any way. Will you do us a great kindness? Will you persuade Mr. Manisty to go quietly away without letting Mrs. Burgoyne know that he has been here? Please ask him to tell Miss Manisty that we shall not be here much longer, that we have a good doctor, and that as Torre Amiata is on the hills the heat is not often oppressive."

... The minutes passed away. Present-

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ly her thoughts began to escape the control she had put upon them, and she felt herself yielding to a sense of excitement. She resolutely took a book of Italian stories from the bottom of her basket and began to read.

At last! the patter of the goats and the shouts of the boys.

They rushed upon her with the letter. She handed over their reward and broke the seal.

“HOCHGEEHRTES FRAULEIN,—It is true that Mr. Manisty is here. I too am most anxious that Mrs. Burgoyne should not be startled or disturbed. But I distrust my own diplomacy; nor have I yet mentioned your presence here to my guest. I am not at liberty to do so, having given my promise to Mrs. Burgoyne. Will you not see and speak to Mr. Manisty yourself? He talks of going up this morning to see the old convent. I cannot prevent him without betraying what I have no right to betray. At present he is smoking in my garden. But his carriage is ordered from Selvapendente two hours hence. If he does go up the hill, it would surely be easy for you to intercept him. If not, you may be sure that he has left for Orvieto.”

Lucy read the letter with a flush and a frown. It struck her that it was not quite simple—that the priest knew more, and was more concerned in the new turn of events, than he avowed.

She was well aware that he and Eleanor had had much conversation—that Eleanor was still possessed by the same morbid forces of grief and anger which, at the villa, had broken down all her natural reticence and self-control. Was it possible—?

Her cheek flamed. She felt none of that spell in the priestly office which affected Eleanor. The mere bare notion of being “managed” by this kind old priest was enough to rouse all her young spirit and defiance.

But the danger was imminent. She saw what she must do, and prepared herself to do it—simply, without any further struggle.

The little goatherds left her, munching their cakes and looking back at her from time to time in a childish curiosity. The

pretty blue lady had seated herself again as they had found her—a few paces from the road-side, under the thick shadow of an oak.

Meanwhile Manisty was found by Father Benecke—who had left him for a few minutes to write his letter—beside the Paglia, which was rushing down in a brown flood, after the rain of the day before. Around and above them, on either side of the river, and far up the flanks of the mountains opposite, stretched the great oak woods, which are still to-day the lineal progeny of that vast Ciminian forest where lurked the earliest enemies of Rome.

“But for the sun—it might be Wales!” said Manisty, looking round him, as he took out another cigarette.

Father Benecke made no reply. He sat on a rock by the water’s side, in what seemed to be a reverie. His fine white head was uncovered. His attitude was gentle, dignified, abstracted.

“It is a marvellous country this!” Manisty resumed. “I thought I knew it pretty well. But the last five weeks have given one’s mind a new hold upon it. The forests have been wasted—but, by George! what forests there are still!—and what a superb mountain region, half of which is only known to a few peasants and shepherds. What rivers—what fertility—what a climate! And the industry of the people. Catch a few English farmers and set them to do what the Italian peasant does year in and year out without a murmur! Look at all the coast south of Naples—there is not a yard of it, scarcely, that hasn’t been *made* by human hands. Look at the hill towns—and think of the human toil that has gone to the making and maintaining of them since the world began.”

And swaying backwards and forwards he fell into the golden lines:

*Adde tot egregias urbes, operumque laborem,  
Tot congesta manu præruptis oppida saxis,  
Fluminaque antiquos subterlabentia muros.*

“*Congesta manu! .Ecco!*—there they are,” and he pointed down the river to the three or four distant towns, each on its mountain spur, that held the valley between them and Orvieto—pale jewels on the purple robe of rock and wood.



"So Virgil saw them. So the latest sons of time shall see them—the homes of a race that we chatter about without understanding—the most laborious race in the wide world."

And again he rolled out under his breath, for the sheer joy of the verse:

Salve, magna parens frugum, Saturnia tellus,  
Magna virūm.

The priest looked at him with a smile—preoccupied yet shrewd.

"I follow you with some astonishment. Surely—I remember other sentiments on your part?"

Manisty colored a little, and shook his black head, protesting.

"I never said uncivil things, that I remember, about Italy or the Italians as such. My quarrel was with the men that run them, the governments that exploit them. My point was that Piedmont and the North had been too greedy, had laid hands too rapidly on the South, and had risked this damnable quarrel with the Church without knowing what they were running their heads into. And in consequence they found themselves—in spite of rivers of corrupt expenditure—without men or money or credit to work their big new machine with—while the Church was always there, stronger than ever for the grievance they had presented her with, and turned into an enemy with whom it was no longer possible to parley. Well—that struck me as a good object-lesson. I wanted to say to the secularizing folk everywhere—England included—just come here, and look what your policy comes to, when it's carried out to the bitter end, and not in the gingerly, tinkering fashion you affect at home! Just understand what it means to separate church from state, to dig a gulf between the religious and the civil life. Here's a country where nobody can be at once a patriot and a good Christian—where the Catholics don't vote for Parliament, and the state schools teach no religion—where the nation is divided into two vast camps, hating and thrusting at each other with every weapon they can tear from life. Examine it! That's what the thing looks like when it's full grown. Is it profitable?—does it make for good time? In your own small degree, are you going to drive

England that way too?—You'll admit, father—you always did admit—that it was a good subject."

The priest smiled—a little sadly.

"Excellent. Only—you seemed to me—a little irresponsible."

Manisty nodded, and laughed.

"An outsider, with no stakes on? Well, that's true. Being a Romantic and an artist, I sided with the Church. The new machine, and the men that were running it, seemed to me an ugly jerry-built affair, compared with the papacy and all that it stood for. But then—"

He leant back in his chair, one hand snatching and tearing at the bushes round him, in his absent, destructive way.

"Well, then, as usual, facts began to play the mischief with one's ideas. In the first place, as one lives on in Italy you discover the antiquity of this quarrel—that it is only the Guelf and Ghibelline quarrel over again, under new names. And in the next, presently one begins to divine an Italy behind the Italy we know, or history knows! Voices come to one, as Goethe would say, from the caves where dwell 'Die Mütter'—the creative, generative forces of the country. Anyway, as I have been going up and down their country, especially during the last six weeks, prating about their poverty and their taxes, their corruption, the incompetence of their leaders, the folly of their quarrel with the Church, I have been finding myself caught in the grip of things older and deeper—incredibly, primevally old!—that still dominate everything, shape everything here. There are forces in Italy, forces of land and soil and race—only now fully let loose—that will remake church no less than state, as the generations go by. Sometimes I have felt as though this country were the youngest in Europe, with a future as fresh and teeming as the future of America. And yet one thinks of it at other times as one vast graveyard—so thick it is with the ashes and the bones of men! The Pope—and Crispi!—waves, both of them, on a sea of life that gave them birth, 'with equal mind'—and that with equal mind will sweep them both to its own goal—not theirs."

He smiled at his own eloquence, and returned to his cigarette.

The priest had listened to him all

through with the same subtle, embarrassed look.

"This must have some cause," he said, slowly, when Manisty ceased to speak. "Surely?—this change? I recall language so different—forecasts so gloomy."

"Gracious!—I can give you bookfuls of them," said Manisty, "if you care to read them. I came out with a great *parti pris*—I don't deny it. Catholicism had a great glamour for me—it has still, so long as you don't ask me to put my own neck under the yoke! But Rome itself is disenchanting, and—outside Rome! During the last six weeks I have been talking to every priest I could come across in these remote country districts where I have been wandering. *Perdio!*—Marcello used to talk—I didn't believe him. But upon my word, the young fellows whom the seminaries are now sending out in shoals represent a fact to give one pause! Little black devils!—*Scusi!* father; the word escaped me.—Broadly speaking, they are a political militia—little else. Their hatred of Italy is a venom in their bones, and they themselves are mad for a spiritual tyranny which no modern state could tolerate for a week. When one thinks of the older men—of Rosmini, of Gioberti, of the priests who died on the Milan barricades in '48!"

His companion made a slow movement of assent.

Manisty smoked on, till presently he launched the *mot* for which he had been feeling. "The truth of the matter seems to be that Italy is Catholic, because she hasn't faith enough to make a heresy; and anti-clerical, because, after all, it is her destiny to be a nation!"

The priest smiled, but with a certain languor, turning his head once or twice as though to listen for sounds behind him, and taking out his watch. His eyes meanwhile—and their observation of Manisty—were not languid; seldom had the mild and spiritual face been so personal, so keen.

"Well, it is a great game," said Manisty again, "and we sha'n't see the end. Tell me—how have they treated *you*—the priests in these parts?"

Benecke started and shrank.

"I have no complaint to make," he said, mildly. "They seem to me good men."

Manisty smoked in silence.

Then he said, as though summing up his own thoughts:

"No—there are plenty of dangers ahead. This war has shaken the *Sabaudisti*—for the moment. Socialism is serious. Sicily is serious. The economic difficulties are serious. The House of Savoy is a light boat, perhaps, to ride the seas that may come. But *Italy* is safe. You can no more undo what has been done than you can replace the child in the womb. The birth is over. The organism is still weak, but it lives. And the forces behind it are indefinitely, mysteriously stronger than the Vatican thinks."

"A great recantation," said the priest, quickly.

Manisty winced, but for a while said nothing. All at once he jerked away his cigarette.

"Do you suspect some other reason for it than the force of evidence?" he said, in another manner.

The priest, smiling, looked him full in the face without replying.

"You may," said Manisty, coolly. "I sha'n't play the hypocrite. Father, I told you that I had been wandering about Italy on a quest that was not health, nor piety, nor archæology. How much did you guess?"

"Naturally, something—*lieber Herr.*"

"Do you know that I should have been at Torre Amiata weeks ago but for you?"

"For me! You talk in riddles."

"Very simple. Your letters might have contained a piece of news—and did not. Yet if it had been there to give, you would have given it. So I crossed Torre Amiata off my list. No need to go *there!* I said to myself."

The priest was silent.

Manisty looked up. His eyes sparkled, his lips trembled as though they could hardly bring themselves to launch the words behind them. "Father—you remember a girl—at the villa?"

The priest made a sign of assent.

"Well—I have been through Italy—with that girl's voice in my ears—and—and my eyes have seen strange sights. I have been looking for her for weeks. She has hidden herself from me. But I shall find her!—now or later—here or elsewhere."



"And then?"

"Well, then—I shall know some 'eventful living'!"

He drew a long breath.

"And you hope for success?"

"Hope?" said Manisty, passionately. "I live on something more nourishing than that!"

The priest lifted his eyebrows.

"You are so certain?"

"I must be certain," said Manisty, in a low voice—"or in torment! I prefer the certainty."

His face darkened. In its frowning disorganization his companion saw for the first time a man hitherto unknown to him, a man who spoke with the dignity, the concentration, the simplicity of true passion.

Dignity! The priest recalled the voice, the looks of Eleanor Burgoyne. Not a word for her—not a thought! His old heart began to shrink from his visitor, from his own scheme.

"Then how do you explain the young lady's disappearance?" he asked, after a pause.

Manisty laughed. But the note was bitter.

"Father, I shall make her explain it herself."

"She is not alone?"

"No; my cousin Mrs. Burgoyne is with her."

Benecke observed him, appreciated the stiffening of the massive shoulders.

"I heard from some friends in Rome," said the priest, after a moment, "distressing accounts of Mrs. Burgoyne's health."

Manisty's look was vague and irresponsible.

"She was always delicate," he said, abruptly, not kindly.

"What makes you look for them in Italy?"

"Various causes. They would think themselves better hidden from their English friends in Italy than elsewhere, at this time of year. Besides, I remember one or two indications—"

There was a short silence. Then Manisty sprang up.

"How long, did you say, before the trap came? An hour and a half?"

"Hardly," said the priest, unwillingly, as he drew out his watch. "And you

must give yourself three hours to Orvieto—"

"Time enough. I'll go and have a look at those frescoes again—and a chat with the woman. Don't interrupt yourself. I shall be back in half an hour."

"Unfortunately I must write a letter," said the priest. And he stood at the door of his little bandbox of a house, watching the departure of his guest.

Manisty breasted the hill, humming as he walked. The irregular vigorous form, the nobility and animation of his carriage, drew the gaze of the priest after him.

"At what point," he said to himself, "will he find her?"

#### CHAPTER XXII.

ELEANOR did not rise now, as a rule, till half-way through the morning. Lucy had left her in bed.

It was barely nine o'clock. Every eastern or southern window was already fast closed and shuttered, but her door stood open to the *loggia*, into which no sun penetrated till the afternoon.

A fresh breeze, which seemed the legacy of the storm, blew through the doorway. Framed in the yellow arches of the *loggia* she saw two cypresses glowing black upon the azure blaze of the sky. And in front of them, springing from an earthenware pot, the straggly stem and rosy bunches of an oleander. From a distance the songs of harvesters at their work,—and close by, the green nose of a lizard peeping round the edge of the door.

Eleanor seemed to herself to have just awakened from sleep, yet not from unconsciousness. She had a confused memory of things which had passed in sleep—of emotions and experiences. Her heart was beating fast, and as she sat up she caught her own reflection in the cracked glass on the dressing-table. Startled, she put up her hand to her flushed cheek. It was wet.

"Crying!" she said, in wonder; "what have I been dreaming about? And why do I feel like this? What is the matter with me?"

After a minute or two she rang a handbell beside her, and her maid appeared.

"Marie, I am so well—so strong! It is extraordinary! Bring everything. I should like to get up."

The maid, in fear of Lucy, remonstrated. But her mistress prevailed.

"Do my hair as usual to-day," she said, as soon as that stage of her toilet was reached, and she was sitting in her white wrapper before the cracked glass.

Marie stared.

"It will tire you, madame."

"No, it won't. *Mais faites vite!*"

Ever since their arrival at Torre Amiata Eleanor had abandoned the various elaborate *coiffures* in which she had been wont to appear at the villa. She would allow nothing but the simplest and rapidest methods; and Marie had been secretly alarmed lest her hand should lose its cunning.

So that to-day she coiled, crimped, curled with a will. When she had finished, Eleanor surveyed herself with a laugh.

"*Ah! mais vraiment, Marie, tu es merveilleuse!* What is certain is that neither that glass nor Torre Amiata is worthy of it. *N'importe.* One must keep up standards."

"Certainly, madame, you look better to-day."

"I slept. Why did I sleep? I can't imagine. After all, Torre Amiata is not such a bad place—is it, Marie?"

And with a laugh, she lightly touched her maid's cheek.

Marie looked a little sullen.

"It seems that madame would like to live and die here."

She had no sooner said the words than she could have bitten her tongue out. She was genuinely attached to her mistress; and she knew well that Eleanor was no *malade imaginaire*.

Eleanor's face changed a little.

"Oh, you foolish girl, we shall soon be gone. No, not that old frock. Look, please, at that head you've made me—and consider! *Noblesse oblige.*"

So presently she stood before her table in a cream walking dress—perfect—but of the utmost simplicity, with her soft black hat tied round the ripples and clouds of her fair hair.

"How it hangs on me!" she said, gathering up the front of her dress in her delicate hand.

Marie made a little face of pity and concern. "*Mais oui, madame. Il faudrait le cacher un peu.*"

"Padding? *Tiens! j'en ai déjà.* But if Mathilde were to put any more, there would be nothing else. One day, Marie, you see, there will be only my clothes left to walk about—by their little selves!"

She smiled. The maid said nothing. She was on her knees buttoning her mistress's shoes.

"Now, then—*fini!* Take all those books on to the *loggia* and arrange my chair. I shall be there directly."

The maid departed. Eleanor sat down to rest from the fatigue of dressing.

"How weak I am!—weaker than last month. And next month it will be a little more—and a little more—then pain perhaps—horrid pain—and one day it will be impossible to get up—and all one's poor body will fail one like a broken vessel. And then—relief perhaps—if dying is as easy as it looks. No more pangs or regrets—and at the end, either a sudden puff that blows out the light—or a quiet drowning in deep waters—without pain. .... And to-day how little I fear it!"

A *prie-dieu* chair, old and battered like everything else in the convent, was beside her, and above it her child's portrait. She dropped upon her knees, as she always did for a minute or two morning and evening, mostly out of childish habit.

But her thoughts fell into no articulate words. Her physical weakness rested against the chair, but the weakness of the soul seemed also to rest on some invisible support.

"What is the matter with me to-day?" she asked herself again, in bewilderment. "Is it an omen—a sign? All bonds seem loosened—the air lighter. What made me so miserable yesterday? I wanted him to come—and yet dreaded—dreaded it so! And now to-day I don't care—I don't care!"

She slipped into a sitting position and looked at the picture. A tiny garland of heath and myrtle was hung round it. The little fellow seemed to be tottering towards her, the eyes a little frightened, yet trusting, the gait unsteady.

"Childie!" she said in a whisper, smiling at him—"Childie!"

Then with a long sigh she rose, and feebly made her way to the *loggia*.

Her maid was waiting for her. But Eleanor refused her sofa. She would sit,



looking out through the arches of the *loggia*, to the road, and the mountains.

"Miss Foster is a long time," she said to Marie. "It is too hot for her to be out. And how odd! There is the Contessa's carriage—and the Contessa herself—at this time of day. Run, Marie; tell her I shall be delighted to see her. And bring another comfortable chair—there's a dear."

The Contessa mounted the stone stairs with the heavy masculine step that was characteristic of her.

"*Vous permettez, madame!*" she said, standing in the doorway—"at this unreasonable hour."

Eleanor made her welcome. The portly Contessa seated herself with an involuntary gesture of fatigue.

"What have you been doing?" said Eleanor. "If you have been helping the harvesters, *je proteste!*"

She laid her hand laughingly on the Contessa's knee. It seemed to her that the Contessa knew far more of the doings and affairs of her *contadini* than did the rather magnificent *fattore* of the estate. She was in and out among them perpetually. She quarrelled with them and hectorated them; she had as good a command of the local dialect as they had, and an eye that pounced on cheating like an osprey on a fish. Nevertheless, as she threw in yet another evident trifle—that she cared more for them and their interests than for anything else in the world, now that her son was gone—they endured her rule, and were not actively ungrateful for her benefits. And, in her own view at any rate, there is no more that any rich person can ask of any poor one till another age of the world shall dawn.

She received Eleanor's remark with an embarrassed air.

"I have been doctoring an ox," she said, bluntly, as though apologizing for herself. "It was taken ill last night, and they sent for me."

"But you are too, too wonderful!" cried Eleanor, in amusement. "Is it all grist that comes to your mill—sick oxen, or humans like me?"

The Contessa smiled, but she turned away her head.

"It was Emilio's craze," she said, abruptly. "He knew every animal on the

place. In his regiment they called him the 'vet,' because he was always patching up the sick and broken mules. One of his last messages to me was about an old horse. He taught me a few things—and sometimes I am of use—till the farrier comes."

There was a little silence, which the Contessa broke abruptly.

"I came, however, madame, to tell you something about myself. Teresa has made up her mind to leave me."

"Your daughter?" cried Eleanor, amazed. "*Fiancée?*"

The Contessa shook her head.

"She is about to join the nuns of Santa Francesca. Her novitiate begins in October. Now she goes to stay with them for a few weeks."

Eleanor was thunderstruck.

"She leaves you alone?"

The Contessa mutely assented.

"And you approve?" said Eleanor, hotly.

"She has a vocation," said the Contessa, with a sigh.

"She has a mother!" cried Eleanor.

"Ah, madame, you are a Protestant. These things are in our blood. When we are devout, like Teresa, we regard the convent as the gate of heaven. When we are Laodiceans, like me, we groan, and we submit."

"You will be absolutely alone," said Eleanor, in a low voice of emotion, "in this solitary place."

The Contessa fidgeted. She was of the sort that takes pity hardly.

"There is much to do," she said, shortly.

But then her fortitude a little broke down. "If I were ten years older, it would be all right," she said, in a voice that betrayed the mind's fatigue with its own debate. "It's the time it all lasts—when you are as strong as I am."

Eleanor took her hand and kissed it.

"Do you never take quite another line?" she said, with sparkling eyes. "Do you never say: 'This is my will, and I mean to have it! I have as much right to my way as other people'? Have you never tried it with Teresa?"

The Contessa opened her eyes.

"But I am not a tyrant," she said, and there was just a touch of scorn in her reply.

Eleanor trembled.

"We have so few years to live and be happy in," she said, in a lower voice, a voice of self-defence.

"That is not how it appears to me," said the Contessa, slowly. "But then I believe in a future life."

"And you think it wrong even to press—to *insist* upon—the personal, the selfish point of view?"

The Contessa smiled.

"Not so much wrong as futile; the world is not made so, *chère madame*."

Eleanor sank back in her chair. The Contessa observed her emaciation, her pallor—and the pretty dress.

She remembered her friend's letter, and the "Signor Manisty" who should have married this sad, charming woman, and had not done so. It was easy to see that not only disease but grief was preying on Mrs. Burgoyne. The Contessa was old enough to be her mother. A daughter whom she had lost in infancy would have been Eleanor's age if she had lived.

"Madame, let me give you a piece of advice," she said, suddenly, taking Eleanor's hands in both her own—"leave this place. It does not suit you. These rooms are too rough for you—or let me carry you off to the Palazzo, where I could look after you."

Eleanor flushed. "This place is very good for me," she said, with a wild fluttering breath. "To-day I feel so much better—so much lighter—somehow."

The Contessa felt a pang. She had heard other invalids say such things before. The words rang like a dirge upon her ear. They talked a little longer. Then the Contessa rose, and Eleanor rose too, in spite of her guest's motion to restrain her.

As they stood together the elder woman in her strength suddenly felt herself irresistibly drawn towards the touching weakness of the other. Instead of merely pressing hands, she quickly threw her strong arms round Mrs. Burgoyne, gathered her for an instant to her broad breast, and kissed her.

Eleanor leant against her, sighing.

"A vocation wouldn't drag *me* away," she said, gently.

And so they parted.

Eleanor hung over the *loggia* and

watched the Contessa's departure. As the small horses trotted away, with a jingling of bells and a fluttering of the furry tails that hung from their ears, the *padre parroco* passed. He took off his hat to the Contessa, then seeing Mrs. Burgoyne on the *loggia*, he gave her, too, a shy but smiling salutation.

His light figure, his young and dreamy air, suited well with the beautiful landscape through which it passed. Shepherd? or poet? Eleanor thought of David among the flocks.

"He only wants the crook—the Scriptural crook. It would go quite well with the soutane."

Then she became aware of another figure approaching on her right from the piece of open land that lay below the garden.

It was Father Benecke, and he emerged on the road just in front of the *padre parroco*.

The old priest took off his hat. Eleanor saw the sensitive look, the slow embarrassed gesture. The *padre parroco* passed without looking to the right or left. All the charming pliancy of the young figure had disappeared. It was drawn up to a steel rigidity.

Eleanor smiled and sighed.

"David among the Philistines!—*Ce pauvre Goliath!* Ah, he is coming here?"

She withdrew to her sofa, threw a colored wrap across her feet, and waited.

Marie, after instructions, and with that austerity of demeanor which she, too, never failed to display towards Father Benecke, introduced the visitor.

"*Entrez, mon père, entrez,*" said Eleanor, holding out a friendly hand. "Are you, too, braving the sun? Did you pass Miss Foster? I wish she would come in; it is getting too hot for her to be out."

"Madame, I have not been on the road. I came a round through the Sassetto. There I found no one."

"Pray sit down, father. That chair has all its legs. It comes from Orvieto."

But he did not accept her invitation—at least not at once. He remained hesitating—looking down upon her. And she, struck by his silence, struck by his expression, felt a sudden seizing of the breath. Her hand slid to her heart, with its fatal, accustomed gesture. She looked at him wildly, imploringly.



But the pause came to an end. He sat down beside her.

"Madame, you have taken so kind an interest in my unhappy affairs that you will perhaps allow me to tell you of the letter that has reached me this morning. One of the heads of the Old Catholic community invites me to go and consult with them before deciding on the course of my future life. There are many difficulties; I am not altogether in sympathy with them; a married priesthood, such as they have now adopted, is in my eyes a priesthood shorn of its strength. But the invitation is so kind, so brotherly, I must needs accept it."

He bent forward, looking not at her, but at the brick floor of the *loggia*. Eleanor offered a few words of sympathy, but felt there was more to come.

"I have also heard from my sister. She refuses to keep my house any longer. Her resentment of what I have done is very bitter—apparently insurmountable. She wishes to retire to a country place in Bavaria where we have some relations. She has a small *rente*, and will not be in any need."

"And you?" said Eleanor, quickly.

"I must find work, madame. My book will bring me in a little, they say. That will give me time—and some liberty of decision. Otherwise of course I am destitute. I have lost everything. But my education will always bring me enough for bread. And I ask no more."

Her compassion was in her eyes.

"You too—old and alone—like the Contessa!" she said, under her breath.

He did not hear. He was pursuing his own train of thought, and presently he raised himself. Never had the apostolic dignity of his white head, his broad brow, been more commanding. But what Eleanor saw—what perplexed her—was the subtle tremor of the lip, the doubt in the eyes.

"So you see, madame, our pleasant hours are almost over. In a few days I must be gone. I will not attempt to express what I owe to your most kind, most indulgent sympathy. It seems to me that in the 'dark wood' of my life it was your conversation—when my heart was so sorely cast down—which revived my intelligence, and so held me up, till—till I could see my way, and choose my path

again. It has given me a great many new ideas—this companionship you have permitted me. I humbly confess that I shall always henceforward think differently of women, and of the relations that men and women may hold to one another. But then, madame—"

He paused. Eleanor could see his hand trembling on his knee.

She raised herself on her elbow.

"Father Benecke, you have something to say to me!"

He hurried on.

"The other day you allowed us to change the rôles. You had been my support. You threw yourself on mine. Ah, madame, have I been of any assistance to you—then, and in the interviews you have since permitted me? Have I strengthened your heart at all as you strengthened mine?"

His ardent, spiritual look compelled and reassured her.

She sank back. A tear glittered on her brown lashes. She raised a hand to dash it away.

"I don't know, father—I don't know. But to-day—for some mysterious reason—I seem almost to be happy again. I woke up with the feeling of one who had been buried under mountains of rocks and found them rolled away—of one who had been passing through a delirium which was gone. I seem to care for nothing—to grieve for nothing. Sometimes you know that happens to people who are very ill. A numbness comes upon them. But I am not numb. I feel everything. Perhaps, father"—and she turned to him with her old sweet instinct—of one who loved to be loved—"perhaps you have been praying for me?"

She smiled at him half shyly. But he did not see it. His head bent lower and lower.

"Thank God!" he said, with the humblest emphasis. "Then, madame—perhaps—you will find the force—to forgive me!"

The words were low—the voice steady.

Eleanor sprang up.

"Father Benecke!—what have you been doing? Is—is Mr. Manisty here?"

She clung to the *loggia* parâpet for support. The priest looked at her pallor with alarm, with remorse, and spoke at once:

"He came to me last night."

Their eyes met as though in battle—expressed a hundred questions—a hundred answers. Then she broke the silence.

"Where is he?" she said, imperiously. "Ah—I see—I see!"

She sat down, fronting him, and panting a little.

"Miss Foster is not with me. Mr. Manisty is not with you. The inference is easy. And you planned it! You took—you *dared* to take—as much as this—into your own hands!"

He made no reply. He bent like a reed in the storm.

"There is no boldness like a saint's," she said, bitterly, "no hardness—like an angel's! What I would not have ventured to do with my closest friend, my nearest and dearest—you—a stranger—have done—with a light heart. Oh, it is monstrous—monstrous!"

She moved her neck from side to side as though she was suffocating, throwing back the light ruffle that encircled it.

"A stranger?" he said, slowly. His intense yet gentle gaze confronted hers.

"You refer, I suppose, to that most sacred, most intimate confidence I made to you?—which no man of honor or of heart could have possibly betrayed," she said, passionately. "Ah, you did well to warn me that it was no true confession—under no true seal! You should have warned me further—more effectually."

Her paleness was all gone. Her cheeks flamed. The priest felt that she was beside herself, and, traversed as his own mind was with the most poignant doubts and misgivings, he must needs wrestle with her—defend himself.

"Madame, you do me some wrong," he said, hurriedly. "I have told nothing—betrayed nothing. When I left him, an hour ago, Mr. Manisty had no conception that you were here. After my first letter to him, he tells me that he relinquished the idea of coming to Torre Amiata, since if you had been staying here, I must have mentioned it."

Eleanor paused. "Subterfuge!" she cried, under her breath. Then, aloud, "You asked him to come."

"That, madame, is my crime," he said, with a mild and painful humility. "Your anger hits me hard. But—do you

remember?—you placed three lives in my hands. I found you helpless—you asked for help. I saw you day by day more troubled, yet, as it seemed to me, more full of instincts towards generosity—towards peace. I felt—oh, madame, I felt with all my heart that there lay just one step between you and a happiness that would compensate you a thousand times for all you had gone through. You say that I prayed for you. I did—often and earnestly. And it seemed to me that, in our later conversations, I saw such signs of grace in you, such exquisite dispositions of the heart that, were the chance of action once more given to you, you would find the strength to seize the blessing that God offered you. And one evening in particular I found you in an anguish that seemed to be destroying you. And you had opened your heart to me—you had asked my help as a Christian priest. And so, madame, as you say, I dared. I said, in writing to Mr. Manisty, who had told me he was coming northward, 'If Torre Amiata is not far out of your road, look in upon me.' Neither your name nor Miss Foster's passed my lips. But since, I confess, I have lived in much disturbance of mind!"

Eleanor laughed.

"Are all priests as good casuists as you, father?"

His eyes wavered a little, as though her words stung. But he did not reply.

There was a pause. Eleanor turned towards the parapet and looked outward towards the road and the forest. Her face and eyes were full of an incredible animation; her lips were lightly parted to let the quick-breath pass.

Then of a sudden she withdrew. Her eyes moved back to Father Benecke; she bent forward and held out both her hands:

"Father, I forgive you! Let us make peace."

He took the small fingers into his large palms with a gratitude that was at once awkward and beautiful.

"I don't know yet," he said, in a deep perplexity, "whether I absolve myself."

"You will soon know," she said, almost with gayety. "Oh, it is quite possible"—she threw up one hand in a wild childish gesture—"it is quite possible that tomorrow I may be at your feet, asking you



to give me penance for my rough words. On the other hand— Anyway, father, you have not found me a very dutiful penitent?"

"I expected castigation," he said, meekly. "If the castigation is done, I have come off better than I could have hoped."

She raised herself, and took up her gloves that were lying on the little table beside her sofa.

"You see," she said, talking very fast, "I am an English woman, and my race is not a docile one. Here in this village I have noticed a good deal, and the *massaja* gossips to me. There was a fight in the street the other night. The men were knifing each other. The *parroco* sent them word that they should come at once to his house—*per pacificarli*. They went. There is a girl, living with her sister, whose husband has a bad reputation. The *parroco* ordered her to leave—found another home for her. She left. There is a lad who made some blasphemous remarks in the street on the day of the Madonna's procession. The *parroco* ordered him to do penance. He did it. But those things are not English. Perhaps they are Bavarian?"

He winced, but he had recovered his composure.

"Yes, madame, they are Bavarian also. But it seems that even an English woman can sometimes feel the need of another judgment than her own?"

She smiled. All the time that she had made her little speech about the village she had been casting quick glances along the road. It was evident that her mind was only half employed with what she was saying. The rose-flush in her cheeks, the dainty dress, the halo of fair hair, gave her back youth and beauty; and the priest gazed at her in astonishment.

"Ah," she said, with a vivacity that was almost violence, "here she is. Father—please—!" And with a peremptory gesture she signed to him to draw back, as she had done, into the shadow, out of sight of the road.

But the advancing figure was plain to both of them.

Lucy mounted the hill with a slow and tired step. Her eyes were on the ground. The whole young form drooped under the heat, and under a weight of thought still more oppressive. As it came nearer a

wave of sadness seemed to come with it, dimming the sunshine and the green splendor of the woods.

As she passed momentarily out of sight behind some trees that sheltered the gate of the court-yard, Mrs. Burgoyne crossed the *loggia* and called to her maid.

"Marie, be so good as to tell Miss Foster when she comes in that I have gone out—that she is not to trouble about me, as I shall soon return—and tell her that I felt unusually well and strong."

Then she turned and beckoned to Father Benecke.

"This way, father, please!"

And she led him down the little stairway that had taken Lucy to the garden the night before. At the foot of the stairs she paused. The wall of the garden divided them from the court-yard, and on the other side of it they could hear Lucy speaking to the *massaja*.

"Now," said Eleanor, "quick—before she discovers us!"

And opening the garden door with the priest's help, she passed into the field, and took a wide circuit to the right so as to be out of view of the *loggia*.

"Dear madame, where are you going?" said the priest, in some alarm. "This is too fatiguing for you."

Eleanor took no notice. She, who for days had scarcely dragged one languid foot after another, sped through the heat and over the broken ground like one of the goldfinches in the convent garden. The old priest followed her with difficulty. Nor did she pause till they were in the middle of the Sassetto.

"Explain what we are doing!" he implored her, as she allowed him to prop his old limbs for a moment on his stick and take breath.

She, too, leant against a tree, panting.

"You said, father, that Mr. Manisty was to leave you at mid-day."

"And you wish to see him?" he cried.

"I am determined to see him," she said, in a low voice, biting her lip.

And again she was off, a gleam of whiteness gliding down, down, through the cool green heart of the Sassetto, towards the Paglia.

They emerged upon the fringe of the wood, where amid scrub and sapling trees stood the little sun-baked house.

From the distance came a sound of

wheels—a carriage from Selvapendente crossing the bridge over the Paglia?

Mrs. Burgoyne looked at the house for a moment in silence. Then, sheltered under her large white parasol, she passed round to the side that fronted the river.

There, in the shade, sat Manisty, his arms upon his knees, his head buried in his hands.

He did not at first hear Mrs. Burgoyne's step, and she paused a little way off. She was alone. The priest had not followed her.

At last, as she moved, either the sound of her dress or the noise of the approaching wheels roused him. He looked up—started—sprang to his feet.

"Eleanor!"

They met. Their eyes crossed. She shivered, for there were tears in his. But through that dimness there shone the fierce unspoken question that had leapt to them at the sight of his cousin—

"Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?"

Eleanor was the first to break the silence. "You have had a long pilgrimage," she said, quietly. "Yet perhaps Torre Amiata might have occurred to you. It was you that praised it—that proposed to find quarters at the convent."

He stared at her in amazement.

"Eleanor—in God's name!" he broke out, violently, "tell me what this all means! What has been the meaning of this mad—this extraordinary behavior?"

She tottered a little and leant against the wall of the house.

"Find me a chair, please, before we begin to talk. And—is that your fly? Send it away—to wait under the trees. It can take me up the hill when we have finished."

He controlled himself with difficulty and went round the house.

She pressed her hands upon her eyes to shut out the memory of his face.

"She has refused him!" she said to herself; "and what is more, she has made him believe it!"

Very soon his step was heard returning. The woman he had left in the shade listened for it, as though in all this landscape of rushing river and murmuring wood it was the one audible, significant sound. But when he came back to her

again he saw nothing but a composed, expectant Eleanor—dressed, in these wilds, with a dainty care which would have done honor to London or Paris, with a bright color in her cheeks, and the quiver of a smile on her lips. Ill! He thought he had seldom seen her look so well. Had she not always been of a thistle-down lightness? "Exaggeration!—absurdity!" he said to himself, fiercely, carrying his mind back to certain sayings in a girl's voice that were still ringing in his ears.

He, however, was in no mood to smile. Eleanor had thrown herself sideways on the chair he had brought her, her arms resting on the back of it, her delicate hands hanging down. It was a graceful and characteristic attitude, and it seemed to him affectation—a piece of her fineladyism.

She instantly perceived that he was in a state of such profound and passionate excitement that it was difficult for him to speak.

So she began, with a calmness which exasperated him:

"You asked me, Edward, to explain our escapade?"

He raised his burning eyes.

"What can you explain?—how can you explain?" he said, roughly. "Are you going to tell me why my cousin and comrade hates me and plots against me?—why she has inflicted this slight and outrage upon me?—why, finally, she has poisoned against me the heart of the woman I love?"

He saw her shrink. Did a cruel and secret instinct in him rejoice? He was mad with rage and misery, and he was incapable of concealing it.

She knew it. As he dropped his head again in an angry stare at the grass between them, she was conscious of a sudden childish instinct to put out her hand and stroke the black curls and the great broad shoulders. He was not for her; but in the old days who had known so well as she how to soothe—manage—control him?

"I can't tell you those things—certainly," she said, after a pause. "I can't describe what doesn't exist."

And to herself she cried, "Oh, I shall lie—lie—lie—like a fiend, if I must!"

"What doesn't exist?" he repeated,



scornfully. "Will you listen to my version of what has happened—the barest, unadorned tale? I was your host and Miss Foster's. I had begun to show the attraction that Miss Foster had for me—to offer her the most trifling, the most ordinary attention. From the moment I was first conscious of my own feeling, I knew that you were against me—that you were influencing—Lucy"—the name dropped from his lips in a mingled anguish and adoration—"against me. And just as I was beginning to understand my own heart—to look forward to two or three last precious weeks in which to make, if I could, a better impression upon her, after my abominable rudeness at the beginning—you interfered—you, my best friend! Without a word our party is broken up—my chance is snatched from me—Miss Foster is spirited away. You and she disappear, and you leave me to bear my affront—the outrage done me—as best I may. You alarm, you distress all your friends. Your father takes things calmly, I admit. But even he has been anxious. Aunt Pattie has been miserable. As for me—"

He rose and began to pace up and down before her—struggling with his own wrath.

"And at last," he resumed, pausing before her, "after wandering up and down Italy, I find you—in this remote place—by the merest chance. Father Benecke said not a word. But what part he has played in it I don't yet understand. In another half-hour I should have been off—and again you would have made the veriest fool of me that ever walked this earth. Why, Eleanor—why? What have I done to you?"

He stood before her—a superb, commanding presence. In his emotion all unshapeliness of limb or movement seemed to have disappeared. Transfigured by the unconsciousness of passion, he was all energy and all grace.

"Eleanor!—explain! Has our old friendship deserved this? Why have you done this thing to me? And, my God!"—he began to pace up and down again, his hands in his pockets—"how well—how effectually you have gone to work! You have had—Lucy—in your hands for six weeks. It is plain enough what has been going on. This morning—on that

hill—suddenly"—he raised his hand to his brow, as though the surprise, the ecstasy, of the moment returned upon him—"there among the trees—was her face! What I said I shall never remember. But when a man feels as I do he has no need to take thought what he shall say. And she? Impatience, coldness, aversion!—not a word permitted of my long pilgrimage—not a syllable of explanation for this slight, this unbearable slight that had been put upon me as her host, her guardian, for the time being! You and she fly me as though I were no longer fit to be your companion. Even the servants talked. Aunt Pattie and I had to set ourselves at once to devise the most elaborate falsehoods, or Heaven knows where the talk would have spread. How had I deserved such a humiliation! Yet, when I meet Miss Foster again, she behaves as though she owed me not a word of excuse. All her talk of you and your health! I must go away at once—because it would startle and disturb you to see me. She had already found out by chance that I was here—she had begged Father Benecke to use his influence with me not to insist on seeing you—not to come to the convent. It was the most amazing, the most inexplicable thing! What in the name of fortune does it mean? Are we all mad? Is the world and every one on it rushing together to Bedlam?"

Still she did not speak. Was it that his mere voice—the familiar torrent of words—was delightful to her?—that she cared very little what he said, so long as he was there, living, breathing, pleading before her?—that, like Sidney, she could have cried to him, "Say on, and all well said, still say the same"?

But he meant to be answered. He came close to her.

"We have been comrades, Eleanor—fellow-workers—friends. You have come to know me as perhaps no other woman has known me. I have shown you a thousand faults. You know all my weaknesses. You have a right to despise me as an unstable, egotistical, selfish fool—who must needs waste other people's good time and good brains for his own futile purposes. You have a right to think me ungrateful for the kindest help that ever man got. You have a right as Miss Fos-



ter's friend—and perhaps, guessing as you do at some of my past history—to expect of me probation and guarantees. You have a right to warn her how she gives away anything so precious as herself. But you have not a right to inflict on me such suffering—such agony of mind—as you have imposed on me the last six weeks! I deny it, Eleanor—I deny it altogether! The punishment, the test, goes beyond—far beyond—your right and my offences!”

He calmed—he curbed himself.

“The reckoning has come, Eleanor. I ask you to pay it.”

She drew a long breath.

“But I can't go at that pace. You must give me time.”

He turned away in a miserable impatience.

She closed her eyes and thought a little. “Now”—she said to herself—“now is the time for lying. It must be done. Quick! No scruples!”

And aloud:

“You understand,” she said, slowly, “that Miss Foster and I had become much attached to each other?”

“I understand.”

“That she had felt great sympathy for me in the failure of the book, and was inclined—well, you have proof of it!—to pity me, of course a great deal too much, for being a weakling. She is the most tender, the most loving creature that exists.”

“How does that explain why you should have fled from me like the plague?” he said, doggedly.

“No—no—but— Anyway, you see, Lucy was likely to do anything she could to please me. That's plain, isn't it—so far?”

Her head dropped a little to one side, interrogatively.

He made no reply. He still stood in front of her, his eyes bent upon her, his hands in his pockets.

“Meanwhile”—the color rushed over her face—“I had been, most innocently, an eavesdropper.”

“Ah!” he said, with a movement, “that night? I imagined it.”

“You were not as cautious as you might have been—considering all the people about—and I heard.”

He waited, all ear. But she ceased to

speak. She bent a little farther over the back of the chair, as though she were making a mental enumeration of the leaves of a tiny myrtle-bush that grew near his heel.

“I thought that bit of truth would have stiffened the lies,” she thought to herself; “but somehow—they don't work.”

“Well, then, you see”—she threw back her head again and looked at him—“I had to consider. As you say, I knew you better than most people. It was all remarkably rapid—you will hardly deny that? For a fortnight you took no notice of Lucy Foster. Then the attraction began—and suddenly— Well, we needn't go into that any more; but with your character it was plain that you would push matters on—that you would give her no time—that you would speak, *coûte que coûte*—that you would fling caution and delay to the winds—and that all in a moment Lucy Foster would find herself confronted by a great decision that she was not at all prepared to make. It was not fair that she should even be asked to make it. I had become her friend, specially. You will see there was a responsibility. Delay for both of you—wasn't that to be desired? And no use whatever to go and leave you the address!—you'll admit that?” she said, hurriedly, with the accent of a child trying to entrap the judgment of an angry elder who was bringing it to book.

He stood there lost in wrath, bewilderment, mystification. Was there ever a more lame, more ridiculous tale?

Then he turned quickly upon her, searching her face for some clew. A sudden perception—a perception of horror—swept upon him. Eleanor's first flush was gone; in its place was the pallor of effort and excitement. What a ghost, what a spectre she had become! Manisty looked at her aghast—at her unsteady yet defiant eyes, at the uncontrollable trembling of the mouth she did her best to keep at its hard task of smiling.

In a flash he understood. A wave of red invaded the man's face and neck. He saw himself back in the winter days, working, talking, thinking; always with Eleanor; Eleanor his tool, his stimulus; her delicate mind and heart the block on which he sharpened his own powers and



perceptions. He recalled his constant impatience of the barriers that hamper cold and cautious people. He must have intimacy, feeling, and the moods that border on and play with passion. Only so could his own gift of phrase, his own artistic divinations, develop to a fine subtlety and clearness, like flowers in a kind air.

An experience—for him. And for her? He remembered how, in a leisurely and lordly way, he had once thought it possible he might some day reward his cousin—at the end of things, when all other adventures were done.

Then came that tragi-comedy of the book, his disillusion with it, his impatient sense that the winter's work upon it was somehow bound up in Eleanor's mind with a claim on him that had begun to fret and tease; and those rebuffs, tacit or spoken, which his egotism had not shrunk from inflicting on her sweetness.

How could he have helped inflicting them? Lucy had come—to stir in him the deepest waters of the soul. Besides, he had never taken Eleanor seriously. On the one hand he had thought of her as intellect, and therefore hardly woman; on the other he had conceived her as too gentle, too sweet, too sensitive to push anything to extremes. No doubt the flight of the two friends and Eleanor's letter had been a rude awakening. He had then understood that he had offended Eleanor, offended her both as a friend and as a clever woman. She had noticed the dawn of his love for Lucy Foster, and had determined that he should still recognize her power and influence upon his life.

This was part of his explanation. As to the rest, it was inevitable that both his vanity and passion should speak soft things. A girl does not take such a wild step, or acquiesce in it, till she has felt a man's power. Self-assertion on Eleanor's part, a sweet alarm on Lucy's—these had been his keys to the matter so far. They had brought him anger, but also hope—the most delicious, the most confident hope.

Now remorse shot through him, fierce and stinging—remorse and terror! Then on their heels followed an angry denial of responsibility, mingled with

alarm and revolt. Was he to be robbed of Lucy because Eleanor had misread him? Undoubtedly she had imprinted what she pleased on Lucy's mind. Was he indeed undone—for good and all?

Then chivalry, shame, pity, rushed upon him headlong. He dared not look at the face beside him with its record of pain. He tried to put out of his mind what it meant. Of course he must accept her lead. He was only too eager to accept it, to play the game as she pleased. She was mistress! That he realized.

He took up the camp-stool on which he had been sitting when she arrived and placed himself beside her.

"Well, that explains something," he said, more gently. "I can't complain that I don't seem to you or any one a miracle of discretion; I can't wonder—perhaps—that you should wish to protect Miss Foster, if—if you thought she needed protecting. But I must think—I can't help thinking—that you set about it with very unnecessary violence. And for yourself, too—what madness! Eleanor, what have you been doing to yourself?"

He looked at her reproachfully, with that sudden and intimate penetration which was one of his chief spells with women. Eleanor shrank.

"Oh, I am ill," she said, hastily—"too ill, in fact, to make a fuss about. It would only be a waste of time."

"Of course you have found this place too rough for you. Have you any comforts at all in that ruin? Eleanor, what a rash, what a wild thing to do!"

He came closer to her, and Eleanor trembled under the strong expostulating tenderness of his face and voice. It was so like him—to be always somehow in the right! Would he succeed, now as always, in doing with her exactly as he would? And was it not this, this first and foremost, that she had fled from?

"No," she said—"no. I have been as well here as I should have been anywhere else. Don't let us talk of it."

"But I must talk of it. You have hurt yourself—and Heaven knows you have hurt me—desperately. Eleanor, when I came back from that function the day you left the villa, I came back with the intention of telling you everything. I knew you were Miss Foster's friend. I thought you were mine too.

In spite of all my stupidity about the book, Eleanor, you would have listened to me—you would have advised me?"

"When did you begin to think of Lucy?"

Her thin fingers, crossed over her brow, as she rested her arm on the back of the chair, hid from him the eagerness, the passion, of her curiosity.

But he scented danger. He prepared himself to walk warily.

"It was after Nemi—quite suddenly. I can't explain it. How can one ever explain those things?"

"What makes you want to marry her? What possible congruity is there between her and you?"

He laughed uneasily.

"What's the good of asking those things? One's feeling itself is the answer."

"But I'm the spectator—the friend." The word came out slowly, with a strange emphasis. "I want to know what Lucy's chances are."

"Chances of what?"

"Chances of happiness."

"Good God!" he said, with an impatient groan. "You talk as though she were going to give herself any opportunity to find out."

"Well, let us talk so, for argument. You're not exactly a novice, you know, in these things. How is one to be sure that you're not playing with Lucy—as you played with the book—till you can go back to the play you really like best?"

"What do you mean?" he cried, starting with indignation—"the play of politics?"

"Politics—ambition—what you will. Suppose Lucy finds herself taken up and thrown down—like the book—when the interest's done?" She uncovered her eyes and looked at him steadily, coldly. It was an Eleanor he did not know.

He sprang up in his anger and discomfort, and began to pace again in front of her.

"Oh, well, if you think as badly of me as that," he said, fiercely, "I don't see what good can come of this conversation."

There was a pause. At the end of it, Eleanor said, in another voice,

"Did you ever give her any indication of what you felt—before to-day?"

"I came near—in the Borghese gardens," he said, reluctantly. "If she had held out the tip of her little finger—But she didn't. And I should have been a fool. It was too soon, too hasty. Anyway she would not give me the smallest opening. And afterwards—" He paused. His mind passed to his night-wandering in the garden, to the strange breaking of the terra-cotta. Furtively his gaze examined Eleanor's face. But what he saw of it told him nothing, and again his instinct warned him to let sleeping dogs lie. "Afterwards I thought things over, naturally. And I determined, that night, as I have already said, to come to you and take counsel with you. I saw you were out of charity with me. And, goodness knows, there was not much to be said for me! But at any rate I thought that we, who had been such old friends, had better understand each other; that you'd help me if I asked you. You'd never yet refused, anyway."

His voice changed. She said nothing for a little, and her hands still made a penthouse for her face.

At last she threw him a question:

"Just now—what happened?"

"Good heavens, as if I knew!" he said, with a cry of distress. "I tried to tell her how I had gone up and down Italy, seeking for her, hungering for any shred of news of you. And she? She treated me like a troublesome intruder, like a dog that follows you unasked, and has to be beaten back with your stick!"

Eleanor smiled a little. His heart and his vanity had been stabbed alike. Certainly he had something to complain of.

She dropped her hands, and drew herself erect.

"Well, yes," she said, in a meditative voice, "we must think—we must see."

As she sat there, rapt in a sudden intensity of reflection, the fatal transformation in her was still more plainly visible. Manisty could hardly keep his eyes from her. Was it his fault? His poor, kind Eleanor! He felt the ghastly tribute of it, felt it with impatience, and repulsion. Must a man always measure his words and actions by a foot-rule—lest a woman take him too seriously? He repented, and in the same breath told himself that his penalty was more than his due.

At last Eleanor spoke:



"I must return a moment to what we said before. Lucy Foster's ways, habits, antecedents, are wholly different from yours. Suppose there were a chance for you. You would take her to London—expect her to play her part there—in your world. Suppose she failed. How would you get on?"

"Eleanor—really!—am I a 'three-tailed bashaw'?"

"No. But you are absorbing, despotic, fastidious. You might break that girl's heart in a thousand ways before you knew you'd done it. You don't give; you take."

"And you—hit hard!" he said, under his breath, resuming his walk.

She sat white and still, her eyes sparkling. Presently he stood still before her, his features working with emotion.

"If I am incapable of love—and unworthy of hers," he said, in a stifled voice—"if that's your verdict—if that's what you tell her—I'd better go. I know your power; I don't dispute your right to form a judgment; I'll go. The carriage is there. Good-by."

She lifted her face to his with a quick gesture.

"She loves you," she said, simply.

Manisty fell back with a cry.

There was a silence. Eleanor's being was flooded with the strangest, most ecstatic sense of deliverance. She had been her own executioner; and this was not death, but life.

She rose. And speaking in her natural voice, with her old smile, she said: "I must go back to her; she will have missed me. Now, then—what shall we do next?"

He walked beside her, bewildered.

"You have taken my breath away—lifted me from hell to purgatory, anyway," he said at last, trying for composure. "I have no plans for myself—no particular hope—you didn't see and hear her just now! But I leave it all in your hands. What else can I do?"

"No," she said, calmly. "There is nothing else for you to do."

He felt a tremor of revolt, so quick and strange was her assumption of power over both his destiny and Lucy's. But he suppressed it—made no reply.

They turned the corner of the house. "Your carriage can take me up the hill," said Eleanor. "You must ask Father

Benecke's hospitality a little longer; and you shall hear from me to-night."

They walked towards the carriage, which was waiting a hundred yards away. On the way Manisty suddenly said, plunging back into some of the perplexities which had assailed him before Eleanor's appearance:

"What, in the name of fortune, does Father Benecke know about it all? Why did he never mention that you were here, and then ask me to pay him a visit? Why did he send me up the hill this morning? I had forgotten all about the convent. He made me go."

Eleanor started, colored, and pondered a moment.

"We pledged him to secrecy as to his letters. But all priests are Jesuits, aren't they—even the good ones? I suppose he thought we had quarrelled, and he would force us for our good to make it up. He is very kind—and—rather romantic."

Manisty said no more. Here, too, he divined mysteries that were best avoided.

They stood beside the carriage. The coachman was on the ground remedying something wrong with the harness.

Suddenly Manisty put out his hand and seized his companion's.

"Eleanor!" he said, imploringly—"Eleanor!"

His lips could not form a word more. But his eyes spoke for him. They breathed compunction, entreaty; they hinted what neither could ever say; they asked pardon for offences that could never be put into words.

Eleanor did not shrink. Her look met his in the first truly intimate gaze that they had ever exchanged—hers infinitely sad, full of a dignity recovered, and never to be lost again; the gaze, indeed, of a soul that was already withdrawing itself, gently, imperceptibly, from the things of earth and sense; his agitated and passionate. It seemed to him that he saw the clear brown of those beautiful eyes cloud with tears. Then they dropped, the moment was over, the curtain fallen, forever.

They sighed, and moved apart. The coachman climbed upon the box.

"To-night!" she said, smiling, waving her hand. "Till to-night."

"*Avanti!*" cried the coachman, and the horses began to toil sleepily up the hill.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# THE SPELL-STRICKEN

BY ETHNA CARBERY

I HUNG my gift on the hawthorn-bush,  
Because three sips from the Holy Well  
Had hurried the fever out of my veins,  
And a pain that no tongue could tell.

And the gift I gave to the good Saint Bride  
Was your little kerchief of spotted blue;  
*Cailin deas*,\* it had circled your neck,  
And was sweet with the warmth of you.

The priest came by as I sat and dreamed  
(I dreamed at night and I dreamed at noon),  
He laid his kindly hand on my brow—  
“Are you hearing a fairy tune?”

“Do you hear them sing as you sit and smile?”  
Then he led my steps to the blessed place.  
I drank that day from his hollowed palms,  
And he prayed, “God give you grace!”

But no fairy piping had troubled me—  
It was you, O girl of the yellow hair,  
It was you, tall swan of slenderness,  
Who set for my soul a snare!

Your smile had more than the strength of ten  
To draw me after; your frown was worse,  
For then I turned to the cup of woe,  
And drained to the dregs its curse.

Mary O'Hara, my soul is safe;  
I walk with men as a man should walk;  
No longer my mother makes her moan  
For my idle hours and foolish talk.

I see you pass in your homespun dress,  
Your white throat bare and your eyelids meek;  
I tell my beads, so your charm is in vain—  
Dark eyes, soft lips, and young round cheek.

Is it in vain? Kind saints, be near!  
There is cold within me where love was flame,  
Yet something stirs at that light footfall,  
Till I close my ears for shame.

Mary O'Hara, pass on, pass on!  
The spell is broken, the captive free.  
*Pass on, ere I nestle your yellow head  
On my heart where it used to be.*

\* *Cailin deas*—my pretty girl.





# The Yellow of the Leaf

BY BLISS CARMAN

**T**HE falling leaf is at the door;  
The autumn wind is on the hill;  
Footsteps I have heard before  
Loiter at my cabin sill.

Full of crimson and of gold  
Is the morning in the leaves;  
And a stillness pure and cold  
Hangs about the frosty eaves.

The mysterious autumn haze  
Steals across the blue ravine,  
Like an Indian ghost that strays  
Through his olden lost demesne.

Now the golden-rod invades  
Every clearing in the hills;  
The dry glow of August fades,  
And the lonely cricket shrills.

Yes, by every trace and sign  
The good roving days are here.  
Mountain peak and river line  
Float the scarlet of the year.

Lovelier than ever now  
Is the world I love so well.  
Running water, waving bough,  
And the bright wind's magic spell

Rouse the taint of migrant blood  
With the fever of the road,—  
Impulse older than the flood  
Lurking in its last abode.



THE FALLING LEAF  
IS AT THE DOOR;  
THE AUTUMN WIND  
IS ON THE HILL





Did I once pursue your way,  
Little brothers of the air,  
Following the vernal ray?  
Did I learn my roving there?

Was it on your long spring rides,  
Little brothers of the sea,  
In the dim and peopled tides,  
That I learned this vagrancy?

Now the yellow of the leaf  
Bids away by hill and plain,  
I shall say good-by to grief,  
Wayfellow with joy again.

The glamour of the open door  
Is on me, and I would be gone,—  
Speak with truth or speak no more,  
House with beauty or with none.

Great and splendid, near and far,  
Lies the province of desire;  
Love the only silver star  
Its discoverers require.

I shall lack nor tent nor food,  
Nor companion in the way,  
For the kindly solitude  
Will provide for me to-day.

Few enough have been my needs;  
Fewer now they are to be;  
Where the faintest follow leads,  
There is heart's content for me.

Leave the bread upon the board;  
Leave the book beside the chair;  
With the murmur of the ford,  
Light of spirit I shall fare.

Leave the latch-string in the door,  
And the pile of logs to burn;  
Others may be here before  
I have leisure to return.





# MICHEL AND ANGÈLE

BY GILBERT PARKER

## PART II

### VI

MICHEL DE LA FORET was gone to England. From the dusk of the trees by the little chapel of Rozel, Angèle had watched him go forth in the charge of the Governor's men-at-arms. She had not sought to make her presence known to de la Forêt: she had seen him—that was comfort to her heart; and she would not mar the holy memory of the farewell of a few hours before by another adieu before these strange soldiers of the Queen of England. She saw with what quiet Michel bore his arrest, and she said to herself, as the last halberdier disappeared:

"If the Queen do but send for and speak with him, if she but look upon his face and hear his voice, she must needs deal kindly by him. My Michel—ah, it is a face for all men to trust and all women—" But she sighed and averted her head as though before prying eyes.

The bell of Rozel Chapel broke gently on the evening air; the sound, softened by the leaves and mellowed by the wood of the great elm-trees, billowed away till it was lost in faint reverberation in the sea beneath the cliffs of the Couperon, where a little craft was coming to anchor in the dead water.

At first the sound of the bell soothed her, softening the thought of the danger to Michel. She moved with it towards the sea, the tones of her grief chiming with it. Presently, as she went, a priest in cassock and robes and stole crossed the path in front of her, an acolyte before him swinging a censer, his voice chanting Latin verses from the service for the sick, and in his hands the sacred elements of the communion for the dying. The priest was fat and heavy, his voice was lazy, his eyes expressionless, and his robes were dirty. The plaintive, peaceful sense which the sound of the



vesper bell had thrown over Angèle's sad reflections suddenly passed away, and the thought smote her that were it not for such as this black-toothed priest who had just passed, Michel would not now be on his way to England, a prisoner. To her the vesper bell was the symbol of tyranny and persecution. It was Meaux, it was St. Bartholomew, it was fighting, it was martyrdom, it was exile, it was the Medici. All that she had borne, all that her father had borne, the thought of the home lost, the name ruined, the heritage dispossessed, the red war of the Camisards, the rivulets of blood in the streets of her loved Rouen, smote upon her mind, and drove her to her knees in the forest glade, her hands upon her ears to shut out the sound of the bell. It came upon her that the bell had said "Peace! Peace!" to her mind when there should be no peace; that it had said "Be patient!" when she should be up and doing; that it had whispered "Stay!" when she should tread the path her lover trod, her feet following in his footsteps as his feet had followed in hers.

She pressed her hands tight upon her ears and prayed with a passion and a fervor that she had never known before. A revelation seemed to have come upon her, and, for the first time, she was a Huguenot to the core. Hitherto she had suffered for her religion because it was her father's religion, and because he had suffered, and because her lover had suffered. Her mind had been convinced, her loyalty had been unwavering, her words for the great cause had measured well with her deeds. But new senses were suddenly born in her new eyes were given to her mind, new powers for suffering to her soul. She saw now as the martyrs of Meaux had seen; a passionate faith descended on her as it had descended on them; no longer only patient, she was fain for action. Tears rained from her eyes. Her heart burst itself in entreaty and confession.

"Thy light shall be my light, and Thy will my will, O Lord," she cried at the last. "Teach me Thy way, create a right spirit within me. Give me boldness without rashness, and hope without vain thinking. Bear up my arms, O Lord, and save me when falling. A poor Samaritan am I. Give me the water that shall be a well of water springing up to everlast-

ing life, that I thirst not in the fever of doing. Give me the manna of life to eat that I faint not nor cry out in plague, pestilence, or famine. Give me Thy grace, O God, as Thou has given it to Michel de la Forêt, and guide my feet as I follow him in life and in death, for Christ's sake. Amen."

As she rose from her knees she heard the evening gun from the castle of Mont Orgueil, whither Michel was being borne by the Queen's men. The vesper bell had stopped. Through the wood came the salt savor of the sea on the cool sunset air. She threw back her head and walked swiftly towards it, her heart beating hard, her eyes shining with the light of determination, her step elastic with the vigor of health. A quarter-hour's walking brought her to the cliff of the Couperon.

As she gazed out over the sea, however, a voice in the bay below caught her ear, and she looked down. On the deck of the little craft which had entered the harbor when the vesper bell was ringing stood a man who waved a hand up towards her, then gave a peculiar call. She started with amazement: it was Buonespoir the pirate. What did it mean? Had God sent this man to her, by his presence to suggest what she should do in this crisis in her life? for even as she ran down the shore towards him, it came to her mind that Buonespoir should take her in his craft to England! What to do in England? Who could tell? She only knew that a voice called her to England, to follow the footsteps of Michel de la Forêt, who even this night would be setting forth in the Governor's brigantine for London.

Buonespoir met her upon the shore, grinning like a boy.

"God save you, lady!" he said.

"What brings you hither?" she asked.

It would not have surprised her if he had said that a voice had called him hither as one called her to England, for she was not thinking that this was one who superstitiously swore by the little finger of St. Peter, but that he was the man who had brought her Michel de la Forêt from France, who had been a faithful friend to her and her father.

"What brings me hither?" Buonespoir laughed low in his chest. "Even to

fetch the Seigneur of Rozel, a friend of mine, by every token of remembrance, a dozen flagons of golden Muscadella."

It did not occur to Angèle that these flagons of Muscadella had come from the cellar of the Seigneur of St. Ouen's, where they had been reserved for a promised visit of her Majesty the Queen. Nothing occurred to her save the one thing that possessed her—that she must get to England.

"Will you take me to England?" she asked, putting a hand quickly on his arm.

He had been laughing hard, picturing to himself what Lemprière of Rozel would say when he sniffed the flagon of St. Ouen's best wine, and for an instant he did not take in the question; but he stared at her now as the laugh slowly subsided through tones of abstraction and her words worked their way into his brain.

"Will you take me, Buonespoir?" she urged.

"Take you—?" he said.

"To England."

"To Tyburn?"

"To the Queen."

"'Tis the same thing. Blood of man! Elizabeth has heard of me. The Seigneur of St. Ouen's and others have writ me down a pirate before her. She would never forgive the Muscadella!" he added, with another laugh, looking down where the flagons lay.

"She must forgive more than that!" exclaimed Angèle, and hastily she told him of what had happened to Michel de la Forêt, and why she would go.

"Thy father, then?" he asked, scowling hard in his attempt to think it out.

"He must go with me—I will seek him at once."

"It must be at once, i' faith, for how long, think you, can I stay here unharmed? I was sighted of St. Ouen's shore a few hours ago."

"To-night?" she asked.

"By twelve, when we shall have the moon and the tide," he answered. "But hold!" he hastily added. "What, think you, could you and your father do alone in England?—and with me it were worse than alone! These be dark times, when strangers have spies at their heels, and all travellers are under suspicion!"

"We will trust in God," she answered.

"Have you money?" he questioned—"for London, not for me," he added hastily.

"Enough," she replied.

"The trust with the money is a weighty matter," he added; "but they suffice not. You must have protection."

"There is no one," she answered, sadly, "no one save—"

"Save the Seigneur of Rozel!" Buonespoir finished the sentence. "Good. You to your father, and I to the Seigneur. If you can fetch your father by your pot-of-honey tongue, I'll fetch the great Lemprière with the Muscadella. Is that a bargain?"

"In which I gain all," she answered, and again touched his arm with her finger-tips.

"You shall be aboard here at ten, and I will join you on the stroke of twelve," he said, and gave a low whistle. At the signal three men sprang up like magic out of the bowels of the boat beneath them, and scurried over the side; three as ripe knaves as ever cheated stocks and gallows, but simple knaves, unlike their master: two of them had served with Francis Drake in that good ship of his lying even now not far from Elizabeth's palace at Greenwich. The third was a rogue who had been banished from Jersey for a habitual drunkenness which only attacked him on land—at sea he was sacredly sober. His name was Jean Nicolle. The names of the other two were Hervé Robin and Rouge le Riche, but their master called them by other names.

"Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego," said Buonespoir in ceremony, and waved a hand of homage between them and Angèle. "Kiss dirt, and know where duty lies. The lady's word on my ship is law till we anchor at the Queen's Stairs at Greenwich town. So, Heaven help you, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego!" said Buonespoir.

A wave of humor passed over Angèle's grave face, for a stranger quartet never sailed the high seas together: one blind of an eye, one game of a leg, one bald as a bottle and bereft of two front teeth, but Buonespoir sound of wind and limb, his small face with the big eyes lost in the masses of his red hair, and a body like Hercules. It flashed through An-





"GOD A MERCY—BUT IT HAS SAVED MY LIFE," HE GASPED

gèle's mind even as she answered the gurgling salutations of the triumvirate that they had been got together for no gentle summer sailing in the Channel. Her conscience smote her that she should use such churls, but she comforted it at once by the thought that while serving her they could do nothing worse, and her cause was good. Yet they presented so bizarre an aspect, their ugliness was so varied and peculiar, that she almost laughed. Perhaps Buonespoir understood her thoughts, for with a look of mocking innocence in his great blue eyes he waved a hand again towards the graceless trio, and said, "For deep-sea fishing," then solemnly winked at the three.

A moment later Angèle was speeding along the shore towards her home on the farther hill-side up the little glen, and within an hour Buonespoir rolled from the dusk of the trees by the manor-house of Rozel and knocked at the door. He carried on his head, as a fishwife carries a tray of ormers, a basket full of flagons of Muscadella, and he did not lower the basket when he was shown into the room where the Seigneur of Rozel was sitting before a trencher of spiced veal and a great pot of ale. Lemprière roared a hearty greeting to the pirate, for he was in a sour humor because of the taking off of Michel de la Forêt, and of all men this pirate-fellow, who had quips and cranks, and had played tricks on his cousin of St. Ouen's, was most welcome.

"What's that on your teacup of a head?" he roared again as Buonespoir grinned pleasure at his reception.

"Muscadella," said Buonespoir, and lowered the basket to the table.

Lemprière seized a flagon, drew it forth, looked closely at it, then burst into laughter, and spluttered, "St. Ouen's Muscadella, or I'm no butler to the Queen!"

Seizing Buonespoir by the shoulders, he forced him down upon a bench at the table, and pushed the trencher of spiced meat against his chest. "Eat, my noble lord of the sea and Master of the Cellar!" he gurgled out, and tipping the flagon of Muscadella, took a long draught. "God a mercy—but it has saved my life," he

gasped in satisfaction as he lay back in his great chair, and put his feet on the bench whereon Buonespoir sat.

"I've had naught but trouble of late," he wheezed. "Trouble! trouble! trouble! like gnats on a filly's flank!" and in spluttering words, twice bracketed in Muscadella, he told of Michel de la Forêt's arrest, and of his purpose to go to England if he could get a boat to take him.

"It is on that same business I have come," said Buonespoir, and forthwith told of his meeting with Angèle and what was then agreed upon.

"You to go to England!" cried Lemprière, amazed. "They want you for Tyburn there."

"They want me for the gallows here," said Buonespoir, and rolling a piece of spiced meat in his hand, stuffed it into his mouth and chewed till the grease came out of his eyes, and took eagerly from a servant a flagon of Malmsey and a dish of ormers.

"Hush! chew thy tongue a minute," said the Seigneur, suddenly starting and laying a finger beside his nose. "Hush!" he said again, and looked into the flicker of the candle by him with half-shut eyes.

"May I have no rushes for a bed, and die like a rat in a moat, if I don't get thy pardon too of the Queen, and bring thee back to Jersey, a thorn in the side of St. Ouen's forever! He'll look upon thee assoilzied by the Queen, spitting fire in his rage, and no Canary or Muscadella in his cellar!"

It did not occur to either that this expedition would be made at some little cost to themselves. They had not heard of Don Quixote, and their gifts were not imitative. They were of a day when men held their lives as lightly as many men hold their honor now, when championship was as the breath of life to men's nostrils, and to adventure for what was worth having or doing in life the only road of honor.

Buonespoir was as much a champion in his way as Lemprière of Rozel. They were of like kidney, though so far apart in rank. Had Lemprière been born as low and as poor as Buonespoir, he would have been a pirate too, no doubt; and had Buonespoir been born as high as the



Seigneur, he would have carried himself with the same rough sense of honor, with as ripe a vanity, have been as naïve, as sincere, as true to the real heart of man untaught in the dissimulation of modesty or reserve. When they shook hands across the trencher of spiced veal, it was as man shakes hand with man, not man with master.

They were about to start upon their journey when there came a knocking at the door. On its being opened the bald and toothless Abednego stumbled in with the word that immediately after Angèle and her father came aboard the *Honey-flower* some fifty halberdiers suddenly appeared upon the Couperon, and hurried down towards the shore. They had at once set sail, and got away even before the sailors had reached the shore. As they rounded the point, where they were hid from view, Abednego dropped overboard and swam ashore on the rising tide, making his way to the manor to warn Buonespoir. On his way hither, stealing through the trees, he had passed a half-score of halberdiers making for the manor, and he had seen others going towards the shore.

Buonespoir looked to the priming of his pistols, and buckling his belt tightly about him, turned to the Seigneur and said: "I will take my chances with Abednego here. Where does she lie—the *Honey-flower*—Abednego?"

"Off the point called Verclut," answered the little man, who had travelled with Francis Drake.

"Good; we will make a run for it, flying dot-and-carry-one as we go."

While they had been speaking the Seigneur had been thinking, and now, even as several figures appeared at a little distance in the trees, making towards the manor, he said, with a loud laugh:

"No. 'Tis the way of a fool to put his head between the door and the jamb. 'Tis but a hundred yards to safety. Follow me—to the sea: Abednego last. This way!"

Without a word all three left the house and walked on in the order indicated, as St. Ouen's halberdiers ran forward threateningly.

"Stand!" shouted the sergeant of the halberdiers. "Stand! or we fire!"

The three walked straight on towards

the halberdiers. When the sergeant of the men-at-arms recognized the Seigneur, he ordered down the blunderbusses of his company.

"We come for Buonespoir the pirate," said the sergeant.

"Whose warrant?" said the Seigneur, fronting the halberdiers, Buonespoir and Abednego behind him.

"The Seigneur of St. Ouen's," was the reply.

"My compliments to the Seigneur of St. Ouen's, and tell him that Buonespoir is my guest," he roared out, and walked on, the halberdiers following. Suddenly the Seigneur swerved towards the chapel and quickened his footsteps, the others but a step behind. The sergeant of the halberdiers was in a quandary. He longed to shoot, but dared not, and while he was making up his mind whether or not to seize on Buonespoir at once, the Seigneur had reached the chapel door. Opening it, he suddenly pushed Buonespoir and Abednego inside, whispering something as he did so, then slammed the door and put his back against it.

There was a moment's silence and hesitation on the sergeant's part, and then a door at the other end of the chapel was heard to open and shut, and the Seigneur laughed loudly. The halberdiers ran round the chapel. There stood Buonespoir and Abednego in a narrow roadway, motionless and unconcerned. The halberdiers rushed forward with their pikes.

"*Perquage! Perquage! Perquage!*" shouted Buonespoir, and the bright moonlight showed him grinning.

There was a moment's deadly stillness, in which the approaching footsteps of the Seigneur sounded painfully loud.

"*Perquage!*" Buonespoir repeated.

"Fall back!" said the Seigneur, and waved off the pikes of the halberdiers. "He has sanctuary to the sea."

This narrow road in which the pirates stood was the last of three in the island of Jersey, running from churches to the sea, in which a criminal was safe from arrest or punishment by virtue of an old statute. The other *perquages* had been taken away, but this one of Rozel remained, a concession made by Henry VIII. to the father of Lemprière of Rozel. The privilege had been used but

thrice in the present Seigneur's day, because the criminal must be put upon the road from the chapel by the Seigneur himself, and he had not used his privilege unduly.

No man in Jersey but knew the sacredness of this *perquage*, though it was ten years since it had been used; and no man, not even the Governor himself, dare lift his hand to a criminal upon the road.

So it was that Buonespoir and Abednego, two fugitives from justice, walked quietly to the sea down the *perquage*, halberdiers, balked of their prey, prowling on their steps and cursing the Seigneur of Rozel for his gift of sanctuary: for the Seigneur of St. Ouen's and the Royal Court had promised each halberdier three shillings and all the ale he could drink at a sitting, if Buonespoir was brought in alive or dead.

In peace and safety the three boarded the *Honey-flower* off the point called Verclut, and set sail for England, just seven hours after Michel de la Forêt had gone his way upon the Channel, a prisoner.

## VII

A fortnight later, of a Sunday morning, the Lord Chamberlain of England was disturbed out of his usual equanimity. As he was treading the rushes in the presence-chamber of the Royal Palace at Greenwich, his eye busy in inspection—for the Queen would soon pass on her way to chapel—his head nodding right and left to Archbishop, Bishop, Councilors of State, courtiers, and officers of the Crown, he heard a rude noise at the door leading into the Antechapel, where the Queen received petitions from the people. Hurrying thither in shocked anxiety, he found a curled gentleman of the guard, resplendent in red velvet and gold chains, in peevish argument with a boisterous Seigneur of a bronzed good-humored face, who urged his entrance to the presence-chamber.

The Lord Chamberlain swept down upon the pair like a flamingo with wings outspread. "God's death, what means this turmoil? Her Majesty comes hither!" he cried, and scowled upon the intruder, who now stepped back a little, treading on the toes of a huge sailor with a small head and bushy red hair and beard.

"'Tis because her Majesty comes that I want my place within!" he quickly interposed.

"What is your name and quality?"

"Yours first, and I shall know how to answer."

"I am the Lord Chamberlain of England."

"And I, my Lord, am Lemprière, Seigneur of Rozel—and butler to the Queen!"

"Where is Rozel?" asked my Lord Chamberlain.

The face of the Seigneur of Rozel suddenly flushed, his mouth swelled, and then burst.

"Where is Rozel!" he said in a voice of rage. "Where is Rozel! Have you heard of Hugh Pawlett?" he asked, with a huge contempt—"of Governor Hugh Pawlett?" The Lord Chamberlain nodded. "Then ask his Excellency when next you see him where is Rozel. But take good counsel and keep your ignorance from the Queen," he added. "She has no love for stupid."s."

"You say you are the Queen's butler?" said the Lord Chamberlain, smiling now, for Lemprière's words and ways were of some simple world where odd folk lived, and his boyish vanity disarmed anger.

"By royal warrant and heritage. And of all the Jersey Isle, I only may have dove-cotes, which is the everlasting thorn in the side of de Carteret of St. Ouen's. Now will you let me in, my Lord?" he said, all in a breath.

At a stir behind him the Lord Chamberlain suddenly turned, and with a horrified exclamation hurried away without a further word, for the procession from the Queen's apartments had already entered the presence-chamber: gentlemen, Barons, Earls, Knights of the Garter, in brave attire, with bare heads and sumptuous calves. The Lord Chamberlain had scarce got to his place when the Chancellor, bearing the seals in a red silk purse, entered, flanked by two gorgeous folk with the royal sceptre and the sword of state in a red scabbard, all flourished with fleurs-de-lis.

It was an event of which the Seigneur of Rozel told to his dying day: that he entered the presence-chamber of the Royal Palace of Greenwich at the same instant as the Queen—"Rozel at one end,



Elizabeth at the other, and all the world at gaze!" he was wont to say with loud guffaws. But what he spoke of afterwards with preposterous ease and pride was neither pride nor ease at the moment; for the Queen's eyes fell on him as he shoved past the gentlemen who kept the door. For an instant she stood still, regarding him intently, then turned quickly to the Lord Chamberlain in inquiry, and with sharp reproof too in her look. The Lord Chamberlain fell on his knee, and with low uncertain voice explained the incident to the Queen.

Elizabeth again cast her eyes towards Lemprière, and all the court, following her example, scrutinized the Seigneur in varied styles of insolence or curiosity. Lemprière drew himself up with a slashing attempt at composure, but ended by flaming from head to foot, his face shining like a cock's comb, the perspiration standing out like beads upon his forehead, his eyes gone blind with confusion. That was but for a moment, however, and then, Elizabeth's look being slowly withdrawn from him, a curious smile came to her lips, and she said to the Lord Chamberlain. "Let the gentleman remain."

Thereupon Rozel's self-importance and pride returned, the blood came back to his heart, and he threw out his chest grandly; he even turned to Buonespoir, whose great figure might be seen beyond the door, and winked at him. For a moment he had time to note the doings of the Queen and her courtiers with wide-eyed curiosity. He saw the Earl of Essex, proud, exquisite, haughty, gallant, fall upon his knee, and Elizabeth slowly pull off her glove and with a none too gracious look give him her hand to kiss, the only favor of the kind granted that day. He saw Lord Burleigh, her Minister, introduce a foreign noble, who presented his letters. He heard the Queen speak in a half-dozen different languages, to people of various lands, and was smitten with due amazement.

But as Elizabeth came slowly down the hall, her white silk gown fronted with great pearls flashing back the light, a Marchioness bearing the train, the crown on her head glittering as she turned from right to left, her wonderful collar of jewels sparkling on her uncovered bosom,

suddenly the mantle of black, silver-shotted silk upon her shoulders became to Lemprière's agitated senses a judge's robe, and Elizabeth the august judge of the world. His eyes blinded again, for it seemed to him that she was hurrying towards him. Certainly she was looking at him now, scarcely recognizing her courtiers who fell to their knees on either side as she came on. The red doublets of the fifty Gentlemen Pensioners with battle-axes, on either side of the Queen, seemed to Lemprière on the instant like an army with banners bearing down on him alone. From the Antechapel behind him came the cry of the faithful subjects who, as the gentlemen-at-arms fell back from the doorway, had but just caught a glimpse of her Majesty—"Long live Queen Elizabeth!" To Lemprière's disturbed mind it was as if the populace were exulting over his coming doom.

It seemed to him that the Gentlemen Pensioners must beat him down as they passed, yet he stood riveted to the spot. And indeed it was true that he was almost in the path of her Majesty. He was aware that two gentlemen touched him on the shoulder and bade him stand back; but the Queen motioned to them to desist, and so, with the eyes of the whole court again on him, and Elizabeth's calm curious gaze fixed, as it were, on his forehead, he stood still till the flaming Gentlemen Pensioners were within a few feet of him, and the battle-axes were almost over his head.

The great braggart was no better now than a wisp of grass in the wind, and it was more than homage that bent him to his knees as the Queen looked him full in the eyes. There was a moment's absolute silence, and then the Queen said, with cold condescension,

"By what privilege was it you found your way into our presence?"

"I am Raoul Lemprière, Seigneur of Rozel, your High Majesty," said the choking voice of the Jerseyman.

The Queen raised her eyebrows. "The man seems French. You come from France?"

Lemprière flushed to his hair—the Queen did not know him, then! "From Jersey Isle, your Sacred Majesty."

"The isle of Jersey is dear to us. And





THE QUEEN LOOKED HIM FULL IN THE EYES

what was your privilege to our presence?"

"I am butler to your Majesty, by your Gracious Majesty's patent, and I alone may have dove-cotes in the isle; and I only may have the *perquage*—on your Majesty's patent. It is not even given to de Carteret of St. Ouen's!"

The Queen smiled as she had not smiled since she entered the presence-chamber. "God preserve us," she said, "that I should not have recognized you!

It is, of course, our faithful Lemprière of Rozel!"

The blood came back to the Seigneur's heart, but he did not dare look up yet, and he did not see that Elizabeth was in rare mirth at his words; and though she had no memory of him, she read his nature and was mindful to humor him. She turned, and beckoning Essex to her side, said a few words in an undertone, to which he replied with a smile more sour than sweet.



"Rise, Monsieur of Rozel," she said.

The Seigneur stood up, and met her gaze faintly.

"And so, proud Seigneur, you must needs flout even our Lord Chamberlain, in the name of our butler with three dove-cotes and the *perquage*. In sooth thy office must not be set at naught lightly—not when it is flanked by the *perquage*. By my father's doublet, but that frieze jerkin is well cut; it suits thy figure well—I would that my Lord Essex here had such a tailor! But this *perquage*—I doubt not there are those here at court who are most ignorant of its force and moment. My Lord Chamberlain, my Lord Essex, my Lord Brougham, confusion sits in their faces. The *perquage*, which my father's patent approved, has served us well, I doubt not, and is a comfort to our realm, and a dignity befitting the wearer of that frieze jerkin. Speak to their better understanding, Monsieur of Rozel."

Lemprière had recovered his heart, and now was set full sail in the course he had charted for himself in Jersey, and in large words and larger manner explained in the most friendly way the sacred privilege of *perquage*.

"And how often have you used it, Monsieur of Rozel?" asked Elizabeth.

"But three times in twenty years, your noble Majesty."

"When last?"

"But yesterday a week, your Universal Majesty."

Elizabeth raised her eyebrows. "Who was the criminal, and what the occasion?"

"The criminal was one Buonespoir, the occasion our coming hither to wait upon the Queen of England and our Lady of Normandy, for such you are to your loyal Jersiais." And thereupon Lemprière plunged into an impeachment of de Carteret of St. Ouen's, and stumbled through a blunt broken story of the wrongs and the sorrows of Michel and Angèle.

Elizabeth frowned and interrupted him. "I have heard of this Buonespoir, monsieur, through others than the Seigneur of St. Ouen's. He is an unlikely squire of dames. There's a hill in my kingdom has long waited for his coming. Where is the rascal now?"

"In the Antechapel, your Majesty."

"By the rood!" said Elizabeth in sudden amazement—"in my Antechapel, forsooth!"

She looked beyond the doorway and saw the great red-topped figure of Buonespoir, his good-natured, fearless face, his shock of hair, his clear blue eye—he was not thirty feet away.

"He comes to ask pardon for his rank offences, your Benignant Majesty," said Lemprière.

The humor of the thing rushed upon the Queen. Never before were two such naïve folk at court. There was not a hair of duplicity in the heads of the two, and she judged them well in her mind.

"I will see you stand together—you and your henchman," she said to Rozel, and moved on to the Antechapel, the court following. Standing still just inside the doorway, she motioned Buonespoir to come nearer. The pirate, unconfused, undismayed, with his wide blue asking eyes, came forward and dropped on both knees. Elizabeth motioned Lemprière to stand a little apart from Buonespoir.

Thereupon she set a few questions to Buonespoir, whose replies, truthfully given, showed that he had no real estimate of his crimes, and was indifferent to what might be the consequences. He had no moral sense on one hand, and, on the other, no fear.

Suddenly she turned to Lemprière again. "You came, then, to speak for this Michel de la Forêt, the exile—?"

"And for the demoiselle Angèle Aubert, who loves him, your Majesty."

"I sent for this gentleman exile a fortnight ago—" she turned towards Essex.

"I have the papers here, Ma'am," said Essex, and handed a packet over.

"And where have you de la Forêt?" said Elizabeth.

"In durance, Ma'am."

"When did he arrive?"

"Three days gone," answered Essex, a little gloomily, for there was acerbity in Elizabeth's voice.

Elizabeth seemed about to speak, then dropped her eyes upon the papers, and glanced hastily at their contents.

"You will have this Michel de la Forêt brought to my presence as fast as horse can bring him, my Lord!" she said to Essex. "This rascal of the sea—Buone-



"THERE WAS I, FED BY A DUKE'S DAUGHTER"

spoir—you will see safely bestowed till I remember his existence again," she said to a captain of men-at-arms; "and you, Monsieur of Rozel, since you are my butler, will get you to my dining-room, and do your duty—the office is not all perquisites!" she added, smoothly. She was about to move on, when a thought seemed to strike her, and she added, "This lady and her father whom you brought hither, where are they?"

"They are even within the palace grounds, your Imperial Majesty," answered Lemprière.

"You will send for them when I bid you," she said to the Seigneur; "and you, that they have entertainment as befits their station, my Lord," she added to the Lord Chamberlain.

So did Elizabeth, out of a whimsical humor, set the highest in the land to attend upon unknown, unconsidered exiles.

Five minutes later, Lemprière of Rozel, as butler to the Queen, saw a sight of which he told to his dying day. When, after varied troubles, he went back to Jersey he made a speech before the Royal Court, in which he told what chanced while Elizabeth was at chapel.

"There stood I, butler to the Queen," he said, with a large gesture, "but what knew I of butler's duties at Greenwich Palace! Her Majesty had given me an office where all the work was done for me. Odds life, but when I saw the Gentleman of the Rod and his fellow get down on their knees to lay the cloth upon the table, as though it was an altar at Jerusalem, I thought it time to say my prayers. There was naught but kneeling and retiring. Now it was the salt-cellar, the plate, and the bread; then it was a Duke's Daughter—a noble soul as ever lived—with a tasting-knife, as beautiful as a rose; then another lady enters who glares at me, and gets to her knees as does the other. Three times up and down, and then one rubs the plate with bread and salt, as solemn as de Carteret of St. Ouen's when he says prayers in the Royal Court. Gentles, that was a day for Jersey: for there stood I as master of all, the Queen's butler, and the greatest ladies of the land doing my will—though it was all Persian mystery to me, save when the kettle-drums began to beat and the trumpet to blow, and in walk bareheaded the Yeomen of the



Guard, all scarlet, with a golden rose on their backs, bringing in a course of twenty-four gold dishes, and I, as Queen's butler, receiving them. Then it was that I opened my mouth in amazement at the endless dishes filled with the niceties of earth, and the Duke's Daughter pops onto my tongue a mouthful of the first dish brought, and then does the same to every Yeoman of the Guard that carried a dish—that her Notorious Majesty be safe against the hand of poisoners. There was I, fed by a Duke's Daughter, and thus was Jersey honored, and the Duke's Daughter whispers to me, as a dozen other unmarried ladies enter, 'The Queen liked not the cut of your frieze jerkin better than do I, Seigneur.' With that she joins the others, and they all kneel down and rise up again, and lifting the meat from the table, bear it into the Queen's private chamber. When they come back, and the Yeomen of the Guard go forth, I am left alone with these ladies, and there I stand with twelve pair of eyes upon me, little knowing what to do; for there was laughter in the faces of some, and other looks less agreeable upon the faces of others; for my Lord Essex was to have done the duty that I was set to do that day, and he is the greatest gallant of the kingdom, as all the world knows. What they said among themselves I know not, but I heard Earl Essex's name, and I guessed that they were mostly in the pay of his soft words. But the Duke's Daughter was on my side, as it proved afterwards when Earl Essex made trouble for us who went from Jersey to plead the cause of injured folk. Of the Earl's enmity to me—a foolish spite of a great English nobleman against a Jersey Norman gentleman—and of how it injured others for the moment, you all know; but we had him by the heels before the end of it, great Earl and Queen's favorite as he was."

In the same speech Lemprière told of his audience with the Queen, even as she sat at dinner, and of what she said to him; but since his words give but a partial picture of events, the relation must not be his.

When the Queen returned from chapel to her apartments, Lemprière was called by an attendant, and there in his frieze

jerkin stood behind the Queen's chair until she summoned him to face her, and then, having finished her meal, and dipped her fingers in a bowl of rose-water, she took up the papers Earl Essex had given her—she had had the Duke's Daughter read them aloud as she ate—and said:

"Now, my good Seigneur of Rozel, answer me these few questions: First, what concern is it of yours whether this Michel de la Forêt be sent back to France, or die here in England?"

"I helped to save his life at sea—one good turn deserves another."

The Queen looked sharply at him, then burst out laughing.

"God's life, but here's a bull making epigrams!" she said. Then her humor changed. "See you, my butler of Rozel! you shall speak the truth, or I'll have you where that frieze jerkin will fit you not so well a month hence. Plain answers I will have to plain questions, or de Carteret of St. Ouen's shall have his will of you and your precious pirate. So bear yourself as you would save your head and your honors."

Lemprière of Rozel never had a better moment than when he met the Queen of England's threats with faultless intrepidity. "I am concerned about my head, but more about my honors, and most about my honor," he replied. "My head is my own, my honors are my family's, for which I would give my head when needed, and my honor defends both until both are naught; and all are in the service of my Queen."

With a smile, Elizabeth suddenly leaned forward, and with a glance of satisfaction towards the Duke's Daughter, who was present, said:

"I had not thought to find so much logic behind your rampant skull," she said. "You've spoken well, Rozel, and you shall speak by the book to the end, if you will save your friends. What concern is it of yours whether Michel de la Forêt live or die?"

"It is a concern of one whom I've sworn to befriend, and that is my concern, your Ineffable Majesty."

"Who is thy friend?"

"Mademoiselle Angèle Aubert."

"The betrothed of this Michel de la Foret?"

"Yes, your Majesty. But I made sure de la Forêt was dead when I asked her to be my wife."

"Lord! Lord! Lord! hear this vast infant, this hulking baby of a Seigneur, this primeval innocence! Listen to him, cousin," said the Queen, turning again to the Duke's Daughter. "Was ever the like of it in any kingdom on earth? He chooses a penniless exile—he, a butler to the Queen, with three dove-cotes and the *perquage*—and a Huguenot withal. He is refused; then comes the absent lover over sea, to shipwreck; and our Seigneur rescues him, protects him; and when yon master exile is in peril, defies his Queen's commands"—she tapped the papers lying beside her on the table—"then comes to England with the lady to plead the case before his outraged sovereign, with an outlawed buccaneer for comrade and lieutenant. There is the case, is't not?"

"I swore to be her friend," answered Lemprière, stubbornly, "and I have done according to my word."

"There's not another nobleman in my kingdom who would not have thought twice about the matter, with the lady aboard his ship on the high seas—'tis a miraculous chivalry, cousin," she added to the Duke's Daughter, who bowed, and looked out of the corner of her eyes at Lemprière. "You opposed Sir Hugh Pawlett's officers who went to arrest this de la Forêt. Do you call that serving your Queen? Pawlett had our commands!"

"I opposed them only in form, that the matter might the more certainly be brought to your Majesty's knowledge."

"It might easily have brought you to the Tower, man."

"I had faith that your Majesty would do right in this, as in all other things. So I came hither to tell the whole story to your Judicial Majesty."

"I thank you for your certificate of character," said the Queen, with amused irony. "What is it you desire? Make your words few and plain."

"First, I desire before all that Michel de la Forêt shall not be returned to the Medici's."

"That's plain. But there are weighty matters between France and England, and de la Forêt may turn the scale one way or another. What next, beggar of Rozel?"

"That Mademoiselle Aubert and her father may live without let or hinderance in Jersey."

"That you may eat sour grapes *ad eternam*? Next?"

"That Buonespoir be pardoned all offences and let live in Jersey on condition that he sin no more, not even to raid St. Ouen's cellars of the Muscadella reserved for your Generous Majesty."

There was such a look of humor on Lemprière's face as he spoke of the Muscadella that the Queen questioned him closely upon Buonespoir's raid, and so infectious was the Seigneur's mirth, none too closely kept in hand as he told the tale, that Elizabeth, though she stamped her foot in assumed impatience, smiled also.

"You shall have your Buonespoir, Seigneur," she said; "but for his future sins you shall answer as well as he."

"For what he does in Jersey Isle, your Majesty?"

"For what he does elsewhere, if he is caught, he shall go straight to Tyburn, friend," answered the Queen. Then she hurriedly added: "You will go straightway and bring mademoiselle and her father to the palace. Instructions have been given for their disposal. And tomorrow at this hour you shall wait upon me in their company. I thank you for your services as butler this day, Monsieur of Rozel. You do your office gallantly."

As the Seigneur left the Queen's apartments he met the Earl of Essex hurrying thither, preceded by the Queen's messenger. The Earl stopped and said, with a slow malicious smile, "Farming is good, then—you have fine crops this year on your holding?"

Lemprière did not see the point at once, for the favorite's look was all innocence, and he replied: "You are mistook, my Lord Essex. You will remember I was in the presence-chamber an hour ago, my Lord. I am Lemprière, Seigneur of Rozel, butler to her Majesty."

"Are you, indeed? I thought you were a farmer and raised cabbages." And with another smile the Earl passed on.

For a moment the Seigneur stood still pondering on the Earl's words, and angrily wondering at his obtuseness. Then



suddenly it came to him that he had been mocked, and he turned round and ran after his enemy, but Essex had vanished into the Queen's apartments.

### VIII

The next day at noon, as her Majesty had advised the Seigneur, de la Forêt was ushered into the presence. The Queen's eye quickened as she saw him, and she remarked with secret admiration the figure and bearing of this young follower of Montgomery, Coligny, and Condé. She loved physical beauty and prowess with a full heart. It was these things, added to his military skill, that had held her infatuation for Essex for so long. But the day had almost passed when she would measure all men against Essex in his favor, and he, recognizing the fact, saw with a haughty and peevish anxiety the gradual passing of his power, and clutched futilely at the vanishing substance. Thus it was that he now spent his strength in getting his way with his sovereign in little things. He could let nothing pass. She had been so long used to take his counsel—in some part wise and skilful—that when she at length did without it, or followed her own mind, it became a fever with him to let no chance pass for getting his own way, by persuading her out of hers. This was why he had spent an hour the day before in reproaching her for the slight she put upon him in the presence-chamber by her frown, and another hour in persuading her to grant the will of the Medicis in this small matter, since she had set her revengeful heart upon it, that larger matters might be settled to the advantage of England. It was not so much that he had any reason to destroy de la Forêt, as that he saw that the Queen was disposed to deal gently by him and protect him. He did not see the danger of rousing in the Queen the same unreasoning tenaciousness of will upon just such small matters as might safely be left to her advisers. In spite of this he almost succeeded, this very day, in regaining, for a time at least, the ground he had lost with her. He had never been so adroit, so brilliant, so witty, so insinuating, and when he left her it was with the feeling that if he had his way concerning de la Forêt—a mere stubborn whim, with

no fair reason behind it—his influence would be again securely established.

When Michel de la Forêt entered the presence the Queen's attention became fixed on him. Here was a man, she thought, who might well be in her household, or leading a regiment of her troops. The clear fresh face, curling hair, direct look, quiet energy, and air of nobility—this sort of man could only be begotten of a great cause; he were not possible in idle or prosperous times.

The Queen looked him up and down, then affected surprise. "Monsieur de la Forêt," she said, "I do not recognize you in this attire"—nodding towards his dress.

De la Forêt bowed, and Elizabeth continued, looking at a paper in her hand: "You landed on our shores of Jersey in the robes of a priest of France. The passport for a priest of France was found upon your person when our officers in Jersey, after their custom, made examination of you. Which is yourself—Michel de la Forêt, soldier, or a priest of France?"

De la Forêt replied gravely that he was a soldier, and that the priestly dress had been but a disguise.

"In which papist attire, methinks, Michel de la Forêt, soldier and Calvinist, must have been ill at ease—the eagle with the vulture's wing. What say you, monsieur?"

"That vulture's wing hath carried me to a safe dove-cote, your Gracious Majesty," answered de la Forêt, with a bow.

"I'm none so sure of that, monsieur," was Elizabeth's answer, and she glanced at Essex, who made a gesture of annoyance. "Our cousin France makes you to us a dark intriguer and conspirator, a dangerous weed in our good garden of England, a 'troublous, treacherous violence'—such are you called, monsieur!"

"I am in your High Majesty's power," answered de la Forêt, "to do with me as it seemeth best. If your Majesty wills it that I be returned to France, I pray you set me upon its coast as I came from it, a fugitive and alone. Thence will I try to find my way to the army and the poor stricken people of whom I was. I pray for that alone, and not to be handed over to the red hand of the Medicis!"



THE QUEEN'S EYE QUICKENED AS SHE SAW HIM

"Red hand—by my faith but you are bold, monsieur!"

Essex tapped his foot upon the floor impatiently, then caught the Queen's eye, and gave her a meaning look. De la Forêt saw the look and knew his enemy, but he did not quail. "Bold only by your High Majesty's faith, indeed," he answered the Queen, with harmless guile.

Elizabeth smiled. She loved such flattering speech from a strong man. It touched a chord in her stronger than that under the Medicis's finger. Essex's impatience only made her more self-willed on the instant. "You speak with the trumpet note, monsieur," she said. "We will prove you. You shall have a company in my Lord Essex's regiment here, and we will send you upon some service to find your mettle."

"I crave your Majesty's pardon, but I cannot do it," was de la Forêt's instant reply. "I have sworn that I will lift my sword in one cause only, and to that I must stand. And more—the widow of my dead chief, Gabriel de Montgomery, is set down in your Majesty's land penniless, unprotected, and alone. I have sworn to one who loves her, and for my dead chief's sake, that I will serve her

and be near her until better days be come and she may return in quietness to France. In exile we few stricken folk must stand together, your most Gracious Majesty."

Elizabeth's eye flashed up. She was impatient of refusal of her favor. She was also a woman, and that de la Forêt should flaunt his devotion to another woman to her was little to her liking. The woman in her, which had never been blessed with a noble love, was roused to demonstration. The sourness of a childless, uncompanionable life was stronger for the moment than her strong mind and sense.

"Monsieur has sworn this, and monsieur has sworn that," she said, petulantly—"and to one who loveth a lady, and for a cause—tut! tut! tut!—"

Suddenly a kind of quizzical laugh leaped into her eye, and she turned to Essex and whispered in his ear. My Lord Essex frowned, then smiled, and glanced up and down de la Forêt's figure impertinently.

"See, Monsieur de la Forêt," she added; "since you will not fight, you shall preach. A priest you came into my kingdom, and a priest you shall remain; but



you shall preach good English doctrine and no popish folly!"

De la Forêt started, then composed himself, and before he had time to reply, Elizabeth continued:

"Partly for your own sake am I thus gracious, for as a preacher of the Word I am not required to give you up, according to my treaty with our cousin of France. As a rebel and conspirator I were bound to do so, unless you were an officer of my army. The Seigneur of Rozel has spoken for you, and the Comtesse de Montgomery has written a pleading letter. Also I have from another source a tearful pleading—the ink is not dry upon it yet—which has been of some service to you. But I myself have chosen this way of escape for you. Prove yourself worthy and all may be well—but prove yourself you shall. Thou hast prepared thine own brine, monsieur; in it thou shalt pickle!"

Elizabeth smiled a sour smile, for she was piqued, and she added: "Do you think I will allow you to go squiring of distressed dames, save as a priest? You shall go to Madame of Montgomery as her faithful chaplain, once I have heard you preach and know your doctrines."

Essex almost laughed outright in the young man's face now, for he had no thought that Forêt would accept, and felt that refusal would be the exile's doom.

It seemed fantastic that this noble gentleman, this very type of the perfect soldier, with the brown face of a Romany and an athletic suppleness of body, should become a preacher under compulsion.

Elizabeth, seeing de la Forêt's dumb amazement and anxiety, spoke up sharply: "You shall do this or be returned to the Medici's, and Madame of Montgomery shall mourn her protector, and mademoiselle your mistress, of the vermilion cheek, shall have one lover the less; which, methinks, my good Lemprière, Seigneur of Rozel, would thank me for!"

De la Forêt started, and his lips pressed firmly together in the effort to restrain himself. There seemed to be nothing the Queen did not know concerning him and his life; and the reference to Angèle roused him to extraordinary alertness.

"Well, well?" asked Elizabeth, impa-

tiently, then made a motion to Essex, and he, going to the door, bade some one to enter.

There stepped inside the Seigneur of Rozel, who made a lumbering obeisance to the Queen.

"You have brought the young lady safely—with her father?" she asked.

Lemprière, puzzled, looked inquiringly at the Queen, then replied, "Both are safe without, your Gracious Majesty."

De la Forêt's face grew pale with excitement. He knew now for the first time that Angèle and her father had been brought hither also, and he looked Lemprière suspiciously in the eyes; but the swaggering Seigneur met his look frankly, and bowed with ponderous gravity.

Now de la Forêt spoke. "Your High Majesty," said he, "if I may ask mademoiselle one question in your presence—"

"Your answer first, the mademoiselle afterwards," interposed the Queen.

"She was betrothed to a soldier, she may resent a priest," said de la Forêt, with a touch of humor, for he saw the better way was to take the matter with some outward ease.

Elizabeth smiled. "It is the custom of her sex to have a fondness for both," she answered, with an acid smile. "But your answer first!"

De la Forêt's face became grave. Bowing his head, he said: "My sword has spoken freely for the cause; God forbid that my tongue should not speak also. I will do your Majesty's behest."

The jesting word that was upon the royal lips came not forth, for de la Forêt's face was that of a man who had determined a great thing, and Elizabeth was one who had a heart for high deeds. "The man is brave indeed," she said under her breath, and turning to the dumfounded Seigneur, bade him bring in mademoiselle.

A moment later Angèle entered, came a few steps forward, made an obeisance to the Queen, and stood still. She showed no trepidation, but looked before her steadily. She knew not what was to be required of her, she was a stranger in a strange land, but persecution and exile had gone far to strengthen her spirit and greatness her composure.

Elizabeth sat and looked at the girl coldly and quizzically. To women she

was not over-amiable; but as she looked at the young Huguenot maid, of this calm bearing, warm of color, clear of eye, and purposeful of face, something kindled in her. Most like it was that love for a cause, which was much more to be encouraged by her than any woman's love for a man.

"I have your letter, and I have read its protests and pleadings. There were fine words and adjurations—are you so religious, then?" she added, suddenly.

"I am a Calvinist, your Noble Majesty," answered the girl, as though that answered all.

"How is it, then, you betroth yourself to a roistering soldier?" asked the Queen.

"Some must pray for Christ's sake, and some must fight, your Most Christian Majesty," answered the girl.

"Some must do both," rejoined the Queen, in a kind voice, for the face of Angèle conquered her. "I am told that Monsieur de la Forêt fights fairly. If he can pray as well, he shall have safety in our kingdom, and ye shall all have safety. On Whit-Sunday you shall preach in my chapel, Monsieur de la Forêt, and thereafter you shall know your fate!"

She rose. "My Lord," she said to Essex, on whose face gloom had settled, "you will tell the Lord Chamberlain that Monsieur de la Forêt's durance must be made comfortable in the west wing of the palace till chapel-going on Whit-Sunday. I will send him some of Latimer's sermons—or Knox's."

She came down from the dais. "You will come with me for the moment," she said to Angèle, and reached out her hand.

Angèle fell on her knees and kissed it, tears raining down her cheek. The Queen gently raised her, and laying a hand upon her arm, moved towards the door. Angèle longed to look round, but some good angel bade her not; she realized that to offend the Queen at this moment might ruin all, and Elizabeth herself was little likely to offer her chance to say good-by to her lover.

So it was that, without a farewell to her lover, Angèle left the room with the Queen of England, leaving Lemprière and de la Forêt gazing at each other, the one bewildered, the other deeply thoughtful, and the Earl of Essex laughing contemptuously at them both.

## IX

Every man, if you bring him to the right point, if you touch him in the corner where he is most sensitive, where he most lives, as it were—if you pinch his nerves with a needle of suggestion where all his passions and ambitions and sentiments are at white heat, will readily throw away the whole game of life in some mad act out of harmony with all that he has ever done. It matters little whether the needle prick him by accident or blunder or design, he will burst all bounds, and establish again the old truth that every man will prove himself a fool if given the right opportunity. Nor need the occasion of this revolution be a great one; the most trivial event may produce the great fire which burns up wisdom and common-sense and prudence and habit.

The Earl of Essex, so long counted astute, clear-headed, and well-governed, had been suddenly foisted out of balance, shaken from his imperious composure, tortured out of an assumed urbanity, by the presence in Greenwich Palace of a Huguenot exile of no seeming importance, save what the Medicis grimly gave him by desiring his head. It appeared absurd that the great Essex, whose closeness to the royal presence had made him the most feared, most notable, and by virtue of his powers the most gallant figure in England, should have sleepless nights by reason of a fugitive like Michel de la Forêt. On the surface it was preposterous that he should see in the Queen's offer of service to the refugee a clear evidence that she was ready to grant him further favors; that, on the refusal of this, her offer of safety to him on condition that he became a preacher was a proof that she meant to have him near her at all hazards.

Elizabeth had left the presence-chamber without so much as a glance at him, though she had turned and looked graciously at de la Forêt. He had hastily followed her, and for the rest of the day impatiently awaited a summons from the Queen, which never came, though he had sent a message to her Majesty that his hours were at her disposal. As he waited he saw Angèle escorted from the palace by her father and a Gentleman Pensioner; he saw Michel de la Forêt taken to his



apartment; he saw the Seigneur of Rozel walking in the grounds of the palace with as much unconcern as though they were his own, his swaggering self-content speaking in every motion of his body.

Upon the instant the great Earl of Essex was incensed out of all proportion to the offence of the Seigneur's presence. He hated Lemprière only less than he hated Michel de la Forêt. As he waited irritably for a summons from Elizabeth which never came, he brooded on every word and every look the Queen had given him of late; he remembered her manner to him in the Antechapel the day before, and the admiration of her eyes as she looked at de la Forêt. In Elizabeth's glances he had seen more than mere approval of manly courage and the self-reliant bearing of the refugee, whose manner needed no ornament to make him a distinguished figure.

These were days when the soldier of fortune mounted to high places. He needed but to carry the banner of bravery and his busy sword, and his way to power was not impeded by his poverty or his estate. To be gently born was needful, and Michel de la Forêt was gently born—and he had still his sword, though he had declined to use it in Elizabeth's service. He knew it might be easier for a stranger like de la Forêt, who came with no encumbrance, to mount to place in the struggles of the court, than for an Englishman, whose enemies were on every hand plotting and undermining.

Essex began to think upon ways and means to destroy this sudden favor of the Queen to de la Forêt, made especially manifest as he waited in the antechamber, by a summons to the refugee to come to Elizabeth's presence. When the refugee came forth again he wore a sword the Queen had commanded to be given him, and a packet of Latimer's sermons under his arm. Essex was unaware that Elizabeth herself did not see de la Forêt when he was thus hastily summoned, but that her lady-in-waiting, the Duke's daughter, who figured so largely in the pictures Lemprière drew of his experiences at Greenwich Palace, brought forth the sermons and the sword, with this message from the Queen:

"The Queen says that it is but fair to the sword to be by Michel de la Forêt's

side when the sermons are in his hand, that his choice have every seeming of fairness. For her Majesty says it is still his choice between the Sword and the Book—till Whitsuntide."

Essex only saw the sword at the side of the refugee and the gold-bound book under his arm as he came forth from the Queen's apartments, and in a rage he left the palace and gloomily walked under the trees, denying himself to every one, and planning the destruction of de la Forêt.

To seize him, and send him to the Medicis, and then rely on Elizabeth's favor for his pardon, or take a high hand with the Queen, as he had done in the past? That might do, but the risk to England was too great. It would be like the Queen, if her temper was up, to demand from the Medicis the return of de la Forêt, and war might be the result: two women, with two nations behind them, were not to be played lightly against each other, trusting to their sense of justice, wisdom, and humor.

As he was walking among the trees, brooding with averted eyes, he was suddenly confronted by the Seigneur of Rozel, who also was shaken from his discretion and the best interests of the two fugitives he was bound to protect, by a late offence against his own dignity. A seed of rancor had been sown in his mind which had grown to a great size and must burst in a dark flower of vengeance. He, Lemprière of Rozel, with three doves, the *perquage*, and the office of butler to the Queen, to be called a "farmer," to be sneered at—it was not in the blood of man, not in the towering vanity of a Lemprière, to endure it at any price computable to mortal man!

Thus there were in England on that day (there are at least as many now!) two fools, and one said:

"My Lord Essex, I crave a word with you."

"Crave on, my good fellow," responded Essex with a look of boredom, and making to pass.

"I am Lemprière, Lord of Rozel, my Lord—"

"Ah yes, I took you for a farmer," answered Essex. "Instead of that, I believe you keep doves, and wear a jerkin that fits like a king's. Dear Lord, so does greatness come with girth!"

"The King that gave me dove-cotes gave me honor, and it is not for the Earl of Essex to belittle it."

"What is your coat of arms?" said Essex with a faint smile, but in a voice of assumed and natural interest.

"A swan upon a sea of azure, two stars above, and over all a sword with a wreath around its point," answered Lemprière, unsuspecting irony, and touched by Essex's flint where he was most likely to flare up with vanity.

"Ah!" said Essex. "And the motto?"

"Mea spes supra stella—my hope is beyond the stars."

"And the wreath—is of parsley, I suppose!"

Now Lemprière understood, and he shook with fury as he roared:

"Yes, by God, and to be got at the point of the sword, to put on the heads of insolent noblemen like my Lord Essex!" His face was flaming, he was like a cock strutting upon a stable-yard mound.

There was a slight pause, and then Essex said, "To-morrow at daylight, eh?"

"Now, my Lord, now!"

"We have no seconds."

"'Sblood! 'Tis not my Lord Essex's way to be particular in matters of courtesy!"

"'Tis not the custom in England to draw swords in secret, Monsieur of Rozel. Besides, I am not eager to fight."

Lemprière had already drawn his sword, and the look of his eyes was as that of a mad bull in a ring. "You won't fight with me—you don't think the Seigneur of Rozel your equal?" Lemprière's voice was high.

Essex's face had a hard, cruel look. "We cannot fight in the presence of ladies."

Lemprière followed his glance, and saw the Duke's Daughter and another lady-in-waiting in the trees near by.

Lemprière hastily put up his sword. "When, my Lord?" he asked.

"You will hear from me to-night," answered the Earl of Essex, and went forward hastily to meet the ladies, for they had come from the Queen's presence, and they had news no doubt. Lemprière turned on his heel and walked quickly away among the trees towards the quarters where Buonespoir was in durance,

which merely forbade his leaving the palace-yard.

# X

The next morning Lemprière of Rozel and the Earl of Essex met, and Lemprière was carried from the duelling-place sorely wounded. The Earl of Essex, one of the most accomplished swordsmen in England, had meant to kill him, and made to that end; but the Seigneur of Rozel had fought with a stubbornness and valor and with a steadiness which saved his life, for the thrust he at last received was meant to be mortal, and but for his bold quickness of eye would have done the work. His strength had worn out Lord Essex's patience and robbed him of precision.

As Lemprière was carried away by two merry gentlemen of the court, who had enjoyed the morning's gory diversion, he called back at the favorite: "The great Lord Essex is not so great a swordsman after all. Hang fast to your honors by the skin of your teeth, my Lord!"

These words rankled in Essex's mind all that day, and for many days, in which he saw the Queen but once, and then only in the presence of others. He came to know, however, that she had sent word to Michel and Angèle that they were not to meet on pain of her great displeasure, and also that she had sent other messages to de la Forêt. This much he knew, and he guessed much more. His guessing was encouraged by the Duke's Daughter, who, dropping hints and stopping suddenly in her speech when speaking of de la Forêt, suggested strange things to Essex's mind. The Duke's Daughter was no friend of the Earl of Essex, and in reporting to the Queen of the fighting which had laid Lemprière low, she had spoken well of the Seigneur. She did more than this, for she got permission from the Queen herself with Angèle to visit the wounded man, while Elizabeth herself sent a hasty note to Essex, which ran:

"What is this I hear? You have forced a quarrel with the Lord of Rozel, and have wellnigh ta'en his life. Is swording your dearest vice, then, that you must urge it on a stranger and a visitor at my court? Do you think you have a charter of freedom for your self-will? Have a care, have a care, Essex, or, by



Heaven! you shall know another sword surer than your own."

The rage of Essex on receiving this knew no bounds; for though he had received from Elizabeth stormy letters before, none had had in it the cold irony of this missive. The cause of it?—desperation seized him. With a mad disloyalty he read in every word and every line of Elizabeth's letter, Michel de la Forêt, refugee. With a dark fury he determined to ruin de la Forêt forever, and Angèle with him, for had not Angèle thrice repulsed him—repulsed Essex, the favorite, when he had approached her during recent days? Had she not repulsed him with the most courteous sort of certainty and outward composure? Had he not hoped to bring ruin upon the two by showing the Queen that the girl was, like most of her sex, susceptible to flattery from high places, knowing that the Queen's anger would be roused?

The great Lord Essex was stooping low, and in his desperation he stooped lower still. The Queen had forbidden Angèle and de la Forêt to see each other under any circumstances until her royal will permitted; and Essex conceived that if the Queen had set her heart upon favoring de la Forêt after her own fashion, no matter how whimsical—and truly it was whimsical to compel de la Forêt to turn preacher to the court!—she would be furious at any disobedience of her commands.

Through M. Aubert, to whom he was diligently courteous, and whom he sought daily, discussing delicately the question of religion so dear to the old man's heart, he strove to convey to Angèle a suspicion that the Queen, through personal interest in him, was saving Michel's life to keep him in her own household. This idea he presented to M. Aubert, while at the same time expressing the most admirable religious sentiments. So well did he work on the old man's feelings that when he suggested his own protection to M. Aubert and his daughter, whatever the issue with M. de la Forêt, he was met with an almost tearful response of gratitude.

It was the moment to convey a distrust of de la Forêt into the mind of the old refugee, and it was subtly done.

Were it not better to leave the court where only danger surrounded them, and

find protection on Essex's own estate, where no man living could molest them? Were it not well to leave Michel de la Forêt to his fate, whatever it would be? Thrice within a fortnight the Queen had sent for de la Forêt—what reason was there for that, unless the Queen had a personal interest in him? Did M. Aubert think that it was only a rare touch of humor which had turned de la Forêt into a preacher, and set his fate upon a sermon to be preached before all the court? He himself had held high office, had been near to her Majesty, and he could speak with more knowledge than he might use—it grieved him that Mademoiselle Aubert should be placed in so painful a position!

Sometimes as the two talked Angèle would join them, and then there was a sudden silence, which made her flush with embarrassment, anxiety, or anger. In vain did she put on a cold composure, in vain school herself to treat the great Earl with a precise courtesy, in vain her heart protested the goodness of de la Forêt and high uprightness of the Queen; the persistent suggestion of the dark Earl worked upon her mind. Why had the Queen forbidden her to meet Michel, or to write to him, or to receive letters from him?

She took to wandering to that part of the palace grounds where she could see the window of the room her lover inhabited. Her old habit of cheerful talk deserted her, and she brooded. It was days before she heard of the duel between the Seigneur and Lord Essex, and when, in her anxiety, she went to the house where Lemprière had been quartered, he had gone, none could tell her whither. Buonespoir was now in close confinement, by orders of Essex, and not allowed to walk abroad; and thus with no friend save her father, now much under the influence of Essex, she was bitterly solitary. She fought the growing anxiety and suspicion in her heart bravely, but she was being tried beyond her strength. Her father had urged her to go to the Queen and make an appeal to her, and at times she was on the verge of doing so. Yet what could she say? She could not go to the Queen of England and cry out, like a silly milkmaid, "You have taken my lover—give him back to me!" What

proof had she that the Queen wanted her lover? And if she did, the impertinence of the suggestion might send back to the fierce Medicis that same lover, to lose his head.

Essex, who now was playing the game as though it were a hazard for states and kingdoms, read the trouble in her face, and waited hourly for the moment when in desperation she should go to the Queen.

But he did not reckon with the depth of the girl's nature and her true sense of life. Her brain told her that what she was tempted to do she should not do; that her only way was to wait, to be patient, to trust that the Queen of England was as much true woman as Queen, and as much Queen as true woman; and that the one was held in high equi-pose by the other.

As days went on, Essex saw that this plan would not work, and he deployed his mind upon another. If he could but get Angèle to seek de la Forêt in his apartment in the palace, and bring the matter to Elizabeth's knowledge afterwards with sure proof, de la Forêt's doom would be sealed. At great expense, however; for, in order to make the scheme effective, Angèle should visit de la Forêt at night. This, in the Queen's eyes, would mean the ruin of the girl as well. That, however, could be set right, because, once de la Forêt was sent to the Medicis, the girl's character could be cleared. He would even dare to confess his own action in the matter to the Queen, once she was again within his influence. She had forgiven him more than that in the past, when he had made his own mad devotion to herself the plea.

This second plan had greater responsibilities and more peril to a woman—which did not please my Lord Essex, whose name for chivalry and gallantry was well known—but it seemed the only present way; and to himself he said the pretty lady should be handsomely recompensed.

He waited his opportunity, and when the right day came he acted.

About ten o'clock at night, just a half-hour before the palace gates were closed, and no one could go in or go out save by direct permission of the Lord Chamberlain, Angèle received a messenger

from a surgeon of the palace, bearing a note which read: "*Your friend is very ill, and asks for you. Come alone now, if you would come at all.*"

Her father was confined to bed with some ailment of the hour, and asleep—it were no good to awaken him. Her mind was at once made up. There was no time to ask permission of the Queen. She knew the surgeon's messengers by sight, and this one was in the usual livery, and the surgeon's name was duly signed upon the paper. In haste she made herself ready and went forth into the night with the messenger, her heart beating hard, a pitiful anxiety shaking her. Her steps were fleet between the lodge and the palace. They were challenged nowhere, and the surgeon's servant, entering a side door of the palace, led her hastily through gloomy halls and passages where they met no one, though once in a dark corridor some one brushed against her. She wondered why there were no servants to show them the way, and why the messenger carried no torch nor candle; but haste and urgency seemed due excuse, and she thought only of Michel, and that she would soon see him—dying, dead perhaps before she touched his hand. At last they emerged into a lighter and larger hallway, where the messenger suddenly paused, and said to Angèle, motioning towards a door:

"Enter. He is there."

For a moment she stood still, scarce able to breathe, her heart hurt her so. It seemed to her as if life itself was for that moment suspended. As the messenger, without further words, turned and left her, she knocked, opened the door without awaiting a reply, and, stepping into semi-darkness, quickly said:

"Michel!—Michel!"

## XI

At Angèle's entrance a form slowly raised itself on a couch, and a voice, not Michel's, said: "Mademoiselle—by our Lady, 'tis she!"

It was the voice of the Seigneur of Rozel, and Angèle started back amazed.

"You, monsieur—you!" she gasped. "It was you that sent for me!"

"Send? Not I—I have not lost my manners yet. Rozel at court is no greater fool than Lemprière in Jersey."



Angèle wrung her hands. "I thought it was de la Forêt who was ill. The surgeon said to come quickly."

Lemprière braced himself against the wall, for he was weak, and his fever was still high. "Ill?—not he! As sound in body and soul as any man in England. That is a friend, that de la Forêt lover of yours, or I'm no butler to the Queen! He gets leave and brings me here and coaxes me back to life again—with not a wink of sleep for him these five days past till now."

Angèle had drawn nearer, and now stood beside the couch, trembling and fearful, for it came to her mind that she had been made the victim of some device to bring her here. The letter had read: "*Your friend is ill.*" True, the Seigneur was her friend, but he had not sent for her.

"Where is de la Forêt?" she asked, quickly.

"Yonder, asleep!" said the Seigneur, pointing to a curtain which divided the room from an adjoining one.

Angèle ran quickly towards the door, then stopped short. No, she would not waken him. She would go back at once. She would leave the palace by the way she came. Without a word she turned and went towards the door that opened into the hallway. With her hand upon the latch she stopped short again, for she realized that she did not know her way through the passages and corridors, and that she must make herself known to the servants of the palace to obtain guidance and exit. As she stood helpless and confused, the Seigneur called hoarsely: "De la Forêt!—de la Forêt!"

Before Angèle had time to decide what to do, the curtain of the other room was thrust aside and de la Forêt entered. He was but hardly awakened out of sleep, and he did not see Angèle, but turned towards Lemprière. For once the Seigneur had a burst of inspiration. He saw that Angèle was in the shadow, and that de la Forêt had not seen her. He determined to give the lovers a chance to meet alone.

"Your arm, de la Forêt," he grunted. "I'll get me to the other room, to the bed—'tis easier than this couch!"

"Two hours ago you could not bear the bed, and must get you to the couch.

Seigneur, do you know the weight you are?" de la Forêt added, laughing, as he stooped, and helping Lemprière gently to his feet, suddenly raised him in his arms and went heavily with him to the bedroom, the body of the Seigneur between him and Angèle. Angèle watched him with a strange thrill of timid admiration and delight. Surely it could not be that Michel—her Michel—could be bought from his allegiance by any influence on earth. There was the same old simple laugh on his lips, as, with chaffing words, he carried the huge Seigneur to the other room. Her heart acquitted him then and there of all blame, past or to come.

"Michel!" she said aloud involuntarily—the call of her spirit which spoke on her lips against her will.

He was entering the room again as he heard his name called, and he stood suddenly still, looking straight before him into space. It seemed to him that the sound was ghostly and unreal.

"Michel!" she said again, scarcely above a whisper, for the look of rapt wonder and apprehension in his manner overcame her. Now he turned towards her, where she stood in the shadow by the door. He saw her, but even yet he did not stir, for she seemed to him still an apparition.

With a little cry she came forward to him. "Michel—help me!" she said, and stretched out her hands.

With a cry of joy he took her in his arms and pressed her to his heart. Then a realization of the danger of the situation came to him.

"Why did you come?" he asked.

She told him hastily. He heard with astonishment, and then said: "There is some foul trick here. Have you the message?" She handed it to him. "It is the surgeon's writing, surely," he said; "but it is still a trick, for the sick man here is the Seigneur. I see it all. We were forbidden to meet. It was a device to bring you here!"

"Oh, let me go at once," she said; "Michel, Michel, take me hence." She turned towards the door.

"It is useless, the gates are closed," he said, as a cannon boomed on the night air.

Angèle trembled violently. "Oh, what will come of this?" she cried, in tearful despair.

"Be patient, and let me think, Angèle," he answered.

At that moment there was a knock at the door, then it was thrown open, and there stepped inside the Earl of Essex, preceded by a page bearing a torch.

"Is Michel de la Forêt within?" he said; then stopped short, as though in astonishment, seeing Angèle.

"So! so!" he said, with a contemptuous laugh.

Michel de la Forêt's fingers twitched. He quickly stepped in front of Angèle, and answered: "What is your business, my Lord?"

Essex languorously took off a glove, and seemed to stifle a yawn in it; then said: "I came to take you into my service, to urge upon you for your own sake to join my troops, which are going upon duty in the North. But I fear I am too late. A man who has sworn himself into the *service d'amour* has no time for the *service de la guerre*."

"I will gladly give an hour from any service I may follow to teach the Earl of Essex that he is less a swordsman than a trickster."

Essex flushed, but answered coolly: "I can understand your chagrin. You should have locked your door. It is the safer custom." He bowed slightly towards Angèle. "You have not learned our English habits of discretion, Monsieur de la Forêt. I would only do you service. I appreciate your choler. I should be no less indignant. So, in the circumstances, I will see that the gates are opened—of course you did not realize the passage of time—and I will take mademoiselle to her lodgings. You may rely on my discretion. I am wholly at your service—*tout à vous*, as who should say in your charming language."

The insolence was so veiled in a perfect outward courtesy that it must have been impossible for de la Forêt to reply in terms equal to the moment. He had, however, no chance to make answer, for at that moment the door of the room was again thrown open, and two pages stepped inside with torches, and were followed by a gentleman in scarlet and gold, who said, in a low voice, "The Queen!" and stepped aside. An instant afterwards Elizabeth, accompanied by the Duke's Daughter, entered.

The three dropped upon their knees, and Elizabeth waved away the pages and the gentleman-in-waiting.

When the doors closed, the Queen eyed the three kneeling figures, and as her glance fell on Essex a strange glitter came into her eyes. She motioned all to rise, and with a hand upon the arm of the Duke's Daughter, said to Essex:

"What brings my Lord Essex here?"

"I came to urge upon monsieur the wisdom of holding to the Sword and leaving the Book to the butter-fingered religious. Your Majesty needs good soldiers."

He bowed, but not low, and it was clear he was bent upon a struggle. He was confounded by the Queen's presence, he could not guess why she should have come, and that she was prepared for what she saw was evident.

"And brought an eloquent pleader with you?" She made a motion of the hand towards Angèle.

"Not so, your Majesty; the lady's zeal outran my own, and crossed the threshold first."

The Queen's face wore a look that Essex had never seen upon it before, and he had seen it in many moods.

"You found the lady here, then?"

"I found the lady with monsieur alone. Realizing the strangeness of her position, I offered to take her from the palace to her father. Just then the Queen entered unexpectedly."

There was a ring of triumph in Essex's voice. The Queen had, no doubt, by some chance become aware of Angèle's presence. Chance had forestalled the letter he had already written and had meant to send her on this matter within the hour. Chance had played into his hands with perfect suavity. The Queen, less woman now than Queen, enraged at the information she had received, had come at once to punish the disobedience of her orders, so he thought.

The Queen's look as she turned it on Angèle had in it what must have struck terror to even a braver soul than that of the helpless Huguenot girl.

"And it is thus you spend the hours of night?—God's blood, but you are young to be so wanton! Get you from my sight and out of my kingdom as fast as horse may carry you, as feet may bear you."



"Your High Majesty," said the girl, dropping on her knees, "I am innocent. As God lives, I am innocent."

"The man, then, only is guilty!" the Queen rejoined with scorn. "Is it innocent to be here at night, my palace gates shut, with your lover—alone?"

"Your Majesty, oh, your Gracious Majesty, hear me. We were not alone—not alone—"

There was a rustle of curtains, a heavy footstep, and Lemprière of Rozel staggered into the room. De la Forêt ran to help him, and throwing an arm around him, almost carried him towards the couch. Lemprière, however, slipped from de la Forêt's grasp to his knees on the floor beside the Queen.

"Not alone, your Majesty, I am here—I have been here all the time. I was here when mademoiselle arrived, brought hither by some trick of some knave not fit to be your Majesty's subject. I speak the truth, for I am butler to your Majesty and no liar. I am Lemprière of Rozel."

No man's self-control could meet such a surprise without wavering, and Essex was confounded. He could not for a moment do aught but gaze at Lemprière. Then, as the Seigneur suddenly swayed, and would have fallen, the instinct of natural courtesy, strong in him, sent him with arms outstretched to lift him up, and together, without a word, he and de la Forêt carried him to the couch and laid him down.

It is possible that that single act saved Essex's life, if it did not save his career, now drawing to a close. There was something so naturally kind in the way he sprang to his enemy's assistance that an old spirit of fondness stirred in the Queen's breast, and she looked strangely at him. When, however, they had disposed of Lemprière, and Essex had turned back towards her, she said:

"Did you think I had no loyal and honorable gentlemen at my court, my Lord? Did you think my leech would not serve me as well as he would serve my Lord Essex? The good leech did your bidding and sent your note; but there your good play ended, and Fate's began."

Essex's anger burst forth now under the lash of ridicule. "I cannot hope to win when your Majesty plays the part of Fate in caricature."

With a little exclamation of rage, Elizabeth leaned over and slapped his face with her long glove. "God's death, but I who made you will unmake you, Essex!" she said.

He dropped his hand on his sword. "If you were but a man and not a Queen—" he said, then stopped short, for there was that in the Queen's face which changed his purpose. Anger was shaking her, but there were tears in her eyes. The woman in her was stronger than the Queen. It was nothing to her at this moment that she might have his life as easily as she had struck his face with her glove; this man had once shown the better part of himself to her, and the memory of it shamed her for his own sake now. She made a step towards the door, then turned and spoke:

"My Lord, I have no palace and no ground wherein your footstep will not be a trespass. Pray you, remember that."

She turned towards Lemprière, who lay on his couch, faint and panting. "For you, my Lord of Rozel, I wish better health, though you have lost yours in a good cause."

Her glance fell on de la Forêt. Her look softened. "I will hear you preach on Whit-Sunday in my chapel, monsieur."

There was an instant's pause, and then she said to Angèle, with gracious look and in a low voice: "You have heard from me that calumny that the innocent never escape. To see your nature, I accused you. You might have heard it first from one who could do you more harm than Elizabeth of England, whose office is to do good, not evil. Nets are spread for those whose hearts are simple, and your feet have been caught. Be thankful that we understand, and know that when occasion may prove, Elizabeth is your friend. You will rest this night with our lady-in-waiting, and to-morrow early you shall return in peace to your father. You have a good friend in our cousin here." She made a motion towards the Duke's Daughter. "She has proved it so. In my leech she has a slave."

She inclined her head towards the door. Essex opened it, and as she passed out she gave him one look which told him that his game was lost forever. "You must

not blame the leech, my Lord," she said, suddenly turning back. "You were overheard.... And I forbid any fighting betwixt you," she added, in a louder voice, and speaking to both de la Forêt and Essex.

Then, without further sign or look, she moved on. Not far behind were Angèle and the Duke's Daughter, and Essex followed at some distance.

In another twenty-four hours Essex had left the court, but not without seeing the Queen again, for he appeared next morning among the courtiers in the presence-chamber, and there before all the world provoked Elizabeth into an anger which gave the open cue for his retirement with low disgrace.

## XII

When de la Forêt and Angèle saw the Queen again it was in the Royal Chapel of Greenwich.

Perhaps the longest five minutes of M. de la Forêt's life were those in which he waited the coming of the Queen on that Whit-Sunday which was to decide his fate. When he saw Elizabeth enter the Royal Chapel his eyes swam till the sight of them was lost in the confusion of color made by the motions of gorgeously apparelled courtiers and the people of the household. When the Queen had taken her seat and all was quiet, de la Forêt struggled with himself to put on such a front of simple boldness as he would wear upon any day of battle. The sword the Queen had sent him was at his side, and his garb was still that of a gentleman, not of a Huguenot minister such as Elizabeth would make him this day.

The brown of his face had paled somewhat in the days spent in the palace and in waiting for this hour; anxiety had toned the ruddy vigor of his bearing, but his figure was the figure of a soldier, and his hand that of a strong man. He trembled a little as he bowed to her Majesty, but that passed, and when at last his eye met that of the Duke's Daughter he grew steady, for she telegraphed to him as plainly as though she spoke, a message from Angèle. Angèle herself he did not see—she was praying for him in an obscure corner, her father's hand in hers, all the passion of her life pouring out in prayer.

De la Forêt drew himself up with an iron will. No nobler figure of a man ever essayed to preach the Word, and so Elizabeth thought; and she almost repented of the rather bitter humor which had set this trial as his chance of life in England and his freedom from the hand of the Medici. The man bulked larger in her eyes than when she had first cast eyes upon him. He had been the immediate cause, fated or accidental, of the destined breach between Essex and herself; he had played a part in her own life, by chance or design. She glanced at her courtiers and she saw that none might compare with him, the form and being of calm boldness and courage.

De la Forêt looked all this; yet when he first opened his mouth and essayed to call the congregation to prayer, no words came forth—only a dry whisper. Some ladies simpered, and more than one courtier laughed silently. Michel saw this, and his face flamed up. But he laid a hand on himself, as it were, and a moment afterwards his voice came forth, clear, musical, and resonant, speaking simple words, direct and unacquainted sentences, yet passionately earnest withal. He stilled the people to a unison of sentiment, none the less interested and absorbed because it had been whispered that he was the cause of the great breach between the Queen and Essex. By the time he began to preach, flippant gallants of the court had ceased to flutter their handkerchiefs, to idly move their swords about, or patronize him with a languid stare.

He took for his text, "*Stand and search for the old paths.*" The beginning of all systems of religion, the coming of the Nazarene, the rise and growth of Christianity, the martyrdoms of the early church, the invasion of the truth by false doctrine, the abuses of the church, the Reformation, the martyrdom of the Huguenots for the return to the early principles of Christianity, the "search for the old paths," he set forth in a tone generous but not fiery, presently powerful and searching, yet not declamatory. At last he raised the sword that hung by his side, and the Book that lay before him, and said:

"And what matter which it is we wield. this steel that strikes for God, or this



Book which speaks of Him? For the Book is the sword of the Spirit, and the sword is the book of humanity; for all faith must be fought for, and all that is has been won by strife! But the paths wherein ye go to battle must be the old paths, your staff shall be your sword by day, and your lantern by night the Book. That which ye love ye shall teach, and that which ye teach ye shall defend; and if your love be a true love your teaching shall be a great teaching, and your sword a strong sword which none may withstand, the pride of sovereign and people; and then neither 'height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God.'"

Ere he had ended, some of the ladies were weeping, the eyes of the Duke's Daughter were full of tears, and Elizabeth said audibly, when he had ceased speaking: "On my soul, I have no bishop with a tongue like his. I wish my Lord of Ely were here to learn how truth should be spoken. Henceforth all my bishops shall first be soldiers."

Of that hour's joyful business the Queen wrote thus to the Medicis before the day was done:

"This M. de la Forêt shall stay in my kingdom. I may not be the executioner of one of my religion—as eloquent a preacher as he was a brave soldier. Abiding by our treaty with my cousin of France, he shall stay with us in peace, and in our own care. He hath not the eloquence of a Knox, but he hath the true thing in him, and that speaks."

To the Duke's Daughter the Queen said: "On my soul, he shall be married instantly, or my ladies will carry him off and murder him for love."

And so it was that the heart of Elizabeth the Queen warmed towards two Huguenot exiles, and showed that in doing justice she also had not so sour a heart towards her sex as was set down to her credit. When M. de la Forêt, once again, declined service at her court, and dwelt earnestly on his duty towards the widow of his dead chief, Gabriel de Montgomery, and begged leave to share her exile in Jersey, Elizabeth said: "God's Son, but I did not think there was any man on earth so careless of the world's honors!"

To this de la Forêt replied that he had given his heart and life to one cause, and

since Montgomery had lost all, even life, the least Michel de la Forêt could do was to see that the woman who had loved him be not unprotected in the world. Also, since he might not now fight for the cause, he could speak of it; and he thanked the Queen of England for having shown him his duty. All that he desired was to be quiet for a space somewhere in her Majesty's realm, till his way was clear to him.

"You would return to Jersey, then, with our friend the Seigneur of Rozel?" Elizabeth said, for Lemprière was now near recovered from his wound, and was present at this audience.

De la Forêt inclined his head. "If it be your High Majesty's pleasure."

And Lemprière of Rozel said: "He would return with myself, your Majesty's friend before all the world, and with Buonespoir his ship the *Honey-flower*."

Elizabeth's lips parted in a smile, for she was warmed with the luxury of doing good, and she answered:

"I know not what the end of this will be, whether our loyal Lemprière will become a pirate or Buonespoir a butler to my court, but it is too pretty a hazard to forego in a world of chance. By the rood, but I have never, since I sat on my father's throne, seen black so white as I have done this past month. You shall have your Buonespoir, good Rozel; but if he plays pirate any more—tell him this from his Queen—upon an English ship, I will have his head, if I have to send Drake of Devon to overhaul him!"

That same day the Queen sent for Angèle, and by no leave, save her own, arranged the wedding-day, and ordained that it should take place at Southampton, whither the Comtesse de Montgomery had come on her way to Greenwich to plead for the life of Michel de la Forêt, and to beg Elizabeth to save her poverty. Both of which things Elizabeth did, as the annals of her life and times record.

After Elizabeth—ever self-willed—had declared her way about the marriage ceremony, looking for no reply save that of silent obedience, she made Angèle sit at her feet and tell her whole story from first to last. They were alone, and very like Elizabeth showed to this young refugee more of her own heart than any other woman had ever seen. Not by words, for



she said naught; but once she stooped and kissed Angèle upon the cheek, and once her eyes filled up with tears, and they dropped upon her lap unheeded. All the devotion shown herself as a woman had come to naught, and it may be that this thought stirred in her, and she remembered how Essex and herself had parted, and how she was denied all those soft resources of regret which were the right of the meanest women in her realm. These refugees, coming at the moment of her own struggle, had changed her heart from an ever-growing bitterness to human sympathy. When Angèle had ended her timid but tender tale, the Queen said:

"God knows, ye shall not stay here in my court. Such lives have no place here. Get you back to my isle of Jersey, where ye can live in peace. Here all is noise and self-seeking and time-service. If ye twain are not happy I will say the world should never have been made."

Before they left Greenwich Palace—Monsieur Aubert and Angèle, de la Forêt, Lemprière, and Buonespoir—the Queen made Michel de la Forêt the gift of a chaplaincy to the Crown. To Monsieur Aubert she gave a small pension, and in Angèle's hands she placed a deed of dower worthy of a generosity greater than her own.

At Southampton, Michel and Angèle were married by royal license, and with the Comtesse de Montgomery set sail in Buonespoir's boat, the *Honey-flower*, which brought them safe to St. Helier's in the isle of Jersey.

### XIII

Followed several happy years for Michel and Angèle. The protection of the Queen herself, the chaplaincy she had given de la Forêt, the friendship with the Governor of the island, and the boisterous tales Lemprière had told of those days at Greenwich Palace quickened the sympathy and held the interest of the people at large, while the simple lives of the two won their way into the hearts of all, even at last to that of de Carteret of St. Ouen's. It was Angèle herself who brought the two Seigneurs together at her own good table, and it needed all her tact on that occasion to prevent the ancient foes from drinking all the wine in her cellar.

There was no parish in Jersey that did not know their goodness, but mostly in the parishes of St. Martin's and Rozel were their constant labors done. From all parts of the island people came to hear Michel speak, though that was but seldom, and when he spoke he always wore the sword the Queen had given him, and used the Book he had studied in her palace. It was to their home that Buonespoir the pirate—faithful to his promise to the Queen that he would harry English ships no more—came wounded, after an engagement with a French boat sent to capture him, carried thither by Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. It was there he died, after having drunk a bottle of St. Ouen's Muscadella, brought secretly to him by Lemprière, so hastening the end.

The Comtesse de Montgomery, who lived in a cottage near by, came constantly to the little house on the hill-side by Rozel Bay. She had never loved her own children more than she did the brown-haired child with the deep blue eyes which was the one pledge of the great happiness of Michel and Angèle.

Soon after this child was born, M. Aubert had been put to rest in St. Martin's church-yard, and there his tombstone might be seen as late as a hundred years ago; for it is mentioned in the records of the Montgomery family. So things went softly by for five years, and then Madame de Montgomery moved to England, on invitation of the Queen and to better fortune, and Angèle and de la Forêt were left to their quiet life in Jersey. Sometimes this quiet was broken by bitter news from France, of fresh persecution and fresh struggle on the part of the Huguenots. Thereafter for hours, sometimes for days, de la Forêt would be lost in sorrowful and restless meditation; and then he fretted against his peaceful calling and his uneventful life. But the gracious hand of his wife and the eyes of his child led him back to cheerful ways again.

Suddenly one day came the fearful news from England that the plague had broken out, and that thousands were dying. The flight from London was like the flight of the children of Israel into the desert. The dead-carts filled with decaying bodies rattled through the foul streets, to drop their horrid burdens into



the great pit at Aldgate; the bells of London tolled all day and all night for the passing of human souls. Hundreds of homes, isolated because of a victim of the plague found therein, became ghastly breeding-places of the disease, and then silent, disgusting graves. If a man shivered in fear, or staggered from weakness, or for very hunger turned sick, he was marked as a victim, and despite his protests was huddled away with the real victims to die the awful death. From every church, where clergy were left to pray, went up the cry for salvation from "plague, pestilence, and famine." Scores of ships from Holland and from France lay in the Channel, not allowed to touch the shores of England, nor permitted to return whence they came. On the very day that news of this reached Jersey, came a messenger from the Queen of England for Michel de la Forêt to hasten to her court. Even as the young officer who brought the letter handed it to de la Forêt in the little house on the hill-side above Rozel Bay, he was taken suddenly ill, and fell at de la Forêt's feet.

De la Forêt straightway raised him in his arms. He called to his wife, but, bidding her not come near him, he bore the doomed man away to the lonely Ecréhos rocks, lying within sight of their own doorway. Suffering no one to accompany him, he carried the sick man to the boat which had brought the Queen's messenger to Rozel Bay. The sailors of the vessel fled, and alone de la Forêt set sail for the Ecréhos.

There upon the black rocks the young man died, and Michel buried him in the shore-bed of the Maître Ile. Then, after two days—for he could bear the suspense no longer—he set sail for Jersey. What that journey was there is no record to say. But a deep fear possessed de la Forêt, and when he stepped on shore at Rozel Bay he was as one who had come from the grave, haggard and old.

Hurrying up the hill-side to his doorway, he called aloud to his wife, to his child. Throwing open the door, he burst in. His dead child lay upon a couch, and near by, sitting in a chair, with the sweat of the dying on her brow, was Angèle. As he dropped on his knee beside her, she smiled and raised her hand as if to touch him, but the hand dropped and the head

fell forward on his breast. She was gone into a greater peace.

Once more Michel made a journey—alone—to the Ecréhos, and there, under the ruins of the old Abbey of Val Richer, he buried the twain he had loved. Not once in all the terrible hours had he shed a tear; not once had his hand trembled; his face was like stone, and his eyes burned with an almost unearthly fire.

He did not pray beside the graves. But he knelt and kissed the earth again and again. He had doffed his robes of peace, and now wore the garb of a soldier, armed at all points fully. Rising from his knees, he turned his face towards Jersey.

"Only mine! Only mine!" he said aloud in a dry, bitter voice.

In the whole island, only his loved ones had died of the plague. The holiness and charity and love of Michel and Angèle had ended so!

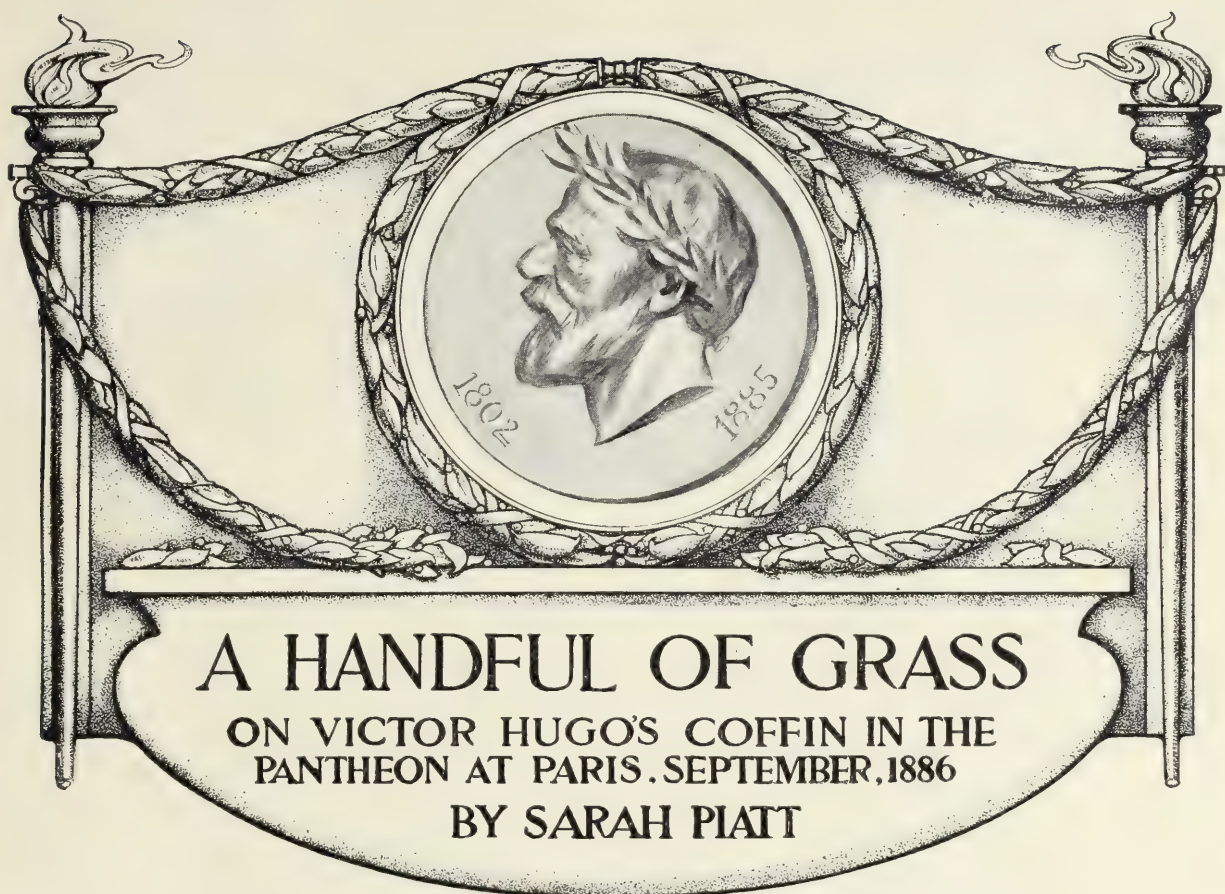
When once more he set forth upon the Channel, turning his back on Jersey, he shaped his course towards France.

Not long did he wait for the death he craved. Next year, in a Huguenot sortie from Anvers, he was slain.

He died with these words on his lips:  
"*Maintenant, Angèle!*"

In due time the little island forgot them both, but the Seigneur of Rozel caused a stone to be set up on the highest point of land that faces France, and on the stone were carved the names of Michel and Angèle. Having done much hard service for his country, Lemprière at length hung up his sword and gave his years to peace. From the Manor of Rozel he was wont to repair constantly to the little white house, which remained as the two had left it—his own by order of the Queen—and there, as time went on, he spent most of his days. To the last he roared with laughter if ever the name of Buonespoir was mentioned in his presence; he swaggered ever before the Royal Court and de Carteret of St. Ouen's; and he spoke proudly of his friendship with the Duke's Daughter, who had admired the cut of his jerkin at the court of the Queen. But in the house where Angèle had lived he moved about as though in the presence of a beloved sleeper he would not awake.

THE END.



**T**HOU temple of all gods, the gods of France,  
 Whose glory and whose grief  
 Must need be French! We, of her gods, perchance,  
 Wait here before the chief.

But for the piteous glimmer of these dim  
 Stage-stars of silver, lo!  
 Dark is his shrine. The veiled face of him  
 Has grown too white to show....

So, then, could Mantua, Florence, and the rest  
 Search all their gardens through  
 Nor find one bud from Nature's wind-heaved breast,  
 One leaf whose tears were dew?—

That thus, for Virgil's, Dante's sake, they dare  
 To offer such as he  
 These wreaths of purple rags? One longs to tear  
 To shreds such courtesy.

Therefore, O Victor Hugo, over you  
 I scatter, as I pass,  
 Warm from the earth that loves—I love you, too—  
 This handful of her grass.





*A Paul Meurice  
son ami*

*Victor Hugo*

FROM ORIGINAL DRAWING BY VICTOR HUGO  
PRESENTED TO M. MEURICE

# LOVE-LETTERS OF VICTOR HUGO

(1820-1822)

WITH COMMENT BY M. PAUL MEURICE

**V**ICTOR HUGO, in his *Feuilles d'Automne*, speaks thus of these letters:

Letters of early manhood, virtue, love,  
Can these be you? Once more let my heart  
move

Responsive as I kneel to read you o'er.  
For this day let me be your age again,  
Good, happy, as I once was—then, with pain  
Let me shed tears that I am so no more.

I was eighteen! Such happy dreams had I!  
Hope sang sweet fictions for my lullaby;

A gleaming star was shining over me!  
Now, only in my heart I breathe its name.  
Then I was god to thee, but now with shame  
Man recollects the child he used to be.

Lost dreams of power, success, and grace—  
alas!

How have I watched until her robe should  
pass,

How lavished kisses on her fallen glove!  
Then I hoped all from life—love, strength,  
and fame!

Ah! to be pure, and to have faith, the same  
In all things pure, as I had then, my love!

And here they are, these “letters of early manhood, virtue, love”—she to whom he wrote them too modestly destroyed her own, but she piously preserved those of her *fiancé*;—here they are, chaste but ardent, ingenuous but often grave, sportive in many places, and yet full of high thoughts. Here they are, with all their extravagances, their discouragements, their complaints, their bursts of joy, their little scoldings, their caresses, their records of real quarrels followed by delicious reconciliations. They evidently were not written to be seen by other eyes than

those of the girl he loved: he constantly entreats her to burn them; they are all the more valuable.

Victor had known Adèle when they were children. Their two families—the Hugos and the Fouchers—had been intimate before their birth. Their children grew up together. They called each other *thee* and *thou*.

Victor Hugo speaks thus of the birth of his young affection:

I see myself again, a child in years, a merry schoolboy, playing, running, shouting, laughing, with my brothers in the long green alley in the wild garden of that home in which I passed my early life. We dwelt in the old Nunnery which lifts its head over the dark dome of Val de Grâce.\*

He sees himself again: “I was still a boy, but dreamy and full of passion;” and beside him is a young girl. He sees her “with her large, bright eyes, her abundant locks, her golden-brown complexion, her red lips, and her pink cheeks!”...

Our mothers [he says] used to tell us to run and play together. We used to take walks instead. We were told to play, but we preferred to talk. We were children of the same age—not of the same sex. Nevertheless for a year longer we were merely play-fellows; we even had little trials of strength. I took from her once the biggest apple in the orchard; I slapped her when she would not let me have a bird's nest. She began to cry. I said: “All right, then! We will go and tell our mothers. They will tell us both that we were wrong, but in their hearts each mother will think her child was right.”

But before long the time came when she

\* *Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné.*



walked leaning on my arm, and I was proud and felt some new emotions. We walked slowly; we spoke softly. She dropped her handkerchief; I picked it up. Our hands touched each other and trembled. She began to talk about the little birds, about the star over our heads, about the crimson after-glow of the sunset behind the trees, about her schoolmates, her frocks, her ribbons. We talked innocently of commonplace

After dinner Madame Hugo always went to pay a visit to her old friend Madame Foucher. If her two boys were out of school, they always accompanied her. Almost every evening during the winter of 1818-19 the porter at the Hôtel de Toulouse\* said he would see Eugène and Victor coming along, arm



VICTOR HUGO, AGED 28

things, yet we both blushed, for the little girl had grown a maiden.

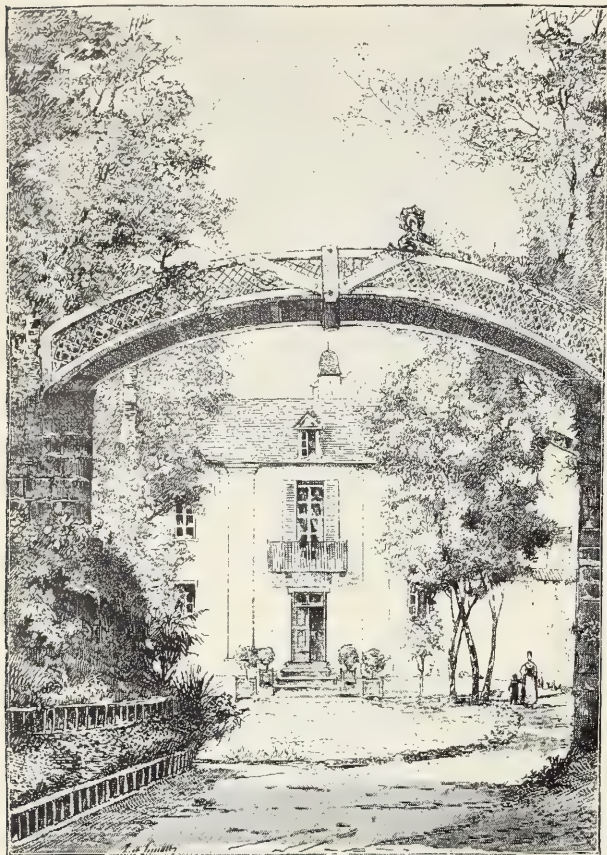
She, in her turn, tells the same story. In August, 1818, Madame Hugo no longer lived at the Feuillantines, as they called the Nunnery. The General said that his half-pay no longer permitted him to give his wife and boys the luxury of a garden. They moved into a less expensive apartment on the third story of No. 18 Rue des Petits Augustins.

in arm, in company with their mother, who carried her work-bag in her hand and wore a purple merino dress, nearly covered by a cashmere shawl with a palm-leaf border.

Madame Foucher used her bed-chamber as a sitting-room. It was a large

\* The Hôtel of the Conseil de Guerre, Rue Cherche Midi, where M. Foucher, former secretary of the council, continued to keep his apartment.





RESIDENCE OF VICTOR HUGO, LA RUE  
NOTRE DAME DES CHAMPS, 1822

room with a deep alcove. The visitor always found her arm-chair waiting for her at one corner of the hearth, and without taking off her shawl and bonnet would sit down in it, take her needle-work out of her bag, and begin sewing. M. Foucher had his place on the other side of the hearth, with a stand near him on which were placed his tobacco-box and a wax candle. Between him and Madame Hugo, at a long narrow table, Madame Foucher and her daughter sat at work, and Eugène, Victor, and Victor Foucher made up the circle.

Those evenings, we should think, were very dull ones. But they had an especial charm for Victor. When by any chance he could not go to the Hôtel de Toulouse he was unhappy...

It was not that he enjoyed watching the wood fire on the hearth, or passing two long hours sitting still on a badly stuffed chair. He did not care if there was not a word spoken. He was satisfied if M. Foucher did not look up from his book, or if the ladies were intent upon their sewing, for then he could look as long as he liked at Mademoiselle Adèle.

We know, from one of the letters writ-

ten in 1821, the very day and in what manner the hearts of these two young people became known to each other. It was on April 26, 1819. Victor was seventeen years old, and Adèle sixteen.

Even when they made to each other the supreme confession, they were mere children. It was all very *naïf*—very charming. Adèle, bolder and more curious than Victor (being a girl), wanted to find out what was the meaning of all his silent admiration. She said: "I am sure you have secrets. Have you not one secret, greater than all?" Victor acknowledged that he had secrets, and that one of them was greater than all the rest. "Just like me!" cried Adèle. "Well, come now, tell me your greatest secret, and I will tell you mine!"

"My great secret," Victor replied, "is that I love you."

"And my great secret is that I love you," said Adèle, like an echo.

After this letters were occasionally exchanged, but it seems that they were "cold and short." They were not preserved.

The moment drew near when the loving pair were to be for a short time separated.

Winter was nearly over. Madame Foucher always hired for the summer a little place in the suburbs of Paris—the *banlieue*. The summer of 1819 she spent at Issy. This going into the country was a great grief to Victor. In vain he tried to prove that Issy was not much farther off than the Hôtel of the Conseil de Guerre, that once through Vaugirard and you were there; but visits could not be paid every day, though often when the weather was fine Madame Hugo would take the two boys and set out for Issy. On their way she would buy baskets of fruit, which they were delighted to carry. On arriving they handed them over to the servant, who would hasten to set three more places at the breakfast table. When the fruit had been eaten they would go out-doors to enjoy the fresh air in the garden.\*

Autumn at last came, and the Foucher family returned to Paris. The fire had been kept alive during their short absence.

Sweet inclination grew a quenchless flame.†

Love had entered into the heart and

\* Victor Hugo, as related by *un témoin de sa vie*.

† *Odes et Ballades*.



into the very life of Victor Hugo. Thenceforward it was to be stronger than all else, and grow more and more resistless day by day.

It was on their return from Issy during the last months of 1819 that a regular correspondence between Victor and Adèle must have commenced. Victor by this time seems to have grown a less timid lover; he asked and had obtained from Adèle appointments to meet in places where they could see each other alone.

In the first place there was the garden of the Hôtel Toulouse, where Adèle lived—a beautiful garden, with great trees at the end of it. When her mother was out Adèle would make her escape from the house, run swiftly down stairs, and glide along a shady path to meet Victor, who was expecting her, “under the chestnut-trees.” Then sometimes in the morning Adèle would go to market in her mother’s stead, as was a common practice in those days, when the manners of the *bourgeoisie* were more simple than they are at present, and when charming young girls of that class wore caps like the peasantry. The little housekeeper would make her purchases, and then, not without some scruples of conscience, she would hasten to join Victor in some quiet street, where he was waiting for her. After a time M. Foucher’s health improved. He saw his friends with some enjoyment in the evenings. Adèle’s young friends came to see her with their parents. The guests talked and laughed, and divided into groups or pairs. One of these last was frequently Victor and Adèle, but their furtive talks were necessarily very brief; they had to be supplemented by writing.

We have not the earliest of these letters; they were probably not very different from those preserved. The letters of the boy were doubtless full of passion, while those of the girl were full of anxiety. Their states of mind were not the same.

Victor at seventeen thinks like a man, and he wants his own way like a man. He is sure of himself, he is confident in his own sincerity, confident of his love, and of his honorable intentions, nor does he doubt his own courage and constancy. If they *must* wait, he will wait. If ob-

stacles are in their way, he will surmount them. He will not admit that anything can be impossible. He considers Adèle as already his wife, and boldly signs his letters to her “Your Husband.” But Adèle is as yet only a child. With great intelligence and noble sentiments she has a child’s heart. She is quite innocent and tender-hearted. With the ignorance, the wonder, the joy, the fears, and the scruples of a child, she accepts and returns the love he offers her.

And, indeed, as she was a young girl, she was right to be more scrupulous, more alive to the proprieties, than her lover. And to what, we wonder, will this premature love lead these young people at their age and in their circumstances? On the first discovery of their secret the duty of their parents will be to separate them. For which reason they agree rarely to speak unless they are alone together, and in the presence of other people to pretend that they are wholly indifferent to each other.

But this pretence was painful to Adèle. Victor’s mother, to whom he was as submissive and obedient as a boy of twelve, still looked upon him as a child, and never for one moment imagined that at his age he could be in love. Adèle’s mother, more quick-sighted, however, fancied she had seen more than one sign of something which, however, she supposed to be mere childishness; but she kept a strict lookout, she asked questions, and reproved her daughter. Poor Adèle, much worried, complained of this to Victor. Sometimes she blamed him, and sometimes she lost her temper. But, in fact, all that the poor child asked was to follow the instincts of her own heart. When Victor fancied that she did not love him, when she saw him despondent, she hastened to ask his forgiveness. He was already, as his verses say, “her god.”

His success as a poet, his fame, which was already beginning to shine, was dear to him now as a pledge of success in literature. We must not forget that Châteaubriand had called him “*l’enfant sublime*,” that in royalist salons his ode “*Les Destins de la Vendée*” and his satire “*Le Télégraphe*” were spoken of with admiration, and that the Académie des Jeux floraux de Toulouse had given two of its prizes to his poem on “*Le*



Rétablissement de la Statue de Henri IV.," and a beautiful short poem, written when he was sixteen, "Les Vierges de Verdun."

Since we have none of the letters exchanged by the lovers in the autumn of 1819, the first written testimony we possess of Victor Hugo's love may be found in some verses called "Le Premier Soupir," dated in December of that year.

Great was the delight of Adèle when the young poet gave her these verses, telling her to read them by herself, for they were verses made for her alone. There was plenty of despair and sadness in the poem. It was an elegy. How could it be otherwise, for every verse spoke of dying. They were sad lines, but, oh! how beautiful! And when the poet, foreseeing his death, asks for some little recompense for his devotion, she in her enthusiasm promised the real poet to give him twelve kisses. Twelve was a great many. It appears in the sequel that she only gave him four.

—Ces vers pour qu'il ton jeune amour  
M'a promis des baisers, que ta prudence  
craintive

Me refuse de jour en jour.\*

Nevertheless, these verses and these kisses were before long the cause of fresh trouble to Adèle.

We have said that she had some young girls for her friends. Now when a young person has friends, and has received a copy of beautiful verses, how can it be expected that the poem will not be shown to them? and when showing it, how could she fail to add that she was the maiden beloved by the real poet? Whereupon she received congratulations from her friends. "But you—do you love him?" "Could I do less?" "Did you ever tell him that you loved him?" "How could I hide it?" And then she owned the price he asked—the promised kisses. With that came exclamations on the part of her dear friends. "How imprudent!" "But this is serious!" "What an opinion he must have of you!" "He cannot respect you, since you do not respect yourself!"

Poor Adèle compared what her friends said with warnings that her mother had

given her. "Take care," that lady said. "If a man ever tells you that he loves you, and you are so weak as to respond, it will not be long before he ceases to esteem you."

Oh! could it be because she loved him that she would forfeit his esteem? He must despise her. Yes, it was true, he must despise her;—and to be despised by him! Oh! that was terrible! And she asks him with anguish: "Is it true? Can it be possible that you despise me?" In vain he protests, grows indignant, multiplies his vows, brings proofs of his devotion. The frightful doubt has grown into a fixed idea; she reverts to it in their correspondence again and again.

We have not got the letters in which she questions him, but we have his answers. What could he do to convince her? It is not only esteem, not only respect, it is worship that he feels for her. He might almost say that he loves her on his knees. To press her sometimes in his arms, to obtain the promise of her kisses (which he afterwards allows her to refuse him), is all he dares to claim from her, is all that he calls happiness—

Car l'aimant à l'époux garde sa pureté.\*

We may be permitted to think that the lover had some merit. At sixteen, besides her charm of youth, Adèle was singularly lovely. She was a brunette, with abundant black hair, and arched eyebrows, large, bright, soft eyes, a straight, delicate nose, and a beautifully formed mouth, with a sweet expression. She was adorably sweet, adorably handsome, and he adored her. He placed her in his thoughts as it were upon an altar. His budding genius bowed before her beauty (both were divine gifts) humbly and timidly.... He laid all he had and all he was at her feet—*under* her feet, it would be more correct to say. Never do his letters speak to her of his writings, of his literary successes, or of his growing celebrity, or, if he makes any allusion to these things, it is only to repeat that all is for her sake; that all is hers, that in all she has inspired him. The letters are solely about love, they speak of nothing but love, and that is why they are and

\* Raymond d'Ascoli. *Oeuvres de la première jeunesse.*

\* Marion de Lorme.



always will be so pure and so unique an example of the ideal of love.

## SELECTIONS FROM THE LETTERS

1820

SATURDAY EVENING, *January, 1820.*

A few words from you, my beloved Adèle, have again changed my state of mind. Yes—you can do anything with me, and to-morrow, were I even dead, the sweet tones of your voice, the tender pressure of your lips, would call me back to life again. How differently I shall feel as I go to sleep to-night from what I did last evening! Yesterday, Adèle, all confidence in the future had abandoned me; I no longer believed that you loved me; yesterday the hour of my death would have been welcome to me—and yet I said to myself: “If it is quite true she does not love thee, and nothing in me has deserved her love, that love without which there is no charm left for me in life, is that any reason I should die? Is it for my own personal happiness that I exist? Oh no! My whole existence is devoted to her; shall be hers in spite of herself; and by what right have I aspired to win her love? Am I more than an angel or a deity? I love her, it is true—I—even I; I am ready, for her sake, to sacrifice everything with joy—even the hope that she may love me; there is no limit to the devotion for her that I am capable of; for one of her looks, for one of her smiles. But could I do otherwise? Is she not the one supreme object in my life? If she shows me indifference, if she even hates me, it will be my misfortune—that is all. What matter can it be since it does not impair her happiness? Oh yes!—if she cannot love me I must only blame myself. My duty is to wait upon her steps, to envelop her existence with my own, to be her defence against all perils, to offer her my head to set her foot on, ever to place myself between her and every sorrow, without making any claim for myself—without expecting any reward. Too happy if from time to time she deigns to bend upon her slave a look of pity; and, oh! if only she remembers me, and turns to me in a moment of danger! Alas! would she but permit me to give my life that all her desires might be accomplished, all her caprices attained! Would she but permit me to kiss with devotion and respect her very footsteps, would she but consent to lean upon me sometimes in life’s difficult places—then I should have obtained the only happiness to which I have the presumption to aspire. Because I am ready to give everything up for her sake, is that any reason she should owe me any gratitude? Is it her fault that I love her? Must she fancy herself constrained because of that to love me? No! she may make what use she pleases of my devotion, she may pay me with hatred for my services, she may scorn my idolatry, she may treat me with contempt, but I shall have no right whatever to complain of such an angel, nor to cease for a moment to lavish on her the care that she disdains. And

when each one of my days shall have been marked by some sacrifice made for her sake, on the one of my death I shall not have paid all the infinite debt that my existence owes to hers.

Such were my thoughts at this time yesterday, Adèle, my much beloved, and such were the resolutions of my soul. They are the same to-day. Only now I have the certainty of happiness, of a happiness so great that I cannot think of it without trembling, and hardly believe it, even now.

Then is it true you love me, Adèle? Tell me, may I put faith in that most ravishing idea? Does it not strike you that I might become mad with joy if I could pass my whole life at your feet, sure of making you as happy as I should be myself, sure of being adored by you, even as I adore you? Oh! your letter has given me back peace, your words this evening filled me with happiness. Receive my thanks a thousand times, Adèle, my beloved angel. I should like to kneel before thee as I would before a divinity. How happy you have made me! Adieu, adieu. I shall have a happy night dreaming of thee.

Sleep sweetly, and let your husband take the twelve dear kisses that you promised him, and many more for which you have not yet given him permission.

MONDAY, *February 28.*

I should be very sorry, my Adèle, to give you back, as yesterday evening you seemed to wish, that letter, which, in spite of the cruel thoughts with which it inspired me, has grown dear to me because it proves to me you love me.

It is with joy I own that all the fault was on my side, and it is with most sincere repentance that I implore you to forgive me. No, my Adèle, it is not for me to punish you. To punish *you!*—for what? Mine is but the right to defend and to protect you.

Let me always know all that happens to you; tell me about all you do, and what you think of? And here I have a little thing with which to reproach you: I know that you love balls; you told me yourself, not long ago, that waltzing was for you a great temptation. Why, then, did you refuse the offer made you a few days since? Do not make a mistake. When for your sake I gave up balls and evening parties, it was merely to rid myself of the trouble of going to them. I was making no sacrifice. It is never a sacrifice to give up a thing which does not give you pleasure. Now I have no pleasure but in seeing you—in being near you. But in your case, since dancing amuses you, to give up a ball is a real sacrifice. I am very grateful for your intention of making it for me, but I do not feel willing to accept it. I am, indeed, excessively jealous, but it would be ungenerous if for that reason I deprived you of pleasures suited to your age—pleasures which no doubt I could myself enjoy if you were not all in all to me. Go, then, and amuse yourself. Go to the ball, and in the midst of it do not forget me. I dare say you may see other men



more charming, more gallant, more brilliant, than I am, but I venture to say that you will not find one whose tender love for you would be so pure and so disinterested as mine.

I will not worry you with my personal troubles; they are far from being irremediable. I forget them when I see you gay, serene, and happy.

Adieu; tell me everything, either by word of mouth or in writing. Courage, prudence, patience. Pray the good God to grant me these three things, the last two especially, for if you love me I am safe to have the other. I hope you will not cry over this letter. As for me, I am joyous when I remember you are mine—for you *are* mine, are you not, my Adèle?

In spite of all future obstacles that may present themselves, I feel ready to cry with Charles XII., "What God has given me, the devil himself shall not take from me!"

Adieu; forgive me, and let your husband fancy he is taking one of the ten kisses that you still owe him.

Thy faithful

VICTOR.

March 28.

You ask me for a few words, Adèle, but what can I tell you that I have not told you a thousand and a thousand times? Shall I say over again how much I love you? But expressions fail me... To tell you that I love you better than my life would be a small matter, for you know I care very little for life. Well! I *must*... for I *must*... I forbid you—do you hear?—to say anything more to me about my "*contempt*," my "*want of esteem*" for you. You will make me seriously angry if you force me to repeat that I could not love you if I did not esteem you. And from what, if you please, could my *want of esteem* for you arise? If one or other of us is guilty, it assuredly is not my Adèle. But I am afraid you will despise me, because I hope you know the purity of my love for you. I am your husband, or at least I consider myself as such. You only can make me give up that name.

What is happening to you in your home, my dearest? Do they torment you? Tell me everything. I wish my life in any way could assist you.

Do you know that one thought makes three-quarters of my happiness? I dream that, in spite of all obstacles, I may be permitted yet to be your husband, even though it be only for one day. Suppose we were married to-morrow and I were to kill myself the next day, I should have been happy for one day, and no one would have any reason to reproach you. You would be my widow. Would it not be possible, my Adèle, under certain circumstances to arrange matters thus? One day of happiness is worth more than a life of sorrow.

Listen; think of me, my love, for I think of nothing but you. You owe me that. I am trying to become a better man, that I may be more worthy of you. If you only knew how much I love you!... Everything I do is somehow connected with you. I am

working solely for my wife, my beloved Adèle. Love me a little in return.

One word more. Now that you are the daughter of General Hugo, do nothing unworthy of that station, suffer no one to fail in proper attention and respect to you. Mamma is very particular about such things, and I think my most excellent mother is right. You will fancy I have suddenly grown proud of my social rank, just as you thought I was proud of what people call my success, and yet, my Adèle, God knows that there is only one thing that could make me proud, and that is to be loved by you.

Adieu. You still owe me eight kisses, and I fear you will forever refuse to pay them.

*Adieu; tout à toi—rien qu'à toi.*

*Early in April.*

It was on the 26th of April, 1819, that I told you that I loved you. It is not quite a year ago. You were happy, gay, and free, then; perhaps thoughts of me did not then trouble you. How many difficulties, how many torments, have I made you suffer in one year! Oh! for how many things you have to pardon me!

I should like to know what people say about me. Have a little more confidence in your husband. I am very unhappy. You see, my love, that I can hardly put two ideas together; your letter has distressed me cruelly. I have, moreover, so many things to say to you, and so little time in which to write. How will all these things end? I know pretty well how they will end for me, but how will it be for you?....

Now all my hopes, all my desires, are concentrated only on you.

I wish very much to answer everything in your letter. How could you dare to say or hint that I could ever forget you? Could you by chance have been despising me? Tell me who are the people who talk about us? I am furious! You do not feel as you ought to feel how much better you are *in all respects* than those around you. I make no exception of those young girls, your pretended friends, who are enough to make the angels themselves account them devils.

Adieu, my Adèle; I see I am in no fit state to answer your letter. Excuse my bad writing. I will write the rest to-morrow—if I can.

TUESDAY, April 18, 1820.

I am wretched, my beloved Adèle, to know that you are ill, and if the ideas you have been forming about me have helped to make you so, I assuredly do not know how I can undeceive you. I asked you to tell me who were the *gossips* who had given you a bad opinion of me; you would not answer me, because, unhappily, it is possible you may have believed them... I further asked you to tell me of what faults they accused me, that I might correct them if what they said was just, that I might defend myself if they were false, and on this point also you have not thought fit to satisfy me. What do they say about me? Whatever it is, it is



probably not favorable, either to my conduct or my character, and yet I take God to witness that I wish you knew all my actions without exception; I should then have little to fear from the silly chatter of your *friends*, and I believe you would think better of me than you do now. As it is quite possible that some one may have told you I was full of self-conceit, I beg you to believe that I am not saying this from vanity.

You accuse me vaguely of certain things. You say I seem embarrassed when I am with you. It is true. I am so, but it is because I would so gladly be always alone with you, and am annoyed by the inquisitive glances of people around me. You add that "I seem to feel *ennui* when with you." If you think me a liar it would be useless to tell you over again that my only happy moments are those that I am able to spend with you.

And yet, my Adèle, in connection with these ideas, it may be right to tell you that the time may be at hand when I shall have to give up this last and only pleasure. Your parents look upon me with dislike, and assuredly they have good reason to complain of me. I acknowledge the wrongs I have committed against them, or rather the one wrong I have done them, for there is only one, and that is, I have loved you. You must feel that I cannot continue to visit in a house whose master and mistress do not like to see me. I write you this with tears falling from my eyes, and I blush like a conceited fool as I am.

Whatever may happen accept my inviolable promise to have no other wife but you, and to become your husband as soon as it may be in my power. Burn all my other letters, but keep this one. They may part us, but I am yours—yours for eternity. I am yours—your property, your slave. Do not forget that. You may always make use of me as if I were a thing and not a person; wherever I may be, near or far, write to me and tell me what I am to do for you. I will obey you or die.

This is what I want to say to you before I cease to see you, that you may at all times point out the way in which you think I could serve you, if you think proper to keep up any relations with me. Yes, my Adèle, I foresee I must soon give up all meetings with you. Encourage me a little...

Your faithful husband,  
V. M. Hugo.

The fears and sad forebodings that the letter of April 18 expressed were soon to be realized—more than realized—by what took place. All intercourse between the lovers was suddenly put an end to, for some months.

Had Victor been imprudent? Had he made his appearance too often at the house or in the garden of the girl he loved? At all events, the vigilance of Madame Foucher being aroused, she took

the alarm, and warned her husband of what was taking place. M. Foucher was not willing to remain in uncertainty. If Victor's mother had not the least suspicion, what would she think of the conduct of her son? He was resolved to know at once.

M. Foucher himself might easily have been disposed to look not unfavorably on Victor's attachment to his daughter. But in any case there could be no question about allowing them to marry at their age; yet they might be separated for a time; they might wait and prove their constancy.

M. Foucher, chief clerk in the War Office, was a man held by all who knew him in high esteem; he wore the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, and was in every respect an honorable man, but he had three children, he had only his salary to live upon, and his daughter would have no *dot* on her marriage. Victor's worldly prospects were even less promising. To be sure, he was the son of General Hugo, and generals of the Empire, even among royalists, do not seem, in 1821, to have lost their *prestige*; furthermore, M. Foucher was a great reader. He knew more about literature than he cared to show. He was quite able to appreciate Victor's talent, and to foresee his future career. Possibly, thought M. Foucher, his old friend Madame Hugo might not show herself altogether averse to the marriage. But all must be straightforward, aboveboard, between them. He would go, therefore, and tell her.

Victor knew his mother too well to feel anything but dread of such an interview.

The wife of General Hugo was the dearly beloved mother of her three sons, but she was greatly feared by them. She loved them tenderly, but she managed them roughly. She was the only parent who had charge of the three boys, for General Hugo had at that time almost separated himself from his wife and sons. He had another domestic establishment, and the only connection he still kept up with his family was to pay a small sum annually for their support, which was very insufficient for their needs. Madame Hugo, an arbitrary woman by nature, kept a very tight hold on the conduct of her sons. Her system was to leave them wholly free in all that concerned their



intellectual progress, but to require from them in everything that concerned their conduct the most absolute obedience to her will. When the parents of Adèle should startle her by their surprising revelation, what would she do? Victor foresaw too well what sentence she would pass on him, and his heart throbbed with anguish when one morning he saw M. and Madame Foucher come to his mother's house, and heard them ask for a private interview.

This happened on April 26, 1820, just one year after the day when Victor had first told Adèle that he loved her—April 26, 1819.

At first Madame Hugo was stupefied by what they told her. Was it conceivable? Was it possible? Victor, who so short a time before had been a baby clinging to her skirts, Victor in love?—in love for months? It could not be in earnest! But it was serious. She knew her son. She knew his ardent nature, and she felt that keen pang—a mother's jealousy. Her son could love, and he did love, another better than herself—and that other a young girl—almost a child! And after all who was she that had stolen from her the love of her own son? Here came in a mother's pride. Victor was the son of General, Count Hugo; Victor had already acquired some celebrity, and before long he might see fame before him; then why might he not aspire to make one of the very best, the richest matches?—and meantime he was making silly love to the daughter of a clerk in the War Office, a girl without family or fortune!

If Madame Hugo had been prepared for the blow she was about to receive she would assuredly have softened the expression of her sentiments to M. and Madame Foucher; but, taken as she was by surprise, she put no curb on her tongue. Now or hereafter such a marriage was impossible! Never—never, as long as she lived, should such a marriage take place!

M. Foucher, whose paternal feelings were naturally much hurt, replied coldly. It was settled that the two families should at once cease to see each other, that all intercourse between them should be broken off. It was more than mere separation—it was an absolute quarrel.

They sent for Victor to tell him their

decision. He had had time to collect his strength and to arm himself with courage. He felt that he must show himself to be a man! It is strange, but he was not angry with his mother. It was his nature to find excuses for those he loved, but this father who said it was his duty to watch over the purity of his daughter, a purity that Victor knew had never been in peril, seemed to him despotic and unjust. He subsequently wrote to Adèle, "Your father had no right to peer into a secret which belongs to us alone." He made up his mind, therefore, to assume a lofty attitude before this tyrant. He boldly confessed his love, and then listened to the sentence which shut him out from Paradise without change of countenance. Only when Adèle's father and mother were gone, when he was alone with his own parent, the man disappeared, the child returned, and he burst into tears. His mother, much afflicted by the suffering of her beloved son, tried to console him. But he rushed away, and shut himself up into his chamber, where he wept and wept till he could weep no more.

Meantime M. and Madame Foucher on their return home did all they could to induce Adèle to give up Victor, and to cure her of her love. They said little about the opposition of Madame Hugo to the marriage, but assured her that Victor had at once consented very readily to the rupture. He would never come back. It was he who had given her up, he who did not wish to see her. Poor Adèle, wounded both in her love and in her maiden pride, at first would not believe that he could have abandoned her so cruelly; but days passed, weeks, and months, and she received no word from him. Then it was true! He no longer loved her, he never had truly loved her! Her parents tried to make her forget her grief by receptions, visits, and little parties. As she was very young and gay, she let them do with her what they would, and entered into these gayeties.

As for him, after his deluge of tears he recovered his energy and courage. And then began that indefatigable toil which lasted during his whole life: the forge once lighted was never to go out.

In the month of December, 1819, Victor had founded, in connection with his



brother Abel, in hopes of helping their mother, whose allowance from her husband was very small, a semi-monthly magazine—the *Conservateur Littéraire*. Victor had undertaken the greater part of the work in the first numbers, but after the month of April he redoubled his zeal and activity. The *Conservateur Littéraire* lasted fifteen months. Of the three large volumes which now contain it, Victor, under eight or ten signatures, certainly wrote two of them. The young journalist gives an account of everything that would interest the world of letters—books, poems, and dramas. He speaks with a wonderful maturity of judgment of the works of Châteaubriand, André Chénier, Lamennais, Madame Desbordes-Valmore, of the *Marie Stuart* of Lebrun, and of the *Vêpres Siciliennes* of Casimir Delavigne. And all this time he was trying to write a novel, the first version of *Bug-Jargal*.

But the great object of the *Conservateur Littéraire* was to do battle for the cause of monarchy. The *Conservateur*, the great political review of Châteaubriand, Lamennais, and Bonald, had just ceased to appear. As there was no line-of-battle ship in action, the little sloop bravely fought on. Victor put into his work all the ardor inspired by his love for his "Vendean mother." His first poems were his royalist odes, "La Vendée," "La Mort du Duc de Berry," "Le Rétablissement de la Statue de Henri IV.," etc. Nothing could have been more sincere than his enthusiasm, nothing more disinterested. A sad note in the *Conservateur Littéraire* gives us to understand that the official encouragement and material aid given to other royalist publications were denied to these devoted young champions. Never mind; their zeal in the cause of monarchy would be the same.

Meantime this work, which hardly could fill all his time and thoughts, left poor Victor's heart empty. He never ceased to think of Adèle, but he had no one he could talk to about her. It was then that he began to write a novel, *Han d'Islande*, which might serve him as a confidant in his grief and loneliness. In it he called Adèle Ethel, and Victor, under the name of Ordener, addressed to her, on paper, all the loving words he could no longer speak or write to her.

Only until the book should be finished and published she could not read or hear them. Then Victor thought of the *Conservateur Littéraire*.

M. Foucher took the Review, and he could hardly keep Adèle from seeing it. Among Victor's numerous literary activities we have omitted to say that he found in an old chronicle of the fifteenth century the story of a young poet, a disciple of Petrarch, called Raymond d'Ascoli, who, parted from her he loved, preferred death. Victor composed an elegy on this young suicide, which he called "Le jeune Banni," and in his position of editor-in-chief inserted it in the July number of the *Conservateur Littéraire* of 1820.

Adèle respected her vows, and Victor had given her this sign of life; so far well. But he had not been able at the same time to avoid the risk of afflicting and offending his mother, which he dreaded beyond everything. It is clear that Madame Hugo, as well as Adèle, saw the transparent meaning in this poetry, and it is certain that a scene of tears and reproaches followed, and the cruel separation was made more bitter and complete for the two lovers. But once more the blessed *Conservateur Littéraire* became the means of ameliorating their condition.

M. Foucher, who was, as we have said, head clerk in the War Office, chanced to publish about this time a volume called *Manuel du Recrutement*, a technical book on an especial subject which assuredly had no literary pretensions. But the young lover did not think so; he hastened to write a review of it in the *Conservateur Littéraire*, though the work could hardly be called literary. The review was very laudatory, for the book was written by the father of Adèle. To praise the work of an old friend who was master of the subject of recruiting could not be reprehensible, and Madame Hugo found nothing to say against it.

The article pleased M. Foucher, no doubt, but, intrenched still in his dignity, he kept silence. Then Providence took the matter in hand, and happily at this very time gave France the royal infant she was eagerly looking for—the Duc de Bordeaux, "*l'enfant du miracle*," was born. At once Victor composed an ode



on the occasion and inserted it in the *Conservateur Littéraire* in the first place, and afterwards had it printed in a little pamphlet, which pamphlet he sent to M. Foucher, with a dedication, of which we may be sure he carefully chose the words. This time kind M. Foucher could not refuse to make some acknowledgment without failing in the first principles of courtesy, and perhaps he was not sorry that it became his duty to be polite. However, he did not write to Victor, but to Madame Hugo he addressed the following letter:

PARIS, October 13, 1820.

MADAME,—I have to thank M. V. Hugo for his flattering article on the *Manuel du Recrutement*. I have also thanks to give him for sending me as a present a copy of his ode on the Birth of the Duc de Bordeaux. My wife is a sharer in my debt, for she has taken half the pleasure we have had in this poem.

Passages such as "*tel un fleuve mystérieux*," and "*oui, souris orphelin*," went to the heart of an audience which is not especially poetical. As you know, none of us are good judges of poems.

I propose to call on these gentlemen and to point out to them certain books which will offer a large field for criticism. I shall see them shortly, and renew to you, madame, assurances of my respectful and sincere attachment.

Your very humble and obedient servant,  
P. FOUCHER.

This was a little renewal of friendly intercourse, and Victor must have been delighted to receive a visit, were it only businesslike and commonplace, from Adèle's father. But Adèle—Adèle herself—should he never see her again? What was she doing? What did she think of? Did she suffer as he suffered? Had she forgotten him? Could she love him still? It did not seem possible that she, who filled all his life and all his thoughts, should live only a few yards from him and yet that they should be as strangers.

At the beginning of the year 1821 he resolved to set all prohibitions at defiance, and in spite of risks to go and linger round the house where Adèle lived, watch when she came out, and finally one morning he ventured to accost her as he had formerly done, and to speak to her in the street.

And how did she receive him? With an outward cold reserve, but with great

emotion in her heart. But she listened to him, she answered him, and she did not forbid him to meet her again in the same way. Yet she seemed more timid than before, and in all these meetings she was nervous and hurried.

After this she accepted little notes and answered them. Soon the notes grew into letters...

And thus, after a suspension of ten long months, the correspondence again began.

1821

SATURDAY, early in March, 1821.

Your last letter was very short, Adèle. You only let me see you for a few moments; you only sent me a few words; what does this mean, unless that the sight of me is unwelcome, and that writing to me bores you? Nevertheless, Adèle, I will not worry myself over this thought which makes me wretched. I shall try to believe that if you endeavor to abridge the few moments we can pass together it is only because you are afraid to be seen with your husband, and that when you persist in writing to me so briefly you have reasons for that also—reasons that, indeed, I cannot guess, but that I shall not the less respect. I wish to trust you in all things—or what would become of me?

When you seem to me to be cold or dissatisfied I pass hours turning over in my mind all kinds of motives, some of which may be true ones, but which would drive me to despair if I knew them to be so. No, my Adèle, in spite of the fears that torment me sometimes when you meet me with apparent repugnance, or flit away from me with too much haste, I trust you blindly, and never, save in the last extremity, will I allow myself to believe that I have lost your love. For all the plans of my life are founded on my belief in your constancy, and if this should fail me, where should I be?

You ask me again and again a question that is very natural, and yet it gives me pain, because it shows that you have strange doubts of me. You tell me it was I who gave up going to your house a year ago. I have always very much regretted, Adèle, that you were not present when that pretended refusal took place. You might have judged for yourself whether it was possible for a man to act otherwise than I did, and perhaps you would now have a higher opinion of me than you have to-day, but you were not present, and I will not reproach you for anything. However, any one who had confidence in me would be disposed to believe, even without having heard what passed, that if I accepted so great a misfortune, it was because I could not have done otherwise. I cannot demand so much of you. It is one of my strongest motives for wishing to have a few quiet moments' talk with you that I hope to destroy all those prejudices with which others have inspired you



against your husband. Letters will not do this, because as you read them you make in your own mind answers to what I write, and I am not there to reply.

How much easier it is for you, Adèle, to justify yourself in my sight! All you need do is to tell me that you love me still, and then all is forgotten.

You tell me that you cannot help thinking that if I do not try to come back to your house it is because I fancy it would be impossible. Adèle, my dear Adèle, if you think I may, point out to me any honorable means by which I can come, and I shall be too happy to attempt it. I should be so happy to see you again with the consent of your parents, to pass my evenings beside you, to accompany you in your walks, to attend you everywhere, to fulfil all your wishes. Can you conceive with what joy I should exchange my constant solitude for so much happiness?....

Adieu, my Adèle; it is very late, and I have no more paper. Excuse my scrawl. *Adieu! je t'embrasse.*

YOUR HUSBAND.

March 16.

I had lost, Adèle, the habit of feeling happy, but I felt on reading your too short little note all the joy I have been deprived of for nearly a whole year. The certainty that you love me has suddenly drawn me out of my long apathy. I am almost happy! I am thinking how to find expressions to return you that sense of happiness—you who are the cause of it—and I can find none. Yet I must write to you. Too many emotions are crowding on me all at once; I cannot live without imparting them to you.

Besides, I am your husband, and you can have no scruples about corresponding with your husband. We are united by a sacred tie. What we do is justified in our own eyes, and some day it will be in the eyes of the whole world. In corresponding with each other we only exercise our right... Write to me about all you think and all you do. We shall thus live for each other; it will be almost as if we were once more living together. I too will send you a journal of all I am doing, for I like you to know all my actions. For a whole year I have always acted as if all I did was to be laid before you. I should be very happy, Adèle, if you could tell me the same! You promise me—do you not?—from henceforth to tell me all about your pleasures and your pursuits, and to initiate your husband into all your secrets? Cultivate your charming talent,\* but for you it must never be anything but a charming talent. You must never turn to it as a means of support—that is my affair. I wish that all through life yours should be all the pleasure, all the glory, if I achieve success, mine all the work, all the pains. They will be sweet if they are borne for thee. Thou wilt be my soul, and I thine arm.

I have still a thousand things to tell you, but this letter must end. Besides, I am not

\* Adèle could draw very prettily.

sure if you can read such a scrawl. Alas! all my happiness now consists in one hope—that you will answer me! Adieu, my adored Adèle; adieu! *Je t'embrasse.*

YOUR HUSBAND.

March 21.

If—which seems impossible—you should have anything more you wish to tell me, as there is no chance of speaking to each other, you might write to me by post, directing your letters to—

*M. Victor Hugo, de l'Académie des Jeux floréaux, poste restante, au Bureau général, Rue Jean-Jacques-Rousseau, à Paris.*

That vain title will for once be of use to me; by using it you may be sure that your letter will fall into no hands but mine. From March 22d to March 30th I shall call at the post-office once a day. If during that time you do not send me a letter, I shall know that it is because you will have nothing more to say to me.

FRIDAY, March 23.

One word from you, Adèle, has altered all my resolutions. Forget my last letter even as I have forgotten all that your last contained, which was so painful to me. Is it, then, really true that you do not forbid me ever again to see you? Yes—I will see you again, since you, my beloved Adèle, are so good as to persist in writing once more to me.

I even hope to find some means of reconciling what you owe to your husband with what you owe to the proprieties that you set up for yourself....

Adieu, my adored Adèle. Write to me, and love me a little.

*Je t'embrasse.*

SUNDAY, March 25.

I was made very unhappy, my Adèle, by not seeing you yesterday morning as I had hoped to do. If you had received my last letter without sending me any consoling words, we should never have seen each other again. But you gave me at that very moment a proof of affection which deeply moved me, and you have consented to write to me as before. I wanted to take back that letter because of what I said in it in a moment of anger and discouragement. You would not give it me, and you read what now I wish you might already have forgotten. It was therefore important I should see you on Saturday to remove the impression of that unhappy note....

If you really wish we should meet only once a week, once a fortnight, once a month... I will obey you, and such terrible obedience will be the greatest proof that I could give you of an attachment that has no limit to its devotion. Then we will write to each other and exchange letters every time we meet, and you shall tell me all about yourself, for it is the only subject that can interest me.

As for coming to your house, I see no possible way of doing it, at least for the present. My family is ambitious for me, as I



am for you. Some day, I hope, if I succeed in being able to help them, if I can put them into easy circumstances, and give them some fortune, they will consent to my being happy. If not, I shall take my own way. This is my only hope. Those who would like to tear me apart from you little know that I should then be nothing.

Adieu, my Adèle; try to answer all I have said in my letter, and arrange everything as may be best for your own comfort and happiness, in comparison with which mine is as nothing.

YOUR FAITHFUL HUSBAND.

FRIDAY, 4 P.M., *March 29.*

One word more for pity's sake, my Adèle. Do you not know that it is very hard for me to resign myself to remain one whole month without speaking to you? A month is an eternity. Give me at least the consolation of seeing you once more before such a long separation.

Besides this, could I be one long, whole month without thanking you for the charming present you have given me, while at the same time you impose on me so cruel an obligation? I do not know, my adored Adèle, what expressions to employ to describe to you the joy with which I received this pledge of our eternal union. I did all sorts of extravagant things. The hair was yours, my Adèle, and now part of yourself is mine already! How can I repay you for all you do for me? I have only one wretched life, but it belongs to you; that is not much to say. Make anything of me you will; I am your husband and your slave.

And yet you will say I begin by disobeying you. Adèle, just think, I shall have to wait a month. A month! Good Heaven! would not two weeks have been long enough? Two weeks are so long. I implore you, think over it and try to tell me on the 28th of April that we shall meet again in two weeks. I will obey you all this sad month of April, since the decree has gone forth, but try to make obedience less difficult for me.

Adèle, I see I am more selfish than I thought, yet think how long a month is! What would become of me without seeing you? Good Heaven! if I could not press against my heart this lock of hair, which will never be parted from me.

Adieu, my wife, my beloved Adèle. Forgive me for writing to you.

*Je t'embrasse tendrement.*

Your faithful husband,

V. M. HUGO.

In case, which God forbid, anything should happen to interfere with our intercourse, you can safely write to the address I have already given you. Adieu for a great long month.

Remember that on April 28 I shall expect a very long letter, a sort of journal of everything you have thought, and every one of your actions. Adieu.

*April 23.*

Do you remember, Adèle, that this day is the anniversary of that which determined the

course of my whole life? It was on the 26th of April, 1819, when I one evening was sitting at your feet, that you asked me to tell you my greatest secret, and promised in return to tell me yours? All the circumstances of that delicious evening are as fresh in my memory as if all had happened yesterday, and yet since then how many days of misfortune and discouragement have passed! I hesitated a few moments before I surrendered to you the secret of my life, and then tremblingly I confessed that I loved you; but after the reply you made me, Adèle, I felt the courage of a lion. I at once with energy seized on the idea of trying to be something for your sake; my whole being seemed to have new strength. I saw at least one certain prospect before me on this earth, that, namely, of being loved by you. Oh! tell me that you have not forgotten that evening; tell me that you remember it all! My whole life has ever since been lived in the happiness or the sorrow that dated from that day. Is it not true, my beloved Adèle, that you too have not forgotten it. . . .

You do not know, Adèle—and it is a confession I could make to no one but to you—that the day on which it was decided that I must see you no more, I wept—yes, indeed, I wept, as I had not wept for ten years, and doubtless as I never shall weep again. I had gone through a very painful scene; I had heard the sentence of our separation pronounced, with a face as unmoved as brass or iron; then, when your father and mother had gone away, my mother, seeing me stand pale and speechless, became more tender even than her wont. She tried to comfort me, but I rushed away, and when I was alone I wept long and bitterly.

Since then I only breathe, I only speak, I only move, I only act, thinking of you. My state is one of widowhood since I cannot be near you. There is no other woman in all the world to me, except my mother. When I am forced to make my appearance in fashionable or literary *salons*, I am considered the coldest of human beings—no one knows that I am the most impassioned.

All this perhaps may weary you, but I am giving an account of myself to my wife. It would make me very happy if you could say the same of yourself to me.

I saw you this morning, and again this evening. I felt that I must see you on such an anniversary—that it must not pass without some little joy. This morning I did not dare to speak to you; you had forbidden me to do so before the 28th. I obey your orders, but they are very painful to me. Adieu for this evening, Adèle; the night is far advanced; doubtless you are asleep, not thinking of the curl of thy dark hair, which every night, before going to sleep, thy husband presses to his lips as a sacred duty.

*April 27.*

To the sadness which during the past year has become my second nature there has been added during the last few days a weariness, an exhaustion from overwork,



which from time to time throws me into a strange state of apathy. I have no pleasure but in writing to you.....

I am expecting from you a long—a very long letter, which will compensate me somewhat for this long month of waiting, a complete journal which will let me into the secret of all your actions, all your thoughts. I too should have kept a diary for you, if I had been as sure you would not tire of it as you can be sure that every word of yours will be interesting to me. However, my daily journal could have been summed up in these words: "I thought of you all day, whatever I was doing, and all night I thought of you in my dreams."

What more could I say to you? That I saw you twice at Saint-Sulpice, and that twice you refused me the permission to accept what the good God seemed willing to offer me—the happiness of our passing an hour together. That I met you one evening near your own house, and that of us two the only one who showed any recognition of the other was I. That I saw you in the Luxembourg on the 23d of April, and then bitterly reflected that on the 23d of April, 1820, I gave you my arm for the last time.

Shall I tell you how many times at night, returning from my lonely walks, I have stopped at the entrance of the Rue d'Assas, before a light that I knew was in your window? How many times I have thought, when I saw the young leaves, of the hours we passed together in your garden! If you sat down it was near me, your arm leaned upon mine, your hand was not withdrawn from my hand, our eyes could always look into each other, and if from time to time I dared to press you to my heart, you only repulsed me with a smile. Adèle, Adèle! think what I have lost! I am too agitated when I think of these things to go on. Let me break off. I will resume my letter this evening.

MIDNIGHT.

After a few more hours, Adèle, I shall see you again; I shall speak to you; I shall receive your letter. Those hours will pass very slowly—more slowly even than this eternal month of April. Tell me, my dearest, has it seemed as long to you as it has to me—this long month of loneliness? Have you been dreaming, as I have, with delight of the 28th of April? Alas! all I dare to ask is that you may sometimes have thought of it with pleasure. That is all I venture to hope.

You must, at least, have softened the rigor of your first decision; you must have had pity upon me. Surely from this time we may see each other once a week—may we not? And you will try to arrange that we may pass some time together. You do not know what I am hoping for at this very moment—madly, perchance;—it is that tomorrow you will not have the courage to leave me so promptly as you generally do. We might go for a moment into the Jardin des Bains, which is sure to be empty, that your arm may once more lean on mine, that

I may look at you once more at my ease, a happiness I have not had for such a long time. Surely, Adèle, you cannot refuse me this?

But I am mad. You will hardly look at me; you will slip into my hand in secret a little note that you have had no pleasure in writing to me; you will say about three words to me, just as if an angel had to speak to a devil; and you will disappear before I have had strength to make my prayer asking you to talk to me a moment longer, a prayer that you would gladly give me no need to make if you loved me as I love you.

See, Adèle, how chance or my good angel has done for me what you would not do. You told me I must not see you all this month; well, they have several times brought me within sight of you. Thus on the 15th of last July I met you at the ball at Sceaux. I had several times obstinately refused to go there. At last I yielded to persuasion, or rather to the advice of my good angel, who was leading me, although I knew it not, towards her whom I was looking for everywhere. You seemed displeased to see me, and I had the cruel happiness of seeing you dance all the evening with other partners. You see, Adèle, I love you more than you love me, for nothing in the world would have induced me to dance at that ball. We went home before you did. I was very tired, but I insisted on walking back to Paris, hoping that the carriage in which you rode would overtake me; and, as it happened, half an hour later a *fiacre* passed me, in which I thought I recognized you. This fancy repaid me for the dust and the fatigue of my long tramp.

Adèle, forgive me; I tire you; but do you love me thus? Let me talk to you a little of my deep devotion. Nothing in me is perfect but the merit of deeply loving you. Adieu. I am, at all events, very grateful for all that you have done for me.

Adieu, my adored Adèle. It is adieu only for a short time, I hope. Sleep soundly, and let me embrace you very tenderly, but very innocently, in your dreams.

YOUR HUSBAND.

This meeting on the 28th of April, from which Victor promised himself so much happiness was their last for many months. The lovers after that day ceased to see each other or even to write. Not that they had been discovered, and once more separated by a parental decree; but Madame Hugo, whose health had been failing for some months, became very ill early in May. From that moment Victor scarcely left her pillow, and devoted himself entirely to her. Her illness, with alternations of worse and better, lasted two months. Madame Hugo died on the 27th of June.

END OF PART I.



# A DESERTION

BY STEPHEN CRANE

THE gas-light that came with an effect of difficulty through the dust-stained windows on either side of the door gave strange hues to the faces and forms of the three women who stood gabbling in the hallway of the tenement. They made rapid gestures, and in the background their enormous shadows mingled in terrific effect.

"Aye, she ain't so good as he thinks she is, I'll bet. He can watch over 'er an' take care of 'er all he pleases, but when she wants t' fool 'im, she'll fool 'im. An' how does he know she ain't foolin' 'im now?"

"Oh, he thinks he's keepin' 'er from goin' t' th' bad, he does. Oh yes. He says she's too purty t' let run 'round alone. Too purty! Huh! My Sadie—"

"Well, he keeps a clost watch on 'er, you bet. On'y las' week she met my boy Tim on th' stairs, an' Tim hadn't said two words to 'er b'fore th' ol' man begun t' holler, 'Dorter, dorter, come here; come here!'"

At this moment a young girl entered from the street, and it was evident from the injured expressions suddenly assumed by the three gossipers that she had been the object of their discussion. She passed them with a slight nod, and they swung about in a row to stare after her.

On her way up the long flights the girl unfastened her veil. One could then clearly see the beauty of her eyes, but there was in them a certain furtiveness that came near to marring the effect. It was a peculiar fixture of gaze, brought from the street, as of one who there saw a succession of passing dangers, with menaces aligned at every corner.

On the top floor she pushed open a door, and then paused on the threshold, confronting an interior that appeared black and flat like a curtain. Perhaps some girlish ideas of hobgoblins assailed

her then, for she called, in a little breathless voice, "Daddie!"

There was no reply. The fire in the cooking-stove in the room crackled at spasmodic intervals. One lid was misplaced, and the girl could now see that this fact created a little flushed crescent upon the ceiling. Also a series of tiny windows in the stove caused patches of red upon the floor. Otherwise the room was heavily draped with shadows.

The girl called again, "Daddie!"

Yet there was no reply. "Oh, daddie!"

Presently she laughed, as one familiar with the humors of an old man. "Oh, I guess yer cussin'-mad about yer supper, dad," she said, and she almost entered the room, but suddenly faltered, overcome by a feminine instinct to fly from this black interior, peopled with imagined dangers. Again she called, "Daddie!" Her voice had an accent of appeal. It was as if she knew she was foolish, but yet felt obliged to insist upon being reassured. "Oh, daddie!"

Of a sudden a cry of relief, a feminine announcement that the stars still hung, burst from her. For, according to some mystic process, the smouldering coals of the fire went aflame with sudden fierce brilliance, splashing parts of the walls, the floor, the crude furniture, with a hue of blood-red. And in this dramatic outburst of light the girl saw her father seated at a table, with his back turned toward her.

She entered the room then with an aggrieved air, her logic evidently concluding that somebody was to blame for her nervous fright. "Oh, yer on'y sulkin' 'bout yer supper! I thought mebbe ye'd gone somewheres."

Her father made no reply. She went over to a shelf in the corner, and taking a little lamp, she lit it, and put it where it would give her light as she took off her hat and jacket in front of a tiny mirror. Presently she began to bustle

among the cooking utensils that were crowded into the sink, and as she worked she rattled talk at her father, apparently disdaining his mood.

"I'd 'a' come earlier t' night, dad, on'y that fly foreman he kep' me in th' shop till half past six. What a fool! He came t' me, yeh know, an' he ses, 'Nell, I wanter give yeh some brotherly advice'—oh, I know him an' his brotherly advice—'I wanter give yeh some brotherly advice. Yeh too purty, Nell,' he ses, 't' be workin' in this shop an' paradin' through th' streets alone, without somebody t' give yeh good brotherly advice, an' I wanter warn yeh, Nell. I'm a bad man, but I ain't as bad as some, an' I wanter warn yeh!' 'Oh, g'long 'bout yer business,' I ses. I know 'im. He's like all of 'em, on'y he's a little slyer. I know 'im. 'You g'long 'bout yer business,' I ses. Well, he sed after a while that he guessed some evenin' he come up an' see me. 'Oh, yeh will?' I ses. 'Yeh will? Well, you jest let my ol' man ketch yeh comin' foolin' 'round our place. Yeh'll wish yeh went t' some other girl t' give brotherly advice.' 'What th'ell do I care fer yer father?' he ses. 'What's he t' me?' 'If he throws yeh down stairs yeh'll care for 'im,' I ses. 'Well,' he ses, 'I'll come when 'e ain't in.' 'Oh, he's allus in when it means takin' care o' me,' I ses. 'Don't yeh fergit it, either. When it comes t' takin' care o' his dorter, he's right on deck every single possible time.'" After a time she turned and addressed cheery words to the old man. "Hurry up th' fire, daddie! We'll have supper pretty soon."

But still her father was silent, and his form in its sullen posture was motionless.

At this the girl seemed to see the need of the inauguration of a feminine war against a man out of temper. She approached him, breathing soft coaxing syllables.

"Daddie! Oh, daddie! O-o-oh, daddie!" It was apparent from a subtle quality of valor in her tones that this manner of onslaught upon his moods had usually been successful, but to-night it had no quick effect.

The words, coming from her lips, were like the refrain of an old ballad, but the man remained stolid.

"Daddie! My daddie! Oh, daddie, are yeh *mad* at me—really, truly *mad* at me?" She touched him lightly upon the arm. Should he have turned then, he would have seen the fresh laughing face, with dew-sparkling eyes, close to his own.

"Oh, daddie! My daddie! Pretty daddie!" She stole her arm about his neck, and then slowly bended her face towards his. It was the action of a queen who knows she reigns notwithstanding irritations, trials, tempests.

But suddenly from this position she leaped backward with the mad energy of a frightened colt. Her face was in this instant turned to a gray, featureless thing of horror. A yell, wild and hoarse as a brute cry, burst from her. "Daddie!" She flung herself to a place near the door, where she remained crouching, her eyes staring at the motionless figure, splattered by the quivering flashes from the fire, her arms extended, and her frantic fingers at once besought and repelled. There was in them an expression of eagerness to caress and an expression of the most intense loathing. And the girl's hair, that had been a splendor, was in these moments changed to a disordered mass that hung and swayed in witchlike fashion. Again a cry burst from her. It was more than the shriek of agony; it was direct, personal, addressed to him in the chair, the first word of a tragic conversation with the dead.

It seemed that when she had put her arm about its neck she had jostled the body in such a way that now she and it were face to face. The attitude expressed an intention of rising from the table. The eyes, fixed upon her, were filled with an unspeakable hatred.

The cries of the girl aroused thunders in the tenement. There was a loud slamming of doors, and presently there was a roar of feet upon the boards of the stairway. Voices rang out sharply.

"What is it?"

"What's th' matter?"

"He's killin' her."

"Slug 'im with anything yeh kin lay hold of, Jack."

But over all this came the shrill, shrewish tones of a woman: "Ah, th' ol' fool, he's drivin' 'er inteh th' street—that's what he's doin.' He's drivin' 'er inteh th' street."



# THE MANTLE OF ELIJAH\*

BY ISRAEL ZANGWILL

## BOOK II

### CHAPTER XVII.

#### A RACE TO THE DEATH.

"MARGARET seems very happy to-day—quite pink, she says," said Raphael, when she had left the room after Allegra's playing, to turn her sister. "Yet she cannot hide that she is now going lame as well as blind."

"She walks by faith," Allegra reminded him.

"That is normal. There is something else."

"Perhaps it is that despite everything she was able to start a new story this morning—so the worry of having to conceal her impotence from Kit is over."

"No; I cannot help fancying *you* are connected with her pinkness."

"You are uncanny."

"Confess."

"Well, I went to Communion this morning," Allegra admitted.

"You!"

"*You* put up candles."

"That was for Kit."

"And this was for Margaret. I knew she was praying so passionately that I might find grace to resume my old spiritual exercises—she has enough anxieties to kill her, without me."

"But that is unfair pressure on one—she will never be quite happy until I admit that the Messiah *has* come: I who do not even share the Jewish belief that He *will* come."

"When do the Jews expect Him?"

"After Elijah reappears."

"How interesting!" she said, thinking of her old name for her father. "And what is Elijah to do?"

"To bring peace into the world."

Allegra had a thrill of the supernatural. "If father had only succeeded!" she murmured.

In spite of all the intellectual suspicions of her father's teaching insinuated into her by Margaret's romantic imperialism and Raphael's realistic logic, her mere hereditary hyperæsthesia made the perusal of the war news a torture. As of yore she could not read of wounds without feeling them through her own nerves, and assuredly in the Middle Ages the marks of the crucifixion would have been found upon her sainted person. Hence she was as sorry as Margaret when the Novabarbese had a stroke of success; she wished the war to be over at a blow. And at every fresh addition to Death's inventory, her instinct rebelled against her new friends, yearned towards her discredited father in his lordly home.

"Margaret has succeeded in making me pray too," Raphael said with a tender smile. "But I exacted a usurious condition in return."

"What condition?"

"Oh, that Margaret shall not keep *all* the fasts. I got my pound of flesh, you see."

Her eyes smiled but her mouth quivered. "And what do you pray?"

He grew gloomy. "That Kit may die first. The same as Margaret prays—the only sensible thing she does pray."

"But she doesn't mean it sensibly, I fear. She is thinking, if she were to die first, of the day or two of awful loneliness for Kit before Kit would rejoin her. 'Of course God would not let it be very long,' she says."

He struck his brow with the ivory pommel of his stick. "Dolt! I have been as gross as a man. I might have known the supersubtle Margaret was juggling with some finer quixotry. The other day she hurt her head badly, but would not let the maid know it, because she would not take an emotion from her. All you

have told me about your aunt pales before such pride as that. I shall never believe in physiognomy again."

"Why not?"

"Because Margaret has a weakish chin."

"So have I."

"But you *are* weak—despite your fiery hair."

"Yes." Allegra sighed. "You see through me. But people—even my husband—think I am strong, and that Joan is the sentimental one. But I have no sense of my personality—it effuses at every pore—while Joan would never forgive in a thousand years."

Margaret limped in. She was but the shadow even of the self Allegra had first known. But even the limp could not annul the soft graciousness of her movement, the restful sweep of her flowing white gown, any more than the physical pain always at the back of her eyes could sap their sweetness. Ned frisked at her heels, quivering with vital joy, and the room was full of roses and sunshine.

"We were talking about you," said Raphael, "wondering why your face contradicts you."

"You mean my green eyes," said Margaret, with morbid readiness. "Yes, they worried me dreadfully when I was a little girl, because of the couplet

'Les yeux verts  
Vont aux enfers.'

But when I grew up and found Dante loved them for Beatrice's sake, I grew reconciled."

"I am glad you have the redeeming vice of vanity," Raphael laughed.

"If that were all!" said Margaret seriously. "But I was a horrid impatient fly-at-your-throat little girl, and my claws are only sheathed."

"But you're not the green-eyed monster—jealousy."

"Wait till I scratch." Then her wan smile faded. "Oh, that poor Pont, thrown out of work by professional jealousy!"

"Don't worry about Pont," said Raphael impatiently. He was angry with the Professor for being found out again and dusking Margaret's pinkness. "Miranda Grey didn't put it down to jealousy, did she?"

"She hasn't referred to it."

Margaret in fact had got a letter from Miranda, who hoped a certain sick royalty wouldn't die, because she would have to close her theatre for a night, just when *Cross and Crown* had "caught on." This point of view saddened Margaret, but Miranda's request to have a new town flat found for her restored her spirits. She was of course sure that Miranda's mercurial return to confidence in the play, her desire to try it again in the metropolis, was entirely unwarranted by its success in small dull towns, but though Miranda begged for her advice in the matter she had telegraphed instantly that the idea was excellent. Margaret had no petty honesties. She saw that Miranda had set her heart upon another London trial, and there was no use in augmenting her risk by diminishing her self-confidence.

"Well, you've done your best for Pont anyhow," Allegra said soothingly.

"But have I?" queried this ever-surprising Margaret. "St. Cyril says that if we of Christ's Church followed His teachings for one short day, the whole world would be charmed to Christianity by nightfall. If I were better, there would be less jealousy in the world, and Pont would be still drawing his salary."

"Monstrous!" cried Raphael. "You are indeed a green-eyed monster of mediæval mysticism. As well blame yourself for the poison in your Novabarbese arrows. Or—for the matter of that—as well hope to pray it away, as you torture yourself by doing with certain people's sinfulness."

Allegra was, however, immensely impressed by St. Cyril's saying. "If each thought *I*, I am to blame, I can set it right—" she urged.

"But Miss Engelborne is too good already," he cried angrily. "She has quite enough sorrow at home without flying abroad in search of new."

He had never quarrelled with her before in front of Allegra.

"I am flying abroad in search of pleasure," Margaret said quietly, "and if you are going Charing Cross way, you shall have a lift in my hansom."

Raphael sobered down. "A neat dismissal," he said smiling. "But I am glad you are going out."



"Yes, I have to hunt for a flat for a friend. It is very thoughtful of her to give me such an excuse to be in the fresh air. It is good for my eyes."

Raphael was disgusted. "A day at the sea-side would do you more good than poking about stuffy flats."

"Ugh! You know I hate the sea."

Margaret was smiling, but Raphael remembered she seriously considered the sea treacherous, personified it as wilfully evil. The poet behind the ultra-modern thinker delighted in these twists of Margaret's mind, and he was particularly taken by her banishment of coal-scuttle and shovel and whatever marred the pure beauty of burning fires by the vulgar revelation of machinery.

"Why don't you use my carriage, Margaret?" said Allegra, knowing the scanty resources on which she miraculously maintained her own state and her train of pensioners.

"You have your own round." Margaret was unshakable. She put on a becoming black-plumed hat and stuck a fresh sprig of syringa in her bosom, and they all went down the two flights of stairs together and through the hall into the broad sunny street. Margaret's aching eyes lit up at the sight of Allegra's beautiful horses.

"What a pity we are to lose them!" she cried.

The others looked at her wonderingly.

"We didn't treat them properly while we had the chance. That is why they are being taken from us."

"Oh, you mean the motor-car," said Allegra, while Raphael smiled tenderly at this new outbreak of naïve mysticism.

Whilst he shared her hansom, she spoke critically of the pictures at the Academy, and affectionately of the dainty new edition of "dear Charles Lamb's Letters," and her thin sallow features glowed with the joy of the busy streets. Her one disapproval was for a woman driving: an exercise "too manly for town." The sad news on an evening-paper bill, "Murder of all Missionaries in South Novabarba," merely provoked the comment, "What a lot of missionaries will be attracted there now by the hope of martyrdom!" She loved passing faces, the flower-girls, the shop windows, every touch of color and quaint-

ness: enjoyed the surprise of a napping dog sprinkled by a water-cart.

"I envy you—you get pleasure out of everything," he said.

"Those who don't enjoy life in this world will get punished for it in the next."

"You got that out of Dante—with your green eyes."

"I don't remember it. But I am certainly not with him in his 'sorrow's crown of sorrow' theory. For me to remember past felicity is to be happy over again; and every gift I've had, every unselfish word it has been vouchsafed me to hear, gives me as acute pleasure now as in its first freshness."

"She truly believes," he thought. "How her Faith shines beside that of theologians for whom religion is a metaphysical mystery, or of fools for whom it is a long-drawn face! For her all is love and life."

That night his landlady brought up a letter from her to his book-lined study-bedroom. The mere caligraphy hurt him, for he knew it meant a strain upon her poor eyes.

"Do forgive me for having seemed rude. Indeed, indeed, I know your considerateness for me, and I ought to have been more patient, for God had made me very, very happy. But my limbs were aching and my head was muddled, and I could not defend myself. But I do feel that we must all 'pull in' with the Christ. I never try to 'pray away' poison. I always try to apply the antidote. But if I simply tried to help people without reference to His desires, I should fail, however successful I might seem to mortal eyes. And conversely it would be a mockery to pray to Him without trying to apply the antidote myself. But where the poison is (like that on these Novabarbesse arrows) one to which there is no earthly antidote; in cases where my hands are as tied as if some one was wounded by one of them—then surely I may pray without self-contempt, for I think, for I know, that the dear Christ does it all, if only we care enough and pray enough about it."

"There is nothing to be done with her," he thought gloomily. "She must die."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## AT THE BAZAR.

ON the Tuesday afternoon—a stifling summer afternoon—the Right Honorable Robert Broser tore himself away from the Governmental bench of the stuffy Bill-factory, and knocked at the door of Margaret Engelborne's flat. He was like a simmering volcano, ready to shoot flames and lava. Since his encounter with Pont he had avoided meeting his wife: the impulse to knock her down and thus cheat himself of a convincing exposure would have been too strong. Ah, it was a wise, if unconscious uneasiness, he told himself, that had taken him so swiftly from Rome to Orvieto. Oh, he would humble her, reduce her to terms, this innocent-faced idealist!

But a pretty girl had thrust forth an interrogative white-capped head, and he must assume that impassive Parliamentary manner reserved for the keenest pricks. He put a square boot in the doorway. "My wife is here, Lady Allegra Broser," he said, with calm authoritativeness.

"No, your lordship."

His angry blood flushed his face and burnt in his veins. The base intriguers! "But she is usually here on Tuesdays!" he said.

"Yes, my lord, and on Thursdays. But to-day she couldn't come—she has a stall at the Great Bazaar."

His heart beat "Fool." Had he not himself given her to understand it was necessary for his sake to be associated with the princesses and duchesses who were providing for the widows and orphans of the soldiers he had sent out? Yes, she had escaped him. And now she would be warned.

"Ah, of course! I forgot. You needn't tell Mr. Dominick I called." He slipped half-a-crown into her hand.

"No, your lordship. Thank you, my lord."

He turned back. "Mr. Dominick is in?"

"Yes, my lord. Shall I—"

"No, no, don't mention my calling at all. Good-day."

In the street a newsboy was shouting "Great British Victory." Broser added

himself to the hustling purchasers. "Strange I have to buy my news," he thought as he got into his hansom and ordered himself to be driven to the Bazaar. "What a good fillip for the Bazaar! If we could only get a success in South Novabarba now, and avenge those bothersome, meddling missionaries, we could safely stop the new Division from sailing on Thursday."

"Broser! Bob Broser! Hooray! Bravo!" Some one had recognized him, and the bystanders, always tindery in those days, had caught fire. People were as ready to break out in cheers as the houses in bunting. In an instant the hansom was surrounded by a huzzahing mob, excited by the conjunction of the good news and the hero. Perspiring mortals ran up from all sides. Broser's face glowed in the old schoolboyish way. A young man took the horse's head—it looked as if there were to be men in the shafts. Broser had a sudden vision of himself drawing Allegra's carriage at Midstoke, and it interfered with his enjoyment. Confound these fools—Raphael Dominick would look out of his window. "No, no," he pleaded, "I'm in a hurry. Push on, driver." Then furiously, "Let go, I tell you," and he whirled away to a thunder of cheers.

He approached the Bazaar through another avenue of cheers from the dense throng of the poor and obscure watching the passage to and fro of the rich and celebrated, and even among the latter his course created a buzz, as, feverish to find Allegra, he pushed his way through the sweltering scented mob, with a chaotic impression of flags, flowers, gorgeous kiosks, chattering women, glittering stalls. It was indeed an orgie of femininity, from princesses of the blood to the ladies who ruled society on a hundred a year, free of income tax. Duchesses voluminously veiled jostled actresses in piquant hats and cajoling smiles, and flamboyant society beauties known to every bookseller's window revealed themselves as realities, side by side with the shyer damsels, the great heiresses, and the beautiful débutantes, irresponsible for the vulgar paragraphs of the society quidnuncs. Broser brushed roughly by these amateur beggars, with their self-conscious irresistibility, el-



bowed his way through shrill conversations.

"Is *that* the Duchess of Yarrow?"

"Yes—they used to call her Helen of Troy in her young days."

"She looks more like Helen of Avoirdupois now. Isn't that Broser?"

"What skimpy dresses! Call these stylish gowns! I guess they're more like night-gowns."

"You're too fresh from Paris, my dear. I like that tall gray-haired woman with the black hat—so distinguished."

"Probably she serves in a shop. Look! look! there's Broser."

Broser's success in turning these conversations on himself did not enliven him. Journalists darted towards him like spiders, kodaks snapped him up as he passed.

"Hullo, Bob! Come and have a drink," and the uncle of Polly's husband, old Lord Winch, who was hobbling about in spats, pulled the statesman into a bar, tended by young noblemen made up excellently as barmen and not noticeably disguised. Miranda Grey, with the air of a ministering angel receiving the martyred saints in Paradise, and proffering the cup of balm to their tortured lips, mixed "Novabarba Squashes" for infatuated millionaires, while Lady Dulsie Marjorimont, looking bewitching and twenty in her black apron, neglected her duties as one to the manner born.

"Where's Allegra?" Broser asked her.

"She's at the literary stall by the fountain."

"Have you heard from the Fitzwinters?" the old lord inquired.

"No—yes. Perhaps my wife has. Let us go and ask."

"Where's the hurry as long as you're happy? Let's have another drink—a fizzy one, he! he! he! I suppose you're not sorry he's gone to Novabarba."

"We don't take Fizzy seriously, or Joan either. She'll have a pleasant trip—Fizzy's yacht is a floating hotel—but as for the good she'll do with her staff of nurses—" He shrugged his shoulders. Joan hated him, he knew, and her trumpeted enterprise—to which the *Morning Mirror* had devoted shameless columns—seemed to him only to accentuate unnecessarily for the public the darker side of imperial glory.

Ah! there was Allegra at last, radiant and pure-eyed, surrounded by courtiers whom she had converted into customers. They moved away delicately, but the dogging reporters drew as near as they dared. Allegra's face, according to the evening papers, "showed a pleased surprise." The reporters did not know husband and wife had not met for days.

With a cold smile she tendered him an autographed photograph of himself. "One guinea," she said.

He gave her a five-pound note. "I don't remember writing it." He stood an instant, turning over the books on her stall, to keep his hands from striking that saint's face, aureoled by its own hair.

"There's another big British victory," he said, unconsciously fingering Raphael Dominick's poems. Allegra perceived the reporters, strove loyally to look delighted. Broser ploughed his way back to his cab, digging his nails into his palms.

"To the House," he said curtly.

The cabman—now conscious of his fare—showed his Cockney cuteness by driving to Broser's own house—the well-known corner house in the Belgravian square, triumphantly beflagged like all its neighbors. Broser sprang out mechanically. His door-step was occupied by an old lady carrying an ear-trumpet, and a smart groom carrying a slim folio. Simultaneously he realized that it was the Duchess of Dalesbury and that his cabman was a clever ass. Ere he had time to act on either discovery his house door opened, and the Duchess, touching her bonnet respectfully to the astonished menial, said to him in her harsh and now tremulous voice, "Not at home, your Grace." Then, motioning to her groom to hand over the book, she said, "Tell her ladyship I am very, very sorry to find her out, and that the Duke of Dalesbury sends her his new book."

"Yes, your Grace," gasped the man, still dazed. As the Duchess turned she perceived Broser, and cast him a look of deadly scorn. He, however, with his quick brain, had grasped what had happened, and his eyes danced with amusement. The Duchess, he knew, had often promised to return Allegra's visits, but being resolved not to set foot in Broser's house, had craftily taken this opportunity of Allegra's advertised presence at the

Bazaar. On her way to Allegra's house the old lady had brooded with such gusto on the sure answer with its respectful digital touch, "Not at home, your Grace," that she had automatically reproduced the reply with its gesture, instead of putting the question; as a rider sometimes states the solution instead of the conundrum.

"How are you, Duchess?" he said airily. Great as her standing was, he did not care now whether she came or not. He would soon be making peers himself.

"Eh?" She put up her ear-trumpet. "I don't think I have the pleasure, sir."

"Yes, Duchess, we met years ago at Midstoke. You liked my speech." The recollection of how he had been tickled by her praise amused him. Now, Princes hung upon his word.

"What happened at Midstoke?" the Duchess inquired deafly.

"You liked my speech," he shouted into the trumpet.

"Like your screech? No, sir. Nor your manners either."

As her groom and his footman were listening, with the cabman in the background, Broser winced.

"My manners!" he thought hotly. "And what about your niece's morals?" But with his wonted resourcefulness he said to the ear-trumpet, with a pitying assumption (for the servants' benefit) of humoring a lunatic, "I'll tell Lady Allegra that you called."

"What I called you? Do!"

He lost the remains of his temper. "Have you had a sunstroke? You ought not to stand—" But the ear-trumpet was jerked away.

"Tell her also that I agree with her. Now I see you, I feel sure the war is a crime."

He smiled and motioned for the trumpet to her ear.

"There's another great British victory," he bawled into it.

"I always said you had the devil's own luck," and she snatched away his power of repartee, and got into her old-fashioned chariot.

Broser, tapping his forehead significantly to his liveried critic, took from his hands the slim folio.

"*Five French Cathedrals*," he read.

"Good old Duke," he thought contemptuously. He remembered the Duke's mayoralty, chuckled over a Club anecdote about an alderman's saying to him: "Dook, the Duchess and I 'as one taste in common. We both love weak whiskey and water." As he drove to the House of Commons he was rather pleased at the cabman's mistake. How else would he ever have seen the Duchess touch her bonnet to a footman? Then he thought of Thursday, and his amusement vanished.

#### CHAPTER XIX.

##### THE BRINK OF LOVE.

ALLEGRA'S carriage had some difficulty in getting to Margaret on the Thursday afternoon, as the new outgoing Division of troops was to march through her street on the way to the dock, and London had shut out the sky with flags and the pavements with people. The Union Jack flew bravely from Margaret's open window, the Royal Standard flung its gay folds over Kit's never-raised yellow blind. The police made a path for Allegra through the crowd in front of the building, but would not let her carriage wait.

"Kit is so glad the soldiers are passing," said Margaret, whose desperate desire to survive her sister endued her with miraculous vitality. "She never thought to hear military music again. We are pretending that an Engelborne is going out to fight for the Empire, and we are so happy."

"Then she doesn't want my music to-day," said Allegra, a shade unsympathetically.

"Perhaps her nerves cannot bear too much pleasure," Margaret answered unexpectedly. "It is a shame to have dragged you here, but I shall pretend your visit is to *me*, and in honor of our soldiers."

"Isn't it getting too noisy for her?" Allegra asked evasively. Spasmodic cheers and snatches of song were floating up from the impatient sight-seers.

"Her gladness will overpower everything. And then her window is closed—it will all be deadened. I only hope the pigeons will not be too frightened to come to tea."

"Another young pair of lovers?"



"No. Real nameless pigeons who have lately tapped at my window-sill at meal-times, dear things. I hope the soldiers won't scare them away."

"The pigeon is Peace," thought Allegra with her old trick of symbolism. "All the tender interests of Peace are banged and blared away."

The bell rang.

"Ah, that is Miss Oxager's ring. She is one of Kit's dearest friends, just on a visit from Australia. How brave of her to come through the crowd! I don't know why people are so good to us. But she will have her reward—she will meet you, if you will allow her. The Australians are such admirers of Mr. Broser, you know."

Allegra talked to the plump elderly lady with the shrewd eyes and the lovable face till Raphael arrived, perspiring from his struggle, and Margaret took Miss Oxager in to Kit.

They sat down near the open window and talked, the liberal sunshine, the festive atmosphere of the crowd, the firmament of flags, the singing, the whistling, the wafts of laughter, exciting them despite themselves. Ned couched at their feet, his ears cocked up.

"I seem to have known you all my life," Raphael said suddenly.

"And I *have* known you since your earliest 'Fame.'"

He smiled sadly. "Yes. The Germans in America make their wedding-cake in the form of a Cornucopia: that is what we should have done. I ought to have carried you off from the Midstoke Town Hall. I, the young reporter, and you, the great Marshmont's daughter. A newspaper romance, indeed!" He went on more bitterly. "But after all, what was Broser then? I, too, might have become a politician, a patriot—"

"You might still—you are young—we need idealists in Parliament. My father has still some influence in his shire—"

"Don't remind me that I am young—that I may live again."

"I shall. Why should you not raise your coffin-lid and scramble out, like the dead in Signorelli?"

"Who is to blow the trump of resurrection?"

"Who? Your better self."

"That is you."

"I?"

"How can you ask?"

"I thought it was Margaret."

"Haven't I told you Margaret satisfies my heart, not my brain? You satisfy both. I am in love with you, and you know it." He spoke quite simply, making the confession as quietly as he had received hers at Orvieto.

She, unembarrassed, replied in the same key: "If loving me help to resurrect you, I am glad of it."

"But you! What do you feel?"

"What is the use of asking that? I am bound."

"Bound? You with your free intellect!"

"I was bound ere my intellect was free."

"But now that it is free?"

"I am bound."

"It is absurd. The you that married Broser are not the present you. The girl that promised him fidelity is dead. Do you, too, prefer labels to facts?"

"I prefer feelings to arguments."

"Then what do you feel?"

"I feel chained to my dead self."

"But what do you feel about me?"

"I feel more sorry for you than I have ever been for myself."

"That is love, Allegra," he said gravely. It was the first time he had used her name; all the air seemed to vibrate tremulously with the sound of it. She was frightened.

"Is it more than pity?" she murmured.

"Pity is akin to love. The tenderness in your voice makes me turn uneasily in my grave—it is like the spring stirring in the grass overhead." He took her hand. "Allegra, Angel of Resurrection, I am waiting to hear you sound the trumpet."

"How can I help you?" She did not withdraw her hand; her bosom heaved painfully.

"Teach me to know."

"To know? You know everything."

"Except the one thing which matters. I have always been so outside of things—ever since the first flush of youth was over. I have looked on, as a deaf man looks on at a symphony, seeing only a mad gallop of fiddle-bows and a puffing into brass tubes. What does it mean to hear? or to be lapped in music? What

does it mean to be *inside* things—to be alive, to hope, to love, to dream, to believe—to see children grow up round one, to move in a real world, not in a shadow-mist, to row in real water that resists the oar? This is the privilege of every yokel—why should I be cut off from it?"

"You cut yourself off."

"No—not now. You quoted Goethe to me once. But how can I write with love, if I am loveless? I cling to you, Allegra, as a drowning man clings to a boat, begging to be taken in."

"But if there is no room?" she said gently.

"Ah, yes, Broser fills it all up." He loosed his grip. "And so you hack at my hands, and I may drown."

"No—swim on. Fight for your life. The water is real. You will find it sustain you."

"Swim alone? In the great void? You are cruel."

"Am I crueller to you than to myself?"

"Yes—you called me into your life," he said harshly. He got up. "I prayed not to be awakened. I tried not to speak to you."

She hid her face. "You have the right to reproach me. I was mad, unstrung, superstitious. I had prayed for a Deliverer—and you came."

"And now I am to go. And neither of us is to be delivered?"

"It would not be a deliverance. Think, Raphael." His name came involuntarily.

"I have had enough of thinking. Let us act."

"And what shall we do?"

"The simple lyric thing. We shall live and love. With you, it would be worth going on. Without you—" He shrugged his shoulders.

"We should be socially crippled—we could do nothing for the world."

"For what world—yours, or Barda's? Or Ned's world of scents? There is no world but what surrounds the individual soul."

"But we can help other souls."

"You can help my soul. But these lower species, howling down there in the street—as they howled when Nero made a bonfire of the Christians—what can you do for them? Leave them to their twaddling parsons, their sentimental novelists, their jingly composers. As well try

to influence the four hundred millions pullulating in China. This itch for interference is a mere disease. You don't even interfere. You only dream and sentimentalize about it. Haven't you found yourself out yet?"

"You are hard on me," she said humbly. "Since I have seen Margaret's life, I have tried to do things: she has made me feel that it is the duty of the stronger soul—if mine be the stronger—to serve the weaker. My husband is a great force. I cannot move him now; but the war will soon be over, and then, if I am patient—"

"And then? Believe me, Allegra, one day of sunshine like this diffuses more happiness than a season's acts of Parliament. The Power that made the world will mend it."

"But what if our help is necessary?"

"We are too presumptuous. Aeons elapsed before we appeared at all. Our habitation was prepared for us—the scientist and the Psalmist agree. The Creation wasn't referred to an Executive Committee, or no doubt Joan would have been on it."

"You paralyze the will."

"Why should you upbear the world? Are you Atlas? No; you are Allegra,—Allegra, the spirit of joy. Be true to your name."

"I have another name, Broser. And yet another—Marjorimont. I must be true to those."

"Ah, even the blot on the 'scutcheon counts!" he said bitterly.

"Yes," she answered defiantly. "I think my father underrated the inspiration of tradition. *Noblesse oblige*. Think of the newspapers. Another society scandal! And how my father would suffer—without reference to 'scutcheons! Hasn't he suffered enough? And aren't there enough wicked women?"

"Then it is time for a good woman—"

"Think of Margaret! Think of Kit! Would they call me a good woman?" A horrid image of the Duchess painted itself on her retina, a stony statue of judgment, flinging away her ear-trumpet, lest any plea for mercy reach her ear.

"Margaret and Kit do not think. They accept the world's morality, as they accept the color of their hair. Margaret told me she was twenty-two before she



knew there was such a thing in the world as a bad woman. What can she know of the realities of things?"

"That is to know the realities of things: not to know there are bad women. The bad women are unreal: nightmares, monsters, chimeras dire, that should be swept out of the centre of consciousness. Life tends to be simple and sweet as grass to be green in the sun."

"That is what *I* say: and *you* remain chained to a man you have ceased to love and a woman you have ceased to be."

"I remain responsible for both."

"Ah, you are thirteenth century. And I took you for twenty-first."

"Yes—I was older than I looked. Or is it younger?"

"You can still jest."

"To prevent myself weeping."

"Ah, you do feel. Trust yourself to me, Allegra. We will look down on all the kingdoms of the world. Let me be indeed your Deliverer."

"You delivered me without knowing it. You sent me to Margaret."

"And she has asphyxiated you with her mediæval atmosphere! You listen to Margaret—Margaret, who is ready to immolate all human happiness on the altar of faith, who defends every historic perversion of zealotry, the Inquisition itself. And I thought I had met a modern woman. Ah, my first theory was right: no woman will ever face life." He looked at her sardonically. "How I envy Broser his talons! These are the men to whom women yield everything."

"You are cruel to me," she said, paling.

"You hack at my hands," he repeated.

"You drive me back to drown."

Her heart's tears flooded her eyes at last.

"Why is life such a tangle? I meant you to help me, and now I have hurt you."

Her tears softened him. "No; you have only left me as I was, after just a peep into the world of meaning. O for Margaret's light—pains and all! Only the darkness is unbearable."

"I shall never forgive myself. But I thought you would be content to be my friend. After all we are souls—"

He froze again. "Conversation with a woman is impossible."

"Yes, when the Beyond-Man sinks to a Man."

"I am tired of being a Beyond-Man. It is so lonely." He took his hat and stick. "I was foolish to live on."

"You were not foolish," she said, terrified. "Live on for my sake. I wish to feel you strong, believing in good. Sing on—I won't have your voice stilled."

He laughed mockingly. "Spare me platitudes. You will next tell me to be manly and join the troops for Novabarba. But there are severer forms of manliness. Good-by. We shall not meet again."

"Where are you going?" Her hypersensitive nerves already felt a dozen forms of suicide.

"Don't be afraid, I shall not use the conventional threat. I am only going back to my books and my thoughts. Probably in my own room the sunshine will look less mocking. Life is very, very long, but one must bear it. Contempt of the world once meant love of the divine. I have not even that to fall back on. If only I could give my life to Kit or Margaret. It's a somewhat ingeniously muddled universe, *nicht wahr?* as Pont would say. You and Pont—my first illusion and my last."

She turned towards the door. "But why are we not to meet again?" she said desperately.

"Ah, a woman can never face a fact. Evasive, elusive, she loves to play with possibilities, to dodge realities."

A wilder cheering rose from the street.

"The soldiers are coming," said Allegra. "You will not be able to get by. You had better wait till they pass."

Raphael paused uncertainly.

"Bravo, Broser. Hooray for Fighting Bob!" The cheers grew more distinct. Allegra, looking out of the window, saw a hansom bowling along, specially respected by the mounted police, who had now stopped all traffic.

"See the conquering hero comes,  
Sound the trumpet, beat the drums."

The mob commenced to sing.

"Surely my husband is not heralding the procession," Allegra murmured.

Raphael came to her side. "Yes—he is stopping here."

A delirious mob surged round the ar-

rested hansom; Broser was scowling, disgusted by this second contretemps of popularity. Raphael looked at Allegra.

"Now you *must* stay with me," she said.

Raphael stuck his hand out of the window and tore the Union Jack from its fastenings.

"Bravo! Bravo!" he shouted, waving it frenziedly. Then joining in the chorus with a melodious voice that startled Allegra as much as his behavior, he sang, with the ornate flourishes:

"Myrtles wreath and roses twine,  
To deck the hero's brows divine."

Broser looked up and saw him and Allegra side by side.

## CHAPTER XX.

### THE BRINK OF DEATH.

RAPHAEL DOMINICK waved his flag amicably at Broser as he entered the room.

"How do you do, Mr. Broser? Delighted to meet you again under such auspicious conditions."

Broser gave him a haughty stare. To him Raphael appeared like some under-clerk of his Department caught disporting himself in office hours, yet paradoxically backed up by the Premier.

"What are you doing, Lady Allegra," he said bluntly, "in Mr. Dominick's flat?"

"It is not Mr. Dominick's flat," she cried, and then bit her tongue for having answered his insolent question.

"And at Orvieto it wasn't your room! A singular coincidence. May I ask, sir, why I find my wife here?"

"Don't answer him," cried Allegra. "What right has he to follow me?"

"Perhaps he wished, like you, to see his soldiers from this excellent point of vantage. Will you take a chair at the window, Mr. Broser?"

"I am more likely to throw you out of it."

"On the heads of your worshippers! Oh, fie! Fighting Bob must not take himself so literally. It would be kinder to make them a speech. Listen! They are still calling for you. Do make them happy. The ironic gods are in form to-day, but that would complete my enjoyment of the situation."

"This persiflage will not save you from an explanation, sir," Broser roared.

"Gently, gently, sir. Your head is not out of the window."

Margaret limped in. Allegra drew a half-sob of relief. "Miss Engelborne," she said, "my husband has come to see me home through the crowd. The carriage wasn't allowed to wait."

Margaret bowed and smiled. "It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good. My flat will always feel honored to have had a visit from Mr. Broser. I hope Lady Allegra has told you what an Imperialist I am!"

Allegra could have stabbed her for stupidity with one of her own Indian daggers. She knew that Margaret was dying to bring in her Anglo-Imperial, Miss Oxager, but she spitefully forbore to suggest it. A polite conversation ensued, mainly on the probabilities of a speedy subjugation of Novabarba. It was one of those comedy truces that interrupt tragedy, and the final touch was given to it when the shining seraph brought in tea and pent the storm in a teacup. Raphael helped Broser to sugar. The exquisite and bitter laughter he had professed to derive from the social panorama was his in full measure as he watched the silent fume of this great creature, this monster of will-power, through whose small self-seeking a great Empire was being made bigger, as a railway is extended for the world's benefit and the shareholders' percentage. And he thought of Kit lying in earthly darkness and heavenly light under the same roof that sheltered this archmaterialist: the crucified girl and the complacent Cæsar.

When Margaret went back to Miss Oxager, Raphael took the word. "Let us have no more of this farce, Mr. Broser. You have gathered by now that this is not my flat, and that your wife's errand here is one of mercy."

Broser gave him a baffled scowl.

"Still your scowl is not unwarranted—for—I am in love with your wife."

Broser, with his quick adaptability, caught his tone. "Then you have more taste than discretion."

"But your wife, alas! is not in love with me."

"Then she has both discretion and



taste. In consequence, she will at once put an end to your acquaintance."

"My dear Robert, I shall certainly choose my own friends."

"And lovers?"

Allegra's color came and went.

"Come, come, Lady Allegra," Broser went on. "You promised to remember my dignity."

"Remember mine, please."

"Don't let us bandy words. I am not going into subtleties. Things are always plain enough."

"To the superficial," Raphael added dryly.

"I hope there *isn't* anything below the surface," Broser retorted. "I must insist, Lady Allegra, that this room and this gentleman see you no more." He offered her his arm with imperious mockery. Allegra drew back.

"I am afraid, Mr. Broser," said Raphael, with a gentle smile, "we are fellow-sufferers."

"You—!" And Broser, growing apoplectic, made a motion as if to strike him. Allegra stepped between them.

"Don't take him seriously, my dear Lady Allegra. He cannot afford to make a scene. It is the hour of his star."

Raphael's detached impersonal view of things, which had so often irritated Allegra, maddened her husband. "If I horsewhipped you, sir," he said, in a low tone of impotent fury, "it would discredit me in nobody's eyes."

"Discredit you? It would be the crowning stroke of your career. Physical force is at a premium to-day. It would show you did not merely send out your mercenaries to fight. I confess I should itch to try this many-headed stick myself, if it were not for the presence of the charming lady whose life you have darkened, the Titania who has outgrown her adoration, but who still clings to you with a blind superstition and a wifely devotion even I have failed to sap."

"You confess it, you shameless black-guard!"

"Ah—you recognize a brother. It is so rarely I meet a man of my own mettle, devoid like myself of morals and religion, that but for the pain we are giving your wife, I should rejoice in

the prolongation of this unique conversation."

Broser gasped. "Is this a lunatic, Allegra?"

"Please, don't say you believe in anything outside yourself," Raphael entreated, "that you recognize any law but your own will. Don't let us play the game on conventional lines. Why, we might as well start talking of a duel. There is certainly a goodly choice of weapons."

Broser's eye followed Raphael's and his face paled before Margaret's bristling armory. "Come, Allegra," he said peremptorily.

The faint strains of military music were borne to their ears.

"Ah," said Raphael, "here come the men you are sending to death. Show yourself to them at the window. Let them cry *morituri te salutamus*—we salute thee, Cæsar, we who are about to die."

Allegra sprang to the window and shut it down. Overstrung by the two scenes she had passed through, every nerve quivered. "I don't want to hear them," she cried hysterically. "If you knew how the thought of them stabs me, Robert. Can't you spare them, Robert? Do, Robert dear."

"How can you talk so wildly—and before a stranger!"

"But you can end it all—do end it all, I know you can. Aren't the Novabarbeses suing for peace?"

"I am surprised at you. Come!" He seized her arm rudely. She was trembling in every limb.

She tore herself from his grasp and fell sobbing on the couch.

Broser's eyes protruded semi-ludicrously—his expression when thwarted by trifles.

"People *must* die for the good of their country," he said harshly. "Novabarba is worth the price."

Raphael snatched an arrow from the wall. "One touch of this poisoned Novabarbeses arrow, and *you* die for the good of your country."

Broser retreated towards Allegra's couch. "Come away, Allegra, from this madman of yours." He lifted her to her feet.

Raphael smiled sardonically. His strange eyes shone. "A madman who

has not even the sanity to kill you. A madman—yes, a man who once dreamed of a righteous world, and then, cheated of that vision, dreamed yet again—of a woman's love. A madman indeed! Not for such as me, these wonderful women; but only for such as you, trampers through life. You enfold the angels with your gross carnal arms, while we shadows—must be content with shadows. You are a great man, Robert Broser, you will live in history, and I am only a poor poet whose name is written in water; but this woman was meant for me. She knows it in her soul, but she leaves me to die alone."

"No, no, Raphael. I would have you live."

"Alone?"

"Alone. Even as I."

"But you are not alone."

"No—I have not even my loneliness to myself. How I envy you! You are alone to live and dream and think. You do not belong to any one."

"Nor you: no soul can own another."

Broser waved a hand, as brushing him away. "My wife knows her duty."

"Her duty is to herself. Nothing else is real."

"My duty to myself is my duty to my bond," Allegra pleaded.

"There speaks the voice of savage ages. I ask you to be free—in his very face—and come to me, in the light of day."

"You devil!" Broser gasped. "You would poison her soul, as you would poison my body."

"I am speaking to Lady Allegra."

"I cannot. Our world is so full of evil. No one would understand."

"Then I will no longer play at being dead."

"What do you mean?" she breathed.

"I will have the courage to die."

Allegra was darting towards him: Broser held her back. This time the mocking smile was his. "A pretty gentleman! To kill himself in a lady's apartment—with a dying girl, too, on the premises."

The arrow drooped in Raphael's hand. Then, with a muttered "Good-by," he walked rapidly doorward.

"Stop him! stop him!" she cried. "Don't let him take it away."

Broser sneered. "He'll not hurt himself."

Allegra ran to the door. Raphael was in a mad mood, she felt. His freak with the flag had shown her a new Raphael. He was capable of anything. "Throw it down," she implored.

"No. Good-by."

She plucked at it suddenly. He wrested it back. She uttered a cry. The point had pricked her upper arm near the shoulder. Raphael, terrified, let the weapon drop. A great hush fell over Allegra's soul.

"Are you hurt?" said Raphael. His face was ashen; his voice and his limbs trembled.

Her voice was low but steady. "It ran into my arm." There was an instant of weird silence.

"Good God!" Broser shrieked. "You have killed my wife."

"No, no; it was my own stupidity." She was dazed: her voice sounded unnatural to herself.

Broser began rolling up her sleeve. "But something can be done," he cried. "There is only a little red swelling—and a few drops of blood."

"Nothing can be done," she said simply. "It takes five minutes to begin to work, and then I shall die quickly."

He rang the bell in a frenzy. "Where is this person? She must know what to do."

"Perhaps cauterizing," said Raphael hoarsely.

The servant hurried in, respectfully interrogative, an irritation in such a crisis.

"Where is Miss Engelborne?" Broser snapped.

Oh, but this was incredible! Neither Broser nor Raphael yet realized that Allegra could die, though cold sweats were breaking out all over their bodies, and their hearts were thumping like pistons. Only Allegra felt that death was upon her, with the unexpectedness of everything in life. There came oddly into her brain scenes from "The Vision of Mirza," which had so impressed her in childhood: the multitudes in pursuit of bubbles falling through the trap-doors in the bridge. Well, was it not best to slip suddenly out of the procession? What was there for her on the long, long bridge with its



threescore and ten arches? Only the hovering passions and harpies. Perhaps in a few minutes she would be on the shining islands. Then the horror of the coming agony began to crawl and creep through her veins like a myriad live things. The shining islands were blotted out—she could think only of the racking voyage, not of the harbor.

Summoned by the mystified maid, Margaret dragged herself into the room: its dazed terror communicated itself subtly to her. Her eye fell first on Raphael, who was stooping to pick up the arrow.

"You are poisoned, Raphael!" Neither he nor she noticed that she called him thus.

"Nothing so fortunate," he groaned, throwing the arrow behind the piano.

"It is I, Margaret," said Allegra.

"You!"

"Don't fool about!" Broser burst forth. "Where is the nearest doctor? Quick! Quick!"

But Margaret had sprung upon Allegra's bared arm like a tigress: her mouth was at the wound.

"No! No!" Allegra fought with her, pushed her face away with the other hand. "You shall not. You have Kit to live for."

Raphael pulled Margaret away. "That is my business. This death is mine. Give it me."

But Allegra beat him off desperately:

"No, no; let me alone. It is the best way out!"

"Die in agony! You!" Raphael gasped. But he could not prevail.

"Where is the nearest doctor, I ask you?" Broser roared at Margaret.

"He could not come in time," Margaret moaned.

"But he shall come in time."

"He could do nothing," said Allegra.

"But he shall do something. There must be something to inject, to swallow—Where is he? I'll go myself."

The cheers they had not noticed forced themselves now through the closed window. The music was coming nearer.

"Nobody could get through the crowd," said Raphael hopelessly.

Broser's pallor became ghastly. He flung open the window—nothing but flags above, black myriads of heads be-

low. "Good God!" he cried, the full horror beginning to grip him. "Is my wife to die like a rat in a hole? Damn this mob!"

"They have come to see your soldiers," said Allegra, with all the bitterness of death. "God wills that you shall see me die by a Novabarbese arrow—like my brother."

Broser thrust his head out farther. "Is there a doctor down there?" he shouted.

A few heads turned, looked up.

"Is there a doctor down there?"

"Broser! Bravo, Bob! Hooray for Broser!" The crowd took up the cheer.

"Silence! Silence!" he cried hoarsely.

"Silence! He's going to speak! Speech! Speech!"

"Is there a doctor among you?"

"Three cheers for Fighting Bob! Hooray! Hooray! Hooray! For he's a jolly good fellow!" The song was taken up all down the line: it flew to meet the martial music that grew momentarily louder and nearer. Broser saw the bear-skins and helmets on the horizon. He felt like a cockle-boat before a tempestuous ocean. His face grew apoplectic. He turned back to Allegra:

"Good God!" he cried, choking. "To see you die and not be able to help you!"

His agitation smote tenderness for him through Allegra's daze, and the softening thrill unloosed a flooding wave of self-commiseration. Oh God, the pity of it! To have had such vast opportunities in the world—health, wealth, birth, beauty—and to go down to the darkness a miserable failure! A phrase began buzzing in her brain. "To Allegra at Forty," "To Allegra at Forty." Ah, it was well she had read that letter prematurely. Its sentences started repeating themselves:

"But if you despair of your own happiness, remember, dear, there is always the life of service... Perhaps you have fallen by the way, into the slough of selfishness."

Yes, indeed, she had "fallen by the way." Oh, if God would only give her another chance! But no, that could not be. Already she felt the pricking in her veins, the buzzing in her ears. She saw herself in the dear old house of her girl-

hood, writing the letter to herself, and great tears began to trickle down her white cheeks.

Margaret was on the floor groping for the arrow behind the piano pedals. "If it should not be a poisoned one!" she whispered.

"Is there any doubt of it?" Raphael breathed, his heart going off at a frenzied gallop.

She drew forth the arrow. "I cannot tell. I mixed them up."

"O God, let it not be a poisoned one!" Raphael uttered the first spontaneous prayer of his manhood, and even as he did so he felt it was the most futile and absurd prayer imaginable—nay, his very synonym to Margaret for vain petitioning. The arrow was poisoned, or it was not.

Margaret sprang up wildly. "Allegra! Allegra! God will not let you die. It must be a harmless arrow, it *must* be."

"But I feel—I feel the poison beginning to work."

Margaret put her arms round her. "No, no; God will not let you die."

"It would have worked by now—it is ten minutes," cried Raphael.

"It is not three," said Allegra, her dreadful calm returning. "I looked at the clock."

"Two minutes more!" said Raphael huskily. "Must we wait two eternities?"

"Don't worry any more, Robert. I have only two minutes. Give me your hand."

Margaret released Allegra and motioned to Raphael to follow her. They stole outside, to join in heart-broken prayer and wordless hope; Raphael seeking as humbly as Margaret to "pray away poison."

Broser's look was like a trapped beast's. Impotence was terrible to him. Allegra let her head fall on his shoulder. This beautiful creature—this unbarred white arm—to be plucked from him, to go down to corruption—impossible! But he had felt the same when Susannah was being taken, and yet she had been taken.

"Try to remember," Allegra said brokenly, "that I was not so bad to the children. I think they will be a little sorry."

"Yes, I will forgive you, Allegra. I will think only of our happy years."

"It is beginning to burn. Oh, my poor father! My poor father!"

The soldiers were passing at last. The music, the cheers, the sunshine—was she to leave this intoxicating, beautiful world? Farewell, blue sky! Good-by, dear streets! She ran to the window. Heaven was a flutter of flags, and earth a sea of handkerchiefs. How joyously went the rhythm of the tune that should be melancholy:

They dressed me up in scarlet red,

And used me very kindly,

But still I thought my heart would break

For the girl I left behind me.

How they marched, the brave, strong men, the swing of their movement like the tramp, tramp of one gigantic foot. But the spirited music changed to a dolorous wail of bagpipes. The Highlanders passed barelegged, with stern set faces, that softened as women cried to them or reached out a hand to touch them.

Oh, the soldiers! The great, strong soldiers going down, out of the sun, breaking the hearts of their dear ones! And she—she who had been so strong, so sure of good and truth, so keen to right every wrong and wipe away every tear—her life had ended in nothing.

"O God!" she cried. "Take me for these at least!" She turned to her husband—the tears rolled down his face. She clung to him: "Bob! Bob! Remember we were to make an end of war. Save these men. Let me die happy."

"Yes, yes."

"No, no; swear to me you will make peace before these men reach Novabarba."

"Is that in my hands, my poor darling?"

"Yes. Swear to me. In another moment the agony will grow fierce. Then I shall not be able to plead, then close your ears to my shrieks—but now—"

"I swear to you, dearest."

"Thank you, Bob." She kissed him. He clasped her closer, but she slid to her knees and waited for death.

The clock ticked away, second after second, and still the soldiers went by, each regiment with its own marching music, environed by the same cheers.



Presently Margaret tapped at the door, and then she and Raphael glided in. Their eyes met in a hope more agonizing than their fear. Another minute ticked itself off, each tick like the drop of cold water on the head of the tortured prisoner. Raphael could endure it no longer.

"You feel nothing! You are in no pain!"

Allegra uplifted a tear-stained, bewildered face. "I—I—just before it seemed to burn."

"Seemed! Ah, thank God!" he cried hoarsely. "It is your morbid fancy. I hypnotized you by saying it was poisoned. The arrow was harmless."

"But I felt—I am sure—" Her eyes blinked at life as at a sunburst.

"No, no! I understand. It is your old hyperæsthesia. Your nerves always work out suggestions of pain. You feel nothing, I tell you."

"Can God be so good to me?" she whispered.

"Ah, how good God is to me!" said Margaret. Save for the stranger's presence she might have burst into tears. But the long habit of lonely endurance and proud reticence bore her unbroken even through this moment of immeasurable relief. Broser wiped the cold perspiration from his brow.

"Come, get up," said Raphael. "Wake from your nightmare." He moved to lay a hand on her shoulder.

Broser stepped between them. "Down on your own knees, Mr. Dominick, and thank your Maker you have been saved from murder." He helped Allegra to her feet, and she fell sobbing upon his shoulder.

"Oh, Mr. Dominick!" said Margaret, "will you ever forgive me?"

"Forgive you?"

"I should have destroyed the arrows."

"You have perhaps saved my life by them," he said quietly. "Good-by, Lady Allegra. I shall go back to Italy. Try to forget all my madness of to-day."

She raised her head and met his sad eyes. "I shall remember only that you wished to take death from my veins. I shall always regret I could not give you life."

"You *have* given me life. I have had a real moment. I have choked in the deeps—in real water. I have been *in-*

*side* things, if not through love, through pity and terror."

"The pity and terror were for me, and therefore the higher love—the love that asks nothing and gives all."

He saw that she was to give all to Broser once again, but the perception only lifted him to higher levels of tenderness and abnegation.

"Good-by," he said again. "I have been inside, and I know that I have known nothing."

## CHAPTER XXI.

### REACTION.

DEATH-BED repentances should be followed by deaths. Life tries them too hard. It took but a few days of living to make Allegra repent of her repentance: of the fit of exaltation in which she had given herself back to Broser in loving reconciliation, in which she had sought to obey Margaret's doctrine of the sacrifice of the morally stronger to the morally weaker. But how if such stooping did not uplift the lower, merely degraded the higher?

Margaret had given herself to Kit—but she had sacrificed only the body. She remained herself in soul. Whereas to live amicably with Broser, one must flatter his moods, applaud his self-satisfaction. She loathed herself for having once again abandoned herself to wifely duty. Raphael Dominick was right: no soul could possess another. She was no more Broser's chattel than she could be Dominick's. Broser was intolerable, impossible, fatuously wrapped in conceit and success. This renewed intimacy with him only demonstrated more clearly how they had grown apart. She found him worse than in his Republican days, for all his finer manners. It was not that he made no effort to end the war, despite his promise, contenting himself with predictions of the speedy destruction of the enemy, it was not that he swam exultant on the tide of victory, it was the man himself. His politics might be as defensible as Raphael argued or Margaret believed, but she would not take even the Millennium at his hands. Oh, if love is blind, hate sees, and she saw every little vulgarity, every touch of studied impressiveness, every grain of coarseness.



Even neutral details hurt her—his very way in dressing of stamping his feet into his square boots. He seemed to be stamping on everything—on her ideals, on her father, on her girlhood, on her woman's heart.

Well indeed might he stamp a masterful foot. Allegra had come back to him, the Prince had at last invited himself to his house, and its mistress had hastened to send out universally coveted cards for the great reception that would wind up and crown the season. A galaxy of eminent Anglo-Imperials would lend special color to the occasion. Another British victory, too—clearly the penultimate—was come to shed its forward-reaching lustre over this night of nights. The detachment that had just sailed would probably land in a conquered country, and with a little more luck the annexation of Novabarba might even coincide with the visit of the Prince to whom he was presenting a province.

The night of this newest victory he had accepted a box at a great music-hall, and Allegra in her resumed wifely routine must share his pompous publicity. But the progress of their brougham thither was slow. The town had gone mad. Their house had been serenaded by the mob ere they drove off, and now rollicking foot-passengers, wrapped grotesquely in flags, and sporting portrait-buttons and rosettes, stole the roadway from the vehicles, shrieked through whistles and tin trumpets, squeaked and banged in fife-and-drum bands. Omnibus roof called to omnibus roof, deep to deep. Pennants fluttered in lieu of whips from the tops of hansoms, and four-wheelers crawled along, decorated with bunting and aglow with Japanese lanterns. Every horse, every dog even, was pranked with patriotic emblems. Little boys staggered along under standards heavier than themselves. Little girls flaunted it as nurses in mob-caps. Young men organized in great disorderly companies and waving fools' bladders made sudden ugly rushes, by which pickpockets profited. Gangs of professional roughs snatched off the passers' hats and threw them skyward, snatching their watches while their eyes were with their hats. Endless processions of girls and

young women tickled the men with peacocks' feathers, or squirted them with dirty water, or pelted them with confetti, or swished them with cat-o'-nine-tails of colored paper, and at each provocation the men kissed them. From every public-house, gay with flags and the tricolor ribbons of the barmaids, came beery choruses. Even the art-students had thrown off their British frigidity, were parading with Parisian paroxysms side by side with reputable citizens flinging off a lifetime of villadom. Casual red-jackets were shouldered and deified; the very Salvation Army, the butt of the streets, was received with sudden respect, because it marched in military fashion and banged a sounding drum. And not only had Allegra this sense of a city given over to flags and illuminations and music and cheers and revelry and rowdyism, she knew that joy-bells were pealing and bonfires flaring and torch-light processions passing through all Britain, nay, that the whole great Empire rang with jubilation, bloomed with bunting, palpitated with festive fires. At first her eyes filled with tears; the physical contagion of all this delirium was irresistible. But soon every nerve quivered under the brutal jar. It was almost a relief to her to think of the quiet dead in Novabarba. For this Comus crew the Novabarbeses had been expunged, that this civilization might spread over their happy hunting-grounds.

Ah, she understood the French Revolution now. How soon the diked-off sea of savagery stole back over the hard-won tracts of tenderness. How easily Broser might have led a British Revolution, had he been a little bolder and honester; how easily the barrel-organ, as Raphael put it, would have played Republican tunes. Broser should have struck in that moment of his fiery youth when he held the masses white-hot under his hammer. He might have been President instead of Premier.

"I told you a war would shake 'em up," he laughed, ignorant of her train of thought. "I really think Germany ought to be content without any concession for its petty Novabarbeses rights."

"Why?" she murmured.

"Look at the profit the German factories must have made turning out all



these millions of British flags and military toys and portraits of our heroes. I hear that they positively can't keep pace with our nursery demand for toy soldiers. Oh, it has shaken us up," he repeated joyously.

"There seems to be somebody badly shaken up," she replied bitterly.

"Where?"

"There—in that ambulance wheeled by two policemen. Oh, there will be many crushed and trampled upon tonight, I fear. Do see what has happened."

"I dare not get out—I might be mobbed."

"Then I'll get out."

"You're as bad as Joan," he grumbled, as he sprang out, pulling his hat over his face.

"Drive on," he said, jumping in again. "It's only a woman being taken to the workhouse." He resettled himself comfortably in his cushioned seat, his hand in his wife's, pleasantly conscious of her warmth and beauty.

"Only!" she repeated. "But why on a stretcher?"

"She was found senseless from hunger in her garret—nobody knew she was starving."

Allegra turned white. "A flag of triumph waved over the ambulance," she said mordantly.

"Yes," he replied with satisfaction. "The very cradles and perambulators blossom. There isn't a disloyal heart in Britain."

"Except your wife's," she longed to shriek.

At one point the carriage must needs come to a standstill. A great crowd was hooting and throwing stones at a shuttered house.

"Why, it's Joan's!" Allegra cried in alarm.

"Ah, that's why Fizzy ran off to Novabarba," Broser laughed.

Allegra drew her hand from his: the memories that scene brought up were too bitter.

The music-hall was the street over again. The vast audience packed to suffocation rose to its feet with a roar of welcome as the illustrious couple entered the bower of flags and roses, which in less exciting times was a box. "Rule

Britannia" and "God save the Queen" rang from thousands of throats, nor could the performance proceed till the mad waving mob had sung "For he's a jolly good fellow." Yes, this was what her husband had done. This was what his Republicanism and Universal Peace had come to. He had engineered an outburst of feudal romanticism unknown since the days of the Tudors. The Army, the Navy, the Old Nobility, the Queen, God bless her, God bless them all. The air palpitated with tremulous affection for all he had set out to destroy. Every schoolboy longed to be a soldier. Rifle drill invaded the gardens of the ancient universities. Britain had been rebarbarized; *Novabarbarized*, as the *Morning Mirror* put it. England was on the high-road to join the military despotisms of the Continent. Verily the wheel had come full circle.

But she fulfilled her engagements to him loyally. "I'll go everywhere with you except to the Thanksgiving Service at St. Paul's," she said. And he, coarsely misunderstanding,

"Oh, but the music is sure to be good!"

He was going out to dinners this week, stealing hours from the dying session, tasting his triumph, rolling under his tongue the compliments on every menu. And Allegra was waxing hourly wearier of the phantasmal whirl and the fashionable cynicism. This London society—with its cosmopolitan chatter and its cycles of migration, with its habits more rooted in pleasures than in duties, seemed to her, in Raphael Dominick's phrase, to "go everywhere and arrive nowhere." A saving remnant redeemed it, perhaps, but the flamboyant section, alternating private immorality with public showiness, and fluttering feverishly round the turf and the Stock Exchange, offered an ironic spectacle of civilization's climax to the Novabarbase under civilization's broom. At one dinner a brilliant knighted barrister, her neighbor, explained to her that the Law was more exciting than Monte Carlo. "All such a toss-up. You can never tell if your client is lying to you. And even when you feel sure the other side is in the right, you can't be sure it'll strike the judge and jury as it does you." And the next night Mrs. Whin-



dale, an aged satirist of her own sex, famous for her dogmatic utterances in print, confessed to her that she was approaching the grave without the faintest assurance on any of the great questions. "I started life with a full equipment of answers. Now I ask myself in vain: What am I? Where did I come from? Whither do I go? What is right? What is wrong?" And the poor old woman kept back a tear. But why, then, was she so hard on the new womanhood, Allegra thought; on the young generation putting forth anxious feelers, in the travail of a new evolution?

Ah, it was time for a new revelation, she felt. The Sermon on the Mount had failed to roll the stone up the Mount. The stone had rolled back now with a vengeance. Paganism had thrown off the mask, and lolled once more at flower-crowned tables in festal garments, its veins full of youth and lust and wine. But for her, Allegra, it was horrible to eat these dainty foods, to sip these sparkling wines, the soul looking on joyless, self-conscious of futility: one's own skeleton, felt through the evanescent flesh, sat at every feast. She was falling more and more into this habit of aloofness, surveying herself from without, like a figure in a play. Perhaps she had caught it from Raphael Dominick. At any rate it served to facilitate the living with Broser. On their way home she again made him stop the carriage. This time it was an old female scarecrow chivied from a street bench by a policeman.

"But why mustn't she stay there?" she asked from the carriage window.

"We've got our orders, mum," the policeman said tartly.

"But what is the use of the bench, then?"

"We should have it full of sleeping tramps."

Broser curtailed the discussion by giving the creature money for a bed. As the carriage rolled on, Allegra kissed him with a sudden impulse.

"That's a cheap kiss," he said. "You remember the price you wanted in Orvieto—the Premiership!"

She drew back from his attempted repetition: it was an unfortunate reminder.

She had not gone to the Engelborne

flat on the Tuesday, but Thursday found her yearning to know how Margaret and Kit fared, and how that ghastly race was going. She found Margaret daintily gowned as usual, and petting a child, but with her outer bulwarks of cheerfulness evidently abandoned at last. The whole air of the flat was subtly different. Was it that Raphael Dominick had been removed? Allegra had a new pang. She had virtually robbed poor Margaret of a friend.

"I expected to find you more lively," she said.

"Why?"

"The coming end of the war."

"That is what depresses me."

"You! the Imperialist!"

"Oh!" Margaret cried, "don't you think I feel it—all this terrible suffering? Now the stress is over, now England's honor is safe, one may think of it all. Oh, the mothers I have tried to console! And then there is one of Kit's special friends, dead of fever, poor thing, in the prime of her youth: Kit showed her the light, and she went out to Nova-barba as a nurse. Of course Kit mustn't know—she is terribly low to-day." She shuddered, and suddenly fell back on her chair, fainting.

"Mother-Meg! Mother-Meg!" screamed the child.

Allegra rang the bell in equal alarm. Evidently the death-race was a close one. She chafed the hands, admiring, despite her agitation, the beautiful artistic fingers, the rare old lace at the wrists. But the maid had scarce appeared when Margaret opened her eyes and smiled.

"Did I faint again?" she said.

"Oh, my poor Margaret! This is terrible."

"It's nothing. I always come to. And I faint warm, while most people faint cold. That's a blessing. The only real inconvenience is, I dare not hold babies."

"If you would only go away to The Manor House. Joan is out in Nova-barba, you know: the whole place is at your disposal, she says."

"It is so sweet of her. We are so looking forward to it, for if I am spared to go, Kit will share my gladness without any alloy of earthly pain."

Allegra sighed hopelessly. Well, the race could not last much longer now.



"We have been rejoicing The Manor House didn't fall into the hands of a Robinson," Margaret went on, smiling. "A Brown has Wimpole Hall, and Lord Cowderleigh's house belongs to a Smith."

"How you've kept track of the country-side!"

"The only time I was there," said Margaret proudly, "I was able, standing at cross-roads, to tell an inhabitant the way to a Hall I had never seen. It was my dear father who made old Devon such familiar ground."

Allegra felt a pang of envy, had an instant of selfish narrowness. Surely it was better to have had a father who devoted himself to his daughters than one who gave his whole life to his country. She had a novel flash of sympathy for her semi-neglected mother. Poor blundering parents. Why had they not guided her better at life's cross-roads? Why had they let her fall into the hands of Broser? Her father loved man, yet had proved so ignorant of men.

She wondered suddenly what Margaret would have done, wedded to a Broser. Sacrifice herself, no doubt! Stick to her contract! Pray for her husband, hoping and enduring all things! And Allegra's instinct and reason rose in revolt. The original contract was iniquitous; this promise to love, honor, and obey, extorted from a girl ignorant of life, ignorant of her own womanhood. And had she not fulfilled enough? She had been denied children to bind her to Broser, but *his* children—his Polly and Molly and Bob—had she not given herself to them without stint or question, so long as she could serve them? Had she not spent her best of youth and enthusiasm in the service of his career—that career now sure of its climax? No, he could not complain of his bargain, though no jot more of love or honor or obedience were paid over to him.

On the Friday night—the evening before her own party—she was glad to be free of him, and at a Symphony Concert. She needed music, to wash away all this impurity and wretchedness. It was a great house, almost like a Grand Opera audience: only in the highest gallery could she perceive frock-coats and covered shoulders. But the mere radiation of wealth and ease had long ceased to

sting her. Even the fluffy jewelled notoriety of the "smart" world who sat in front of her in a wonderful green silk swan's-down-trimmed cloak seemed merely pitiable. As little as Broser did she now dream of equating gallery with stalls. Life was too chaotic and nimble for bureaucratic organization—Raphael Dominick's conversation had dispelled her last cloud-Utopias—and the real troubles of life were not those of the empty stomach, but of the empty heart. But what still had power to sting her, as she listened to the *Parsifal* Prelude (the remembered visual pictures of Bayreuth flowing past her with the music), was the barren æsthetic response these people made to what the prophets cried through music or poems. She, too, had wallowed enough in fine feelings—Raphael had found her out there—but still she had at least felt as realities the Love and Faith of which the music spoke. With what seriousness she had once set out herself to seek the Holy Grail: even now was it too late to win the cup of salvation, the kiss of peace? She was not of this world; she must join the fervently loving, solitary Knights, pass through the dense cypresses and cedars. The delicate throbbing beauty grew intenser, acuter, vibrating with bitter-sweet emotion.

"How subtly it expresses Schopenhauer in every bar!" said at the close her cultured Jewish companion, patroness of all the arts.

The view astonished Allegra. "Do these people enjoy pessimism, then?" she asked.

"Pessimism beautifully expressed is pleasurable," replied her philosophic friend. "But what these people enjoy to-night is the massive staccato barbaric bursts. Their nerves are strung up for war."

"Oh," said Allegra reproachfully, "and I was forgetting the war, and congratulating myself that at last I had found a place without a reminder of it."

"What about those military bandmasters on the platform?" laughed her friend.

"I didn't notice them. What are they doing there?"

"Watching the conductor—to learn how to conduct."

"Oh, then civilians have still some



virtue!" said Allegra bitterly. She had been bored to death by the military portraits in every newspaper, shop window, and button-hole; by the perpetual gospel of "strenuousness." As she watched the great conductor, tiptoeing towards his orchestra on his long legs, he suddenly seemed to her like a great black bird, his coat tails spreading like rear feathers. And then she thought, with a tender whimsical smile, Raphael Dominick might have called him a Beyond-Bird, with a detachable throat that trilled celestial harmonies, now like pealing thunder, now like the ripple of a sunlit brook, controlled and infinitely modulated at his will and pleasure. How it obeyed his subtlest sense of time and tune, this complex musical apparatus of his with its manifold pipes and strings. What a highly evolved creature, this conductor: how foolish to annihilate all these wonderful potentialities with a fragment of shell. Yet there were those who scoffed at all men who were not in the firing-line. Verily, civilization had forgotten itself, the watch-dog had been elevated above the master of the house.

She studied the orchestra with new interest, admired the splendid symmetry of the movements of the bows, the swift precision of each instrument: she thought of the striving of each performer after perfection, his long hours of practice, the risings in the cold dawn, the struggle to get and keep a place in his little world, the labor for wife and children, all the patient travail of peace.

Strenuousness? What was the soldier's burden? Forced marches, rain, scant food, the risk of wounds, even death, but for the most part a joyous picnic; mere pleasure-seekers worked as hard in travelling, hunting, gypsying. War-courage was mainly contagious excitement. In sieges the civilians were always as brave and patient as the soldiers. What wonder? They had all been under that stern drill-master, Life.

Ah, Life! Music alone expressed it, its nebulousness, its elusiveness. Her relation to Raphael, to her mother, to Margaret, to her father, to her husband even—how vague and floating. Poor Raphael, God send him happiness. Oh, the pity and heart-break of things. On the side-bench, facing her diagonally, was a beau-

tiful girl of sixteen. The high-necked dress, the flowing hair, the cheek of cream and roses, the candid eyes, the glow of innocence and idealism—she must have looked like that once. Was that child destined to become as she? Music, music, one needed music to express the tragic mystery of it all. And she no longer wanted to be a poet, only a great wordless creator, flinging out her passion in diapasons of sobbing sound.

The fluffy "smart" person had slipped out of her green silk cloak and taken her white shoulders to another bench, to chat with a friend. The cloak occupied her place, followed the lines of her figure, represented her, nay, Allegra suddenly saw, *was* her: listened as intelligently, fulfilled her smart social round. And the Lady Allegra—what was she herself in the social whirl? Only her outer dress, her vesture; and even that, cut as fashion dictated. The real self lived only in such moments as these.

St. Cyril was right. One saved society by saving one's self. The call was to the individual soul.

When she got home she found a letter from Joan:

"Oh, my darling Ally, I dare not tell you what I have seen here . . . a nightmare of blood and fever. The one blessing is, it can't last much longer. Oh, the poor soldiers! Oh, the poor Novabarbese! And yet people prate of a God of Mercy..."

Despite her first sentence Joan slid into more details with every page of her voluminous letter, till Allegra turned physically sick, and Barda, brushing her hair, became gravely concerned lest she should not look her best on the morrow.

Joan wound up excitedly:

"But I have taken an oath that when I come back, I will never rest until we get Female Franchise. The men have failed to produce civilization. They have had all ages and all lands to experiment in and have never got there. Nineteen centuries after Christ the world is still all armed camps, mutually snarling. The greatest nations are thinking only of the coming struggle for the hegemony of the world, and how much of its territory they can snatch; not of civilization's progress but their own. It is time for the women to take a turn. We must



be everything, even legislators. We must repair all that social rottenness which war gilds over for a time and then leaves us too poor to set right. Of course dear old Fizzy chaffs me endlessly—says we'll want to smoke in the Chamber, etc.; but I, too, have a sense of humor. Or tell me, dear, have I lost it of late years? Sometimes I think it has been ground out of me by all this devilry. Ally, dear, I count on you to give up your dilettanteism, to help in organizing our forces and baffling these brutes."

Yes, yes; she would give up her gropings and wanderings, obey this providential trumpet-call. The ruin of her life had been her idea that the woman must sink her life in the man's. If no soul could possess another, neither could any soul represent another. She had been wrong to look to a man to carry on her father's work—no Salic law forbade a spiritual mission to fall on a woman's shoulders: there was no exclusive inheritance through the male. The Mantle of Elijah—how if she dared to wear it herself? Its inheritor had gone over to the prophets of Baal. Not one prophet of the Lord was left, not one. Was not this the only thing she was fit for—action on large lines? She had canvassed for Broser, she could take the field again. To set things straight by a great universal method—Raphael had truly diagnosed her deepest longing. Of course he had scoffed—there would be abundance of scoffers. Even Fizzy himself for all his revolutionary recklessness could not conceive a Parliament of women. And in truth there was enough to justify him: millions of women even of the wealthy classes as unbalanced as her mother, as capricious as Dulsie, as aloof as Minnie, as selfish as Miranda Grey, as mediocre as Polly and Molly, as ruthless as the fluffy owner of the green silk opera cloak, as petty and malicious as Mrs. Whindale could paint in her blackest moods. But women had been so long the toys or the torturers of men—they could not be untwisted in a day. Many, too, loved fighting, adored brute force as they adored the reek of their husbands' pipes, the tang of virility and brutality. But let men struggle for male ideals, woman's mission was to struggle for female ideals: ideals of love, pity, tenderness.

Fate would strike the diagonal of the forces. Yes, whether through women like Joan or men like her father, there must be forced upon the world woman's vision of life; the desire of her gentler heart.

So on our heels a fresh perfection treads,  
A power more strong in beauty, born of us  
And fated to excel us, as we pass  
In glory that old Darkness.

The lines she had quoted to herself in that letter of hers went throbbing endlessly through her brain like a haunting tune as she tossed sleepless.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### THE GOAL.

HER husband breakfasted with her on the fateful Saturday, talking over the preparations for the evening. He was vastly excited, had half refurnished his rooms (though Allegra's taste had made them the talk of the town), spending money like water for the brief edification of a royal eye that had seen all the grandeurs of the earth. Allegra was reading her letters quietly.

"Thank God!" she said.

"What is the matter?"

"That poor girl is dead."

"What poor girl?"

"The girl I used to play to—Kit Engelborne."

"Oh, then there will be no need for you to go there any more. I am glad."

"I shall go this afternoon."

"You can't do that—you have so much to do here."

"It shall all be done. But I must go and see Margaret. It was a race between their lives. I am glad she survives."

She was thinking Raphael would be pleased, too, to have his first prayer answered. "She is to stay at The Manor House after the funeral, and I shall go down to see her installed, with physicians within call."

"Your interest in these persons is somewhat excessive. I was looking forward to having you all to myself, now the session is over."

"I am sorry to disappoint you."

She spoke quietly, but he could not tell if she were sincere or sarcastic. He seemed to see the cloven hoof beginning

to peep out again, but he was afraid to provoke her to-day. After to-night was safely over, he could take her in hand, annex her totally as he was annexing Novabarba. At present she seemed much like Novabarba after the first war, still simmering with revolt. He had been too weak and considerate, he must stamp his sovereignty indelibly upon her.

Margaret Engelborne met Allegra with a grave wan smile. They kissed.

"She passed from my arms to mother's," said Margaret.

"I have brought some lilies. May I lay them on her breast?"

"She will be happy at your sweet thought. Can you wait a few moments? Miss Oxager is with my darling. It is such a blow for her, poor dear soul. She is so fond of Kit."

"So am I. But I am glad that one of you is left to us; that you are bearing up so well."

"Miss Oxager would break down, if I broke down," said Margaret simply.

Presently Miss Oxager's kind face appeared, her glasses dewy, and then Margaret led Allegra towards the room she had never entered, and opened the door for her, pausing herself on the threshold.

Not dark—as she had somehow expected—only under a sacred hush. There was no need of darkness now. The window was open, the blind up, Margaret's vagrant pigeons cooed on the window-sill. A flood of sunlight lay over all; over the bright furniture, the pretty knick-knacks, the picture of St. Barbara, the crucifix, the white bed, the wasted pointed face with great hollows under the eyes: the face she had never seen in life, a face of sorrows and agonies heroically endured, yet a face of peace, a face whose sufferings seemed ended æons before. There was an air of the immemorial dead.

"She met death jubilant," said Margaret, "like a woman going to her lover." She closed the door, leaving Allegra alone with the auditress of her music.

Flowers were already upon the breast. Allegra took the dead hand, the beautiful waxen dead hand, and pressed the lilies in it.

She could scarcely see the poor dead face for tears. Impossible Kit could have been only nerves and a brain, whose

molecules, their vain biological agitation over, had relapsed to chemic existence. Allegra's soul threw off the gray ashes of modern wisdom, yearned towards the soul that had once shone through that death-mask, tender, heroic, infinitely strong and patient. Surely such a creature could not be as the beasts that perish.

Strenuousness? Alas, she thought again, life offered opportunity enough for strenuousness. One need not seek it at the bayonet's point. By the side of these ghastly nine years of suffering, what were the heroism of a hundred V.C.'s? Strenuousness? Relaxed in civilization's Capua, must it always be resought through the fighting passion, through man's kinship with the beasts, never through his kinship with the angels?

This dead girl was not merely herself; she was a large pitiful symbol of the faith and martyrdom of the ages, dreaming of a divine significance in things, and a divine purpose in the process of the suns. Was it all to lead up to the blatant triumph of a Broser, callous to all the spiritual subtleties which the centuries had agonized to evolve? Had civilization come thus far only to perish by the Goths it bred in its own bosom? The century that had seen poets and philosophers hail the coming Kingdom of God was ending in darkness: France forswearing Justice, America Equality, England Freedom.

Back in the music-room, Allegra arranged to come to the funeral, and to bear off Margaret to Devonshire.

"I only hope you won't be lonely," she said. "Of course there's the housekeeper and her cat."

"I am never alone," said Margaret. "Thank you for both of us. The only thing on earth we have now to wish for is another volume of poems from Mr. Dominick."

"I think he will write it," said Allegra softly.

"Yes—I think he will. The prospect of it will be one of Kit's chief earth-interests, and the day I get the new book I shall hear her earth-laughter."

"Earth-laughter! What a quaint phrase!"

"Why quainter than heavenly laughter? The man who loves a woman dear-



ly speaks of her laughter as heavenly, as divine, does he not? I suppose he feels in her an accentuation of the Christ's smile, all holy and pure and joyous. So I have often seemed to hear earth-laughter from my dead father, when, amid all the novel calls, trials, and pleasures of the after-life, a wave of happiness has reached him from the old earth he knew and loved."

Descending the staircase, Allegra saw through misty eyes a venerable white-bearded figure in a glossy high hat and a broadcloth frock-coat, with a rose in his button-hole, and in his white-gloved hand a little white box tied with pink ribbon. To her surprise the glossy hat came off in the gloved hand, and the venerable beard bobbed in a courtly inclination.

"Good - afternoon, Lady Allegra." There was a vinous reek in his breath.

"Good-afternoon, Professor Pont," she said, startled. "Don't go up to-day."

His face clouded. "Is it over?"

"Yes."

"Which?"

"Ah, you saw it was a race. But Miss Engelborne herself has been spared, thank Heaven."

"Ah, she has great will-power. There is no death if we so choose. It was a great score for Christian Science. I am only sorry the sister gave in. My wife will be sorry, too. I say my wife with intention, for I was married yesterday and I was bringing Miss Engelborne a piece of the Cornucopia—of the wedding-cake."

"I congratulate you," she murmured. So that was the secret of his fine clothes. He had found some fond moneyed female.

"My wife"—he gloated on the phrase—"will be so pleased to hear I met you. You are the first person she asked after, when she returned from her American lecture-tour."

"What! Is it the same Mrs. Pont?"

"My dear Lady Allegra, what do you take me for? You see, one does not need the fetters of matrimony to be faithful for a lifetime. However, as Christian Scientists we thought it best—she has converted me, I confess. And, truly, her system is not incompatible with my World-Philosophy."

Poor foolish *Professorin*! To bind her-

self irrevocably to this man after a lifetime of proved worthlessness. Oh, the unceasing self-abandonment of women: the strange unpredictable movement of life. Here was she growing more and more to feel the impossibility of marriage: and here was a woman who had safely dispensed with it, tying herself like a schoolgirl!

"It would be inappropriate to give Miss Engelborne the wedding-cake now, *nicht wahr*? May I present you with it?"

"Me!" Wedding-cake at such a moment! "No, thank you."

"You must not be so stand-offish! I accepted some of your wedding-cake."

"Did you?" she murmured, anxious to be gone.

"Did I? Why, but for me there would have been no wedding." His alcoholized imagination believed it for a moment, and prompted him to add, with a malicious remembrance of the scene on Westminster Bridge: "It was I that told Bob not to miss the chance of marrying a lady of title."

She flushed crimson, then went back to white. She hated the speaker, and hated what he said, but it accorded only too well with what her detestation for Broser had been whispering of late. She bowed. "Good-afternoon."

He put out his hand. She made a dab at it as the quickest way of getting rid of him. But his great white glove closed on her little gray glove. "Yes," he said, "it's very strange. I was in at the first Mrs. Broser's death and the second Mrs. Broser's marriage. And he hasn't even asked me to meet the Prince. If Bob hadn't made poor Susannah stand on her feet for hours receiving his guests, she might have been in your place tonight."

Her memory went back to that grown-some reception, saw a girlish enthusiast talking to the Ponts, heard the cry of consternation as the hostess fell adown the staircase. "But he didn't know she was ill," she said, defending him.

"Didn't he? Why, there were frightful scenes between them, the maid told me. Poor Susannah almost went down on her knees—she was in agony."

"I cannot listen to gossip."

"Gossip! Why, wasn't I in attendance

on her? Didn't she say with her own lips—"

"I really must go," and Allegra hurried towards the carriage door the groom was holding open.

But her heart wished to believe, beat "*Soros! Soros!*"

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## THE DUEL OF THE SEXES.

PEOPLE were loitering about the great beflagged and festooned corner house, watching the comings and goings. It was known the preparations were for Royalty, and the very brick-work was invested with glamour. The crowd was growing thicker with the waning afternoon: by nightfall the street would be impassable save for the carriages of the elect.

In the great hall, which the workmen had just converted into a fairyland of flowers and palms, she met her husband, complacently supervising.

His brutally healthy face jarred on her memory of that other face—ivory against the white pillow. The festal preparations—the reek of the triumph of life and selfishness—made her gorge rise. To stand at the head of those ornate stairs, presiding over his apotheosis, while Kit lay dead, while her own father sat heartbroken, while Raphael Dominick wandered sad and lonely, while Novabarba was red with blood—no, she suddenly knew it was impossible.

"I am going to my room," she said.

"Nothing must be wrong to-night," he said, half authoritatively, half humorously.

"Nothing shall—except me."

"How do you mean?" He was alarmed.

She was mounting the stairs. "I fear I cannot face your guests."

For a moment his dazed brain scarcely grasped the full implication of her words. Then he pursued her up that staircase which his imagination had so oft pictured them descending in state to receive the royal guest.

"What is the matter—are you ill?"

"Not physically."

"Oh, you frightened me. But you oughtn't to have the blues to-day, all sun and happiness, the best day of my life. Drink a glass of champagne."

"No, thank you. I really must ask you to get on without me to-night."

"Allegra, what do you mean?" His voice had a touch of terror.

"Do you forget I come from a death-bed?"

"That girl! But she isn't a relative, or a public personage."

"She was a heroine. I'd rather see national mourning for her than national rejoicing over the dead Novabarbesse."

"Do you begin that again? I thought you had learned to understand."

"I don't want to argue." She mounted the second flight. He ran after her, passing a staring footman.

"But have you forgotten that the Pr—"

"I have forgotten nothing."

"You are doing this to spite me—to spoil my best hour."

She entered her bed-room. He followed ere she could turn the key. Barda was laying out the latest Parisian creation. The sight of it made her shudder. In this shimmering robe she was to adorn his triumph, like some beribboned beast in a conqueror's procession.

"I shall not need it, Barda," she said.

"Go away," he growled to the open-eyed girl. He argued, pleaded, stormed. Then he took Allegra by the shoulders. "You *shall* receive my guests."

"Beat me black and blue, and with these bare shoulders I will receive your guests."

He let her stagger back. "I could kill you," he muttered.

"As you killed your first wife?"

He staggered in his turn. For a moment he actually saw the earlier scene. It was a very simple hallucination. The dress was on the bed. Susannah had only to stand for the moment in Allegra's place.

"I see—somebody has poisoned your mind. I didn't realize she was seriously ill."

"Then realize now I am serious. I am going to lie down. Please leave me."

"On condition you get up later."

"You have my ultimatum."

"Oho! then it is war. You have mine. You shall be nowhere in this house but at the head of my stairs."

"Then I shall be nowhere in your



house. I shall go." The moment the words left her lips she saw that this was the one true course. Here was the solution for which her brain had been groping for days. Now it had shot up the answer. Her first semi-separation in the interests of hypocrisy had been as absurd as Raphael had proclaimed it. Ah, he had not had to grope for the true solution: he had found it at the first hearing. But all these years she had been learning to know herself, she had moved through a countless series of subtle actions and reactions, and now at last—through lessons of love and death and hate—it seemed to her that she had found herself: no society opera cloak, but an individuality, a woman self-centred, not despairing, ready to go out, to fight, first hand, for her own ideas, for her own ideals. And a great peace fell upon her soul. But upon Broser's fell a violent tempest.

"Go where?" he thundered.

"That is my business." Had he been suffering, she felt she could have clung to him; had he been cast into a dungeon, she could have played the Fidelio to his Florestan. But he possessed everything in the world: he should no longer possess her.

"Ah, I see it all," he shouted. "You have been to that vile flat—you have seen your Dominick again. You are going to him."

"You cannot insult me. He has gone back to Italy."

"And you itch to follow him!"

"Yes, at once." She went towards the bell. "I shall pack my personal belongings."

He pulled her back from the bell. "Have you lost your senses? You, who talk of ideals! How can you leave your lawful husband?"

"Your first wife left you—you had to endure that."

"My first wife died."

"The first Allegra you married died: you killed her."

"I'll kill the second Allegra, too, rather than have this scandal."

"You saw Death has no terrors for me. But—a budding Premier hanged by the neck! The Novabarbesse will be avenged, *nicht wahr*, as your old friend used to say."

He clinched his fists. "You are a brazen vixen. The world will spit on you when it learns the truth."

"Indeed! Let us hope for your sake it never will learn the truth."

"For *my* sake? What have I to be ashamed of? That my wife ran away with a Jew!"

"You know that is a falsehood."

"Any other reason would be too ridiculous. Will you tell people it's politics—they'll laugh at you. Do you think anybody who knows the world will believe that you eloped with an idea—that you left your husband because you were sentimental over savages?"

"That is not my reason."

"What other?"

"That I am no longer sentimental over a savage."

"If I am a savage I will act up to it." His eyes protruded, but it was the glare of potency, not impotency. They were grotesque, but too menacing to be comical. She flinched before them. "You *shall* receive my guests to-night, or—"

She sprang to the bell. "I'll ring for Barda."

He laughed; his fury passed. "That threat is played out, you little idiot. In the face of the scandal you threaten, nothing else counts. Servants' gossip? What is that to Society's gossip? You shall not leave my house, if I have to lock you in your room for the rest of your life. Mind you are dressed in good time."

And he went out, smiling sardonically. To-morrow he would be gentler; they would kiss and make it up. To-night he had no option but war.

Allegra saw she had blundered. She should have fled and explained afterwards. Her heart beat spasmodically, her cheek was white. She had the strength to go, but not the strength to endure these vulgar squabbles, these physical encounters of hate, as loathsome as of love. Well, let her endue herself in her gown, let her surrender to his will for the last time. To-night he was on the watch, was capable of stopping her by violence. Fighting Bob might achieve a supplementary domestic reputation. It would be easy enough to slip away to-morrow or the next day: his threat of mediæval incarceration was ridiculous.



Besides, she had not really planned where to go. She must take care, too, that he did not smirch her future and cripple her powers for good. Her departure must be chaperoned by the most unimpeachable matron of her circle. She must leave in a blaze of publicity, and live for a time under protective wings. Yes, on second thoughts, it was just as well he had delayed her flight.

She rang for Barda and went to bed—to think.

First, there was her family. Her mother was too old and too hysterical. There would be too many scenes, too many explanations. The poor decrepit Earl would suffer by them. Joan was in Novabarba. Connie she had never really known. Mabel was too comfortably domesticated to be sympathetic. Polly and Molly would side with their father in an emergency. She ran over the list of her female friends—she was surprised to find how superficial were her relations with the women she kissed. Margaret was the only one she could endure to live with, and Margaret was just now with her dead. But then that Devonshire project—could they not take up their abode at The Manor House? No, not at the start of her new career. Margaret was single, was Bohemian. The outer world knew nothing of her saintliness, quite possibly would condemn her easy friendships with men, would rate her as fast. That would be grimly ironical no doubt, but the world was like that. Nay, Broser might even depict Margaret as the accomplice in the Dominick intrigue. No, there was nothing for it but to go home to her parents, in the first instance at least. Later she could, perhaps, live with Margaret, if indeed—and here was a new doubt, most grimly humorous of all—if indeed Margaret's ethics would permit her to live with a woman who had left her husband! Possibly she would grieve bitterly over the sinner, pray for her return. No, Joan must be her ultimate haven. Joan her protectress, the little Joan she had despised in the nursery! How humorously things worked out, life smiling waggishly through its tears. In the mean time, though, how to leave Broser's house? To go alone, or even with Barda, would be to play into her husband's hands. He had already his Orvieto story. Barda

would figure in his denunciations as the chamber-maid of Spanish comedy. But to summon her mother to London and for such a purpose—that was scarcely feasible. How explain the case to her? "The union of souls for great purposes"—that was to have been their marriage: the definition was Broser's own. His soul had been unfaithful, divorce was therefore just. Why, the very data of the argument would be caviare to her primitive parent. But suddenly a thought came, like a flash of light. The Duchess of Dalesbury! That queer old figure sprang up, infinitely motherly. She felt her kiss on her lips. And the Duchess had hated Broser from the first. Ah, Alligator was indeed coming round to some at least of her aunt's opinions. "Wait till you are older," rang mockingly in her brain. Surely the Duchess was the ideal protectress; prepared by Providence itself for this stage of the tragi-comedy. Her sharp tongue, her austere morality, her refusal to receive persons even with the Lord Chamberlain's certificate—all these known eccentricities of the dear old Tory gentlewoman would now be turned to the refugee's advantage. The Duchess had of course had a card "to meet the Prince" but she had not replied. If she should come, Allegra might perhaps find a moment in which to plot her Hegira. But of her coming there seemed scant chance. Well, she must be whipped up. Allegra found herself yearning for this comfortress in her loneliness, a loneliness that would be accentuated amid the brilliant throng of her guests. At any rate she would write to the Duchess while resentment was hot in her breast. To-morrow she might weaken again, vacillate, hypnotized by this brutal Broser, by the world's opinions, by Margaret's. The Duchess would serve to keep the fire alight, once she knew it was burning: would pour oil on the flames.

She had writing materials brought to her, and she scribbled:

"DEAR AUNT,—Don't be upset but I have resolved to leave my husband as soon as possible. You were right about him from the first. He threatens he will imprison me here by force sooner than let me go, but that of course is all nonsense. Anyhow I want you to come some



day and take me away, so as to throw your ægis over me, as he is capable of any malice. I know you hate coming to-night, or we might have had a talk as to ways and means. But to-morrow will do. My love to the Duke, and I am enjoying *Five French Cathedrals*."

She had really liked the pictures.

Barda undertook to post this secretly. It would be in time for the last delivery; she would put on express stamps to make sure.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

##### FAREWELL.

FOR an hour and a half the Lady Allegra had stood at her post. The celebrated drawing-room buzzed with celebrities, and their womankind or their mankind. The eminent Anglo-Imperials felt themselves bourgeoning in this gorgeous hot-house of the elder civilization; they drank in the stifling, heavy-scented air like champagne. The cachet of Fashion and Aristocracy had been given to the colonies in their person; they themselves would plant similar oases of feudalism in the deserts of democracy. Uniforms, Court dresses, glittering orders, coats of arms, coronets—these ought to be native elements of decent society, not the mere exotic pomp of imported Governors. And Broser, agent under Providence of this transformation of ideals, exuded an immense content from his Privy Councillor's person pranked with foreign orders. The tighter grew the crush, the more his ornamented breast expanded. How lovely and stately his wife looked! Surely the first woman in London for brains, breeding, and beauty, spite all her private whimsies, doubtless inherited from her mother. No need to instruct her how to talk to the lions, how to descend the stairs to receive Royalty. From the street there was borne to his ears the dull roar of cheer after cheer—herald of the mightier outburst to come—as some popular politician or soldier stepped out upon the street carpet from the interminable procession of carriages. Whenever there was a lull, some patriotic strain would burst forth. Yes, Britain was as proud of Broser as Broser of Britain.

Allegra, with that ever-increasing de-

tachment of hers, felt herself outside of it all—her astral self surveyed that strange bejewelled and beflowered Lady Allegra Broser smiling and hand-shaking and receiving congratulations upon her husband's brilliantly successful policy. That was but the shell of herself, the opera cloak keeping the lines of her figure. All at once her self leapt back into her body. She was shaking hands with the Duchess of Dalesbury, and her "How good of you to come!" was no longer the stereotyped formula but a cry from the depths.

"Yes—I have come for you," said the Duchess with a diabolical smile, and she dragged at Allegra's hand as if to pull her down the stairs.

Broser had darted forward and extended his hand.

"Ah, Duchess! Delighted to see you under my humble roof."

The Duchess ignored his hand, but put her ear-trumpet interrogatively to her left ear, while her right hand continued to tug at Allegra.

"Delighted to see you under my humble roof," Broser shouted into the trumpet.

"It is the first time and the last," she replied in her harshest tone. "Good-night. The police won't let my carriage wait." She was blocking the ascent of the new arrivals now, preventing them saluting their hostess. Broser scowled, trying to smile.

"You're not going so soon, Duchess?" he said.

"Yes—Alligator is coming away with me at once."

"Poor old thing," he said to Allegra in a loud whisper, intended for the bystanders and the ascending guests.

The Duchess put out her trumpet.

"What have you to say against it, sir?"

He was disconcerted. "Come into the room and I will tell you," he said into the trumpet.

"Thank you, no. Come, Alligator."

He bent forward to speak into the trumpet. "Is your sunstroke—?"

The Duchess whisked the trumpet away, and pulled the hostess down a stair. Allegra had returned to her astral aloofness: she was fascinated by the dramatic duel between the master of the show and





THE POISONED ARROW

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this delightful creature in the towering tiara.

Broser put his hand detainingly upon his wife's arm. He was flushed and perspiring. "Get rid of her, please," he said; "don't let us have a scene."

A scene! Allegra thought the scene was there, and odd enough to amuse the most fastidious play-goer. She did not wonder at the eager curious faces of the bystanders—spectators like herself, and evidently no less interested. She wondered the excitement of it had not yet penetrated all the rooms, that behind her people were still humming pleasantly, and that the Strauss waltz was still gliding on in spiral sweetness through everything. Then she heard herself replying firmly:

"The easiest way of avoiding a scene will be to let me go with her."

"We can't always avoid scenes," cried the Duchess, catching Allegra's remark in an eager ear-trumpet. "There are times when scenes are a duty—when they avoid worse things." She raised her voice even higher: "The fact is my poor Alli—my niece, Lady Allegra Marjorimont, cannot live with her husband a moment longer. He is a brute, and threatens to lock her up for life. I have come—"

"You are raving!" Broser screamed.

The Duchess waved him aside with her ear-trumpet. She was enjoying herself immensely—it was the crowning moment of a lifetime of public scolding, the climax of her candid career. Her voice now took on the volume and formality of a town crier: "I have come to take her away, and I call you all to witness that she goes with the Duchess of Dalesbury and with no man."

This brusque ripping asunder of all the conventions was as paralyzing to the spectators as if Truth in all her dripping nudity had suddenly appeared among them, or as if the Family Skeleton thus revealed were an osseous literality, grinning grisly derision of the social comedy. For Allegra, the arch-spectator, the tense drama had passed the verge of probability, and her thoughts wandered back curiously to that Ruston reception in her remote girlish past, when the Duchess had first tapped her on the shoulder. But to Broser it seemed only too real. He

had been outwitted. Allegra, standing there for hours so innocently, had planned this unprecedented humiliation, this craftily feminine and cowardly circumvention. He could have throttled her, the criminal conspiratress, hurled her down the stairs. And that absurd old confederate of hers—he could have battered in her ridiculous tiara with her own ear-trumpet. Damn that Strauss waltz!—why did they play so low? You could hardly hear it. Why didn't they crash it out in drowning thunders? But his Parliamentary resourcefulness rose to the desperate situation. He remembered the episode at his hall door, the Duchess's touching of her bonnet to his footman. Ah, how he would tell the story, the footman corroborating. He must end this scandalous scene at any cost—the quicker the cheaper.

"Come, Alligator," repeated the Duchess peremptorily.

Ah, how lucky she said "Alligator"! That would be an additional count. He shook his head pityingly, and said loudly: "You are right, Allegra darling. Humor her. Go with her."

Allegra watched the two oddly matched figures descending the congested stairs. In the floral fairyland of the hall somebody threw something over her shoulders, and then there was a waft of cool night air and a confused passing through a sea of faces that divided for her Exodus, and a struggling towards a remote brougham amid a flashing of policemen's lanterns and a vague chaotic fusillade of shouts and noises and whistles and the banging of carriage doors, which as she drove off changed to a tempest saluting the royal carriage in her wake.

A thrill ran through the festive hall, mounting the stairs, passing through the crowded rooms, penetrating even to those guests who had not yet vibrated to the sensational spiriting away of the hostess.

The band stopped the Strauss waltz in the middle of a bar, and broke into "God bless the Prince of Wales."

Among our ancient mountains  
And from our lovely vales  
O let the pray'r re-echo...

Broser tottered ceremoniously down the stairs.

THE END.





# THE DRAWER

## PROF. STUBB'S THANKSGIVING TURKEYS

BY HAYDEN CARRUTH

"TURKEYS," remarked Mr. Milo Bush, as he sat in the office the day before a certain Thanksgiving, "are pecooliar critters. Pecooliarest critters there are, 'most, 'less it's cats. Had a cat once named Jefferson—intelligent critter. Open the door for him to go out and he'd stand on the threshold and gaze at the sky, and wave his tail straight up—sort of flicker it slow and solemn—and if it looked like rain he'd turn around and start back towards the stove, tail still waving, just as much as to say, 'Well, *no*, not under the circumstances! When the weather becomes settled I'll consider it!' and then he'd set down and look at the fire and think. Didn't get his feet wet for eight years. Always in by ten o'clock, and when I tried to make him sleep down cellar he just walked back up, and says he, plain as words: 'If *you'd* like to camp out down there, with the rats a-running over you, all right—it ain't my style!'"

"Well, speaking of turkeys, there was old Caleb Stubb. Remarkable old chap, Stubb was. Lids too small for his eyes, and legs a rod long—'most. Called himself *Perfessor* Stubb. Always up to some new experiment—trying to raise bananner-vines, or shear jack-rabbits, or some such foolishness. When he first struck town he rented a patch of ground out in the snubburbs, and said he was going to farming. It just seemed as if he *couldn't* plant anything that would come up, or if it did come up it would be something else than he expected. But he never seemed to care. 'It is what all experimenters have had to contend with,' he used to say, and he'd ask for another pound of coffee and quart of molasses, and tell the man to charge it till after harvest. Then he got took with the notion of a stock-farm, and begun to all himself a stock-grower. Had a setter-dorg and one hen. Got a plan for having the dorg hatch out the eggs, while the hen kept on producing more. Talked about it all winter, and let on he was going to get rich, and run up a bigger grocery bill, and borrowed money on the strength of it; and then when it failed in the spring laid it all to the dorg; said the critter wouldn't learn to cluck—wouldn't even *try* to learn.

"Well, the next winter the Perfessor got a notion about turkeys, the old grocery bill not being paid, and he needing powerfully

to run another. We had to import all our turkeys then from the States. You couldn't raise turkeys here on account of their being such fools. You know how it is with young turkeys—the *biggest* fools. If there's a rain-storm a flock of young turkeys will get right out in it, and hold up their heads, and open their mouths—just like this—and reg'larly get drowned standing up. And if there's a chicken-hawk hanging around they'll stretch up their necks and fairly *say* to him, 'Come and snatch us!' And if a stray dorg comes snooping along they'll strut around, and dare him, and insult him, and abuse him, and rub it in till he grabs 'em. Everybody failed and give up plumb beat that tried raising turkeys, and along before Thanksgiving the storekeepers used to get in a few barrels of something they *called* turkeys, though if they was they'd been left over from last year or some time; and a good many folks took 'em to be crows or buzzards or some such uncultivated fowls—or mebby they may have been artificial turkeys turned out at a rubber-shoe factory during the dull season. But anyhow, Stubb got thinking, and hatched out a plan, spurred on by that grocery bill.

"We must approach this yere question," says he, 'in a scientific sperret.' That's what he was always talking about—approaching things in a scientific sperret. That's the way he'd sneaked up on the setter-dorg idee. 'The first thing to be ascertained is what is the present trouble with our turkeys. Obviously it is lack of staminar. They don't have the vitality and the constitootion to pull through our robust and rip-snorting weather. They get caught out on the prehayrie in one of our May showers, when the rain comes down like the heavings was rent in train, and the cave of the winds seems to have exploded, and the hailstuns are sizable and numerous, and the lightning is stabbing down endways when it *can*, and what is the result? Them tender young turkeys are cut off, and we are left alone with these yere birds which the grocery-keepers import in crates under the name of turkeys, but which are well known to be South-American condors, which fly ten thousand feet above the sharp p'int of the Andes before breakfast for exercise.'

"Well, the Perfessor's plan was to go down to the Missouri River bottom and get a lot of wild-turkey eggs and hatch 'em out



and raise *them*. He took a week of solid talk, and explained how our present domestic turks are the descendants of wild-turkeys, only a few generations removed, and how the wild-turkey is an easy bird to tame. 'Gentlemen,' he says, 'it is the luxuries of civilization which has weakened the turkey's constitution and rendered him unable to withstand the elements. It is the old story which we see so often repeated in the history of the human race. Look at them old Romans—once they licked the world, but soon wine, and rich food, and late hours, and cigarettes rendered them weak and effete, and when the Assyrian come down like a wolf on the fold, as the poet has so graphically described it, them Romans was on the run inside of twenty-four hours.'

"That sounds O.K.," says Abner Blackmark, 'but you ought to recollect that the wild-turkey has got wings. About the second month your flock will light out faster than them Romans.' 'Sir,' says the old man, 'them wings has entered into my calculations. Them wings will be clipped with a pair of shears.'

"Well, the Perfessor's plan seemed all reasonable, and we encouraged him to go ahead. He laid in more groceries on the strength of it, and borrowed some more money, and built a big coop with three hundred feet of roosts in it, and got drinking-troughs and feed-racks and everything you could think of ready. Then when the time come he borrowed a team and started for the river-bottom. 'Gentlemen,' says he, a-standing up in the wagon, 'you are fortunate in being present at the start of a movement which is going to revolutionize the turkey industry of the world. Not only will the Stubb hardy turkey bring that noble bird to this region, but it will make them twice as easy to raise all over the country. The time is coming when the working-man will have turkey three times a day.'

"In about two weeks he drove into town with twenty-four dozen wild-turkey eggs packed in cotton. He stood up in the wagon and made another speech, and then climbed out and got some more groceries and drove to his home. Of course his own hen wasn't equal to the hatching job, so he farmed the eggs out around town with anybody that had a hen willing to set and do the square thing. Agreed to give each hen-owner one turkey for the wear and tear on his hen, and then rushed off and loaded up with groceries and turkey-feed again.

"The old man got about a hundred young turkeys from the lot. Pretty wild they were, and the hens were most of 'em soon flat on their backs, worn out with trying to keep up with their flocks. Every time a hen laid off the Perfessor would go and gather up the young turkeys in a basket and take 'em home, and become a mother to 'em himself. Pretty soon he had 'em all, and every morning he'd take 'em out on the prehayrie and herd 'em till night, and watch 'em gather in the grasshoppers. And the Perfessor was right about their

staminal too. They weathered every storm that come, and the chicken-hawks never got one of 'em. The Perfessor spent all his time with 'em 'cept when he was downtown getting more groceries and borrowing money.

"Well, it run along through the summer, and they kept getting bigger and bigger and more eatable, and by Thanksgiving-time they handsomed just about as much as any flock of turkeys you ever seen. A little taller and more rangey than your tame turkey, and pretty skeery and inclined to stretch up their necks and gawk around at things, but otherwise they were all reg'lar. The weather staid mild, and there wasn't any snow, and they still ranged around the phehayrie. Two days before Thanksgiving the Perfessor went all about town and sold 'em, agreeing to deliver 'em the next day. There wasn't quite enough to go round, and some folks that he owed didn't get any, but they didn't find it out till later. The old man collected every time he made a sale 'cause he said he wanted to settle them grocery bills which had been hanging over him so long. 'Alars,' says he, 'the bitterness of being in debt! How them grocery bills have throwed a shadder on me for months! But now that cloud is going to be h'isted, and I can look the whole world in the face.'

"The next morning somebody came down town and said things looked sort o' curious up around the Perfessor's place, so a few of us went up. We found a note pinned on the back door which said:

"'Five o'clock A.M.—Turkeys just escaped through hole in fence, and going south running tremenjous. Shall foller on foot and be back with 'em by noon. Them grocery bills, they must and shall be paid!

PERFESSOR STUBB.

"'P.S.—If the effort costs me my life, remember me as one who done his dooty as he seen it.

STUBB.'

"'Rough on the old man,' says Abner, 'but he'll be back. He has got great staminal and long legs. He will be back. He owes me \$10.'

"But at noon he wasn't back, nor at three o'clock. We was still looking for him at four, when a settler who lived ten miles south come into town and said the old man passed his place at midnight on a sorrel hoss, going like a cannon-ball, with them turkeys legging it like kangaroos about ten yards *behind*. Then Abner and some others fainted, and two grocery-men took to their beds. And it didn't revive them none when the widder Gilbert, who lived out his way, and was an early riser, came down town and said that the Perfessor had been taking them turkeys out on the race-track every morning for a month, and riding around five or six times on the dead run, with a bag of corn, dropping a kernel once in a while to stimerlate them fowls coming behind. Then we seen that the Perfessor was no better than one of these South-American condors himself."





## THE GOLFER'S CALENDAR—NOVEMBER

Gray November's breath is chilly,  
Frozen ruts and buried ball;  
Honest golfers, faring illy,  
Make one lie suffice for all.



## LETTING WELL ENOUGH ALONE.

JACOB BALDWIN was a New-Yorker who moved to southern Indiana in the early thirties, and soon evinced a desire for public office. He was small of stature, homely in form and feature, and light of weight, but had certain accomplishments that marked him as a gentleman, and he was personally the most popular man in the little county-seat town, although he had a very limited acquaintance among the more rural population. Mr. Baldwin announced himself a candidate for County Clerk, and started out to make his canvass. He had two competitors, Leigh and Willis, but it was generally conceded that Baldwin would win, provided he could get the vote of the northern townships.

Baldwin journeyed northwardly. He travelled afoot. He wanted to appear common and to the soil born. Ten miles out of town he met a great country giant on his way to the county-seat. Baldwin bowed politely to the big countryman, asked him about the neighborhood, and finally drifted to political talk and then to his own case without discovering his identity.

"How are the people out your way on the clerkship race?" queried Baldwin, in a careless manner.

"Well," replied the giant, "some air fer Leigh, some air fer Willis, but mos'ly I think they air fer Baldwin."

Baldwin was delighted. Lifting his hat he made a most courteous bow, and said: "My dear sir, I am glad to hear what you say. I am Baldwin, the candidate for clerk."

The man of six feet and some inches looked down on Baldwin; then he gazed across the hills and whistled in a far-off way; then he turned to the little ugly man and said: "You tu'n round and go home. They're about all fer you up here now, but, dum me, if they ever coteh sight of you they'll all vote agin' you. I'll promise not to tell."

Baldwin was a wise man as well as a very homely man. He turned about and accompanied the big man back to town. When the returns came in from the northern precincts they showed a large majority for Baldwin, and he was triumphantly elected clerk.

CARL BRAYFIELD.

## THE EQUESTRIAN OF BANBURY CROSS

BY GUY WETMORE CARRYL

WITHIN a little attic a retiring but erratic  
Old lady (six-and-eighty, to be frank)  
Made sauces out of cranberry for all the town of Banbury,  
Depositing the proceeds in the bank.  
Her tendency to thriftiness, her scorn of any shiftiness,  
Built up a bustling business, and in course  
Of time her secret yearnings were revealed, and all her earnings  
She squandered in the purchase of a horse.

"I am not in a hurry for a wagonette or surrey,"  
She said. "Indeed, I much prefer to ride."  
And spite of all premonishment, to every one's astonishment,  
The gay old creature did so—and astride!  
Now this was most perilous, but, what was more ridiculous,  
The horse she bought had pulled a car, and so,  
The lazy steed to cheer up, she'd a bell upon her stirrup,  
And rang it twice to make the creature go!

I blush the truth to utter, but it seems a pound of butter  
And thirty eggs she had to sell. Of course,  
In scorn of ways pedestrian this fatuous equestrian  
To market gayly started on the horse.  
Becoming too importunate to hasten, the unfortunate  
Old lady plied her charger with a birch;  
In view of all her cronies this stupidest of ponies  
Fell flat before the Presbyterian church!

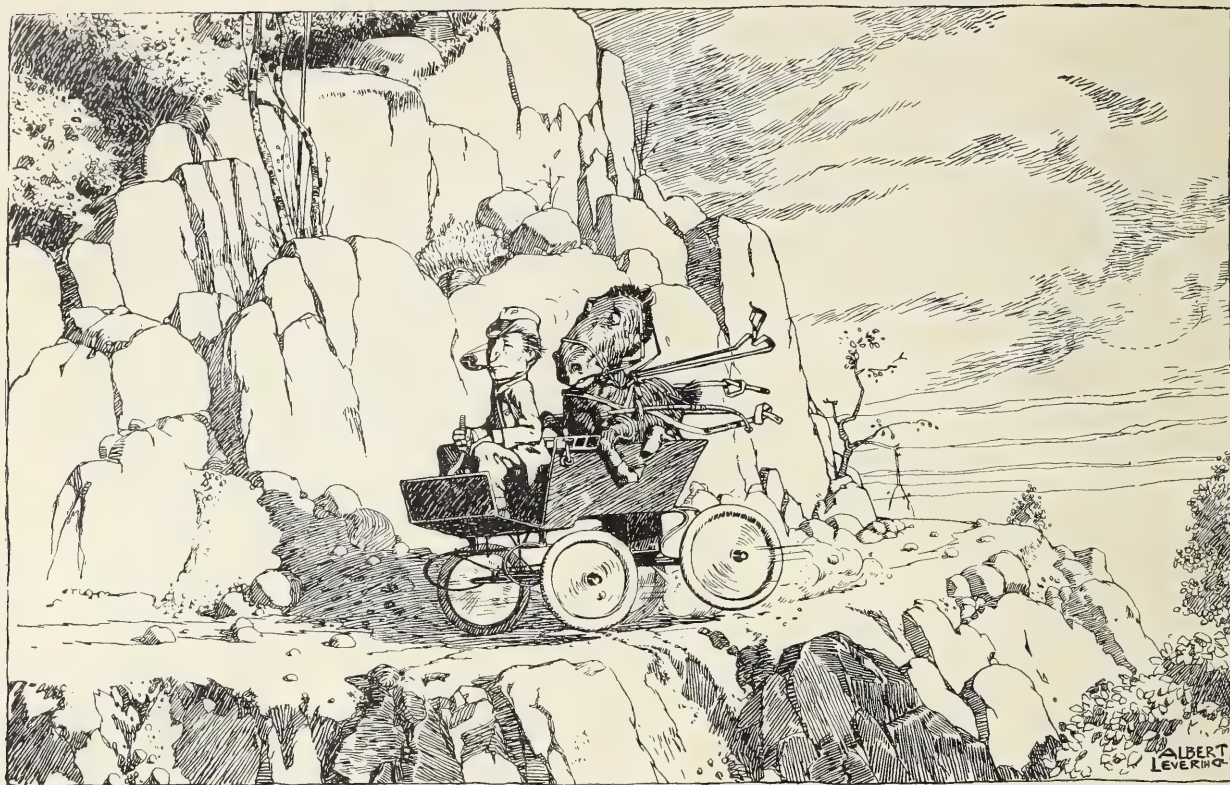
If it should chance that one set a red Italian sunset  
Beside a Beardsley poster, and a plaid  
Like any canny Highlander's beside a Fiji Islander's  
Most variegated costume, and should add  
A Turner composition, and with clever intuition  
To cap the climax pile upon them all  
The aurora borealis, then veracity, not malice,  
Might claim an imitation of her fall.



At sight of her disaster, with arnica and plaster  
 The neighbors ran up eagerly to aid.  
 They cried: "Don't do that often, ma'am, or you will need a coffin, ma'am:  
 You've hurt your solar plexus, we're afraid.  
 But if your martyrdom 'll let you notice what an omelet  
 You've made, then pray observe it. It is great!"  
 She only grasped her bonnet (she had fallen flat upon it),  
 And answered, "Will you tell me if it's straight?"

THE MORAL'S rather curious, for often the penurious  
 Are apt to think old horses of account.  
 If you would ride, then seek fine examples of the equine,  
 And don't look on a mole-hill as a mount!





After all it is safer to have a Horse along in case your Power suddenly fails you

### VIGOROUS MEASURES

FOR a long time the favorite form of "make believe" of little Faith was that of "getting married." For weeks she was a bride, marching down an imaginary aisle, to the strains of an imaginary wedding march, to meet an imaginary bridegroom. At last, her mother becoming tired of it, she said,

"Faith, don't you know that when you get married you will have to leave me?"

This was a rude awakening, and the game stopped.

Not long afterwards she came to ask the difference between "Miss" and "Mrs." To make herself clear her mother said,

"Well, when you grow up and become a young lady you will be Miss Butler; but if some man should ask you to marry him—"

"I'd call a policeman!" exclaimed Faith, and her interest was at an end.

It is probably safe to say, however, that in a dozen years from now the future "man" need not seriously consider the chances of arrest.

M. E. C.

### HOW THE DISCUSSION ENDED

It was whispered in Washington that as the Montague Browns were not as rich as other members of the smart set, they had to practise economy where it did not show. But to-night there was certainly no hint of economy anywhere. There were strawberries, hot-house grown, and terrapin and canvas-back duck, though both were exorbitant in the market. The handsome table-cloth had been ruthlessly cut, and through the opening a cluster of American

Beauty roses, their stems on the floor, shot up two feet above the table. It was the most effective table decoration of the winter.

Mrs. Montague Brown, young, pretty, and ambitious, smiled a smile of rare pleasure. She reflected complacently that she had captured a cabinet officer for this dinner. The conversation was bowling along smoothly, and she leaned forward to listen. The guest of honor was speaking:

"And still I insist that no woman can do society all the time without neglecting her household and children."

"Not at all," smiled Mrs. Montague. "I think I can persuade you to the contrary if you—" She paused, observing that he was staring with wide-open eyes at the doorway. A tiny, half-clad figure stood there.

"Mamma, Mary's in the kitchen, and I *tan't* find my nighty," piped Montague Brown, Jr.

HERMINE SCHWED.

### IMPROVING THE OPPORTUNITY.

My small nephew was ready to start on a long-promised week's visit to his grandfather's in the country. There was an exasperating delay in the appearance of the carriage to take us to the station. The young man worked off his impatience in various annoying ways for half an hour, then suddenly he was seen to kneel beside a chair in the corner and bury his face in his hands. After a few minutes his mother said,

"Well, Kenneth, what are you doing?"

"Just getting my prayers said up for while I'm going to be out at grandpa's. There's nothing to do here, and I spects to be pretty busy while I'm there." E. F. R.



















